

Miraculous Team: One-Shots

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Miraculous Team: One-Shots

by [SonicPossible00](#)

Summary

Series of one-shots based on my Miraculous Team AU.

Notes

Hey there, everyone! Here we are with a new adventure, featuring your favourite Miraculous Heroes from an alternate universe. But this adventure won't be like the other adventures. This one will be a collection of one-shots, featuring different characters. So, in one chapter you might get a one-shot with Marinette and Adrien going on a date, and on the following one, you might get one where the villains are cursing their luck, after being punished by Hawk Moth, and on the following one you might even get a one-shot where we see the kwamis hanging around. The possibilities are endless, and I'm going to explore them... oh, and one more thing, some of these one-shots will be ideas that were not used on the main fics, while others are brand-new ideas. And don't worry about not knowing where the action of each chapter will take place. I'll be sure to add that in the beginning of each one-shot. And just like in the main fics of this AU, we'll be seeing some really cute moments featuring your favourite ships, mainly MarinettexAdrien, AlyaxNino, ChloexSabrina, KimxAlix, RosexJuleka, NathanielxMarc and IvanxMylena. And now, let's get on with the show!

(This takes place before Miraculous Team: Origins, so consider it a prequel to those events)

Bus to Summer Camp

The clock on the wall showed it was nearly 7 in the morning. But to the person who was sleeping in the bedroom the clock was, it did not matter if it was 7 in the morning or 7 in the afternoon. For Marinette Dupain-Cheng, all that mattered was knowing that she could sleep all that she wanted, because she was on vacation and did not have to worry about getting up early to go to school. Half-awaken, she turned her head to the side and closed her eyes, hoping to fall asleep again in a matter of seconds. During a whole school year, she was forced to wake up early and go to school, five days a week. But for the next two and a half months, she would not have to worry about falling asleep and missing the bus or the underground to get to school. All she had to worry about was how many hours of sleep she had lost over the school year, and was going to regain ... or so she thought.

Because her bedroom was located in an attic, the only way to access it was through a trap door. And that was what her mother, Sabine Cheng, did when going to wake her up.

"Marinette, hurry up, honey, or you're going to be late for the bus." -Sabine told her daughter.

Marinette heard her mom calling her, but did not answer her immediately. She was hoping that she was dreaming, she had heard her calling her. But when she heard her calling her a second time, the blue-haired girl forced herself to answer her.

"Just five more minutes, mom... I'm on vacation." -Marinette said, as she turned to the side, and went back to sleep. —*You would expect mom to let me sleep, when I don't have to go to school.*" - she thought to herself.

"Marinette, wake up, sleepyhead! Do you really want to stay in Paris, or do you want to go to summer camp with your friends?" -Sabine asked her, as she climbed the flight of stairs leading to Marinette's bed. —"Come on, now, the bus to the summer camp won't wait for you, if you're late." - she said.

And then it hit her. She was supposed to go with all her classmates to summer camp, and the departure was that day, at 9 in the morning. Realizing that if she did not hurry up, she would be late for the bus, Marinette jumped out of the bed.

"Oh my gosh! The summer camp, I forgot about it!" -Marinette shouted, panicking. —"I'm going to be late, I'm going to be late, I'm going to be late!" -she exclaimed, as she made her way to the bathroom, closing the door behind her. —"Mom, why didn't you wake me up earlier?!" -she said, as she took off her pyjamas and got ready to enter the bathtub.

"You told me yesterday that you didn't need anyone to wake you up." -Sabrina said, before giggling a little bit.

"And you listened to me?!" -Marinette asked her, trying not to panic, as she entered the bathtub and turned on the water. —"C-Cold, c-cold, c-cold!" —she chattered her teeth, while trying to regulate the water. —"You know me! I always fall asleep on the days that I need to get up early!"

"Then, it's a good thing you packed your things yesterday. If you hadn't, you would definitely be late." -Sabine told her, in an amused tone. —"This daughter of mine... if one day she manages to get a job that involves getting up early, she'll risk

"How much time do I have?!" -Marinette asked her.

"You said, you wanted to be there an hour before departure. So, you still have 50 minutes left. I'll get your breakfast ready, and your dad will drive you to school." -Sabine told her daughter. –"So, don't take too long in the shower, honey." -she said. –"By the way, what do you want for breakfast? Cereal? Pancakes?"

"Can I have one of those jumbo-sized pancakes with blueberries and marshmallows?" -Marinette asked, as she began to wash her hair.

"Well, since I'm not going to feed you for the next few months, I guess I can cook you up something good. Better make sure it's a huge plate, so it will last you until you come back." -Sabine said. –"Will 10 kilos of pancakes be enough for you?" -she joked.

"Very funny, mom, very funny." -Marinette said, -"It's so funny I even forgot to laugh." -she joked, pretending she was being sarcastic.

"Sorry, Marinette. Couldn't help myself, honey." -Sabine giggled. –"I'll get your pancakes done, just the way you like then, don't worry." -she giggled, as she went down the trap door.

Going down the trap door, Sabine continued to think of just how boring that house was going to be, until the last week of August, when Marinette came back from summer camp.

"This place is going to get so boring with Marinette gone... still, she needs to have fun, and Tom and I won't be able to go on vacation this year, because of all the orders for wedding cakes and assorted pastries we're getting. It'll do her some good to have fun with kids her age. And besides, she'll have her best-friend with her. I can only imagine the messes Alya will drag her into." -Sabine thought to herself, as she made her way down the staircase. –"But it'll be the kind of messes that Marinette needs to relax and to have fun. And you can always count on Alya to make sure she has fun."

After eating the biggest breakfast her mom had ever cooked for her, Marinette grabbed her luggage, and kissed Sabine goodbye, promising to call her once she got to camp, and to call her every day at least once, to let her know she was alright and that she missed her. Sabine on her end, made her also promise to send her photos of her having fun. And inside the car, the same thing happened with her dad. Tom also made her promise to call every day. But unlike Sabine, he told his daughter that if she was having too much fun, that it would be alright if she forgot to call them, provided she would call them the following day, early in the morning.

"I won't blame you if you forget to call, honey. And neither will your mom." -Tom told her, with a smile, as he drove through the busy streets of the 18th arrondissement, on its way towards the 10th arrondissement, where the school was.

"Thanks, dad, but I won't forget to call you two." -Marinette smiled back at him, while holding her cell phone. –"Here, I'm going to set up an alarm to remind me to call you, every day." -she said. –"That way, I won't forget, and you'll always know what I'm up to."

Hearing her say that, Tom Dupain felt once more that he had the best daughter in the world. Sometimes, at the bakery, he heard stories from some of his customers, who complained about their sons or daughters giving them trouble and causing them to grow grey hairs. And when he heard them, he considered himself lucky that he had a daughter that did not disobey him or his wife, who

was always ready to lend a hand, who was nice towards everyone; in sum, the sweetest, kindest and most amazing daughter, a father could ever ask for.

"Honey, if you forget one time or another, it'll be okay." -Tom said. –"You're on vacation. Enjoy yourself and forget about your old folks for a few weeks." -he smiled at her.

"I will, dad. I promise you that I'll enjoy myself. But I also promise to not forget to call you and mom, every day. And I'll also send you lots of pictures, for you guys to see what I'm up to." - Marinette said. –"Believe me, you'll feel like you're there with me, or that I never left home for the summer." -she smiled.

"Best daughter in the world... Best daughter in the world." -Tom thought to himself.

Arriving at the school, Tom stopped the car and helped Marinette with her luggage, and like the lovable dad he was, he made sure to hug her countless times, before leaving. There were several buses parked around the square facing the school, and all of them had two signs on the front window. One where you could read "Occasional Service" and the other "Collège Françoise-Dupont – Summer Camp". All of them had been requested to take the majority of the students attending Collège Françoise-Dupont to the place where they would spend the following weeks. These all look brand-new, and if they were not, at least the coat of paint and the tires looked brand-new. Standing next to them were the drivers, who were waiting for orders. Looking around to see if any of her classmates had arrived yet, it took her a couple of seconds to see any of them through the already large number of students that were in front of the school's entrance, all of them carrying large suitcases, as well as backpacks. When she finally spotted two of them, she did not find it strange for seeing them together.

"Looks like I'm not the first one to arrive. Kim and Max are already here." -Marinette thought to herself, as she saw her classmates talking to one another.

"Morning, Marinette." -a voice was heard. Turning around, Marinette saw it was her friend and classmate, Mylene Haprele.

"Oh, good morning to you too, Mylene." -Marinette smiled at her, as she gave her a hug. –"Ready to go?" -she asked her.

"Absolutely." -Mylene said, as she dropped her backpack on the ground. –"Though, to be honest, I wish I could go to the arts camp, where my dad's going to teach theatre classes this summer. But he and my mom decided that I needed to spend the summer doing something else that didn't involve acting and performing." -she said. –"They say I need to get some fresh air and... well, you've heard that excuse before too, haven't you?"

"I have. And I know how much you wanted to go to that arts camp where your dad's going to teach." -Marinette said, trying to comfort her. –"Whenever he comes to teach one of his workshops, I'm always the first one in line to take them. I'm not much of an actress, and you know that, but his classes are so cool, that I completely ignore that I'm the worst actress I know, and I just try to have fun in them." -she confessed. –"He's a great teacher and a great actor. And you inherited your talent for acting from him, Mylene."

"Thanks, but I still have a lot to learn. Which is why I wanted to go to that arts camp this summer." -Mylene said. –"Instead; I'm going to this summer camp." -she sighed, when she noticed Marinette's sad face. –"But don't think I'm sad for not going to it, or anything. I'm glad to go with you and everyone else to that summer camp... it's just that..."

"You wanted to spend time with your dad. I get it." -Marinette smiled at her. –"I know you two have a special connection, Mylene." -she continued to smile. –"It's only fair you wanting to spend more time with him."

"Yeah... but at least I'll have you and everyone else to keep me company." -Mylene smiled, when she recognized the car from the mother of another of their classmates. –"Oh, Ivan just arrived! Could you keep an eye on my suitcase for a minute, Marinette?" -she asked her, without even as she walked towards the car.

Smiling to herself, Marinette found it funny how Mylene was both happy and sad to go to that summer camp, but did not allow the sadness to overshadow the happiness. Even though she was not going to be able to spend summer with her dad, like she wanted to, she was still happy to go to the summer camp, and spend summer with her classmates. It was a rather beautiful and sweet thought. But that thought quickly dissipated, when she heard a voice, she knew too well. It was the voice of one of the persons Marinette hated the most, Chloe Bourgeois, the Mayor's daughter. Like I happened so often, the girl was berating and insulting someone, as she walked down the street. Turning around, Marinette saw her coming towards her direction.

"Great... Chloe Bourgeois... why does she have to come with us?" -Marinette thought to herself, as she saw the blonde walking in her direction, practically barking orders to one of the few friends she had, Sabrina Raincomprix.

Marinette and Chloe's relationship was anything but amicable. Chloe was Marinette's bully, and she loved to make her life a living Hell, if possible. More than once, they got on each other's nerves because Chloe believed herself to be better than everyone else, and Marinette was someone who could not stand the kind of person she was, and did not have any problem telling that to her face. That alone had made her an enemy at Chloe's eyes, who would take any opportunity to mock her, treat her badly and insult her.

There had been times when the two had managed to work together, towards a common goal, but like so many would say, it happened once in a blue moon. Because most of the time, they would be at each other's throats. But Marinette tried to ignore her, as much as she could. She knew that when they graduated from high school, she would never see her again, and the blue-haired girl was okay with that thought. She did not need people like Chloe in her life. And she believed that people like her did not deserve to have any friends, if they were lucky enough to have at least one. Which was why she wondered how Sabrina could be Chloe's friend, when she was used to treat her like her servant.

"Get out of the way, Dupain-Cheng!" -Chloe exclaimed, as she walked pass by Marinette. –"Can't you see I'm walking here?!" -she told her.

"Good morning to you too, Chloe." -Marinette said in a sarcastic tone.

"Don't get ironic with me, you hear me?!" -Chloe snapped out at her. –"I'm in no mood for this, so don't speak to me, unless I speak to you first, Dupain-Cheng!" -she said, clearly furious. –"Sabrina! Come on, I know you can carry those bags with ease, so step on it! I want my luggage to be the first inside the bus!"

"Coming, Chloe, coming." -Sabrina said, as she dragged several suitcases, while aksi carrying two backpacks.

"I knew I should have told Jean to bring them himself! At least, he wouldn't be as slow as a snail!" -Chloe exclaimed, as she looked at Sabrina, who was dragging herself along with the suitcases. -"Hurry up, Sabrina!" -she exclaimed, protesting of how slow Sabrina was being.

Looking at Sabrina, Marinette felt sorry for her. Sabrina had a kind soul and was incredibly nice towards everyone. She did not talk much, unless she had to. But when she opened her mouth, she was not afraid to speak her mind about anything. And that was partly the reason why Marinette did not understand how she could be friends with someone like Chloe. Even if she treated her badly and would boss her around, Sabrina never left her side.

"Look at that... she bosses Sabrina around, as if she was her servant girl. If I was Sabrina, I would've told her to take a hike and got myself a better best-friend. Chloe doesn't have a heart. And just thinking that I'll probably have to share a cabin with her during all summer, makes me sick." - Marinette thought to herself. -*"Still, I'll probably have at least one of the girls to keep me company in the cabin as well, so it won't be that bad. All of us are more than enough to stand up against her and her behaviour worthy of a diva."* -she thought

And she was right. She would most likely have to share a cabin with Chloe. But she would have all her friends to back her up and to keep her company. She had long learned that stand up against Chloe, having a group of friends by, always helped.

"Good morning, girl." -a voice said, making Marinette turn back and smile. It was Alya Cesaire, her best-friend.

"Good morning, Alya." -Marinette smiled, as she hugged her best-friend, while also noticing how much luggage she had brought with her. -"Whoa! You look like you're taking a trip through the jungle, with all stuff you brought with you." -she said, as she counted the bags and suitcases, she had brought, which were six.

"My parents insisted that I packed a couple of things I'll probably won't need, just in case I might need them." -Alya explained her best-friend. -"Parents, am I right?" -she joked, making -"But changing the subject, looks like Chloe's back on her high horse again, isn't she?"

"You can bet she is." -Marinette said, with the unfriendly words the blonde had told her, still fresh in her mind. -"Honestly, I would've loved if she didn't come with us. It would be nice to not have to see her or talk to her for a whole summer." -she told Alya.

"I'm with you. You know that I'm not her biggest fan either. And after that last stunt she did with Juleka a few weeks ago, I still can't believe that she actually apologized to her and the rest of us for it... makes you wonder if the apology was truly felt or not." -Alya said. -"Still, let's not let her to ruin our good mood. We're on vacation, girl! We've earned this, after a whole school year!" -she exclaimed. -"We're going to have so much fun on that camp, that time will just fly away, without us realizing it."

"I hope so." -Marinette told her.

"Hope so?! Marinette, did you even read the brochures?" -Alya asked her in an amused tone. -"That place has everything! Canoeing, hiking, archery, horse riding, photography... which reminds me, my dad even got me a new camera for me to take with me. I'm going to snap so many photos that I'll lose the count of how many I snap." -she said. -"There will be tons of things for us to do in that camp."

"I thought you wanted to be a reporter, not a photographer." -Marinette joked.

"Well, a good reporter can also be a good photographer." -Alya said. –"Besides, it'll give me a reason to snap photos of everyone and create a scrapbook later on... if I don't come up with some other crazy project, which I'll most likely do, like always." -she stated.

"That tends to happen with you." -Marinette said. –"But you're right, we're going to have a blast there." -she agreed with Alya.

"And maybe, you'll finally tell someone we both know, how you feel about him?" -Alya told her, with a mischievous smile on her face.

"Alya!" -Marinette exclaimed, afraid that someone might have heard her.

"What? I didn't say Adrien's name, Marinette." -Alya laughed.

"You just did!" -Marinette exclaimed. –"I thought we had agreed that we wouldn't talk about him, or say his name, when he's around." -she told her, in a whisper. –"He might hear it."

"But he's not even here yet, girl. Relax for a bit, okay?" -Alya told her in an amused voice. –"And tell me the truth, would it be so bad if he heard that you like him?" -she asked her.

"Yes, because he might not like me. He might not just see me as a friend, and then I would have my heart broken..." -Marinette said, dispirited, while thinking

"Broken heart of not, you'll never have one or the other, if you don't take a chance, girl." -Alya told her. –"Adrien's not going to guess that you like him, if you don't tell him, or at the very least, you send him a couple of signs." -she said. –"*Even though one would've to be blind, not to see that you're both head over heels for one another.*"

Alix was talking to Rose and Juleka, as the two girls told her that they were excited to go to camp, and what they were going to do when they got there, when she noticed Sabrina was having some difficulties carrying her bags, because she was also carrying two other bags, which she immediately saw belonged to Chloe, because of how expensive they looked. Telling the girls, she would be right back, Alix walked towards Sabrina

"Here, Sabrina." -Alix said, as she picked up the water bottle, and handed it to her.

"Thanks, Alix." -Sabrina thanked the pink-haired girl, before gulping down the water inside the bottle. –"I was really needing that... Chloe's bags are a lot heavier than they look." -she admitted.

"Why are you carrying her bags? Shouldn't she be carrying them herself?" -Alix asked her, not understanding why the redhead was doing that.

"I'm just carrying two. She's carrying the rest, and went ahead to put them inside the bus." -Sabrina answered her.

"That still doesn't explain why you're carrying them for her. I don't get it... How can you be friends with someone like her?" -Alix asked the redhead. –"She's treating you like a mule." -she pointed out. –"No, not like a mule. It's more like a slave, Sabrina. You shouldn't let her treat you like that!"

"Oh, Chloe's not so bad. Besides, I don't mind helping her." -Sabrina said, with a smile –"It's true that she can be a little nasty, sometimes, but that's just when she's in a bad mood." -she declared.

"You're joking, right?" -Alix asked her, in a sarcastic tone. –"I can't remember a day, when she's not nasty to at least three different people. And from what I've already heard, she's

"Yes, she's in a really bad mood this morning." -Sabrina said, as she placed the water bottle back in her backpack. –"But she'll get better, once we're on the road. I can feel it." -she smiled. –"And sorry to tell you this, but she sometimes has days when she's not as bad as you paint her."

"You're saying that because she's always buying you gifts, after treating you badly." -Alix said, while raising an eyebrow at her.

"Well, that helps a little, I admit it. Every time she apologizes to me because of something bad she did or said to me, she gets me something beautiful and super expensive." -Sabrina said. –"But even if she didn't do it, the fact that she apologizes to me, it's enough for me. She's not as bad as you think. She's got a good heart... she just forgets to use it, from time to time." -she told Alix.

"From time to time? I think it's more like, all the time, Sabrina." -Alix said. –"I know she's your best-friend, but that still doesn't make her a nice person. She's never nice to anybody. And I'm not even going to point out what she usually tells me." -she pointed out.

"Well, you also tend to get on her nerves quite easily." -Sabrina told her. –"You and her are like polar opposites." -she said.

"And thank God that's a fact. I wouldn't even be able to act like her, even if my life depended on it. She's always acting like she's got a baton sticking up her ass." -Alix said. –"And just out of curiosity, why is she acting that way, today?" -she asked Sabrina.

"Oh, she thought that Jean was driving her to the camp in the limousine. But her dad decided that there was no point in her being driven to the camp in the limousine, when she could go in the bus, with the rest of us." -Sabrina explained. –"When he told her that, she threw a tantrum, and... well, you can imagine the rest." -she said.

"She threw a tantrum, because she didn't want to go to the camp on the bus, with the rest of us?!" -Alix exclaimed, feeling indignant –"If I threw a tantrum, over such a trivial thing, my parents would ground me for a whole year, or in the worst case, they would kick me out of the house, until I learned to behave... I keep telling you, that Chloe needs to get her head checked by a shrink, and sent to a boarding school!" -she said, as she walked away.

"And sometimes, she just needs a hug. A hug and lots of love." -Sabrina thought to herself.

She knew Chloe was not an easy person, and that was one of the many reasons, why she did not have many friends, or felt like she needed them. But she also knew that under that uneasy and sometimes unpleasant demeanour of hers, the blonde had a kind and loving heart. Thinking about it, Sabrina wondered of what would happen, if Chloe just changed a little bit? She wondered on how that would affect her and those around her. But those thoughts quickly disappeared, when she heard her name being called.

"Sabrina! Sabrina, are you deaf?! I've been calling you for the past 10 seconds!" -Chloe asked her, as she closed in on her and Alix.

"I better get out of here. I know if I stay, I'll end up saying something I shouldn't, and I'm not in the mood to deal with her." -Alix told Sabrina. –"Unless, you need some backup?" -she asked her.

"It's okay, you can go. I can handle her." -Sabrina smiled at Alix, as she walked away. -"Sorry, Chloe." -she apologized to her. –"I guess my mind was in the clouds."

"Well, I don't need your mind to be in the clouds. I need it right here, right now! And what were you talking to Alix?! She better not be badmouthing me again, like she does, whenever she has the chance! Otherwise, she's going to be sorry!" -Chloe exclaimed, with an upset voice. –"Sorry... I'm in a really bad mood, and I chipped a nail, while I was carrying my bags and placing them in the bus!" -she apologized to her.

"It's okay." -Sabrina smiled at her. –"I'm not mad at you." -she continued to smile.

"Yeah, well... Look, just fix my nail, before I have to place those two bags in the bus... I can't go to summer camp with a broken nail. I need to be at my best, and my best is perfection." -Chloe told her, as she handed her the pouch where she had packed all of her manicure kit.

"Okay, I'll do it right away, Chloe." -Sabrina said, as she grabbed the pouch. –"But you know that you're going to end up chipping and breaking your nails, while we're at the camp, while doing some of the activities, right?" -she asked her, as she took a nail file from the pouch. –"It's inevitable, whether you like it, or not."

"Not if it's up to me!" -Chloe said, as Sabrina began to fix her nail. –"I don't intend to do anything in the camp that might make break or chip a nail." -she stated. –"And I'm only going, because Adrien is going. If he wasn't going, I would stay in Paris."

Just like Marinette, Chloe was also in love with Adrien. But unlike her the blue-haired girl, who believed that she did not have a chance with him, the blonde believed that the two of them were kindred souls and was only fit for them to date. Having known Adrien since they were little, Chloe truly believed that she was the only girl who deserved to have him as a boyfriend.

"You'll see, Sabrina. Before the summer is over, Adrien and I will be dating." -Chloe told her. –"*But I can't forget what I promised to do as well... I promised that I would try to change my attitude a little bit. It's not going to be easy, especially because everyone seems to have a knack to get on my nerves, for one reason or another.*" -she thought to herself.

And while Sabrina fixed Chloe's nail, another two of their classmates arrived, Le Chien Kim and Max Kante. Kim was quite excited about camp, but Max was a different story. Not being someone who enjoyed the outdoors, his first idea was to just stay in Paris for the summer, and spend his time playing videogames and going to his favourite gaming shops, in search of rare videogames. And that almost happened. But Kim, being his best-friend, convinced him to tag along with the rest of the class, instead of staying home playing videogames.

"I'm just happy that the camp has wi-fi." -Max confessed.

"Max, buddy, do yourself a favour. Lay off the Internet and the videogames for the next two months." -Kim told him. –"The outdoors will do you some good." -he said.

"You know I'm not exactly the outdoor kind of person, Kim." -Max said, as he paused

"Well, by the end of the summer, you will be." -Kim told him, confident. –"All you have to do is to find something that motivates you to be outside. And I'm the ideal person to help you discover that." -he said.

"Doubt it. But if you think you can do it otherwise, I won't stop you from trying, bro." -Max told him.

"You won't stop who from trying what?" -a voiced asked. It was Alix.

"He's saying that he can change me into an outdoor kind of person." -Max answered, as he greeted Alix. –"Nice seeing you, Alix." -he told her.

"Same with you, Max." -Alix smiled at him. "And good luck with that, Kim. You can take the tiger out of the jungle, but you can't take the jungle out of the tiger." -she pointed out. –"The idea of turning Max into someone who prefers rock-climbing and running, to playing videogames or surfing online, is nothing short of impossible."

"Are you saying that I won't be able to do what I just challenged myself to do? Is that it?!" -Kim asked her, upset.

"If the shoe fits." -Alix said, with a smug on her face.

"Well, just because of that, I'm going to prove you wrong." -Kim said. –"I'm going to prove to you, that I can do just that, just to rub it in your face, Alix!" -he shot at her.

"And when you fail, I'll be there to laugh in your face, Kim." -Alix stated, with the same smug. –"And believe me, I'll be laughing so hard, people on the Moon, will be able to hear me laugh!" -she joked.

"And here I thought I was going to have a summer, without having to constantly hear them getting on each other's nerves." -Max thought to himself.

For a long time, there was no assurance that Adrien would accompany the rest of the class on that trip, because his father, Gabriel Agreste, felt that instead of going on vacation, he should stay home and study during the whole summer, so he would be prepared for the following school year. Luckily, he ended up agreeing to allow him to accompany the class, after Nathalie talked to him and convinced him that it was the best for Adrien. And when Adrien found out about it, he felt like anyone who had just won the lottery. The first thing he did, after thanking his father and Nathalie, was to call Nino and tell him that he was going.

And like the good friend he was, on the day of their departure to summer camp, wanting to surprise him, Adrien did not hesitate in giving Nino a ride that day, which he appreciated. His dad had left home before the sun was born, to go to work, so it was up to his mother to drop him at school, after dropping Nino's younger brother, Chris, on the nursery school. They were about to leave, when Nino got a call from Adrien, telling him he was almost arriving and that he was going to give him a ride.

After saying goodbye to his mom and to his little brother, and promising them that he would call them as soon as he got there, and would call or text every morning and every night, before going to bed, Nino grabbed his backpack and his suitcase and went downstairs to wait for Adrien to pick

him. He had just stepped out of his building, when Adrien's limousine parked right in front of him. Rolling down the window, Adrien greeted Nino.

"Hey, bro!" -Adrien greeted him, as Gorilla exited the limousine to take Nino's luggage and put it into the trunk.

"Hey, that's my line, dude." -Nino joked, as he entered the limousine. –"No need to be gentle with the suitcase. The backpack on the other hand, be super careful. There are a lot of things that are easily breakable in it." -he warned Gorilla, before closing the door.

The rest of the trip towards school, the boys spent the time talking and discussing what they both wanted to do at camp. Listening to them, Adrien's bodyguard smiled to himself, feeling that Adrien was going to have a wonderful summer, with a friend like Nino, by his side.

Most students of Monsieur Labisse and Miss Mendelev's classes had already arrived, along with most of the other students, when they arrived at school. But as high as the number of students was, they continued to arrive, with some of them arriving in their parents' car, making it hard for Gorilla to find a place to park the limousine. It took a minute, but he finally parked the limousine and quickly exited the driver's seat to take out the luggage from the trunk, not wishing for Adrien and Nino to be late for the bus.

"This is much better than taking the bus or the underground." -Nino declared in an amused voice. –"I know I said this, but thanks for the ride, dude." –he thanked Adrien, as he opened the door.

"My pleasure, as always. Besides, that way your mom can focus on your little brother, while getting to work on time." -Adrien smiled. –"And I also know I said this before, but I still can't believe that Nathalie convinced my dad to let me spend summer at this camp." -he said, as he followed Nino, outside the limousine.

"Well, you said it yourself, that if there was anyone who could convince your dad to let you come, it would be her." -Nino said, as Gorilla handed him his backpack and his suitcase. –"Thank you." - he told him.

"I know. And it's times like these that I'm thankful for having her on my corner, when I need the most." -Adrien said. –"Although, Miss Bustier calling her and talking to her, to explain that this would be a good experience for me, also helped." -he pointed out, as -"Thanks... Well, I guess I'll see you when I get back. Try to have a nice summer, yourself. You do deserve it."

While Adrien talked to his bodyguard, a pair of eyes was following him. And that pair of eyes belonged to none other than Marinette Dupain-Cheng. As soon as she saw him arriving, the blue-haired girl only had eyes for him. And like it always happened, she began to fantasize about Adrien, like there was no tomorrow.

"He looks so dreamy." -Marinette thought to herself. –"He looks even more handsome today. Maybe it's because of the shirt he's wearing. It matches his eyes, and the same thing could be said for his shoes. He's got great taste." -she continued to muse about.

"If you keep staring at him, he's bound to realize that you're staring at him, girl." -Alya joked.

Like always, Marinette panicked and quickly diverted her eyes from Adrien. But this time, she too had something to throw at her best-friend's face, in order to joke with her too, and try to embarrass her. Marinette knew it was a longshot, since Alya rarely blushed or felt embarrassed, but she was

willing to try and see that happening, just to tell her that she was not only one who blushed, when it came to a certain handsome boy.

"You know, I think Nino has a crush on you... the same kind of crush Ivan has on Mylene, or that I have on Adrien." -Marinette said, whispering the last part, as she looked at Nino, who was then talking to Nathaniel, who was also arriving. –"I noticed that he's been looking at you a lot, lately." - she smirked.

"It's possible." -Alya admitted. –"I mean, I am pretty beautiful... and Nino's sort of handsome." - she said, as she checked on Nino, admitting to herself that he was boyfriend material. –"But I don't know. I mean, sure we're good friends, but I don't think it's in the cards."

Alya continued to talk, but Marinette did not listen to her. She was too focused on admiring Adrien. She had tried to avert looking at him, but the temptation was stronger than she was, and she gave in to it, not caring if she was able to make Alya blush or not. In her mind, she was imagining the two of them having fun at camp, doing all kinds of activities and having a blast, while enjoying each other's company. The most vivid of all those scenarios she was imagining was them around a campfire, sharing marshmallows and her having the courage to tell him how she felt about him.

"Earth to Marinette... Earth to Marinette, are you there?" -Alya asked her best-friend, as she continued to drool over Adrien. –"*This girl will never change.*" -she thought to herself, before shaking the girl's arm to get her attention. –"Marinette!"

"H-Huh, what?!" -Marinette asked, as her mind came down from the clouds.

"You're doing that thing you always do, when Adrien is around, girl." -Alya chuckled. –"Come on, save some of that, for when we're at camp, Marinette." -she joked. –"You're going to have the whole summer to admire Adrien... unless, you decide to stop just admiring him, and tell him how you feel about him."

When Alya told her that, Marinette just felt like telling her to shut up about it, and to stop teasing her. But she knew she was right. If she did not tell Adrien how she felt about him, he would never know how much she loved him, and whatever fantasies she fantasized with him would never be more than just that, fantasies.

"Alya's right. I can't go on like this. I need to tell Adrien about... what is Chloe doing there?!" - Marinette thought to herself, as she saw the blonde wrapping her arms around Adrien.

"Adrikins! I'm so glad you're coming with us!" -Chloe exclaimed, as she hugged Adrien as hard as she could. –"Summer camp wouldn't be the same, if you didn't come." -she said, before breaking the embrace.

"I'm also happy to be here, Chloe." -Adrien smiled at her.

"We're going to have so much fun this summer!" -Chloe exclaimed, with a smile on her face. –"*And before you know it, I'll finally prove to you that we belong together, Adrikins.*" -she thought to herself.

The one who was not happy right then, was Marinette. Just like her, Chloe also had a huge crush on Adrien. But unlike Marinette, she did everything in her power for him to know it, along with everyone else in Paris. And that was just one of the many reasons, why Marinette hated the blonde,

who wished she had both the nerve and the courage Chloe had, even if she would never admit it. She was about to say something, when Miss Bustier showed up.

"Come along, everyone." -Miss Bustier said, as she called her whole class, by clapping her hands. –"Those who haven't placed your suitcases and your backpacks on the bus, should do so, right away. We will be departing in five minutes." -she informed them, with a smile. –"Once you're done with your luggage, form a straight line, in front of the bus door, so we can begin to climb into the bus. We have a long journey ahead of us, so let's get going. The faster we do this, the faster we can board, and the faster we can get going."

Her students could hear the enthusiasm on Miss Bustier's voice, as she talked. They could tell that just like them, she was excited about those vacations. Even if she would be working for most of the time, she would also have the opportunity to relax a bit. Still, for her, spending time with her students was hardly work. She loved to teach, and more importantly, she loved to see her students having fun. That alone made it easier for her to do that.

Quickly, those who had not yet placed their luggage inside the bus did so, and in a matter of minutes, every last suitcase and backpack disappeared out of sight. Once they did that, all the students lined up beside the bus that had been assigned to their respective class. Miss Bustier's class would be sharing the bus with Miss Mendelev and Monsieur Laurent classes. Placing herself behind Alya in the straight line, Marinette could not help but to look over her best-friend's shoulder and see the blond her dreams, who was just a couple of meters ahead of her. Even from behind, Adrien looked like the most handsome boy in the world, and Marinette only had eyes for him. With the words Alya spoke to her, about telling Adrien how she felt about him, she made up her mind about getting closer to him, and if God wished, tell him about her feelings.

"Alya's right. I need to do this! This will be the summer that everything changes. I'll tell Adrien about my love for him, and this will turn out to be the best summer ever." -Marinette thought to herself.

But she was not the only one who making plans of her own. Unknown to Marinette, Adrien was also making plans to tell her how he felt about her. The blond boy had a major crush on her, and like Marinette, he never had the courage to tell her. But he hoped to do it that summer.

"Come on, Adrien. You've got to stop wasting time with this crush of yours, and up your game. You like Marinette, and you've got to tell her that!" -Adrien thought to himself. –*"If you don't, someone else might do it, and you'll lose any chance you might have with her."* -he thought, without realizing that that summer, would be the summer where his life, and the lives of his classmates would change forever.

Nathalie's Sick Day

Chapter Notes

(This one-shot, takes place right after Miraculous Team: Halloween Madness)

It was fifteen minutes past five in the afternoon, and Adrien was practicing the piano. It was raining cats and dogs outside, and one did not even have to look outside the window to know it. The rain was coming down so hard, that when it hit the ground, one could hear it. Not even the music produced by the piano was strong enough to block the sound of rain, on that November afternoon. All that rain had spoiled, what could have been a glorious Saturday afternoon, where Adrien had made plans with Nino and Kim, to go check a couple of music and videogame stores. Instead, because of the rain, he was forced to stay home, practicing the piano, by his father's insistence, who like it happened so often, was out of the country, on a business trip.

Adrien could have just ignored his father's wishes and do something else. But even if he wanted to do it, two things prevented him from doing it. The first was his conscience, which told him that his father had every right to feel that he had been in danger that night, and that if he did not have his miraculous, he would have gotten himself into a lot of trouble. After what happened on Halloween, Gabriel had insisted that Adrien be accompanied by his bodyguard everywhere he went, except school. And he had also warned Adrien that he was not to go out, unless he had asked him permission to do so, which he would most certainly deny. And the second one was Nathalie. She herself was making sure that Adrien did not stray from the path, by knowing his every move. In sum, he was confined to a strict routine for the following weeks, which would be the time that Nathalie herself, would take to convince Gabriel that there was no need for him to be overprotected, believing the odds of another Akuma like Spectrum to show up and do what it did to the city, were very slim. On top of it all, she did not like to see Adrien caged like a bird, when she knew that make him feel sad and depressed.

So, for a little while, Adrien was going to obey his father's instructions and hope for the best, believing that sooner or later, all those restrictions would be lifted, or at the very least eased. And that meant not going outside as Chat Noir. Or at least, not without a very good reason.

"Let's do something fun!" -Plagg told Adrien, as he was of hearing him play the piano.

"In about fifteen minutes, Plagg." -Adrien said, as he continued to play.

"Come on, Adrien, don't do this to me." -Plagg begged. -"You know what I think about standing here, doing nothing? It's boring!"

"I thought you loved not doing anything." -Adrien commented, with an amused voice.

"And I do! But that's when I don't feel like doing a thing! Right now, I feel like doing something!" -Plagg pointed out. -"And you, sitting there, playing the piano, instead of paying attention to me, isn't helping!" -he exclaimed.

“Sorry, but you know I’ve got to continue practicing. Why don’t you eat another piece of Camembert, and wait for me to finish? I won’t be long now.” -Adrien suggested.

“I already ate all of the Camembert you brought me, when we came here!” -Plagg whined about it.

“Then, why don’t you go to my bedroom and play some videogames, and wait for me there?” -Adrien asked his kwami. –“Like I said, I won’t be long.” -he told Plagg.

“I’m not in the mood to play videogames alone!” -Plagg whined once more. –“Come on, you’ve been playing for hours now!” -the black cat kwami said. –“There’s no way, you aren’t tired of playing that piano, by now.”

“And you’re right, I am tired.” -Adrien said. –“But I can’t stop playing it. I promised my dad that I would practice it, so when he comes back from this trip, I show him my progress. And above all, I promised him that I wouldn’t get into trouble. Nathalie will tell him, if I disobey his orders.” -he said.

“She will not!” -Plagg exclaimed. –“That woman will never rat on you, She cares too much for your well-being to do that.” -he told him, as she landed on one of the piano keys. –“Trust me, you can do anything you want. You won’t get into trouble, with her at the helm.”

“Not if I disobey one of my dad’s orders.” -Adrien told him. –“Nathalie allows me to bend the rules, not break them, Plagg.” -he reminded his kwami.

“Then bend the rules a little bit, and stop playing the piano! You can play more tomorrow, when I’m doing my usual Sunday afternoon nap.” -Plagg declared.

Adrien chuckled, when he heard his kwami saying that, thinking that Plagg was one kwami who had a pretty busy schedule, with all the naps and leisure activities planned in advance. And then he thought about what Plagg had also said; he had been playing the piano for hours now, and deserved a little break. It was still too early to be thinking about dinner, but checking the grandfather clock to his right, it was more than time for a snack. Smiling at Plagg, he stopped playing and stretched his arms.

“Okay, let’s take a break.” -Adrien said, as he finished stretching. –“You already said that you’re hungry, and I could go for a little snack as well.” -he said. –“How about we go downstairs and see what the chef can offer us?”

“Are you sure, you’re not afraid to get caught by the almighty Nathalie?” -Plagg joked, teasing him.

“If she happens to show up, I’ll tell her that I’ll come back here and play for another hour, before lunch, but that right now, I need to stretch my legs.” -Adrien said. –“Now, come on, into the pocket. We wouldn’t want anyone to see you.” -he said, as he opened his jacket.

Exiting his father’s studio, Adrien walked down the corridor, on his way to the kitchen, thinking of what he was going to have for a snack. He knew Plagg was going for a large chunk of Camembert. But he himself, was in the mood for something sweeter. And then, he remembered the chef had baked a French almond cake earlier that day for breakfast, and that he did not try it because he was not hungry. Thinking about it, he decided that he was going to have a slice, or even two, with a large glass of lemonade. But as he was about to turn the corner, he heard someone

coughing. He recognized the voice as Nathalie's, and as he turned the corner, he was shocked to see her leaning against the wall.

"Nathalie?!" -Adrien exclaimed. –"Nathalie, are you okay?" -he asked her.

But before he could have an answer, Nathalie's legs started shaking and she fell backwards, dropping her cell phone, as well as some papers she was holding in her hands. She would have hit the ground, if not for Adrien's fast thinking and even faster reflexes, who caught her in mid-air.

"Nathalie, talk to me, please!" -Adrien exclaimed.

Nathalie looked white as a sheet, and her eyes were closed. But these remained closed just for a couple of seconds, when she opened them. Looking her in the eyes, Adrien saw that these did not look like they always did. They looked like the eyes of someone who was confused.

"Nathalie, are you okay?" -Adrien asked her.

"I-I am okay, Adrien. I just need..." -Nathalie said, as she felt her head woozy. –"Oh, my..." -she said.

"I think you need to sit down." -Adrien said, worried, as he looked around, looking for a chair or something for Nathalie to sit on. Luckily, that corridor had numerous decorative chairs adorning it, and one of them was just a couple of meters from where they were. –"Come on, let's get you to that chair, over there." -he said, as he helped her walking towards it.

Leaning against Adrien, Nathalie continued to feel her head woozy, as he guided her towards the chair. She had been feeling like that since that morning, but over the past hour, she started to feel worse. She tried her best to pretend she was okay, but even if she was the best actress in the world, she could come up with a convincing excuse to convince Adrien that what had happened was nothing.

"There we go." -Adrien said, as he kneeled in front of her. –"How are you feeling, Nathalie?" -he asked her.

"I feel... I feel fine." -Nathalie lied to him.

"Nathalie. For someone who's always telling me that I shouldn't lie, you're not setting a good example for me." -Adrien said. –"She looks so white. She's definitely sick. I noticed she looked a little strange this morning, but I didn't think she would be sick." -he thought to himself.

"I... I admit that I'm a feeling little woozy." -Nathalie confessed, before starting to cough. –"But give me a couple of minutes here, and I'll be fine. My blood pressure must be a little low today." -she said, before coughing hard.

"Low blood pressure? As far as I know, low blood pressure doesn't make a person cough like that... Hold on. I'm going to take you to your bedroom, so you can rest for a bit." -Adrien said, as he placed himself under Nathalie's right arm, forcing her to get up. Slowly and gently, they both got up, and she leaned in on his shoulders. –"And then, I'm calling you a doctor." -he said –"*That's some really bad cough. If I didn't know that Nathalie doesn't smoke, I would say that that cough was the result of smoking a pack of cigarettes a day.*"

“Adrien, there’s no need for that.” -Nathalie said, as they started to walk in the direction of her bedroom.

“Sorry, Nathalie, but I’m going to ignore what you just told me, and I’m going forth with this plan.” -Adrien told her. –“You’re white as a sheet, you’re , and I’m going to make sure you get better.” -he said.

“But I need... there’s so much to do.” -Nathalie coughed. –“Your father...” -she said.

“My dad will understand if things aren’t done, given your current health state. Also, Nina can help you out, if there’s something that needs to be done urgently. You need to remember that you might be my dad’s secretary, but you’re not his only assistant anymore, and that you’re still as human, like everyone else, Nathalie.” -Adrien said. –“And I also know that he doesn’t want you to get sicker, than you already are.” -he smiled at her.

Nathalie was about to tell him he was wrong, but then she realized that he was right. On all the years she had been working for Gabriel Agreste, he had been a tough boss. Tough, but reasonable. And he was a person that cared about his employees. He believed that an employee could not do his best work, unless it was in good health. So, she knew that Gabriel would be more worried about her well-being, than her ability to complete her job, right then. On top of that, Gabriel had complete confidence on Nathalie, and Adrien knew that, as he helped her getting to her bedroom. As they walked, Adrien noticed that Nathalie’s face was burning up, when her chin touched his forehead, leading him to assume she had a fever.

Though she owned an apartment on the 14th arrondissement, where she kept most of her things, Nathalie resided most of the time in the Agreste Manor. When she was given the chance to live in the manor, she took it, believing that it would be best. By doing that, she would never be late for work, and if her employer needed anything, she would not have to be worried about arriving home late. And on top of that, it would make her second job a lot easier, which was to take care of Adrien and make sure he was alright, in every possible way.

Her bedroom was located on the second floor of the east wing of the manor. It was a suite with a large bathroom, a small, yet spacious wardrobe and a beautiful balcony. Its décor reflected the manor’s own décor, but it also reflected Nathalie’s own taste. Because she loved the colour blue, she had bought numerous objects of that colour to add to the bedroom. Arriving at it, he helped Nathalie get to the bed, where he sat her.

“You need to rest.” -Adrien said, as he helped sit on the bed. –“And we’ll also need to check your temperature. From the way you look, you must have a fever; there’s no denying it. So, we’re going to need to see just how bad it is. But first, maybe you should change into something a little more comfortable and get in bed, while I go look for a thermometer.” -he said.

“There is a thermometer in the medicine cabinet in my bathroom. I’ll go get it, and change clothes.” -Nathalie said, as she coughed once again. –“If you want to do something, Adrien... you could ask the chef... to make me some tea. He knows what my favourite tea is.” -she suggested him.

“Okay, I’ll go get it.” -Adrien said. –“After I call the doctor.” -he declared.

“Adrien, please...” -Nathalie coughed. –“There’s no need for a doctor.” -she told him. –“I just need some tea, and I’ll be better.”

“I’ll be the judge of that. Or better yet, I’ll let the doctor be the judge of it.” -Adrien told her. –“But since you insist on having some tea, I’ll go get it for you, first, and then I’ll call the doctor. Be right back.” -he said, as he left the bedroom.

Leaving Nathalie in her bedroom, Adrien quickly made his way downstairs, towards the kitchen, where he notified the chef to prepare Nathalie’s favourite tea and to add some honey to it, explaining that she would be staying in bed the rest of the day. After that, and while waiting for the tea to be ready, he pulled Nathalie’s cell phone, which he had grabbed from the floor when coming down, and tried to call his dad, to tell him about Nathalie’s condition. If he called him from his cell phone, he might not answer him. But he knew that no matter what, he would always answer Nathalie’s calls. Calling him, he waited for him to pick up, only to find it going straight to voicemail.

“Voice mail? Okay, this is a first.” -Adrien thought to himself. –*“Well, since he doesn’t answer, I’m going to text Nina, so she can tell him about what’s happening.”* -he thought, as he looked for Nina’s number. –*“Here it is... oh, this is funny. Nathalie has Nina as “Gabriel’s Protégé and Assistant”.”*

After texting Nina, and still waiting for that tea to be ready, Adrien noticed the chef was distracted with the tea, and sneaked into the pantry to get another piece of Camembert for Plagg, who he felt getting restless inside his jacket’s pocket.

“Hold on, Plagg; here, nibble on this.” -Adrien whispered to his kwami, while putting the cheese inside his pocket. –“And chew quietly. We’re not alone.” -he warned him.

“About time I got a little snack.” -Plagg whispered back at Adrien, before biting the smelly cheese. –“By the way, nice catch.” -he whispered. –“You were on the right place, at the right time.”

“Thanks... it’s a good thing I’ve got feline reflexes.” -Adrien whispered.

Looking outside the window, he saw that the rain had begun to drop a lot harder than before. Just looking at it, it made Adrien appreciate the fact that he was indoors, and not outside. Once the tea was ready, Adrien took it to Nathalie, hoping that would make her feel a little better. He did not know just how sick she was, but he wanted to believe that tea, along with the rest of the day off in bed, and some medicine, would make her feel better. Going up the stairs, the image of Nathalie feeling dizzy and nearly falling on her back in front of him, came back to his mind, along with the thought of what might have happened to her, if he had not been there to catch her. He wanted to believe that nothing bad would have happened to her, but there was always the chance. And he was happy he was in the right place, at the right time to help her. Arriving at her bedroom, he knocked at the door, using his left elbow, and asked if he could come in, to which Nathalie said “yes”. Using his elbow once more, he pressed the handle, and opened the door. Looking at the bed, he saw that Nathalie had already changed into some navy-blue pyjamas, had gotten herself under the covers and was then cleaning her glasses with a white cloth. She still looked quite pale, but one could see the blood was beginning to flow back to her face, little by little.

“Here’s your tea, and some biscuits, courtesy of the chef. He says you always like to eat them with your tea.” -Adrien said, as he placed the tray in front of Nathalie. –“If you don’t mind me saying, you’re looking a little bit rosier, Nathalie. That’s a good sign.” -he smiled at her.

“Thank you, Adrien.” -Nathalie smiled back at Adrien, while putting on her glasses. –“But I’m alright... my temperature is a little bit higher than usual, but it’s nothing serious. I’m just a little tired, that’s all.” -she said, as she poured the tea into the cup.

“A little bit higher? May I see the thermometer, please?” -Adrien asked her.

“Adrien, there’s...” -Nathalie said.

“Nathalie, please, I insist.” -Adrien told her, demanding to see the thermometer.

Nathalie felt that Adrien was stepping a little out of line, by treating her that way. But she knew that he was just worried about her. Handing him the thermometer, he checked the last time the temperature was taken, and was slightly surprised by what the number displayed on the screen.

“A little bit higher than usual? I think 39°C qualifies as more than just a little bit, Nathalie. You’re burning up.” -Adrien commented, worried about her. –“Guess you’ll be stuck in bed for the rest of the day, and maybe the next couple of days too.” -he told her. –“But don’t worry, you have nothing to fear. I’ll be here to make sure that you get better in no time. And I’m calling the doctor.”

“You really don’t have to do this, Adrien.” -Nathalie said. –“And there’s no need for a doctor.” -she coughed. –“All I need is this tea and an aspirin, and I’ll be fine.”

“Sorry, but I think tea and an aspirin aren’t going to do the work, Nathalie. You need a doctor. And you took care of me so many times, when I was sick. It’s my turn to take care of you.” -Adrien smiled at her, as Nathalie sipped the tea. –“Besides, I don’t have anything else better to do today. So, I don’t mind keeping you company and taking care of you.” -he said.

Nathalie was going to tell Adrien that that was not true. That he had better things to do, like studying for the exams that were slowly approaching, or talking to his friends online. But she refrained from doing so, knowing that the boy would tell her that right then, her health and well-being was more important than anything else. Smiling to him, she could not help but to think that she had done a good job helping to raise him into the kind, caring and gentle boy he was, who would care more about others, than himself.

“Oh, yes, I almost forgot. Here’s your cell phone. I took the liberty to use it to try and call my dad to tell him about what’s going on with you, but it went straight to voice mail.” -Adrien said, as he handed the cell phone back to Nathalie. –“And when that didn’t work, I texted Nina and told her to warn him.” -he said.

“His cell phone must be out of battery. He must’ve not notice it because he’s probably still in a meeting.” -Nathalie said, as she placed the cell phone on her nightstand. –“But don’t worry. If you texted Nina, I’m sure she... will warn him.” -she said, before coughing.

“That really doesn’t sound good.” -Adrien said. –“I’m going to call the doctor, right now, so he can give you something for that cough and for the fever.” -he told her.

“There’s no... need for that, Adrien.” -Nathalie told him, while coughing.

“Sorry again, Nathalie. But there’s nothing you can say that is going to change my mind, about this. I’m going to call a doctor, and that’s final.” -Adrien told her, with a serious look on his face. –“*The way she’s reacting, it’s like she’s afraid of doctors, and I know she’s not. Maybe she’s just being stubborn and doesn’t want to bother anyone- Too bad for her, because I’m even more stubborn than she is. She’s going to see a doctor, and that’s final.*” -he thought to himself.

Nathalie tried to convince Adrien to not call the doctor, while he dialled the number. But his mind was made. He was not going to let her get worse, just because she did not want to impose on anyone. Calling the family doctor, he told him it was an emergency and if possible, he ought to come at once.

Half hour went by, before the doctor arrived, and examined Nathalie. It did not take him more than two minutes to determine she had caught a nasty case of flu, and to tell her that she would need to stay in bed for the next three days. He also recommended that no one ought to be near her during that period of time, so as to not get sick themselves. Prescribing some antibiotics to her, Adrien told Gorilla to go buy them at once, as he accompanied the doctor to the door, where he told the teen that in order for her to recover as fast as possible, it was imperative Nathalie remained in bed. Adrien told him that he was going to make sure that she would rest properly.

Knowing the only way that would happen was if his father would order her to do such a thing, Adrien tried to call him once more, hoping he would answer. But instead of calling his number, he called Nina. As luck would have, she answered him and before Adrien could talk, Nina told him that his father knew what was going on, and had ordered her to give Nathalie a message, which immediately told Adrien. After she gave him Gabriel's message, Adrien thanked her and told her to notify his father that Nathalie had come down with a flu, but that he had taken care of everything and that he was going to make sure she rested and recovered.

"Got it, Adrien. I'll tell your dad you told him that." -Nina said. -"Tell Nathalie that I wish her a speedy recovery too." -she told him.

"Don't worry, I will, Nina." -Adrien said, as he ended the call.

While Adrien finished talking to Nina, in her bedroom, Nathalie tried to get comfortable beneath the covers. She had not told Adrien, but she was feeling quite ill. And she did not tell him, because of any sort of pride or stubbornness on her part. She did not tell him, because she did not want him to worry about her. As the adult, it was she who ought to be taking care of Adrien, and not the other way around. On top of it, there was the matter of her job. As the secretary of Gabriel, she had a lot of things she needed to take care of. But now that she was stuck in bed, there was nothing she could about it, except rest. Still, if given the chance, she would go back to work, as soon as she felt a little better.

But before that could happen, she had to stay in bed. Looking at her bedside table, she saw the book that she had begun reading almost a month before. It was the latest Colleen Hoover novel, *Verity*, and because of her workload, she had been unable to continue reading it. Smiling, she grabbed it and told herself that she was finally going to be able to finish it.

"I really don't like that I have to stay in bed. But at least now, thanks to Adrien, I'll have to time to finish you." -Nathalie thought to herself, as she opened the book on the page she had stopped.

"Guess you'll finally get the chance to catch up on your reading." -Adrien smiled at Nathalie, as he entered her bedroom.

"Indeed." -Nathalie smiled. -"Still, there's so much that needs to be done..." -she said, before coughing.

"Forget about that, Nathalie." -Adrien told her. -"You heard what the doctor told you. You need to rest and that's exactly what are you going to do." -he said. -"Also, I managed to call Nina, and she told me my dad already knows what's happening, while giving me this message to you: "Do not

attempt to get out of bed, Nathalie. As your employer, I order you to take the time you need to get better, so that when I come back in a couple of days, you'll be ready to resume your duties, once more." ... and if you think I'm making this up, Nina texted me the whole message, for you to read it."

Reading those words on Adrien's cell, Nathalie saw that he was not joking. And just like Adrien had anticipated, she realized she had no choice but to do as her employer ordered her, and stay in bed, until she had made a full recover. On one hand, she felt like disobeying Gabriel's orders and, as soon as she felt a little better, she would go back to work. But on the other, she respected him too much to do such a thing, and knew that if he was giving her that order, it was because he valued her too much, to allow her to get even sicker. So, she decided that until she made a full recover, she would remain in bed.

"Very well. If your father thinks it's best for me to stay and bed and recover, I will do that." - Nathalie declared.

"It is the best, and it's not just him, who's thinking that." -Adrien told her. -"I'm also thinking, and I know everyone else in this house is thinking the same. We want to see you back up in your feet, like always, even if that means seeing you confined to your bed, Nathalie." -he said. -"Anyways, I just came here to show you the text. I'll be back in a while, to bring you the pills the doctor prescribed you, and to check if you need anything. I'm also going to ask the chef to make you some chicken soup for dinner."

"Adrien..." -Nathalie said.

"And before you say it's not necessary, let me remind you that I'm not the one who's sick. It's you. And unless you want to get worst, you'll stay in bed and don't argue with the person who's trying to get you better. That's what you always tell me, when I'm sick, right?" -Adrien told her, with a warm smile on his face. -"So, try to rest and leave everything to me." -he said, when he realized that he had interrupted her. -"Oh, sorry, I didn't mean to interrupt you. I guess I got a little carried away."

"It's okay. I was just going to say that... I'm proud of how... you handled things." -Nathalie said, between coughs. -"That was a very... mature attitude from you, Adrien." -she smiled tenderly at him.

When he heard Nathalie say that, Adrien's heart practically melted away. It was no secret that he loved to be praised, especially by those he loved and admired. And even though the person he loved the most to be praised by was his father, Nathalie was also someone very special to him, and whom he also loved to be praised by. So, when she told him those words, he felt just like he had punched Hawk moth square in the jaw, or had vanquished an Akuma on his own. Smiling at Nathalie, it took him most of his strength and self-control to not hug her. He wanted to hug her, but refrained from doing it, so as to not catch Nathalie's flu, knowing that if he ended up sick, she would blame herself for it, and that was the last thing he wanted to happen.

"Well, I had a pretty good teacher." -Adrien chuckled. -"*The best, to be honest. All I did was do what you always do, when I'm sick, Nathalie.*" -he thought to himself. -"Anyways, I'll leave you to rest, Nathalie. See you in a bit."

"See you in a bit, Adrien... and thank you." -Nathalie said, whispering the last part, as Adrien left.

Closing the door behind him, as silently as possible, Adrien sighed, relieved to know that Nathalie would soon get better. And once Gorilla arrived with the medicine for her, it would help to speed up the recovery.

All of that had been a brand-new experience for Adrien, and though he was a little bit stressed, the relief he felt inside his chest, was enough to make any shred of tiredness caused by the stress in him, to feel meaningless. All that mattered to him was that he had helped Nathalie, and in a matter of days, she would be back in tip top shape, walking around and reminding him of what his father had told him to do.

“Guess Nathalie will be out of the picture for a couple of days.” -Plagg said.

“I wouldn’t be so sure. If we don’t force her to stay still, she’ll be out of her bed tomorrow morning.” -Adrien said. –“She saw my dad’s text, telling her to take her time to rest and recover, but Nathalie can be a little stubborn, and if she believes she’s already well enough to go back to work, she won’t stay in bed a minute more than she needs to. So, we’ll have to keep an eye on her, and make sure she doesn’t get out of bed, until she’s fully recovered, Plagg.” -he commented.

“If you say so. But that also means that you’ve got no one to supervise you, for the next couple of days.” -Plagg said. –“I don’t know about you, but I consider this like winning the lottery, Adrien. With Nathalie in bed, you become free as a bird and you don’t have to worry about breaking any rules, because she’ll never know, hence, your dad will never know.” -he told Adrien.

“It’s true. But I don’t like to think that I’ve gained a little bit more of freedom, at the expense of Nathalie’s flu. If much, I’ve gained a lot more responsibilities.” -Adrien said, with a serious voice. –“It’s not her fault that she got sick.” -he said. –“I wish I could do more for her... After my mom died, she was always the one who took care of me, and when I was sick, she would do everything in her power to make sure that I got better in no time.”

(Flashback)

Adrien got sick the day before. When he got home, he was coughing a little, but both his father and Nathalie thought that the cough was due to the excess of pollen in the spring air. But in the morning, when it was almost time for him to go to school, and Nathalie went to his bedroom to wake him up, she found that Adrien was sick with a fever. Immediately, she told Gabriel and they decided that Adrien would stay home that day. After notifying the school, Nathalie called the doctor, while also keeping Adrien company.

Despite being ill and with a fever, Adrien was quite restless. His body ached, but not enough that he did not want to jump out of bed and play. He had been playing with some toys the night before, and had left them on the table where the videogame consoles were as well, to continue the adventure he was having with them the next day when he returned from school. But Nathalie told him he could not get out of bed, and risk getting cold.

“Stay in bed, Adrien.” -Nathalie ordered him.

“But I want to play!” -Adrien told her.

“Sorry, but if you’re going to play, you’ll have to play in bed.” -Nathalie told him. –“If you want to, I can get you your toys, so you can play with them. But you’re not going to get out of bed.” -she smiled at him.

“Okay.” -Adrien said, before coughing.

*“Don’t worry, the doctor will be here soon, and he’ll tell us what we need to do, to get you better.”
-Nathalie said.*

And shortly after, the doctor arrived and examined Adrien. He quickly saw that he had a cold. Prescribing Adrien a cough syrup, as well as some antibiotics, he advised Nathalie that he ought to remain in bed and drink plenty of fluids, believing that in a matter of days, he would be able to go back to school. Adrien did not mind staying home, because it meant he could watch television and play with his toys all day. The only thing he did not like was the shivers and the cough. That, and the cough syrup. Like all little kids, Adrien did not like the taste of the cough syrup. Even if it was supposed to have an orange flavour, he kept saying the syrup did not taste like orange, and that was disgusting.

“No, I don’t want it!” -Adrien said.

“Come now, Adrien. If you don’t take it, you won’t get better.” -Nathalie said, as she opened the bottle with the cough syrup.

“But it tastes bad!” -Adrien complained. –“It tastes yucky!” -he said.

“It doesn’t taste that bad, Adrien. Look, I’ll prove it. I’ll taste it myself.” -Nathalie said, as she poured a spoonful of syrup and took it. –“See? It’s not that bad.” -she smiled, though she was forcing it, as she found out that the cough syrup did taste horribly bad. –“Eww, this really tastes bad... anyways, I’ve got to have him to take it, or he’ll never get better from this cough.”

Using trick after trick, Nathalie finally managed to give Adrien the cough syrup, which he once again claimed it was disgusting. Nathalie did not say a thing, but she agreed with him.

“I’ll come back in an hour, with your lunch.” -Nathalie said, as she tucked him in bed.

“Can I have French fries, Nathalie?” -Adrien asked her.

“I’m afraid not, Adrien. You heard what the doctor said. Chicken soup and lots of water, to kill the bug inside you.” -Nathalie reminded him.

“Must be a really bad bug.” Adrien giggled, before coughing.

“And it is. It’s making you sick. But once it’s gone, you’ll be able to go back to school, and also play outside.” -Nathalie said, using what she liked to call her “funny” voice, which was essentially her voice, but with a clownish accent, which she knew Adrien loved. –“Now, try to sleep for a little bit. It’ll help you get better a lot faster.” -she told him. –“And in case you’re thinking about skipping out of bed and go play on the cold floor, as soon as I leave the bedroom, remember that I can hear you move a mile away, and that I like to make unscheduled appearances.”

The last sentence was spoken in a serious, yet playful tone. Nathalie wanted Adrien to understand that he was not to get out of bed, or there would be consequences, but without being too harsh on him. She had learned that children respond better to requests than threats, especially if one talks with a low and gentle voice, like she did.

“Okay, Nathalie.” -Adrien said. –“How did she know I was going to do that? She must have psychic powers, and read my mind.” -he thought to himself.

“Okay, what, Adrien?” -Nathalie asked him.

“Okay, I won’t get out of bed to play on floor.” -Adrien answered her.

“That’s a good boy.” -Nathalie smiled, as she hugged him.

(End of Flashback)

“Plagg, are you really sure your miraculous doesn’t have any sort of power that can cure people?” - Adrien asked him.

“Nope, sorry. The only miraculous that has any healing powers is the turtle miraculous.” -Plagg answered him. –“But if you’re thinking of calling Nino and ask him to come here and heal Nathalie, you can forget it. The turtle miraculous allows one to cure many kinds of ailments, most of them physical. But that doesn’t include flus, colds, measles, and other kinds of diseases; and yes, cancer counts as a disease. It doesn’t work that way. Don’t ask me why it works on a broken leg or spine, but it doesn’t work on something as a disease, because I don’t know, and neither does Wayzz or any of the other kwamis. It’s a mystery.”

Adrien did ask Plagg about it, because he truly wanted to use magic to cure Nathalie. For all the incredible things he could do with his miraculous, healing others was one thing he could not. And knowing that neither his miraculous, nor the others could do it, made him feel powerless. He knew Nathalie was not going to die from that flu, but he still did not like to see her that way.

“I see. Well, it’s a shame, because if I had the power to cure, I would use it to cure her.” -Adrien said. –“In fact, anyone I knew who would get sick, I would use it and cure them in a heartbeat.” -he confessed. –“I know it’s a little childish to think about it that way, but if you had the power to do, wouldn’t you take advantage of it?”

“Maybe... remember, I’m not human, so sometimes I can’t fully understand what’s going on inside your minds.” -Plagg said. –“But you know, Nathalie’s lucky in having you to help her, Adrien.” -he told him. –“Just because you don’t have the power to cure her, with a snap of your fingers, doesn’t mean you aren’t trying your best to find a way for her to recover faster.”

“Thanks, Plagg,” -Adrien told him. –“But truth be told, and I know I’m always repeating myself, I’m the one who’s lucky in having her. She’s the closest thing I have to my mom, and I’m glad for that. I’m glad that she’s always there for me, when I need it the most.” -he smiled. –“On top of it, she helps me a lot, and whenever I’m feeling down, and I don’t have anyone to cheer me up, she’ll stop whatever she’s doing for my dad, and try to get me back in good spirits. I care about her, just like she cares about me. So, wishing for her to get better faster, it’s one of those things that I really want, and if I could use magic to make that happen, I would. No questions asked.”

“Yeah, well, it’s like they say, Roma wasn’t built in a day, you know?” -Plagg reminded him. –“She’ll need your help to fully recover, and you’re going to do your best to make that happen, just like you did, when you called the doctor... plus, she said she was really proud of you. I could hear and feel your pulse speeding up, when she said that. That was quite the praise, and you deserved it.” -he said. –“And while we wait for Gorilla to come back with the medicine for Nathalie, why don’t we go down to the kitchen and get ourselves a proper snack, like we were going to do, when Nathalie felt ill?”

“More cheese? Your stomach is like a black hole... actually, you are a living black hole that gulps down cheese, Plagg!” -Adrien exclaimed, surprised that his kwami was already hungry.

“I’m a growing kwami, you know that.” -Plagg said, with a serious voice.

“Yeah... a growing kwami with more than 5000 years old, who at this rate, will become a chunky kwami.” -Adrien joked.

“Very funny, Adrien, very funny.” -Plagg said with a sarcastic voice, which prompted Adrien to laugh. –“*At least I manage to make you laugh... you don’t laugh enough, and you should do it, kid. But don’t worry. As long as I’m around, I’ll make you smile and laugh, because that’s what you need in your life... happiness.*” -he silently promised Adrien.

You Are My Strength

Chapter Notes

(This one-shot, takes place after Miraculous Team: The Screamer)

The clocks on the front of the Musée D'Orsay had just struck eleven o'clock; its noise echoing through the air, in what seemed to be a calm night. Even though it was a night with a starry sky, the wind was blowing quite hard, mimicking the howling of a lone wolf. At that hour, near the museum, few people were still walking on the street. With the exception of a few tourists returning to their hotels after a stop at a bar, or a homeless person looking for a place to sleep, or even a policeman making his rounds in the service car, there was no one else on the streets. But on the building rooftop, things were different. Moving north like arrows, and with their footsteps echoing, each time they stepped on a tile, Ladybug and Chat Noir were on patrol, while also enjoying each other's company.

There were nights when the heroes, during their patrols, prevented all kinds of situations from happening. From robberies, invasion of property, car theft, attempted suicide, among others, they gladly prevented them all. And that, was not counting car accidents and fires, or an occasional Akuma attack. But that night, the closest to an emergency they came across was a group of tourists asking for directions, as they left their cell phone at the hotel, and got lost. Not that the scarlet heroine and the feline hero minded. It felt good to have a quiet patrol night, when nothing bad happened.

And like it always happened, Ladybug and Chat Noir patrols ended on a sweet note. And by sweet note, it meant that they stop somewhere to share something sweet, before each returned to their residence. And on that night, the place they had chosen for their stop, had been Notre-Dame. Over the course of the months, since they first put on their miraculouses, they had learned that there were places in Paris that were perfect stops to rest, depending on the weather, and on the time of day. And on that night, there was no place better for them to stop, than Notre-Dame. The cathedral was a place where the heroes, as well as their friends, liked to hang out, especially on windy nights, because it had numerous places, where they could avoid the wind.

Sitting between the pillars of the top of the South tower, they were greeted by some friendly pigeons, who were nesting for the night, as Ladybug took out from a backpack, she had brought with her, a thermos and two cups. Opening the thermos, the smell of delicious hot chocolate invaded her nostrils, as well as Chat's. As he watched the steamy hot chocolate pouring into the cup, he told himself that after running around the way they did, they had both earned that treat, which was sure to warm them up.



“Thanks, milady. This is just what I need to warm myself up.” -Chat Noir said, before sipping the delicious hot drink. –“Mmm... you make the best hot cocoa in this town, you know that?” -he told her, with a lovable smile on his face.

“Thanks, my silly kitty.” -Ladybug said, as she finished pouring herself a cup, and closed the thermos. –“But I can’t take full credit for it. Mylene was the one who taught me how to prepare it this way.” -she admitted, as she warmed her hands around the hot cup.

“Well, then I have to thank her, for teaching you how to make it, just the way I like it.” -Chat chuckled. –“It’s the perfect ending, to a perfect night.” -he declared, before taking another sip.

“Yeah, it is....” -Ladybug sighed.

After that last comment, there was a brief period of silence between the two of them. None of them spoke. They just sat there, drinking their hot chocolate. But it did not take Chat Noir long to realize that something was wrong with his girlfriend. He had begun to learn to perceive the state of mind, not only of her, but of all those dear to him, just by looking them in the eye. And in that moment, he realized that something was wrong with Ladybug. He might not quite know what was bothering her, but he knew it had to be something important. She had not said much that night, while they were on patrol, but he thought it was because she was tired. Determined to find what was bothering her, he did not hesitate in asking her, if she was alright.

“Is there something wrong, Marinette?” -Chat Noir asked her.

“N-No... Why do you ask?” -Ladybug asked him.

“I don’t know... usually, when we finish patrolling, we tend to chit-chat a lot. But today, you seem like you have your mind somewhere else.” -Chat Noir commented. –“Did you have difficulties in the test today?”

That morning they had taken a French language exam, but Chat had not even managed to ask her, if it had gone well or not. Because of a photoshoot that had been scheduled for lunch, he had to miss the rest of the school day, leaving as soon as he finished the exam.

“No, I think I did okay in it.” -Ladybug declared, as she sipped the hot chocolate.

“I think I did okay, too. I thought I would not be able to finish it in time, before heading to the photoshoot.” -Chat Noir told her. –“I’m not going to score a 20, but I’ll definitely score a 15.” -he chuckled. –“But if it’s not the exam that’s bugging you, what is it?”

“Oh, it’s nothing really. I’m just having... one of those days.” -Ladybug said.

“Marinette.” -Chat said, looking her in the eyes. –“I know I’m not Alya, or any of the girls, with whom you like to vent your troubles. But I’m your boyfriend, and I’m also your friend, and whatever it is, that’s bugging you, I want to know, so I can try and make you feel better... please.” -he told her.

The sincerity and the sweetness in Chat’s words made Ladybug smile, as he reminded her that they were dating and that he wanted her to bug him with her troubles, no matter what they were. The truth was, she sometimes forgot that the two of them were dating, but not because she wanted to. She did so, because she sometimes felt that everything they had experienced as a couple, felt like a beautiful dream, which was too good to last. Smiling back at Chat, she decided to share with him, what was going on with her.

“It’s nothing serious... I... I just had a really bad dream, this afternoon, when I took a nap.” -Ladybug admitted, in a low voice.

“A bad dream?” -Chat Noir asked her. –“What was it about? Tell me.” -he said.

“Like I said, it’s nothing serious... oh, who am I kidding? It was serious... If it hadn’t been, I wouldn’t be having these thoughts in my head.” -Ladybug sighed.

“Tell me what happen, please. And take your time.” -Chat asked her, before sipping his hot chocolate.

“Okay... We were both on our way to school, when suddenly, an Akuma appeared and plunged us both into what I can only describe as liquid darkness, with a will of its own. Then, I saw myself was alone, and I tried to transform into Ladybug, but I wasn’t able to. I was screaming for Tikki and for you, and for everyone else, but no one answered me.” -Ladybug told him. –“I started to walk, while continuing to calling out your name, Tikki’s name, and the names of everyone else, hoping someone answered. But no one answered. And then, after walking for what felt like forever, I stopped and a glass case with my Ladybug outfit showed up. I tried to open it, but I wasn’t able to. I looked for a way to open the case, but I couldn’t find one... and then, came the part that no matter how much I try to, I just can’t forget about.” -she sighed, upset.

“And what is that part that’s bothering you so much, milady?” -Chat asked her, concerned about her.

“The outfit came to life, and an image of myself as Ladybug wearing it, showed up, and told me that I’m not worthy to wear it, nor I was fit to be the leader of the Miraculous Team.” -Ladybug answers him. –“But it’s not just what she said that’s bothering me, Adrien. It’s the way she said it... she said it in a voice which sounded just like my own, but it was different. And she sounded disappointed and angry... like I did a bad job.” -she said. –“She kept saying that, over and over... and then, other voices joined hers. They were the voices of all of our friends, including yours, the kwamis and even Master Fu, telling me that I’m unworthy and that I should’ve never been chosen to carry the ladybug miraculous, or to lead our team. It was awful, Adrien!” -she exclaimed, as a tear ran down her face. –“The only way that nightmare could’ve been worst, was if Hawk Moth had showed up as well.”

The way scarlet heroine told her tale, left Chat Noir speechless. She had told him about other nightmares she had had, but the way she spoke about what happened to her in it, was different from the other times. The feline hero did not know what to tell her, to make her feel better, so he did the only thing he could think of. Without speaking a word, he placed his arm around Ladybug’s shoulder and allowed her to rest her head on his shoulder. They remained like that for what looked like an eternity, and Chat decided he would allow Ladybug to be the one to speak first, when she felt ready.

“Thanks, Adrien.” -Ladybug said.

“Anytime, my sweet bugaboo.” -Chat Noir told her. –“And remember, it was just a nightmare, that’s all. No matter how bad it was, it was just that. A nightmare. You shouldn’t be thinking about it.” -he told her.

“And I don’t want to, Adrien. Whenever I had nightmares, I used to forget about them, the moment after waking up. But ever since I put on these earrings, I can always remember my dreams, whether they are dreams or nightmares.” -Ladybug declared. –“When they are nice dreams, I don’t mind remembering them. But the nightmares...” -she sighed.

“I know, I know... Nightmares are never pleasant.” -Chat Noir said.

“I just feel... I don’t even know what to feel, Adrien.” -Ladybug sighed, frustrated. –“I don’t want to think about this nightmare, but I continue to do so... maybe because what happened in it, might be true.”

“What might be true?” -Chat asked.

“That I’m not good enough to be Ladybug or to lead the team.” -Ladybug sighed.

“Why would you say such a thing?!” -Chat Noir asked her. –“Of course, you are good enough to be Ladybug. And as our leader, you’ve proven yourself, over and over.” -he told her. –“Every step of the way, you managed to prove you are a fitting leader.”

“But what if I was just lucky, Adrien?! And you know what they say about luck. Sooner or later, it runs out.” -Ladybug sighed. –“What if my luck runs out, and I end up losing my miraculous, or one of you loses your miraculous... or even worst, what if one of you dies, because I was just not good enough?” -she asked him, trying as hard as she could, not to start crying.

“There she goes again with this talk. I hate that she continues to sell herself too short, even though she shouldn’t. It breaks my heart, when she does that.” -Chat Noir thought to himself, feeling sad for his girlfriend.

And the truth was, Chat had heard her vent off about not being good enough. But never once he complained about it. Never once did he agree with her, when she self-doubted herself. And he was not going to let her to do that to herself, when he knew that every doubt, she was having about herself, right then, was unfounded.

“Look.” -Chat Noir said, as he put down his cup, and gently got Ladybug’s from her hands, before grabbing her hands, holding them together. –“It was just a nightmare, Marinette. That’s all.” -he smiled. –“Dreams and nightmares are nothing more than the desires, the expectations, the beliefs and the fears that we carry in our minds, all day long. It doesn’t mean that they will come to happen. And the idea that you’re not good enough to be Ladybug, that’s just silly, and deep inside you know it.”

“Maybe it’s silly, Adrien... but I still feel that... I feel like part of what happened, might be true.” -Ladybug told him, with a serious voice.

“Did you talk to Tikki, about it?” -Chat Noir asked her.

“No, I didn’t. She was also taking a nap, and I didn’t want to wake her up.” -Ladybug sighed. –“Also, I didn’t want to bother her with this, when I know what she was going to tell me.” -she said.

“And what would that be?” -Chat Noir asked, raising an eyebrow at her.

“That I’m a wonderful Ladybug, and that I’m a terrific leader, and that she’s proud of me.” -Ladybug told him.

“And she would be right. You are a terrific leader, and you’re one hell of a Ladybug.” -Chat Noir smiled at her. –“You’re the best Ladybug there is.” -he said. –“You’re the best Ladybug I know, milady.”

“I’m the only Ladybug you know, Adrien.” -Ladybug told him, in a sarcastic tone.

“Still doesn’t change what I think. You are the best at what you do, Marinette.” -Chat Noir declared.

She could tell that he was trying to cheer her up, as he so often did. Of the many qualities that Chat had, being able to see the positive side of the negative, and trying to cheer up a person, when they needed it most, was one of the ones she most appreciated in it. But even with sweet words and a good dosage of encouragement from her boyfriend, not to mention the romantic view over the Ile de la Cité and the Seine, what she had dreamt about continued to bother her.

“I know you’re trying to cheer me up, and I thank you for trying to do it, Adrien, but it’s no use. I can’t get these horrible thoughts off my head.” -Ladybug sighed.

That nightmare had done a pretty good job, messing Ladybug’s mind and self-confidence, who kept reliving it inside her mind. Even after all the praising from Chat, she still had doubts about her talent as a superheroine, and more importantly, those doubts were making her feel as low as a beagle’s belly. But Chat Noir was not one to give up so easily. He was not going to let his girlfriend feel bad about herself.

“Alright, that’s it!” -Chat Noir exclaimed. –“This self-pity party is over, Miss Ladybug.” -he said, in an amused tone. –“I’m going to remind you why you’re such a great leader and a great Ladybug.

So, from this moment on, you listen to me, and don't try to stop me, okay?"

Determined to cheer her up, and make her forget all the bad thoughts caused by that horrible nightmare, Chat Noir began enumerating all the qualities Ladybug possessed, by giving examples of those same qualities, reminding her of times in which those qualities helped her overcome obstacles, and help others.

"And what about the time when Kim hurt Max's feelings, by insulting Markov, and you helped them make amends?" -Chat Noir reminded her. -"Or the time, when you stood up to Chloe, after she insulted Juleka and Mylene, because she thought that her and Sabrina's science project was better than theirs? And speaking of Chloe, who was it that decided to bury the hatchet, make amends with her and give her a second chance at friendship, when most felt she did not deserve it? The answer, is you. You were the one who did all those things. And it takes a really strong heart and will to do that... and in Chloe's case, you had every right not to forgive her, or give her another chance, especially when she hurt you and bullied you, countless times. But you still did it anyways, because that's you. Deep down, you're always concerned about others, and you believe that everyone deserves a second chance." -he told her.

He went on, and Ladybug just stood there listening to him. And little by little, his words began to do their magic. They began remind her just what a leader was supposed to be, and just how much of a leader, she had proven herself to be, by leading through example, and just being true to the things her parents and every other people she cared for, had taught her over the years.

"And if that's not enough, then let's see what else I can do, to convince you... Oh, I know! You see this bicep of yours?" -Chat Noir asked, as he gently held Ladybug's arm with one hand, while touching her bicep with the other. -"Could you flex it for me?" -he asked her, which she did. -"You see the size of your bicep? It's huge! And by being huge, it means that you're super strong... but if you want my opinion, your physical strength, which is of a small titan, is nothing, when compared to the strength of your heart and your spirit, Marinette. And you have proven over and over, whether facing an Akuma, or dealing with any kind of everyday life trouble, that no matter the challenge, you can handle it, with one... no, make that both hands behind your back."

As he continued to speak, Chat forced himself to hold back his tears, such was the passion he was talking with. And it was not easy, because he believed in every word that came out of his mouth. Words that he was using to show the scarlet heroine, just how important she was to him and to others. But more importantly, to show her that with or without her mask on, she was someone that had all the attributes of a great leader.

"And if even all that is not enough to make you stop thinking you're not a great Ladybug and a great leader, then I have one last trump card, which I'm about to use." -Chat Noir said, as he placed Ladybug's right hand on his chest. -"You feel that? That's my heart pounding. And right now, it's pounding because I believe in everything, I just told you, which is the honest truth, Marinette. You are an incredible girl, with a heart of gold, and the strength and will of hundreds of men. You alone are so strong, both physically and psychologically, that just by being yourself, you give anyone who needs it, a bit of that same strength to go on." -he smiled at her. -"Marinette... milady, you are my strength, when I need it the most, and believe me, when I say that there are times, when I think I don't have the strength to go on. It's thanks to you, that I am able to carry on. You are my strength, and you are also the strength of every last one of our friends. And that alone, makes you the best leader any of us could have ever asked for... so, tell whatever crazy thoughts caused by that nasty nightmare, that they can take a hike, because I won't allow them to make you think that you're not

good enough to be Ladybug, or the leader of the Miraculous Team. Just from looking in your eyes, I know you have everything you need to be both those things.”

Chat Noir’s speech was so passionate, so personal, so full of life, that unless you were a psychopath or someone with a heart made out of stone, you would begin to shed tears. And that was what happened with Ladybug. Chat’s passionate words touched her heart and made her realize he was right. She was allowing her fear of not being good enough, to cloud her judgement, and thanks to his speech, she saw she was being too hard on herself.

“You’re right.” -Ladybug tearfully smiled at Chat, just before leaning forward and placing a sweet kiss on his lips. –“Everything you said, is true. But you forgot one thing, Adrien. You forgot that even though I am your strength, as well as our friends’ strength, that I need to get my strength from somewhere... and that is you, and our friends. You all are my strength, because I don’t know what I would do, if anything bad happened to you.”

“The same thing goes for me, bugaboo.” -Chat smiled. –“I don’t know what I would do, if something bad happened to you.” -he said. –“That’s why that whenever the situation demands, I’ll blindly put my life in your hands.”

“Ditto.” -Ladybug smiled back at him, as a tear ran down her face.

Following those words, the two heroes embraced each other, and it did not take long for them to start kissing. On such a chilly night, each kiss they shared, made them feel a little bit warmer, and neither Ladybug, nor Chat Noir minded getting a little bit warmer. When they finished kissing, they looked awkwardly at one another, and chuckled.

“Thanks for the pep talk, Adrien. Guess I really needed one.” -Ladybug thanked him. –“That, and the kisses.” -she chuckled.

“It was my pleasure, bugaboo. It’s not every day that I get to tell you just how amazing and wonderful you are... oh, wait, I do that every day!” -Chat chuckled. –“But I love doing it, and I still hadn’t told you today. Plus, your kisses are incredibly addictive. Just like chocolate. It’s impossible to just eat one single piece. Speaking of which...” -he added, as he looked down to his cup, and noticed the hot chocolate had gone cold. –“Guess the hot chocolate isn’t so hot anymore.”

“You’re right.” -Ladybug said. –“Oh, well, we’ll just have to wait until tomorrow, to have some more. In fact, we can even share a cup of hot chocolate, with whipped cream and marshmallows.” -she said.

“What are you... oh, right! I forgot! We’re going on a double date with Alya and Nino!” -Chat Noir exclaimed, remembering it.

“And Mylene and Ivan, too. We’re going to that café that opened near the Opera house, where they serve breakfast cereal and other goodies.” -Ladybug chuckled. –“I’ve been dying to go there, ever since Rose talked about it, the other week.” -she admitted.

“Me too. But we’ll probably have someone else sticking with us.” -Chat Noir said.

“Let me guess, your bodyguard?” -Ladybug asked, while raising an eye,

“Yeah. You know how it is. If he doesn’t keep an eye on me a few certain hours a week, and report what happened, to my dad, he’ll get in trouble. And so will I.” -Chat Noir said. –“*You would think*

that he would be able to just lie about keeping an eye on me. Then again, he's too sincere to do that... when it comes to Nathalie, she doesn't have a problem in omitting a couple of truths, but Gorilla, he's a whole different story." -he thought to himself.

"Well, if we can't do anything about that, we might as well ask him to join us." -Ladybug chuckled.

"It's impressive, just how she goes from completely gloomy to positively the happiest girl in the world. Just one of the countless things, I love about Marinette." -Chat Noir thought to himself.

The conversation regarding their date the following day continued for quite a little longer, with them making extra plans, which included the possibility of the blue-haired girl having dinner at the Agreste Manor. Without noticing it, time passed. and when they looked at the hours, it was only a couple of minutes until midnight. Because the following day was Saturday, they did not need to get up early. But they did not want to risk getting home too late, in case anyone checked on them.

"We should be going." -Chat Noir said.

"We should... but not just yet. Let's just stay here, and enjoy the view a little bit more." -Ladybug told him, as she leaned her head, on his shoulder. –"We'll go, when Emmanuel, Marie, Gabriel, Anne-Genevieve, Denis, Marcel, Étienne, Benoit-Joseph, Maurice and Jean-Marie strike midnight." -she said, referring to the name of the 10 bells of Notre-Dame.

"Whatever you say, bugaboo." -Chat said, smiling, as he placed his arm around her waist, and gently pulled her closer to him, making her giggle.

Riding with Grandma Gina

Chapter Notes

(This one-shot takes place before "Miraculous Team: Origins", as well as the one-shot "Bus to Summer Camp")

It was a particularly hot March afternoon. The wind that was being felt was dry. Dry as the desert wind. Nobody in Paris would say it was still Spring, with the heat that was being felt. In the news, they were saying that Summer had arrived earlier, and that the best place to be was by the river, or in a swimming pool. A place with nice and cold water seemed the perfect place to spend the rest of the afternoon. But for Marinette, not all the cold water in France would be enough to help cool down her temper. That day Chloe Bourgeois had decided to make her life a living hell, and that was enough to spite her and put her in a lousy mood.

As she walked back home, accompanied by Alya, Marinette kept reliving in her head, the moment when Chloe began her usual self. During P.E., Marinette was going to be paired up with Adrien, but Chloe pushed her and insisted she would be paired with him. Not only did Marinette ended up on the floor, but Chloe kept bragging about it during the rest of the morning. At lunch, already upset with her, Marinette decided to have a serious talk with Chloe, with the heiress shooting venomous words at her and making her even madder. It was difficult for her not to lose her temper and beat the crud out of Chloe, especially during the last hours of classes. She did not lose it, but now, she was starting to wonder if instead of controlling herself, she should have lashed her anger on her.

“That Chloe... I swear to God, Alya, one of these days, I’m going to put cyanide on a batch of cookies and give them to her!” -Marinette exclaimed, furious and mad at the heiress. –“She’s the worst person in the world!!!” -she yelled out, frustrated.

“Girl, try to calm down a little bit.” -Alya said, as she tried to keep up with her. –“I get it, you’re mad at Chloe. I would be mad at her too, if she had done to me, what she did to you.” -she told her. –“But you can’t let her get under your skin like that. Also, you’ll pop a vein, if you let all that hate course through you.”

“I know, I know...” -Marinette sighed. –“But she has a knack for getting under my skin, especially when it comes to Adrien.” -she said. –“She knows about my crush on him, and takes pleasure in telling me that I’ll never be good enough for Adrien, and that she’s the only girl in that school, who deserves his affections... God, just remembering her saying that, makes me want to strangle her, Alya!”

“Calm down girl... She knows you have a crush on him, just like she does. And knowing that, she uses it as leverage, because she believes that if she makes you look bad in front of Adrien, he’ll only have eyes for her.” -Alya said. –“*Though everyone can see that he only has eyes for you, girl. It’s amazing how neither you, nor him have noticed that yet.*” -she thought to herself.

“It’s bad enough she stopped me from pairing up with Adrien, but to rub it in my face and insulting me... I don’t know why I didn’t slap her in the face, after all those things she told me, Alya. But

believe me, if I could go back in time, I would've slapped her so hard, I would've knocked her teeth out!" -Marinette said, clenching her fists in anger.

Marinette was raging mad, and Alya knew it. So, Alya decided to let her rant all she wanted, and she heard every word, without saying a thing. She knew Marinette was not a vengeful person, but like everyone else, she also had a limit. And when something happened that made her flare her nostrils, Alya knew the only way for her to calm down, was to rant about what happened.

"Just let it all out, girl. It'll make you feel better." -Alya thought to herself.

As they walked, Marinette began calm down. Little by little, the blue-haired girl began to calm down. Her rage and frustration began to disappear. And by the time they got to the place where their home paths parted, she did not even look like the same girl who, when she left school, was capable of strangling Chloe.

"You seem a lot calmer now." -Alya stated.

"I'd be lying, if I said I wasn't feeling a lot calmer, now." -Marinette smiled. -"Thanks for listening to my enraged ranting, and for agreeing with everything I said, even though I might have said certain things, that I shouldn't." -she sighed.

"That's what best-friends do, girl. They put up with their best-friends, crazy angry rantings, when they need someone to listen to them." -Alya said. -"Besides, you were right. Chloe was awful to you, and she deserves to be punished for what she did, even if that doesn't mean killing her." -she chuckled.

"You're right. Thanks again, Alya." -Marinette said, as she hugged her. -"I'm lucky to have you as my best-friend." -she said.

"You do, and I'm going to hold you to that, when you're a world-renowned fashion designer, girl." -Alya smirked at her. -"But seriously, are you sure you don't want me to keep you company a little bit longer? Nora's the one who's going to pick up the twins from school today, so, I've got the afternoon free." -she revealed to Marinette.

"No need, Alya." -Marinette smiled at her. -"I'm already feeling a little bit calmer... I guess I just needed to take that out of my system." -she sighed, relieved. -"Besides, I forgot to tell you that my grandma arrived yesterday, to spend a few weeks, before going on her next adventure, and she invited me to go on a bike ride with her this afternoon."

"Grandma Gina is back in town?" -Alya asked her, surprised. -"Before she leaves again, she has to make us some of her world-famous gingersnap and apple cookies." -she said, as she imagined the cookies. -"I'm sorry, but I'm a sucker for those cookies."

"I know." -Marinette laughed. -"Last time she baked a tray of them for us, you ate most of them, on your own." -she continued to laugh.

"What can I say? They're delicious." -Alya laughed as well.

"You're a cookie eating machine, Alya." -Marinette joked. -"I think I'll never meet anyone with an appetite for cookies, as big as yours." -she said.

“Probably, girl.” -Alya chuckled. –“Anyways, I think I already delayed you enough. I wouldn’t want you to keep your grandma waiting.” -she said. –“Text me, when you get home.”

“Okay.” -Marinette smiled at Alya. –“I’ll see you tonight, online.” -she said, as the two parted ways.

It was almost five o'clock in the afternoon, and in the streets of Paris, the traffic was beginning to feel crowded, with people leaving work. This meant two things. Traffic jams and honking. Anyone driving a car was automatically stuck in traffic. But for those who had a bicycle, or a motorcycle, it was a whole different story. And for Gina Dupain and her granddaughter Marinette, being stuck in traffic, was something that was not going to happen to them, in Gina’s motorcycle.

Zigzagging through the streets, Gina felt like a teenager, who'd just gotten her license, and had decided to take her motorcycle for a spin, for the very first time. Despite being in her early sixties, Gina looked a lot younger. And it was not just because of the way she dressed and how she fixed her hair. It was because of the way she lived her life. Unlike her husband, who was a lot more conservative and home maker, Gina was more of a rebel, and tried her best not to stay in the same place for long.

And that was one of the things Marinette loved about her grandmother. There was never a dull moment with her around. So, it was no surprise to anyone, that whenever she showed up, Marinette insisted on them going on a ride in her motorcycle. Gina had promised her that when she turned 14, she would get her a Vespa, so she could follow on her footsteps, and Marinette knew that she would do good on her promise. She just needed to wait another year, until that happened.

As it happened, whenever they went out for a ride, grandmother and granddaughter had an itinerary they liked to take, and their first stop was just around the corner, as Gina slowed down her bike, and parked in a designated spot.

“Let’s see... 15 minutes and 41 seconds. A new record!” -Gina exclaimed, as she looked at her wristwatch.

“I think you ran a couple of red lights, and two stop signs to get that new record, grandma.” -Marinette told her, in an amused voice.

“They weren’t yet red, they were red-green, honey.” -Gina joked, as she removed her helmet. –“And as for the stop signs, well, let’s just hope there wasn’t a police officer near them.” -she smiled at her, as Marinette removed her helmet.

“You’re crazy, grandma.” -Marinette told her.

“Crazy, no. But eccentric, definitely.” -Gina laughed. –“The best people in the world are all a bit eccentric, honey.” -she smiled. –“But we’ve come here to enjoy the view, not to question my eccentricities... for that, we already have your grandfather, who loves to point out that I should stay more time at home, instead of going out and seeing the world.”

“I can’t say I completely disagree with him. I wish you would be around more often.” -Marinette told her, as they both got out of the motorcycle. –“I miss these conversations, and I miss not being able to go to you for advice.” -she said.

“I miss you too, honey, but you know that I don’t need to be around, for you to talk to me. I’m always one phone call away.” -Gina said, making her smile. –“Now come, on, I’ll race you to the top!” -she laughed, as she sprinted out of there, with Marinette quickly running after her.

The Palais du Chaillot and its balcony over Trocadero Gardens and the Eiffel Tower was a favourite spot of Gina, as well as Marinette’s. Every time they went for a ride, that was their first stop. And it was easy to understand why. The place has one of the most beautiful views in Paris, and it was a place that even with all the tourists, was magical. Leaning against the balcony, they began to enjoy the view.

“I love coming to this place, when I’m in Paris.” -Gina said. –“It’s got an unique energy.” -she said.

“And here I thought that you liked to come here, because of the view.” -Marinette chuckled.

“That too. This place is beautiful. No matter how many times I come up here, it always feels like the very first time.” -Gina told Marinette. –“Makes you wish you could frame this view and take it with us... which reminds me, come on, let’s take a selfie, honey.” -she said, as she took out her cell phone.

“You sound just like my friend Rose.” -Marinette said, as she posed next to her grandmother. –“She loves to take selfies with everyone... especially Juleka; even though she hates to have her picture taken.” -she said, before smiling for the camera.

“You know I love to be photographed with you. That way, I get to look at you, every day, when I’m on vacation.” -Gina declared, before kissing her on the cheek, making her chuckle.

“You’ve got to take me with you on one of your trips, one of these days, grandma.”

“All in due time, honey. All in due time. I want you to be a little older, before I take you with me.” -Gina declared. –“But it won’t be long now. There are places that you can only appreciate, when you’re a certain age, and soon, you’ll be old enough.”

“I can barely wait, grandma.” -Marinette said. –“Where will you take me first?” -she asked her.

“Oh, some place cool, I guarantee it. But don’t expect it to be Thailand or Argentina. No, we’ll start small, and then, we’ll see, honey... You’ve never been to Spain. Maybe I can take you to Barcelona, or Madrid, or Granada. There are so many beautiful cities in Spain, and all of them different.” -Gina suggested.

“Sounds like a plan to me.” -Marinette declared, as she imagined herself, walking around in one of the cities Gina had told her.

“And it’s a good plan.” -Gina chuckled, before turning her attention to the view in front of them, once more. –“I know I’m repeating myself, but I love this view. It’s a hundred million Euro view, honey.” -she said, as she looked at the Eiffel tower. –“I bet that there are millionaires out there, who wished they had a view like this, just for them.”

And with that comment, Gina reminded Marinette of what happened to her at school that day. Of how Chloe had bullied her and made her look like a fool in front of Adrien. She tried to not think about it, but the harder she tried not to, the stronger the feeling hatred towards Chloe got. All she could think about, was just how rude and mean she had been to her, and how she should have

slapped her for treating her the way she did. Needless to say, that when those thoughts came back to her head, Gina noticed something was wrong with Marinette. Just by looking at her, she could tell that there was something bothering her. She did not know what it was, but she knew that it was bothering her. And how she knew that? Like all grandmothers, she had a sixth sense that told her when things were wrong with her granddaughter.

“What’s the matter, Marinette?” -Gina asked her.

“Uh... nothing.” -Marinette answered her, forcing a smile.

“Nothing, no, honey. I know you better than you know yourself. And I can tell that there’s something wrong.” -Gina told her. –“I have a sixth sense that’s telling me that. Plus, you only smile like that, when you’re pretending everything’s fine.” -she said. –“You know you can tell me anything, Marinette.”

Marinette knew very well that she could tell her grandmother anything. There were only two other people to whom she told everything that happened, those were her mother and Alya. But she didn't want to upset Ginny with what had happened, especially since they had gone out to have fun, and she didn't want to remember what had happened. But knowing that her grandmother won't leave her alone until she told her everything, Marinette decided to tell her what had happened.

“Oh, so that’s what happened.” -Gina said, with a serious voice.

“It was awful, grandma. Not only I made a fool out of myself in front of Adrien, but she also mocked me.” -Marinette sighed. –“When I got out of school, I was so mad I could chew nails.” -she admitted.

“What she did was not right, I admit it.” -Gina said. –“But I’m sure that she was punished.”

“She was. Miss Bustier talked with her, and told her that she’s going to get an afternoon detention, on Friday.” -Marinette said. –“But it won’t matter, because that’s never going to happen.” -she sighed, frustrated. –“Knowing Chloe, she’s going to tell her dad what happened, and then he’s going to call Principal Damocles, and tell him that if Chloe ends up in detention, there will be serious repercussions for the school, and the principal is going to tell Miss Bustier to just drop the punishment, and Chloe will get away with it... again.”

Gina understood why Marinette was so upset with what happened. She had heard Chloe’s name being spoken by her, one too many times, over the years, and knew that Marinette and her did not get along, to say the least. And upon hearing what had happened, she felt Marinette had every right to being upset and mad. If she had been mistreated the way her granddaughter had been mistreated, and knew the person who was responsible for it would not be punished for it, she too would be mad about it.

“That shouldn’t happen.” -Gina declared. –“Just because she’s the mayor’s daughter, doesn’t mean she could get away with anything.” -she said.

“Yeah, but in Chloe’s case, it really means that, grandma.” -Marinette sighed, upset. –“It’s just not fair.” -she sighed again.

“I wish I could tell you that otherwise, honey, but throughout your life, you’re going to see that life is unfair, and that people who aren’t nice towards others, usually don’t get their comeuppance.” -Gina said, as she placed her hand over Marinette’s shoulder.

“I know that, grandma. But that Chloe... I mean, I get along with everyone in my class, except for her.” -Marinette said. –“I know I can’t be friends with everyone, and I accept that. But would it be asking for much, if the two of us had a neutral relationship, where I don’t bother her, and she doesn’t bother me?” -she asked out loud.

“No, it wouldn’t, honey.” -Gina said. –“But if we’re both being honest about it, it doesn’t help that you two are in love with the same boy.” -she said. –“The way she was probably raised, she sees you as an obstacle in her way, and the only way she knows how to deal with it, is by knocking you out of her way.”

“That doesn’t give her the right to be mean.” -Marinette told her. –“*Especially when you can see that Adrien’s not interested in her. He has told her that, numerous times.*” -she thought to herself.

“I never said it did, Marinette. I’m just stating how things are.” -Gina said. –“She sees you as an obstacle in the way to her own happiness, and that’s one of the reasons why she picks on you and bullies you, constantly.” -she said. –“I’m quite sure that this would never happen, if the two of you were friends.”

“Grandma...that’s a very nice thought, but I’ll never be friends with Chloe. She’s despicable, she’s spoiled, she’s rude, she’s obnoxious, she’s mean, she’s arrogant, she’s snobbish, she’s...” -Marinette told her.

“She’s a girl just like you, Marinette.” -Gina interrupted her. –“She’s a human being, just like you. And just like you, she has both qualities and defects. Maybe she has more defects than qualities, but that’s not a reason for you to badmouth her like that. Your parents and I have raised you better than that.” -she told her, only to realize she might have come a little too strong on her. –“I’m sorry, honey. I didn’t mean to say that, as if it was a bad thing... I can see that you’re frustrated and angry with her, and with good reason. And I know that you have your reasons for not liking her.... Believe me, when I was your age, I’ve also dealt with some bullies, who were particularly mean. So, I know, it’s not an easy thing to do. Especially when someone mistreats you.”

“Thanks, grandma.” -Marinette smiled at her.

“Bullies are a very particular kind of people. And some of them are some real pieces of work.” -Gina told her. –“But have you ever wondered that the reason why this girl is the way she is, is because she has everything she wants, but not everything she needs?” -she asked her.

“Everything she wants, but not everything she needs?” -Marinette asked her, puzzled. –“What do you mean, grandma?” -she asked.

“I mean, that being as rich as she is, she has things that people like us, will never be able to afford. But at the same time, she most likely doesn’t have what she truly needs, like love and affection from a family that loves her.” -Gina explained to her. –“You know the old saying, “Money doesn’t buy happiness”. But the truth is, money can buy a lot of things, including peace of mind, which is something quite close to happiness. But it can’t buy you love and affection, which are things that one can only get from people, who are willing to give it to them.” -she said. –“Her father is the mayor, so he must not have much time to be with her, and from what you told me once, her mother spends her time in New York, and isn’t the nicest person in the world.”

“Are you saying that she’s like this because her parents aren’t giving her the love and affection she needs?” -Marinette asked her, -“Grandma, it can’t be just because of that.” -she told her.

“I’m not saying that she is the way she is, just because she doesn’t get love and affection, honey.” - Gina told her. –“There are people that are just mean by nature. But that doesn’t mean she’s one of them. And I like to think that because she’s a teenager like you, and she’s still trying to get to know herself, as well as trying to find out what kind of person she wants to be, she might eventually, change her ways.” -she said. –“I remember you telling me that one of your other friends, is her best-friend. What was her name, again?”

“Sabrina. And yes, she’s Chloe’s best-friend.” –Marinette sighed. –“But she treats her like a slave, most of the times.” -she said.

“Like you said, most of the times. But there are times when she must treat her well. Otherwise, I don’t think she would hang out with her, or even be her friend.” -Gina commented. –“If this Sabrina is her best-friend, then that must mean that your bully is not as bad as you paint her.” -she said, noticing how unconvinced she was, from the look in her eyes. –“I know that you’re probably thinking I’m wrong about it. But take it from someone who’s been on this Earth, a lot longer than you have been, honey. There’s always a reason for people to be the way they are, always. Nobody is born evil. Not even criminals or murderers.”

Gina’s words of wisdom were echoing inside Marinette’s mind. She believed her grandmother was right, when she said that nobody is born evil, even if sometimes it feels like certain people are born already evil.

“I believe that. But I also believe that nobody should be allowed to hurt, bully or mock anyone, just because they feel like it.” -Marinette said.

“On that, I agree with you.” -Gina said. –“But that doesn’t mean they can’t change.” -she said.

“True. But I bet that Chloe’s never going to change.” -Marinette told her. –“If you knew her like I do, you would know that I’m right.” -she said. –“She’ll continue to be a spoiled brat, who’s going to grow up into someone like her mother, who’s not exactly Miss Sunshine either, grandma. Like mother, like daughter, that’s what I say.”

“Well, you’ll never know, unless you try to see if she can change. There are times that the person who must change, needs to be the first to give the first step, but doesn’t do it. And when that happens, the other person has to be the one to give the first step, to make things happen.” -Gina explained to her. –“She might not give the first step, when it comes to change the way she behaves towards others, and you can’t control that. No matter how much we want to, one can’t control other person’s actions and thoughts. But you can control your own actions and thoughts, Marinette. You can decide if you want to be the one to take first step, or not.”

She knew where her grandmother was going with that talk. Just like her teacher, Miss Bustier, had told her and her friends, she was reminding her that the best way to solve problems and improve relationships, was to be the one to give the first step.

“Do you really believe that if I take the first step, and start acting nice towards Chloe, even if she continues to treat me like dirt, she’ll eventually become nicer?” -Marinette asked Gina, with a voice that revealed she was not convinced that would happen. –“If it was that easy, then, there wouldn’t be any kind of disagreement in the world, grandma.” -she said.

“That, I don’t know, honey. But as your grandfather is always saying, one must prepare for the worst, and hope for the best.” -Gina declared, making her husband’s words, her own. –“Also, and this is going to sound cliché, but if we don’t hope for the best, when we take on certain challenges,

we would never try new things.” -she said. –“I get that it’s hard for you to even imagine the possibility of that girl ever becoming nicer towards you and others, let alone becoming your friend, But if you never try to see what happens, when you change the way you act towards her, you’ll never know if there was any chance of you two becoming friends, or at the very least, that she’ll stop bullying you.”

As she heard her grandmother, Marinette imagined how her life would be, if Chloe was her friend, and not her sworn enemy and bully. It was hard for her to imagine it, given how sometimes the heiress treated her and the rest of the class. With the exception of Adrien, and sometimes Sabrina, Chloe was rude to everyone. She also had a knack to get on everyone’s nerves, and she used to get her way, sometimes. The more she thought about it, the harder it was for her to believe that one day Chloe would change. But deep down, she knew that their relationship would always be the opposite of friendship, if she treated her, the same way the heiress treated her.

“Okay, I’ll try.” -Marinette sighed.

“You’ll try what?” -Gina asked her, in a playful, yet serious tone.

“I’ll try not to let Chloe Bourgeois get on my nerves, and I’ll do everything in my power to be the one to give the first step on improving our relationship.” -Marinette answered her.

“That’s a very mature decision of yours, honey. And I can’t say I’m surprised with it.” -Gina said, feeling proud of her granddaughter. –“With each passing day, you’re not only getting more and more beautiful, but also more and more sensible and wise, Marinette. Just yesterday, you were a little child, and now, you’re a teenager. Time passes too fast, and one of these days, you’ll become an adult, and I know that beauty and wisdom will be things you won’t lack, because you already have plenty of them.”

“Grandma, don’t say that! You’re making me blush!” -Marinette chuckled, as she began to feel her cheeks getting redder by the second.

“You blush too easily, honey!” -Gina laughed. –“If you don’t find a way to control that blushing, when you snag that Adrien Agreste, he’s going to have a field day, teasing you about it.” -she joked.

“Et tu, grandma Gina?!” –Marinette sad, in a dramatic tone.

“You know your parents love to talk about how much you like that boy, honey.” -Gina said. –“And that’s a good thing. Because it means that they approve of him.” -she said.

“I know it is. But I don’t even know if he even feels the same for me, as I feel for him.” -Marinette told her. –“And I feel that the longer it’ll take me to tell him, the less chance I’ll have of ever dating him.”

“You’re young. Time is something that you have to spare.” -Gina said. –“And I know you’ll tell him when the time is right.” -she smiled, before whispering to Marinette’s ear. –“I mean, how can he resist a face as precious as yours... not to mention that cute little butt of yours.”

“Grandma!!!” -Marinette exclaimed, a little bit shocked by what she heard, before bursting into laughs.

“What? You think your old grandma doesn’t know to flirt talk?” -Gina joked. –“Remember, I’ve been around for a lot longer than you have, and what you know, I have known for a long time, honey.” -she said.

“You’re not that old.” -Marinette chuckled. –“But it’s strange to hear you say those things.” -she laughed.

“Always remember this, Marinette. There are no dirty words. Only dirty meanings, and when words are spoken to someone who only has a person’s best interest at heart, they can use whatever words they want, because they won’t offend them.” -Gina declared.

“Another little piece of old wisdom?” -Marinette asked her, cheerfully.

“Exactly, honey.” -Gina smiled at Marinette.

They both stayed there, talking to one another for a few more minutes, while enjoying the view. It was hard for them to not feel attracted to it, given it was such a beautiful view. But they knew that if they still wanted to make a few more stops, before heading back home, they needed to get going. The traffic jams would only get worse, as the Sun continued to go down, and even with Gina’s incredible driving abilities, it was not going to be an easy task. Going down the staircase, they made their way back to where the motorcycle was parked.

“Can I choose where we’re going next?” -Marinette asked her, as they reached the motorcycle.

“You know the rules. The driver is the one who decides the itinerary. When you have your own bike, you can choose where to go.” -Gina said, with a playful smile on her face. –“But I’ll let it slide, this time.” -she chuckled, as she got on the motorcycle.

“You always let it slide, grandma.” -Marinette chuckled. –“But I think it’s going to be a while, before I get to drive one of these.” -she said, as she grabbed her helmet.

“I did promise you that when you turn 14, I’m getting you, your very own Vespa. And you know that when it comes to promises, I tend to make good on them.” -Gina reminded her. –“You only have to wait until next year. I’ll offer you the Vespa, and your grandfather will offer you the money for the driving lessons and the license. And until then, you can ride with me, when I’m in town, just to get a taste of the kind of freedom, you will have, when you get your very own motorcycle.” -she told Marinette. –“A Vespa isn’t the same, but it’s ideal for a young girl like you.”

“I can hardly wait.” -Marinette admitted. –“Having my own means of transportation is going to be great. I’ll never be late for school again, and I’ll never have to rely on the schedules of both buses and the underground.” -she smiled, when her stomach grumbled. –“Oops, I guess I should’ve eaten something, before we left.”

“If you’re hungry, we can stop somewhere for a snack.” -Gina said.

“Well, since you’re allowing me to decide where we’re going from here, I know just the place we can go.” -Marinette said. –“How about we go to the Chinese restaurant of the family of my friend Kim?” -she asked Gina. –“You still remember it, don’t you? They have the best snacks, and if we’re really hungry, we can try their all-you-can-eat buffet, which Kim is always bragging about.”

“In other words, you’re feeling like having dinner, before dinner, am I right?” -Gina joked. –“I don’t see why not. As I remember, the food of your friend’s family restaurant was quite good. I

think we can go for some Moo Goo Gai Pain, or some spring rolls, or some Chop Suey. It's your dad's turn to cook, and I know you're not a very big fan of his bouillabaisse. And we wouldn't want you to starve. You're a growing girl." -she chuckled, as she put her helmet on.

"You're the best, grandma Gina." -Marinette told her, as she put her helmet on

"Tell me something I don't know already, honey." -Gina laughed, as she turned on the ignition.

—"Hold tight, Marinette. Next stop, Chinatown." -she said.

Brother and Sister Talk

Chapter Notes

(This one-shot, takes place just before chapter 5 of Miraculous Team: The Collector)

It had rained all night, flooding the streets of Paris. But when the sun finally rose, the black clouds disappeared and the sky was clear. It looked like it was going to be a perfect Saturday to be outside and enjoy the day. Many were going to take advantage of it, as it was unusual sunny for January. But not for Juleka Couffaine. The goth was not a person who liked to get out of bed on Saturdays. She liked to remain between the sheets, and catch up on the hours of sleep she had lost during the rest of the week.

And that morning, more than ever, she did not feel like getting out of bed. The softness of her sheets, combined with her sleepiness were more than enough reasons for her to want to remain as still as possible. But there was one additional reason, and that was the main one that was telling her to remain in bed. Every time she turned over and fell asleep again, she dreamed of the most beautiful girl in the world, Rose Lavillant. The previous afternoon, the secret of their relationship was discovered by Juleka's older brother, Luka. When this happened, she feared what would happen, but quickly realized that nothing would happen. Juleka knew her brother would never tell anyone, especially their parents, what he'd seen before she felt the time was right to reveal it to them.

She would have stayed in bed the rest of the day, if her stomach had not started begging for food. She tried to ignore it, but it was in vain. Her stomach was grumbling, telling her that it was time for her to eat something. Opening her eyes, she turned to the left and saw the book that she had been reading, the first volume of Anne Rice's *The Sleeping Beauty* trilogy. By the time she had fallen asleep, she had devoured half the book. The only reason she did not finish it, was because the sandman got the best of her.

"I've got to try and finish it tonight." -Juleka thought to herself, as she grabbed the book and placed it on her bedside table.

Getting out of bed, she knew her stomach would only shut up when she ate breakfast. Opening the curtains, just a little, Juleka let some light into her bedroom. Looking around, she saw the mess her bedroom was, and how she would have to clean it up later. She also saw that Tamara was still asleep in the place where she used to sleep, between two books. Leaving her to finish her beaty sleep, she grabbed her robe, put it on and then grabbed her cell phone, sticking it into her robe's pocket. Heading to the kitchen, she heard music playing, coming from it. Upon hearing it, Juleka knew that whoever was in the kitchen was her brother, and that their parents would have left. He only listened to music in the kitchen when his parents were out. And on that morning, he was listening to Jagged Stone's latest single, "Truth".

"Good morning." -Juleka greeted her brother, as she entered the kitchen, still rubbing her eyes.

"Good morning, sleepyhead." -Luka greeted her back, with a smile.

Unlike Juleka, Luka had woken up early and was already dressed. He was wearing one of his favourite t-shirts, the “feline one” as his mother used to call it, whenever she washed it, because it had the logo of the heavy metal band, Pantera.

“Where are mom and dad?” -Juleka asked, as she sat at the table.

“Dad went shopping about half hour ago, and mom is back in the studio, working on that new piece she was commissioned. She said she wanted to take advantage of the clear sky, to work outside.” - Luka answered, as he finished the pancake mix. –“As for me, I’m making breakfast for us both. I was actually going to call you, because it’s almost 11 in the morning. Three or four pancakes?” -he asked her.

“Four... no, wait, make it five. I’m hungry this morning.” -Juleka told hm.

“Five pancakes for the lovely Goth of a sister of mine, coming up.” -Luka said, as he poured the mix into the sizzling frying pan.

It did not take long for the delicious scent of freshly baked pancakes to flood the whole kitchen, and to remember both siblings, why they loved pancakes for breakfast. Ever since they were little, pancakes were a comfort food for them, and it reminded them of how their mother, even when she was busy with other things, would make them pancakes on rainy days, or when they were for some reason sad, to cheer them up. Because he was older, Luka quickly learned to make them, so even when their mom was not at home, he could make them for him and Juleka. She too had learned to make them, but from the two of them, Luka was the pancake expert, always managing to make them just right.

Stacking them neatly in two plates, Luka placed them on the kitchen table, where two bottles of syrup, one chocolate, one strawberry, were already waiting to see which one would be used by him and Juleka. As always, Juleka chose the chocolate syrup which was bitter. But Luka always had a sweet tooth, and like always, he chose strawberry.

“Try not to wolf them down, okay?” -Luka told Juleka, while chuckling.

“I make no promises. It’s hard not to wolf them down, when your pancakes are the best; next to mom’s, of course.” -Juleka said.

“Thanks. I did learn to cook them with her.” -Luka said. –“So, do you want to talk about what happened yesterday?” -he asked his sister, as he cut his pancakes. –“Because if you don’t, it’s cool. I’ll respect your decision.” -he added.

“There’s nothing really to talk about. You found out that I’m dating Rose, so that’s that.” -Juleka said, as she poured a little bit more chocolate syrup on her pancakes.

“And aren’t you afraid of what I might tell mom and dad?” -Luka asked her.

“No. I know you well enough to know that you won’t tell mom or dad about it.” -Juleka said, as she sat at the table.

And she was right. Luka would never tell their parents a word. There were three things in the world that the cyan-haired teen praised more than anything in the world. The first one was his guitar. The second one was his record collection. And the third one, was his relationship with his little sister. Luka loved her more than anything else.

“You know me too well, Jules.” -Luka chuckled.

“Well, you’re my big brother. It’s my job, just as it is yours, to know me.” -Juleka chuckled, as well.

“Fair enough.” -Luka smiled, as he sliced the pancakes. –“But can your big brother ask you couple of questions, regarding you and your cute, blonde girlfriend?” -he asked her, in an amused tone.

“Of course, you can.” -Juleka said. –“As long as you keep it softcore.” -she warned him. –“I’m not answering any kinky questions, you might have.”

“Please, I would never ask you anything that would offend you, or make you blush like a ripe tomato.” -Luka declared, with a mischievous smile, while winking at her. –“So, how long have you been...” -he asked her.

“Dating? A few months.” -Juleka admitted. –“We started dating in October.” -she told him.

“Since October? You’re both good at hiding that big of a secret.” -Luka told her, as took another bite from the pancakes.

“More than you think, Luka.” -Juleka thought to herself.

“Does anyone else know, about you two?” -Luka inquired her, curious.

“No. We’re keeping it a secret. You were the first one to find out.” -Juleka told hm.

“Well, sorry if I spoiled your plans.” -Luka joked.

“You didn’t.” -Juleka chuckled. –“I even talked about it with Rose, and I was going to tell you about us, before mom and dad.” -she said, as she poured a little bit more chocolate syrup on the pancakes. –“She said it was a good idea, and that we could trust you.”

“I feel honoured, Lady Couffaine.” -Luka said, with a fake posh accent

“Oh, cut that out, Luka! You know what I mean.” -Juleka laughed.

“Yeah, I do.” -Luka nodded. –“And it was worth it, to hear you laugh. You know that I love to hear you laugh, Jules.” -he told her. –“How did it happen? I mean, you two are best-friends, so...”

“It just happened, I guess.” -Juleka said. –“Our first kiss was... unique.” -she said, as she remembered the first time they kissed. –*“We’d just stopped Hawk Moth for the very first time, when we destroyed Gargantua, and in the excitement, we kissed... it was so unexpected, and romantic, like one of those romantic comedies that Rose likes so much... Oh, look at me, thinking just like Rose.”*

“Juleka? Juleka! Earth to Juleka!!!” -Luka exclaimed to his sister.

“Uh... what?” -Juleka said, -“S-Sorry, I think I spaced out.” -she apologized.

“I noticed. I was asking you, if you had been the one to tell Rose that you loved her first, or was it the other way around?” -Luka asked her.

“Oh, we did at the same time.” -Juleka confessed. –“I didn’t know she was going to tell me she was in love with me, so, it was a bit of a shock.” -she admitted.

Luka asked her a few more questions, regarding her relationship with Rose, and Juleka promptly answered them. Like promised, Luka did not ask her about anything that was absolutely private. Question after question, Luka’s curiosity was satiated, just like both their stomachs, as they finished their pancakes. Suddenly, Juleka’s cell phone vibrated, signalling she had got a text from someone. Pulling it from her robe’s pocket, she saw it was from Rose.

“Oh, it’s from Rose.” -Juleka said. –“She’s saying that Mylene is going to shoot a few more scenes for that short movie she’s doing, in her place, and asked Rose if she could help her out. And Rose wants to know if I want to go with her.” -she said.

“Well, don’t just stand there. Answer the girl, and tell her you’re going.” -Luka said.

“What if I don’t want to go?” -Juleka asked him.

“Jules, you’ve got nothing better to do this afternoon, except listen to old vinyl records, watch television, or help dad cleaning up the house.” -Luka told her. –“And I know you well enough, to know that you can do the first two, whenever you come from school, and that you’re not in the mood to help with the third. Besides, I’m the one in cleaning duty today, so you can go and be with your girlfriend.” -he smiled her.

“Thanks, Luka. And you’re right, I’m going to text her, and tell her that I’ll meet her at Mylene’s place.” -Juleka said, as she texted Rose.

“You do that.” -Luka said, when Juleka’s cell beeped once again. –“Another text? The girl must be really desperate to hear from you.” -he joked.

“She sent me a photo of the outfit she’s going to wear today, and is asking me to show her, what I’m going to wear today.” -Juleka declared, as she showed Luka the outfit Rose was wearing.

“She looks really cute in that outfit; I’ll give her that. Too pink for my taste, but still super cute. I can see why you can’t take your eyes off of her.” -Luka said, amused.

“You can bet that... oh, she texted me yet again” -Juleka said, as she checked the text. –“Okay... she’s telling me that I better take some snacks. I think I can grab a couple of things at the supermarket, before heading there.” -she said, as another text arrived. –“Oh, and looks like beside me and her, Ivan’s also going to be there, and Alya, Nino, Sabrina and Chloe.”

“Chloe? You mean Chloe Bourgeois?” -Luka asked her.

“Yes, Chloe Bourgeois, Luka.” -Juleka told him, as she handed him her plate. –“Why do you ask?” -she asked him.

“Nothing... I mean, you know why I asked.” -Luka said.

“Luka...” -Juleka sighed, knowing where that conversation was heading to.

It was not the first time Juleka and Luka had that conversation. Luka never liked Chloe, because of the many times Juleka ended up in tears, due to something she did to her. And when suddenly,

Juleka began telling him the heiress was trying to turn over a new leaf, and had begun to treat others better, Luka remained suspicious.

“I still don’t understand how you’re now friends with her, Jules.” -Luka said, shaking his head in disbelief. –“After everything she did to you... that girl is rotten to the core.” -he said, as he placed the dishes in the sink.

“She’s not rotten to the core, Luka.” -Juleka said, defending her friend. –“It’s true that she was a nasty piece of work. But she’s doing her best to change, ever since school began in September.” -she said.

“Or maybe, she’s just pretending she’s changed.” -Luka said, with a sour voice. –“Girls like her, who see themselves as the centre of the universe, never change, Jules.” -he told Juleka. –“It’s not in them. Why change, when you can just boss around people and treat everybody like yesterday’s trash, and nobody can lay a finger on you?”

At that moment, Juleka just felt like slapping Luka in the face, for saying those things about the heiress. She knew that Chloe was not pretending that she had changed, and that she was someone who had earned her trust, inside and outside the battlefield. But she could not tell Luka the whole truth, of what was happening with Chloe, and with herself. As much as she wanted to tell him, she knew she had to keep that secret to herself, in order to protect him.

“She’s not pretending, Luka. Believe me, I see her and deal with her, everyday in school. And there’s no way anyone can pretend to be something they’re not, without slipping into their real persona.” -Juleka declared. –“She has changed.” -she insisted.

“Forgive me, if I find it hard to believe that. Especially after everything she did to you, Jules” -Luka said, continuing to insist on that matter. –“Just thinking about all the times you came home, crying because of things she did to you, makes my blood boil. It’s also hard for me to understand how after all those things she did to you, you managed to just put it all behind you, and pretend like nothing ever happened.” -he said, with a voice filled with anger. –“I wouldn’t have been able to do it.”

“Luka... I know it’s hard for you to understand it. And you’re right, she did unspeakable things to me. Some of which are too horrible, for me to even think about them. But you know me, and you know that I’m the kind of person who doesn’t forgive others easily, unless there’s a really good reason for me to do it.” -Juleka told him. –“And I’m not saying it was easy for me to forgive her. I sometimes still resent some of the things she did to me. But knowing she’s doing her best to change, helps a little.” -she admitted.

“That alone isn’t enough for me to forgive someone who’d hurt me.” -Luka declared. –“If someone hurt me, or someone close to me, in a way that could only be described as despicable and horrible, the last thing it would get from me, would be forgiveness.” -he said.

The way he talked, Juleka knew he was once again referring to Chloe. Though the two of them never exchanged a word, Luka felt like he knew the heiress for years. His hatred for her was quite big, because whenever her name was referred to, it reminded him of the pain she had caused his sister. More than once, he tried to go Françoise-Dupont and have a serious conversation with her, but Juleka always stopped him, knowing that if he did it, he would get into trouble. The old Chloe would have made sure that he would rue the day he stood up to her.

“I know.” -Juleka said. –“And I’m not going to try and change your mind about it. But I want you to remember this... from the two of us, the one who was hurt by her was me, not you. From the two of us, I’m the one who’s entitled to decide to hold a grudge against her, or to put it all behind my back, and giving her a chance at friendship. And I chose the second option, because it’s the one that I feel good about.” -she told him.

“You’re right. But you’ll have to forgive me, if I’m afraid that she might hurt you again. I’m your big brother; it’s my responsibility to care for you.” -Luka smiled at her.

“I know that. But don’t worry. I know what I’m doing... and please, in the future, don’t talk about Chloe like that. I would be a bad friend, if I allowed anyone, even my big brother, whom I love so much, to talk bad about her like that.” -Juleka smiled back at him.

“Okay, I’ll try. If you say she’s cool, then I’ll trust your word.” -Luka promised to her, as he finished washing the dishes. –“*I still have my doubts about her, but I’ll respect your wish, little sis.*” -he thought to himself. –“You know, come to think of it, you used to be a little bit more conservative, when it came to friendships. It’s always been easy for me, to make new friends. You, on the other hand, not so much.”

“You’re right. I always had trouble making new friends... that is, until Rose showed up. She was the first one in that school to become my friend, and I’ve learned a lot about friendship with her.” -Juleka smiled.

“You could say that everything good that happened in your life, is because you had her by your side.” -Luka said. –“I know I’m romanticizing things a little bit, but ever since you met Rose, you began to smile a lot more and to put yourself out there.” -he stated.

“You’re just like Rose. Under that musician bad boy style of yours, you’re a hopeless romantic yourself.” -Juleka teased him.

“Guilty as charged.” -Luka chuckled. –“But just because I’m a hopeless romantic, doesn’t mean that my love life is a bed of roses.” -he sighed.

“Whatever happened to that girl, you were always talking about last month? What was her name?” -Juleka asked out loud. –“Oh, Hilla, was it?”

“Yeah... things didn’t work out.” -Luka admitted. –“We’re still friends, but she’s got a thing for drummers, not guitarists.” -he chuckled.

“You could always learn to play the drums.” -Juleka joked.

“Nah, I’m more of a strings’ man.” -Luka chuckled. –“Which reminds me, tonight I’m going to the houseboat and practice a new song I wrote. Do you want to join me?” -he asked the Goth.

“Are you asking me that, because you want me to play with you, or because you want to have an audience?” -Juleka asked, in an amused tone of voice.

“Why can’t I have both things?” -Luka asked her. –“You can listen to me first, and then we can play it together.” -he said.

“Alright. You can count on me.” -Juleka smiled. –“No way, I would let you play solo.” -she said.

“That’s what I was thinking, little sis.” -Luka smiled back at her. –“Oh, and by the way, dad’s cooking lunch today. He’s going to make his world-famous tomato soup. Just wanted you to know, because I know you hate it.” -he warned her.

“It’s a good thing I had a large breakfast, then.” -Juleka joked.

Siblings from Different Mothers

Chapter Notes

(This one-shot, takes place a week before Miraculous Team: Feathers of a Peacock)

Adrien had just had lunch. That Saturday, the chef had made him one of his favorite dishes, Spaghetti Carbonara. Generally, he could only eat it on special occasions, or when his father was not at home, as it was a very high-calorie dish, and Gabriel did not want him to get fat. Not that it was a problem for Adrien. No matter how much he ate, he did not put on an ounce. It was just one of the side effects of being a miraculous holder.

That Saturday, he had scheduled a photoshoot in the gardens of the Palace of Versailles. But Nathalie and Nina, seeing that Adrien had spent the whole week studying for his exams, managed to reschedule it for the following Monday, so that he could get some rest.

And to rest, there was no better remedy than inviting someone to spend the day with him. Adrien's first choice would be Marinette, but she was out of the question. She had told him the day before that she was going to help her parents with catering for a party. The second choice would be Nino. But he also told her that he would be busy that weekend as he was away with his parents and brother. He could invite another of the guys to spend the day with him, but Adrien wasn't in the mood to go out somewhere, or stay all day playing video games, which was what he used to do with them. So, the choice was obvious... Chloe. He knew she had nothing to do that afternoon. Calling her and asking if she would like to spend the afternoon with him, she immediately agreed, saying she would be there in 30 minutes or less. Waiting for her in the manor's foyer, he saw Nathalie coming in.

"I know you just had lunch, but do you want me to prepare something for when Chloe arrives?" - Nathalie asked him.

"No, there's no need, Nathalie." -Adrien answered her. -"When we're hungry, we'll either call you, or we'll go to the kitchen and ask the chef to cook us a snack." -he added. -"Oh, and thanks for rescheduling the photoshoot. To tell you the truth, I wasn't much in the mood to do it."

"My pleasure, Adrien." -Nathalie smiled. -"I know you've been studying hard, and that the weekend should be yours to relax and have fun." -she told him.

"Dad wasn't very upset, was he? He kept talking about this photoshoot, and just how it needed to happen, before he can unveil the new collection." -Adrien asked her.

"Your father understood that you needed a break, after a very strenuous school week." -Nathalie said. -"Sometimes he forgets that your first priority is school, and he needs to be reminded, gently, of course." -she smiled at Adrien.

If there was someone who had the power and talent to change Gabriel Agreste's mind, that someone was Nathalie. For years now, ever since his mother passed away, that Nathalie had served

as an emotional bridge between father and son, as well as being the closest thing to a stepmother to Adrien.

“Thanks again, Nathalie.” -Adrien said.

“Just doing my job.” -Nathalie joked. She did not show it, but she was someone with a good sense of humour, which she only showed from time to time. –“And speaking of job, I must be getting back to my affairs. But if you need anything, don’t hesitate to bother me, Adrien.” -she warned him, with a warm smile on her face.

“I will, don’t worry.” -Adrien said.

Heading back to her office, Nathalie left Adrien in the foyer, waiting for Chloe to arrive. Which did not take long. A few minutes later, the gate bell rang. Looking through the video intercom, Adrien recognized the Le Grand Paris limousine. Opening the gate, the limousine entered the manor’s front lawn, at the same time he opened the front door. Stepping outside, he saw the limousine approaching and parking right in front of him. Exiting the limousine from the driver’s seat, Jean rushed to open the passenger’s door. Opening it, Chloe exited the vehicle.

“Thank you, Jean.” -Chloe told her butler, as he closed the limousine’s door. –“Adrikins!” -she exclaimed, as she ran to Adrien and hugged him.

“Thanks for coming over, Chloe.” –Adrien said, as he hugged the blonde black.

“Thank you for inviting me, Adrien.” -Chloe smiled, as she hugged him a little bit harder. –“Sabrina is spending the weekend at her grandparents, so I didn’t have anything to do.” -she said, as they both broke the embrace. –“But are you sure your girlfriend won’t be mad, knowing that you invited another girl to your house?”

“Very funny, Chloe.” -Adrien laughed. –“Marinette’s not the jealous type. And besides, we know for a fact that any kind of feelings you have for me, aren’t the romantic type.” -he winked at her, making her chuckle.

“I don’t know. Marinette is a bit overprotective, when it comes to you.” -Chloe joked.

“She is a bit. But she’s not a jealous person, and you know it.” -Adrien said. –“Still, if you keep saying those things, and she finds out, she’s going to get really mad at you.” -he joked.

“I can handle her, remember?” -Chloe chuckled, before looking over her shoulder. –“I’ll call you, when it’s time for you to come to pick me up, Jean.” -she warned her butler.

“Very well, Miss Bourgeois... I mean, Chloe.” -Jean declared, as he returned to the limousine.

Following Adrien, Chloe entered the manor, and followed him into his room. There they found Plagg, who was entertained playing on one of the many classic gaming consoles in Adrien's collection. He was joined by Pollen, who once the bedroom door closed, jumped out of Chloe's pochette. Leaving the kwamis to talk amongst them, Chloe and Adrien sat on the latter’s bed.

“So, what do you want to do?” -Chloe asked him, while looking around the bedroom. –“You invited me to spend the afternoon with you, so what do you have planned for us to do, Adrikins?” -she said, calling Adrien by the affectionous nickname she had given him.

“Actually, I don’t know.” -Adrien said.

“That’s so typical of you.” -Chloe chuckled. –“If you had told me you didn’t have anything planned for us to do, I would’ve told you to come to the hotel instead. There are tons of things to do there.” -she said.

“I know. But to tell you the truth, I’m not in the mood to do anything today. Call me lazy, but I just feel like chatting.” -Adrien said.

“That’s okay with me. I don’t mind if it’s just us hanging out in your bedroom, and talking to one another.” -Chloe admitted. –“Or, we can watch a movie, or play videogames.”

“You don’t play videogames, Chloe.” -Adrien told her, deadpanned. –“What is it that you tend to say about videogames? Oh, yeah, you say that they are a waste of time, which you will never get back.” -he said, in an amused tone of voice.

“And I’m not wrong about it.” -Chloe said. –“I don’t really get it, what’s so fascinating about videogames.” -she added.

“Max would disagree with you. And so would Kim and Nino.” -Adrien smiled at her.

“Those two spend too much time looking at a tiny screen, trying to beat their own high scores.” -Chloe commented. –“Sabrina tried to get me to play one of Pokémon games, but I just didn’t see the attraction to it.” -she said.

“To tell you the truth, I’m not a very big Pokémon fan myself.” -Adrien said. –“I was always more of a fan of Digimon.” -he admitted.

Their conversation continued around that topic, with them remembering the times their teacher had warned Max and others about not wishing for them to play videogames in the classroom. And like any conversation they used to have, this one did not take long to end up on one of the usual three topics; school, love life and superhero businesses. And this time, it was school. Particularly, the huge amount of homework they had been assigned by Miss Bustier.

“I still need to finish mine. But I’ll do them tomorrow.” -Adrien said. –“What about you? Did you do yours, yet?” -he asked her.

“I’m half-finished.” -Chloe said. –“Still need to finish my report on the Industrial Revolution in France, and those exercises for Physics and Chemistry.” -she said.,

“And with Sabrina away, you’ll have to do it alone.” -Adrien said. –“It sucks when you can’t lock her inside the wardrobe, so she can do them for you.” -he joked.

“I locked her in my wardrobe, one time, Adrien! It was just one time!” -Chloe told him, pretending to be upset at him. –“Why is it that everyone think that I did that all the time?!” -she asked, while laughing.

“Maybe because that was the kind of thing that you would do, if things did not go your way.” -Adrien told her. –“And for the record, I know it was just one time, and that you don’t do things like that, anymore.” -he smiled at her. –“Which reminds me, how are things between the two of you?”

“You know well how things are between us.” -Chloe told him. –“You see us every day, remember?”

“I know, but there are things that neither you, nor her tell me or the rest. So, indulge me and my curiosity. I like to know things, and I know that you also like to talk about it.” -Adrien said.

“You’re right. I do like to talk about it.” -Chloe told him. –“I have to admit that there are times when I still think it’s strange for the two of us to be dating.” -she admitted. –“I don’t know why that happens. I mean, I love Sabrina, but...”

“But you still see her as just your best-friend, sometimes, right?” -Adrien asked her, to which she nodded her head. –“It’s okay for you to admit it. I mean, that’s what you two were, and still are.” -he said.

“But it feels wrong. I mean, we’re dating.” -Chloe said.

“So?” -Adrien asked.

“So, I should feel like she’s more than just my best-friend. I should feel that she’s the girl I’m in love with; my better half. But there are times when I don’t feel that. I feel like we’re just best-friends...” -Chloe sighed, frustrated. –“I haven’t even told her that I feel like this, because I don’t want to upset her.” -she admitted. –“I mean... do you think there’s something wrong with me, Adrien?”

“No, I don’t think there’s anything wrong with you.” -Adrien answered her. –“I think that what you’re feeling is just logical.” -he said. –“I mean, you and Sabrina have been friends for years. It’s only normal that your brain doesn’t see her as your girlfriend, sometimes. You’ve got to give yourself time and let your brain assimilate the fact that you’re both more than just best-friends now. I mean, you only started dating a month ago. It’s not like you’ve been dating for years.”

Looking at her, Adrien could tell that Chloe was not fully convinced about what he had told her. In her eyes, he could see the uncertainty and the doubt that was plaguing her mind. So, he decided to insist on the matter, and tell her something which he had only talked about with Plagg and Nino, hoping it would help her see the light.

“You want me to tell you the truth? It took me a while to feel like Marinette was really my girlfriend, and not just my friend.” -Adrien said. Upon saying it, Chloe raised an eyebrow, not fully believing him. –“It’s true, Chloe. I’m not just saying this to make you feel better.” -he said. –“When we started dating, everything felt magical and just right. But as the weeks went by, I began fearing that maybe we let ourselves get carried away by our emotions, and despite admitting our love for each other, that we rushed each other, and that what we both felt wasn’t love, but attraction and that in the end, we would end up just becoming only friends again... all kinds of stupid thoughts. And those thoughts only disappeared, when I told my rational brain to take a hike, and to allow the less rational part of me do the thinking. Only then, did I truly felt that Marinette was not just my friend, but my girlfriend, and my soulmate, you know?”

She listened to every word he told her. Chloe wanted to believe that he had just told her was the truth. But deep down, she felt like Adrien had told her that story just to make her feel better about herself.

“Are you really being honest about this?” -Chloe asked him, raising an eyebrow at him, again. –“No offense, and I know that you don’t have a habit of coming up with these things, but...” -she said, suspicious.

“Chloe, like you said, I don’t lie about these things. Especially to those I love and care about.” - Adrien said, making her smile. –“It’s the truth. And you know what? Having had those doubts, makes me appreciate what I have with Marinette, a lot more.” -he admitted. –“That said, give yourself the time. It’s okay to have mixed feelings. And when you least expect it, you’ll feel like she’s not only your best-friend, but also your girlfriend.”

If she had any suspicions about Adrien, those suspicions disappeared. The blonde knew him well enough to know what he had just said was true. On top of that, he was one of those people who you could tell when they were lying, by looking them in the eyes. And right then, Adrien’s eyes were showing he was telling the truth.

“Thanks.” -Chloe said. –“I think I needed to hear those words.” -she admitted. –“You do have a way with words, you know that?”

“Marinette says the same thing.” -Adrien admitted.

“And when she’s right, she’s right.” -Chloe said. –“She’s lucky in having you for a boyfriend.” -she told him.

“And Sabrina’s lucky in having you for a girlfriend.” -Adrien said. –“Not to mention that I’m lucky to have you as a little sister.” -he smiled.

“Little sister.” -Chloe giggled. –“I’ll never get used to you calling me that.” -she said.

“Well, then you better find a way to get used to it. Because I’ll keep calling you that, for the rest of our lives.” -Adrien smiled. –“I told you, Chloe. You’re my sister, from another mother. And I’m not going to let you forget that.” -he said.

“You’re so sweet, Adrien. It’s times like these that make me sad I didn’t manage to steal your heart.” -Chloe chuckled.

“Just wasn’t in the cards.” -Adrien said. –“Still, just because you didn’t steal my romantic heart, doesn’t mean you didn’t get anything out of the deal.” -he smiled at her. –“You got yourself a friend, and a big brother.”

“A big brother who happens to be able to pulverize things, with one touch of its claws.” -Chloe joked. –“Could come in handy, if I want to get rid of things I don’t want anymore.” -she laughed.

“You’re one to talk! You can make tornados with your weapon. And you can shrink to the size of a penny.” -Adrien said. –“I wish I could do that.” -he said.

“Yes, it’s true. I can do that. But I don’t use the last one very often, because it doesn’t come in handy, most of the time.” -Chloe declared.

“But it has come in handy, hasn’t it?” -Adrien asked her, raising an eyebrow.

“Yes. Yes, it has.” -Chloe admitted. –“I did manage to save a couple of lives, by changing sizes.” -she said.

“I keep telling her the same thing.” -Pollen said. –“But she just loves to fly and create tornados, to suck bad guys and make them throw up their lunches.” -she added, joking.

The conversation was getting lively. But there was someone who was not finding this one funny. And that someone was Plagg. When Chloe and Pollen arrived, he was playing videogames, not because he felt like it, but because he needed to distract himself from something that had happened to him. But with all that talk, not even videogames helped him forget the problem he had. It was a fairly simple problem, but for him, it was extraordinarily complicated.

“That’s all very pretty and all, but I’m hungry!!!” -Plagg shouted. –“I’m sorry, Adrien, but I can’t go on like this!” -he said, as he pause the videogame.

“Plagg, I thought we had talked about this.” -Adrien said.

“We did talk. But just because we talked, doesn’t mean I’m less hungry.” -Plagg told him, upset.

“What’s with him? He’s not usually this cranky.” -Chloe asked. She had not heard Plagg say much, since she and Pollen arrived.

“We’re out of Camembert, and the only other cheese that we have is mozzarella, and he hates it, because he says that mozzarella is a flavourless cheese.” -Adrien told her. –“He threw a tantrum, earlier, when I told him that I was not going to pester Nathalie to request one of the other servants, or even the chef, to go out and buy some.” -he said.

“It wouldn’t hurt any of them to do it!” -Plagg shouted, in a sarcastic tone. –“I mean, it’s their job, and your dad pays them to do it!”

“No. Nathalie’s job doesn’t involve going out for a specific kind of cheese. And the same thing goes for the other servants. Sorry, but you’ll just have to wait until Monday, when the groceries are delivered.” -Adrien told him. –“In the meantime, you’ve got tons of mozzarella in the pantry.” -he reminded him.

“I told you! I don’t eat mozzarella! Mozzarella is a flavourless cheese. The only good thing it’s good for it’s to be used on pizzas.” -Plagg said. –“A good cheese needs to have a distinct taste and aroma. And I should know! I’m a connoisseur.”

“In other words, the stinkier the cheese, the better.” -Pollen said, while rolling her eyes. –“I could never understand how stinky cheese could be your favourite food.” -she said.

“And I could never understand how can something so sticky and sickly sweet can be your favourite food.” -Plagg told her. –“How can you like something that gets stuck to your palate?!” -he exclaimed.

“For your information, honey is considered a delicacy and it was for millennia compared to ambrosia, the food of the gods.” -Pollen said

“Then the gods had terrible taste!” -Plagg exclaimed. –“Here, let me prove to you how cheese is superior to honey, in every sense of the way!” -he said, as he dashed in the direction of a nearby bookshelf.

Determined to prove that cheese was superior to honey, Plagg fetched a book that Adrien had on the numerous varieties of cheese in France. Knowing this one was on that shelf, next to Adrien’s bed, he searched for it until he found it. Grabbing it, he pulled it out, only to bring another book with him, which clattered to the floor. Looking at it, he saw that it was nothing more than an old book of fairy tales, and he ignored it, saying that he would fix it later. But unlike his kwami, Adrien

did not ignore it, as this was a very special book for him. Picking it up off the ground, he looked at it and smiled.

“Can you believe this?” -Adrien laughed. –“Do you remember this?” -he asked Chloe, as he showed her the book.

“Oh, my, is that the old fairy tale book your mom read to us, when we were little?” -Chloe asked, surprised.

“It’s the one, alright.” -Adrien asserted. –“How long has it been since we saw it? Years?” -he asked her.

“Too long, if you ask me.” -Chloe answered. –“I still remember your mom reading it to us, when I spent the night here.” -she said. –“And I remember that she never read the stories the same way twice.”

“She sure didn’t.” -Adrien chuckled. –“She always came up new parts for the stories, and new characters, she tended to create new endings for the stories too.” -he said.

“Yes. I remember her telling us once that Cinderella ended up opening a shoe shop, instead of marrying the prince. Or that the Three Little Pigs formed a construction company to build brick houses that were wolf-proof.” -Chloe said.

“My favourite was the Town Musicians of Bremen, because she tended to have them either go on a world tour, or don’t win the competition but end up meeting a producer who likes their music and end up recording several new hits, instead of just having them settle in that hut for the rest of their days.” -Adrien said. –“My mom always knew what to say to make the stories more interesting.” -he laughed.

Holding the book in his hands, Adrien felt the urge to open it and see the illustrations inside it. And as he did it, he felt like he was 3 or 4 years old again, when his mother read to him. But he was not the only one who felt like it. Chloe also felt like she had gone back in time, to a time when things were so much simpler. A time when the only things she had to worry about was what game she was going to play with Adrien or Sabrina, or what cartoons she was going to watch on Saturday morning. Looking at the book’s illustrations, she too remembered how Adrien’s mom entertained them before bedtime with that book. And without realizing it, she had slipped her right hand on her jacket pocket and felt something inside it. Taking it out, she saw she was holding a folded piece of paper.

“*U-Uh? Oh, yeah, I brought this with me.*” -Chloe thought to herself, as she looked at the paper.

“What is it you got there?” -Adrien asked, curious, noticing the piece of paper in Chloe’s hands.

“Oh, it’s just the first draft of the next letter that I’m going to send my mom. It’s part of her treatment. My dad and I, we need to send her letters every week, telling what’s been happening, and to tell her about ourselves, and in my case, my friends.” -Chloe said. –“I was writing it, when you called me, and I decided to put it in my pocket, so I could finish it later. I don’t know why, but when I put things in my pockets, I tend to always remember them, and this letter, is one thing that I didn’t want to forget I have to finish.” -she explained, as she opened the letter and read the first sentence to herself. –“It’s still very incomplete. You can barely call this a letter.”

“Do you need help with that?” -Adrien asked her.

“Maybe... usually it’s Sabrina who helps me with these.” -Chloe admitted, as she looked at the half-written letter. —“Her doctors told daddy and I that we must speak from our hearts, when we write her letters. They say it’ll boost her morale, and make her feel like she has something to fight for.” -she said. —“But I’m not that good expressing myself in letters. And I want my mom to feel like I’m there for her.”

“It’s still hard for you to do that, huh?” -Adrien asked her.

“It’s hard, because there are times that I feel like telling her that I love her, while there are others that I just want to tell her that I still haven’t forgotten all the times that she ignored me, called me a name that wasn’t mine...” -Chloe sighed in frustration. —“I don’t want to tell her that I’m still mad at her, especially since she sought help to deal with her attitude problem, but...”

“But you’re still resentful about everything.” -Adrien finished her sentence.

“Yes. I mean, it’s not like these feelings have an on/off switch. It’s not something I can just switch on and off, whenever I want to.” -Chloe said. —“That’s why Sabrina helps me. I write the first draft, and then she checks it and tells me what I should erase or not.” -she said. —“I don’t want my mom to think that I hate her.”

“I know you don’t.” -Adrien said, as he placed his hand over her shoulder. —“You’ve got too good of a heart to do that.” -he said.

All that talk about Audrey, made Chloe realize that they were touching a rather sensitive matter to Adrien; his mother. She knew he missed her terribly, even if he was not in the habit of saying so. She had no idea what it was like to lose a parent. But Chloe knew Adrien knew it, and she knew it was hard for him to talk about Emily without feeling sad. And because of that, she felt she had to apologize to him.

“I’m sorry, Adren.” -Chloe apologized.

“For what?” -Adrien asked her, not understanding why she was apologizing to him.

“For talking about my mom this way.” -Chloe said. —“I’m complaining that I’m still resentful with my mom, and here you are, listening to me about it, when your mom’s not among us anymore.” -she said.

“Hey, it’s okay. Just because I don’t have my mom around anymore; it doesn’t mean that you can’t complain about being angry at yours.” -Adrien assured her. —“If my mom was around, I don’t think I would have the perfect relationship with her. I mean, it would probably be good, but I know that she would also nag me about certain things, and I would be upset about it.” -he said.

“No, you wouldn’t. Your mom loved you, like a mom should. She was caring, lovable, sweet. She always found the time to play with you, even when she was busy. She never yelled. And even if she got angry at you, it was because she was worried about you.” -Chloe told him. —“Not like my mom, who only knew how to be nasty, and didn’t care about what you did, even if you made an effort to make her notice you.” -she sighed. —“I wish my mom was like yours. In fact, I wish I had your mom for a mom. Maybe if I had, I wouldn’t have turned into that awful person I ended up becoming.”

When she finished speaking, a tear ran down her face, and Adrien noticed it. Like it happened before, Chloe continued to blame herself for her past, and Adrien hated that, because it hurt him to

see her blaming herself for something that was in the past. Sighing, he decided to lift up her spirits. He better than anyone else knew just what it meant to feel miserable, and he did not want Chloe to feel like that.

“I don’t know about that. But I want to believe one thing. I want to believe that it was because you’re such a great person, and you showed it to everyone, that your mom realized that she had a problem and sought help, so she can be a better person, like you.” -Adrien comforted her. –“It’s a bit childish to believe in that, but I don’t think there’s anything wrong with it.” -he smiled at her. –“Still, in the end, what matters is that because of it, you might get the chance to develop a good relationship with your mom, if things go right.”

Hearing him say that, Chloe once more saw that her childhood friend was quite mature for his age. But what he said next, was what made her understand that even if he missed his mother, he had fully accepted that she was gone, and that his memories of her would accompany him, for the rest of his life.

“And about my mom... I do miss her a lot. But I tend not think about her not being alive anymore. Instead, I prefer to think about the good times I shared with her, when she was still here, while thinking that if she was still around, she would want me to be happy. Because in the end, that’s all we can do. Try our best to be happy.” -Adrien said. –“Now, come on, I’ll help you finish writing that letter.” -he said, as he grabbed her by the hand and led her to his desk, where they both sat at. –“I’m not Sabrina, but I’ll do my best. You have my word.”

“Thanks. Adrien.” -Chloe smiled at him.

Seeing this unfolding, Pollen and Plagg smiled. It warmed their hearts to see their holders hanging out like that, especially because the two had such a complex story together. Their friendship was one of the oldest in the whole Miraculous gang, and had gone through numerous changes over the years. It had had its ups and downs, like everything else, but it was going strong.

“Those two. They have a really special bond, don’t they?” -Plagg asked Pollen.

“They do.” -Pollen said. –“And it’s nice to see that that bond becomes stronger each day.” -she said. –“Chloe has created different bonds with everyone on their class. All of them important, especially since she decided to flip the script and become the person she was always meant to be. But the bonds she has with Adrien is different. And it’s not just because it’s older. It’s because their separate stories are similar, in many ways. They have both endured hard times.”

“I understand what you’re saying.” -Plagg said. –“And when you look at it, yeah, their stories are very similar.” -he agreed. –“But like everyone says, after the storm, comes the calm.”

“True. And maybe that’s why they will always be able to count on one another.” -Pollen said. –“Because friendships are one of those things that if properly nurtured, like flowers and plants, will continue to blossom and become stronger, as times goes by.” -she declared. –“And theirs, is one that will do just that. They will both make sure that happens.”

“I hope so too.” -Plagg said. –“But let’s get back to what I was telling you.” -he said, as he flew down and grabbed the book about cheeses.”

“You’re not going to lecture me about cheese!” -Pollen told him.

“Oh, yes, I am! By the end of my speech, you’re going to admit that cheese is better than honey!” - Plagg said. -“For example, let’s start with my favourite, Camembert... Camembert is characteristically creamy, with an ivory-coloured interior and downy white surface, resembling that of Brie. And it’s perhaps the most delicious cheese in the world. And on top of that, it was created by one of my holders, Marie Harel!” -he exclaimed.

“What did I do to deserve such a punishment from cheese breath?” -Pollen thought to herself, as Plagg continued to ramble about cheese.

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