

Ready to eat the world

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Ready to eat the world

by [AnotherAttempt](#)

Summary

“Adrikins!” Chloé yelps, running towards the blond.

“Chlo!” Adrien catches her in his arms, lifting her off the floor and spinning effortlessly.

The two blonds laugh, giddy like they are the only two people in the whole world. Before Adrien puts Chloe back on the floor, they share a forehead touch that lasts for a good few seconds, eyes closed and all.

“You are here,” Adrien says, staring at sky blue eyes. “Finally.”

“I’m here,” Chloé confirms, staring back at emerald green. “Finally.”

There are three seconds of pure bliss between them before a soft, very fake cough drags them back to reality. Turning at the same time, they blink at Marinette, whos looking between them like there's something wrong.

Chapter 1

Chl   sighs, tapping her foot impatiently against the concrete. Her father, the mayor of Paris, Andr   Bourgeois, is sweating bullets in front of her.

“B-But, sweetie...” Andr   tries to plea, “you can just... stay homeschooled for one more year...”

“No way,” Chl   emphatically denies. “You promised me, daddy. I'm getting in that limo and there's nothing you can say to stop me.”

Andr   knows his daughter is right and that he wouldn't even dare consider using physical force. Giving up, he drops his sight to his shoes, tired eyes widening when a mop of shiny blond hair, sky blue eyes and a little smile appears again. Chl  , hands on her knees, looks up at her father with understanding and a hint of defiance nevertheless.

“I'll be okay,” she assures, patting her father's chest. “Adrikins will be there. I'm dying to see him.”

Andr   winces and Chl   bits her lip.

“Fine,” she concedes. “That was a bad joke. It won't happen again. Probably.”

Andr   hugs her daughter, tight but careful. Chl   hugs him back.

The mayor watches her princess get on the limo, wave at him and disappear from his sight with a heavy heart.

She'll be fine. He tries to convince himself. *She's strong. Just like her mother.*

Andr   gulps, shakes his head and puts his concerns at the back of his mind. *Time to go back to work.*

Adrien is trying really hard not to fidget in his place.

Where is she? His mind demands, his finger tapping his side, his other hand holding his neck. She's late.

“Umh, Adrien...?” Adrien turns to the soft voice, finding Marinette standing a few feet away.

“Oh, hi,” he smiles at her. Marinette blushes, scratching the back of her head. “Is everything okay?”

“Uh? Ah, yes!” The girl clears her throat. “I just-I saw you and- we are going to be late to class if we don't hurry!”

“It's okay,” Adrien assures. “Go ahead. I told miss Bustier I would introduce our new classmate to the school building.”

Marinette blinks, something Adrien will always find cute.

“New student...? With you-I mean! That's so nice of you!”

Adrien chuckles, shaking his head.

“Oh, not really. You see, I-“

A loud claxon interrupts Adrien's words and the two teenagers turn to where the sound is coming. Adrien's face lights up the second his eyes lay on the large vehicle while Marinette's widen. Isn't that the mayor's limousine?

The limo stops in front of the school building, the passenger's door opening before the driver even has time to come out of his side of the car.

“Adrikins!” Chloé yelps, running towards the blond.

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“Uh, do you mind?” Chloé raises an eyebrow, seizing the stranger. “I'm trying to have a moment with my boyfriend.”

“What-,” croaks Marinette.

“Be nice, Chlo,” Adrien smiles at the blonde and looks back at his brunette friend. “And yeah. You do know who Chloé is, right, Marinette?”

“Marinette?” Chloé squints at the other girl. “You are my Adrikins' dear friend?”

“I-“

“And don't be ridiculous,” Chloé sends Adrien a look and a pout. “Of course, she knows who I am. Everyone in Paris knows my name.”

“Marinette was talking,” Adrien softly chastises Chloé.

Sky blue goes back to squint at blue bell. Marinette gulps, tries not to fidget.

“Marinette,” Chloé says. “What's your last name?”

“Dupan-Cheng,” Marinette says.

Chloé's eyes lit up.

“You are the daughter of the owners of the best bakery in Paris?!” She sounds delighted, coming forward to take Marinette's shoulders between her hands. “And you are Adrikins friend! Ah, this is fate!” she laughs. “Yes, totally fate. You are my new friend, Marinette Dupan-Cheng.” Making a pause, glancing at her boyfriend, Chloé huffs and adds. “...If that's okay with you... that is...?” and she proceeds to pressure Marinette to answer by staring at her.

Marinette looks at Adrien looking for help, and her heart aches, squeezing inside her chest when she finds her crush since two years ago focusing only on the girl that has her trapped.

He has a girlfriend, her mind hammers. Adrien's girlfriend is none other than the mayor's daughter, Chloé Bourgeois, famous for organizing awesome parties which she never personally attends...

“Sure...” Marinette answers, feeling defeated. She doesn't even look the blonde in the eyes as she gives her response.

“I knew you looked smart,” Chloé praises, satisfied and links her arm to Marinette's right. “Now come, new friend. You, Adrikins and I are going to have an awesome first day!”

“Sure we will!” Adrien laughs, taking the freehand Chloé offers him and intertwining their fingers together.

“Sure...” Marinette whispers, letting herself be dragged along.

In the middle of her boyfriend and her new girl friend, Chloé glows, ready to eat the world.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

It's Friday, the end of the school week since the school year started. It's been five whole days and Chloé Bourgeois is walking on clouds.

Chapter Notes

Today is actually Thursday but I wanted to post this already. lol

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It's Friday, the end of the school week since the school year started. It's been five whole days and Chloé Bourgeois is walking on clouds.

Sure, not all of her new classmates seem to like her, but that's one of the amazing things about finally being able to attend school! Just like in the hundreds of movies she's seen since she was six!

But first, the people she's already friends with, excluding her best friend and boyfriend, Adrien Agreste.

There's Marinette Dupain-Cheng, the only daughter of the owners of Dupain-Cheng Bakery. The most renowned bakery in all of Paris! As the daughter of the mayor, it only makes sense for Chloé to be friends with Marinette. The pigtailed girl is a bit of a klutz –okay, total klutz- but she's sweet overall. Chloé likes her a lot.

There's Sabrina Raincomprix. This girl is a redhead, wears glasses and a frankly ugly square patterned vest (Chloé had to bite her tongue not to cringe at the sight, but she managed to not say “you should burn that one” out loud so that's a win, right?). She's the daughter of the chief of the police. Another logical addition to Chloé's growing circle of friends.

There's Nino Lahiffe, Adrien's best friend. As the girlfriend, it only makes sense to befriend the future best man. He's not the son of anyone important and he wants to be a D.J, apparently. Chloé thinks it's rather lame and there's no future for someone with such immature thinking at already fourteen years old, but Adrien adores the guy so she makes sure to keep her mouth shut about it. She doesn't want to fight with Adrien. Why would she? Adrien and Nino are vastly different, so it only makes sense for them to drift apart eventually. She doesn't need to intervene and she doesn't want to, either.

Next there's Alix Kubdel. Chloé remembers her vaguely from her childhood days before she got sick and had to spend most of her time inside the Grand Paris Hotel. Alix is petit and a strong tempered and loves extreme sports, apparently. Chloé thinks she's very cool and told her so during P.E class after Alix easily dodged the big jock named Lim or something and score various points for her team. Even though Chloé was in Lim's team. But that wasn't important. Alix grinned triumphantly and that's when Chloé asked her to be friends. Of course, Alix agreed. Because why wouldn't she?

Last but not least –for now- there's Alya Césarie. Chloé had a rocky start with this one. First of all, Alya loudly demanded Chloé changed her sit because apparently, she took Marinette's. She was rude, in Chloé's opinion but after asking Marinette, it turned out Alya was right. Chloé really wanted to sit behind his boyfriend. Didn't that make the most sense? But then again, she didn't like when other people took her things and the seat was already taken so she simply glared at Alya, patted Marinette's shoulder, smiled at her and took the sit parallel to Adrien's, winking playfully at him. Adrien winked back, snickering. Chloé heard Alya's voice again, loudly whispering something to Marinette. Chloé was already annoyed with the tanned girl but then the teacher –Miss Bustier, Adrien had told him- arrived, welcomed her and Chloé forgot about Alya.

The next day, to Chloé's surprise, Alya approached her and apologized.

"I didn't know sunshine is your boyfriend. I was rude, so I'm sorry. But you should have asked first instead of just plopping down there."

Chloé blinked and then shrugged. She had a point.

"Fair," Chloé nodded. "So, wanna be friends? Marinette's already my friend and you are her best friend, right? Let's be friends, too."

"Sure," Alya shrugged back. "Don't expect me to be a yes girl just because you're the mayor's daughter, though."

Chloé chuckled.

"Believe me, I already know we'll fight a lot."

"More like bicker, until it becomes banter. Maybe."

Chloé grinned.

"I'm looking forward to it, Césarie."

"Likewise, Bourgeois."

There are still quite a lot of classmates Chloé doesn't know their names of yet, but she's managing really well if she says so herself.

"Chlo!" Adrien welcomes her with a bright grin the second she enters the classroom.

"Welcome!"

“Hey, Chlo-dude,” Nino waves at her, smiling.

“About time, Bourgeois,” Alya smirks at her.

“Hi, Chloé!” Sabrina calls for her from her seat, “I warmed your seat!”

Chloé tilts her head.

“Hello, everyone. Where’s Marinette?”

“Oh, she’s usually late,” Alya says offhandedly. “Don’t worry about her, I’m sure she’ll make it. There’s still five minutes left till the bell rings.”

“Okay,” Chloé makes quick way to where her boyfriend is and leans to kiss his cheek, Adrien turning red, looking at her with even shiner eyes. She winks at him, amused. “Remember me to talk to her during the recess, please.”

“Will do,” Nino assures, even more amused than Chloé herself.

“Please save the PDA from when I’m not around,” Alya jokes.

"Hard pass," Chloé smirks at her.

“Chloé!” Sabrina calls for her again.

Chloé grins, chest full of warmth. She’s so happy to be here.

“Coming!” she answers Sabrina and makes her way to her seat next to the redhead.

Chapter End Notes

So these are just random ideas that I'll write as they come to mind. There are no miraculous on sight for now, sorry if you wanted them to be.

Thank you for reading <3

Chapter 3

Marinette barely makes it, just like Alya had suggested. She crosses the classroom's door barely seconds before the bell rings and runs to her seat, collapsing next to her best friend with a loud, exhausted, huff.

Chloé shares an amused look with Sabrina, both snickering behind her hands. It's not in bad faith, though. They just find it really funny, that's all.

"Welcome, everybody," Miss Bustier enters the classroom, greeting them as she does so. She stops in the middle of it and grins at them. "So, who's excited for your first weekend off school?"

Chloé is. She's going to spend all her Saturday shopping with Sabrina and Alix and Alya and Marinette. No boys allowed! And she'll visit Adrien on Sunday, her daddy promised! It's been years since she last set foot in the Agreste Mansion. She wonders how's Emilie doing and if Gabriel will let her see his newest designs in progress. He likely won't, he never did even when she was a healthy toddler but she's going to ask anyway! Something about perseverance being key. Key to what? Chloé hopes that the answer is pretty scribbled clothes drawings.

"Because you'll have a little homework to keep you busy!" Miss Bustier adds and Chloé is standing up and talking before she even realizes it.

"No. Excuse me. No. That doesn't work for me. Can it be postponed to next weekend?"

There are three seconds of sepulchral silence before an eruption of laughter begins. Chloé turns around, hands on her hips.

"Why are you all laughing for?! Do any of you want to do homework on your day off?!"

"Hell no!" Lim or whatever denies, one hand on his belly and the other one gripping the edge of his desk like his life depends on it. "But you can't just say no to the teacher!" He laughs harder.

"It doesn't work like that," Sabrina confirms. She, at least, isn't laughing. Not externally. "Teacher's word is final."

"*But it's ridiculous,*" Chloé frowns. She turns to where Adrien, Nino, Marinette and Alya are. Nino and Alya are laughing, Marinette is gaping at her with wide eyes and Adrien is looking fondly at her with his head tilted to the side. That last sight helps her calm down and she finally looks back at Miss Bustier.

"It's ridiculous," she repeats, nevertheless. "But I wasn't supposed to say it like this, right?"

"No, Chloé," Miss Bustier confirms in a soft, understanding voice. Chloe raises her eyebrows at her reaction. She'd expected a stronger tone and at least a frown. Chloe's mother would be looking disapprovingly at her if she was the front of her. "I encourage my students to always

speak their mind, of course, but in a proper way. Please take a seat and thank you for being honest about your feelings. However, you do have to do the assignment and submit it on Monday."

Chloé sighs, sitting back down.

"Fine," she relents. "I maintain my position of it being utterly ridiculous, however."

"And I'm sure you're not the only one who thinks that way," Miss Bustier lets her now.

During the lunch break, Chloé continues speaking her mind.

"I get why any of you backed me up," she says to Adrien, Alya, Nino, Sabrina and Marinette. Alix is sitting a couple of tables away with other two girls, Lim, a redhead boy and a girl with colourful braids. "But, still, I'm mad at you for it."

"We're sorry, Goldilocks," Alya assures her. The nickname surprised Chloé at first, rolling so naturally from the tanned girl's lips for the first time the previous day. However, it's quickly growing on Chloé. What can she say? Her hair is one of her favourite things about herself. "I thought you were joking, at first, if I'm being honest."

"Yeah, dude," Nino says. "Me too. I thought 'She's going to say something like 'kidding!' and we'll all laugh together. But you didn't and *that* killed me!"

"I didn't laugh," Sabrina blinks at Chloé. "Sorry for making you mad."

"I... wasn't sure how to react," Marinette admits, glancing quickly at her impossible crush. "I think I stared at you... Sorry about that..."

"I'm sorry, too," Adrien tells Chloé. "I was about to back you up, but then I thought you got it and you'd soon understand and learn something new about school and life in general."

"I guess I did," Chloé huffs. She looks at her tray and the content of her plate. She makes a face. "I also just learnt this isn't edible. I'll talk to my daddy about the cafeteria budget."

"Spoken like a true princess," snickers Alya.

"Please," Chloé smirks at her. "I'm a queen."

Laughter erupts on their table, from everyone but the two blondes.

"She's not kidding," Adrien smiles.

"I'm really not," nods Chloé.

Sabrina and Marinette try really hard to stop laughing. Alya and Nino don't even pretend like they're not laughing even harder.

In the end, nobody reminds Chloé to talk to Marinette in private, so she forgets and doesn't. Eventually, the lunch break comes to an end.

The last class of the day is chemistry and Chloé frowns deeply at the board.

Why is the teacher explaining basic concepts? They're fourteen. They all already know about all of this.

Chloé turns to Sabrina to inquire about it just to find her dutifully taking notes in her notebook. She has a look of pure concentration and Chloé realizes it's probably the first time she's seeing the topic, unlike Chloé.

Did daddy go overboard with the extra lessons preschool? It occurs to her that could be the case. And, if that's really true...

"Ah, I see you're not taking notes, Miss Bourgeois." Chloé doesn't remember the name of this teacher but she's already decided she doesn't like her. "Care to explain to your classmates how to solve this little problem here, then?"

Chloé squints at the letters and numbers and sings and her brain comes up with the result. She answers while looking at the teacher straight in the eyes, satisfaction pooling in her gut at the surprised reaction of the woman wearing the white coat.

"Correct," she says. "Would you be able to explain your process?"

"Yes," Chloé says and she does. She even stands up, words effortlessly rolling off her tongue until she's done. She's so caught up on the teacher's reaction and hers alone, that she misses the dreamy sigh Adrien lets out, the smirk Nino sends his way, the defeated look on Marinette's face, the pat Alya gives her best friend's back, the arched eyebrow on Alix's face and even the glint of admiration on Sabrina's eyes. "Is that good enough?"

"Absolutely," the teacher says and she's grinning. "Marvelous, Miss Bourgeois! Would you be interested in becoming my assistant?"

"Uh, no, thanks," Chloé sits down. "Sounds like a lot of work and I want to spend my first year of normal school as free of responsibilities as possible."

"I understand. However, if you change your mind, feel free to come to see me anytime you want."

"I won't. But okay."

And like that the class continues. Until the bell rings and they're free to go.

Except, someone named Max calls for Chloé just as she's reaching the door and asks to speak with her. Chloé cocks an eyebrow his way, looking back at her boyfriend and friends.

"I won't take long," Max promises.

Chloé shrugs, nodding at the bunch that nods back and goes ahead without her.

"What do you want?" she asks.

"Would you be interested in becoming friends with me?"

"What's your last name and what do your parents do for a living?"

"Kanté. My mother is a scientist."

Interesting.

"And you want to be my friend because...?"

"You seem to know a lot about chemistry."

"Just the basics."

"That's still more than the rest of our classmates."

"True," Chloé smirks. "Alright. Sure. Let's be friends, Max Kanté."

They exchange numbers and Chloé leaves.

One less to go. Go, Chloé!

Chapter 4

Chloé throws a tantrum. But, eventually, she understands she's not supposed to just go and use the mayor's limousine for trips that are not related to school or hospital appointments. It's annoying and *ridiculous*. *Utterly ridiculous!* The limousine is a vehicle and what are vehicles made for? But whatever. She'll just take a –ugh– cab and go on her merry way, then.

“Don't forget to activate your location and send periodic updates, sweetie,” André reminds her as Chloé finishes kissing him on both cheeks. She huffs, rolls her eyes and nods begrudgingly. André hates seeing her upset, but he has to do his job as a parent. It's just how it's supposed to be. “Have fun with your friends. I love you.”

At that last set of words, Chloé grins.

“Love you too, daddy! Bye!” And she leaves, marching with purpose, the same confidence in each step as her mother. André sighs, hoping for Audrey to spare a single minute to call her daughter. Of course, it's just wishful thinking. Style Queen Audrey Bourgeois would never. André frowns, shakes his head and turns around. *Back to work, back to work and no more negative thoughts, André.*

Chloé arrives at the supermarket after Alya and Sabrina. Marinette and Alix aren't there yet so Chloé sends them both quick texts and a photo of the three of them: Alya, Sabrina and herself making peace signs.

“How are you feeling, Goldilocks?” Alya asks her, eyebrows raised. “The third out of five isn't bad, am I right?”

“I won't be losing sleep over it if that's what you're asking,” Chloé chuckles. “I'm actually relieved I wasn't the first one to arrive. I'm used to people waiting for me, not the other way around.”

“Of course,” Alya snickers, rolling her eyes. “Forgot I was talking with a young queen here.”

“The title suits you so much, if I may add!” Sabrina chimes in, smiling. “Queen Chloé Bourgeois. It has a nice ring to it!”

Alya hums. “Well, I won't debate that.”

“Oh?” Chloé raises an eyebrow, squinting at the tanned girl. “Turning into a yes-girl so soon, Césarie?”

Alya snorts loudly.

“As if! I will forever give you a fight, Bourgeois!”

“I won't!” Sabrina assures.

Alya and Chloé stare at her, at each other, back to Sabrina and burst out in laughter.

That's how Alix and eventually Marinette find them, Alya and Chloé hugging their bellies and Sabrina asking if they need water.

It takes the brunette and the blonde a couple of minutes to regain their composure. They share some giggles until the very end, though. Much to Marinette's surprise and slight concern.

"Very well," Chloé indicates, clearing her throat. "I send you all the list of shops we'll be visiting and the budget with which we count. I don't want to hear any complaints; you hear me? You try on the clothes, you choose what you like best and I'll be paying for it! Period."

"Yes, ma'am," Alix, Sabrina and Alya say, the last one with a fond eye roll as an extra.

"U-Umh," Marinette stutters, however. "But, Chloé—"

"No buts allowed, Marinette!" Chloé shakes her head. "If you want, choose silk and the like instead of clothes. You said you want to be a designer, right? Well, my mother is the best one that exists in the world so believe me when I tell you it's an expensive career. Now come on, girls! Let's rock this place!"

Alix, Sabrina and Chloé don't lose time, going ahead. Alya takes a few seconds to nudge her best friend forward.

"Come on, Marinette! This is how Queenie wants to bond with us! Why deny it of her?"

"I just feel like she's trying to buy our friendship, in some way..." Marinette admits, frowning slightly.

"She's a spoiled kid that lived most of her life in a golden cage, Marinette! Remember when Sunshine came to school three years ago? I wasn't here at that time but Nino told me everything and spared no details! Chloé is a girl and she's our age! Like I said, this is her opening herself up to us!"

Marinette sighs. "If you say so..."

"Hey, does this has anything to do with Chloé dating Adrien...? Because I get you're still totally heartbroken about it, but taking it out on Chloé wouldn't be like you at all..."

Marinette opens her mouth, just to be interrupted by Chloé and Alix's voices calling for them.

"It's not that," Marinette assures, taking a step forward. "Forget it. I'm being dumb, like always. You're probably right. Let's go!"

"Marinette!" Alya calls for her best friend, but the Chinese-french girl doesn't stop so Alya has no other choice but to run after her.

The afternoon goes by in a blink of an eye, a thousand photos and videos taken, sent and even more laughter shared.

It's the best day of Chloé's life.

Back at home, she doesn't even open one of the bags she brought with her. She couldn't care less about the clothes. She made memories! Lots of them! She has photos and videos as proof! Adrien is going to be sooo jealous! She'll tell him all about this day during their homework break tomorrow and maybe even kiss him when he pouts. Yes! She'll totally do that!

Grinning proudly, she goes to take a long bath and plops down on her bed in clean silky pyjamas.

Over the Agreste manor, Adrien's phone buzzes with an incoming message. Adrien, a towel drying his just washed hair, goes to check on it. A wide grin spreads on his face, watching his girlfriend winking at him. He laughs, sighing dreamily. She's *gorgeous* and she chose to date him. Nodding to himself, he goes to the camera option and angles his phone as a hundred and one professional photographers have shown him time and time again, smiling. Once he's satisfied with the result, he sends a photo back to Chloé and snorts as the next second an incoming call from no one else but the girl herself makes his phone vibrate again.

Sitting on his bed, he happily presses the green button.

Chapter 5

Chloé is bouncing on the tip of her feet as she waits for the door of the Agreste manor to open, all her school books, notebooks, and other supplies inside a big shiny backpack she's pretty much hugging against her chest.

It's not because she feels intimidated by setting foot in this place after years. No, of course it has nothing to do with that. *Please, as if!* She is *Chloé Bourgeois*. She's not afraid of a single thing.

She squeaks as the doors start to open, clearing her throat. Nobody saw that so it didn't happen!

She makes quick way to the entrance, where Adrien's parents: Emilie and Gabriel Agreste and Adrien himself are waiting for her.

"Auntie!" Chloé goes straight to the blonde woman, wrapping her arms around her petit figure, backpack forgotten, closing her eyes for a second as she feels Emilie's hands on her back. "It's so good to see you! How have you been?!"

Emilie takes her by the shoulders as Chloé takes a step back and looks at her with her green eyes, the same shade as her only son ones. *Adrien takes after you in every aspect but height*, Chloé remembers joking about it so many years ago.

"My health is still not the best, dear," Emilie confesses, smiling nonetheless. Chloé's stomach drops, but she's not a little girl anymore so no tears well up in her eyes. Instead, she nods slowly to show that she understands. "But I'm managing, just like you are. Congratulations in surviving to your first week of average lycée, by the way."

"Thank you!" Chloé beams, whole face lighting up with a grin, sky blue eyes sparkling with excitement and mirth. "I have so much to tell you and Adrikins!" she turns to her boyfriend, who has her backpack in his hands and is grinning, amused and fondly, at the two women he loves the most. "Adrikins! I have tons of photos and videos to show you! I had a blast yesterday with the girls!"

"I can't wait to see them and hear all about your adventure," Adrien says, turning to look at his father as Gabriel's hand comes to rest on his shoulder. It's just then and only then that sky blue turns to cold gray.

"Good morning, Mister Agreste," Chloé greets, excitement visibly lowered and respect increased tenth fold. "It's good to see you, too."

"Likewise, Miss Bourgeois," Gabriel returns the greeting without actually doing so. "I hope you haven't come here with the only intention of distracting my son."

"Gabriel," Emilie chastises, voice soft yet stern. "Be nice." And just like that, Gabriel's eyes lose all of their edge, exhaustion the only glint remaining.

“I apologize, Miss Bourgeois,” Gabriel says, taking off his glasses to rub at his closed eyes with thumb and index of his other hand, he lets out a sigh. “I’m just worried about Adrien’s future; I hope you understand.”

“Of course, I understand, sir!” Chloé is quick to nod and she stands a little straighter, swallowing before opening her mouth again. “And I promise I came here to study and have fun. But mostly study. Homework!”

Emilie chuckles behind her and Chloé feels her face getting warm, but Gabriel puts back her glasses and looks at her, and Chloé wills her face to go back to its normal state. She fails, but at least Adrien is looking at her apologetically. Not that it’s his fault. She’s known Gabriel Agreste even longer than she has Adrien, so she knows he’s always been like this.

“Very well,” Gabriel says and retreats his hand of his son’s shoulder. Adrien takes that as permission and goes to properly greet his girlfriend, kissing her on both cheeks and winking at her. “I’ll make sure to send Gorilla to chaperone your study date.”

“Father!”

“Gabriel!”

“Mister Agreste!”

Emilie and Adrien complain at one voice, Chloe’s protest a little higher and slower. But Gabriel doesn’t budge in the matter, so five minutes later Adrien, Chloé, and Gorilla are sitting on a big studio in the Agreste manor.

“I’m so sorry, Chlo...,” Adrien apologizes again. “I know this is not... ideal.”

“Far from it,” Chloé concedes, sighing and then shrugging. “*But* I am spending time with my precious boyfriend at his house, so I’ll take it,” she winks at him. “So, what are we supposed to do, again?”

Adrien smirks.

“Tons and tons of homework.”

“Adrikins!” Chloé whines.

“Sorry,” Adrien apologizes, not looking sorry at all. “It’s not that much, really. Let’s start with math.”

Chloé pouts, but goes to open her backpack and retrieve all of her notebooks, books, and pencil case.

“Time for a break!” Adrien decides, clapping twice.

“Oh, thank God,” Chloé exhales, dropping her head on top of her opened notebook. Adrien chuckles, reaching to pat his girlfriend’s hair, just for his hand to be caught in midair by a

slender, pale hand. Adrien blinks, his brain catching up two seconds too late.

“Oh, right!” he chuckles once again. “Sorry, Chlo. Not touching my queen’s hair, I forgot for a second.”

Chloé lets him go and slowly sits up again. “Don’t worry, Adrikins. There was no harm done.”

“When are you going to let me touch for golden locks, though?” Adrien inquires, pouting. “I let you touch my hair every time you ask me.”

Chloé looks at him with a mix of pity and amusement.

“I’m sorry, Adrikins. You may be a supermodel, but that also means you’ve got tons of people to do your hair for you all the time. I take care of my hair myself, as you know,” Adrien nods. “And it takes a lot of time for me to get it to be this perfect. But,” she grins at him. “You’ll be free to touch it as much as you like when we’re married! We’ll wake up next to each other every day, after all,” and she winks at him, giddy.

“Well, that settles it, then,” Adrien declares, suddenly serious. “There’s no other choice but to get married as soon as we finish university.”

Chloé claps, delighted.

“I knew you’d get it!”

Gorilla, whose clearly been forgotten, smiles softly at the lovebirds at his care. They are basically glowing with enthusiasm and talking with a confidence only young people seem to possess. The bodyguard is happy for his young master, truly. Adrien deserves all the happiness he can get, and it’s clear as water that Chloé Bourgeois is the best candidate to provide it.

“Back to our homework,” Adrien announces and Chloé groans, eliciting yet another laugh from Adrien.

Gorilla nods, even more convinced of his thoughts.

Chapter 6

Mondays, funny enough, have always been Chloé's favorite days. That didn't change even after she got sick, since she got to videocall Adrien those days, early in the morning before she left with her daddy for her appointments at the hospital and late at night before sleeping.

Chloé's notice, however, that most of her friends and classmates don't seem to share her excitement about the start of the week.

As she enters the classroom (oh! Marinette's early today!) and waves at the two first rows closer to the door, to Sabrina, Alix and Max, is clear to her that only Adrien and Sabrina reciprocate with a shadow of her enthusiasm. Well, that won't do.

Instead of going to her seat, Chloé makes quick way to the front of the class. Putting her hands on her hips, she takes a deep breath of air.

"Hey, everyone!" she doesn't shout, but her voice is loud enough to attract the attention of all the class. Perfect. "I would like to invite all of you to a private party at the Grand Paris hotel next Monday!" she announces, grinning, holding up a hand right before cheers erupt from the back. "I'll need all your names, numbers and emails to send the invitations."

"Leave it to me, leave it to me! Please!" Sabrina raises her hand, eyes shining behind her glasses. "I'll make sure to give you a list in alphabetical order!"

"Thank you, Sabrina," Chloé smiles and nods the redhead's way. "I'm counting on you, then."

"Yesssss!" Sabrina cheers and immediately turns to the classmate behind her. "Hi! Would you mind telling me your full name, cellphone number and email address? Please and thank you!"

Chloé chuckles. *Sabrina is always so eager to help...*

"Hey, Goldilocks!" Alya calls for her, using the nickname Chloé likes more and more every time she hears it. The tanned girl waves a hand and Chloé walks her way, stopping in front of her boyfriend's seat and extending a hand his way. Adrien takes her hand with both of his and starts playing with her fingers, so much skinnier than his. Chloé smiles at him, pushing his hair out of her forehead with her free hand, enjoying the softness and hearing a chuckle from Nino next to them. She, however, misses the pained expression crossing Marinette's eyes and the pat on the back that Alya gives her best friend.

When Chloé finally looks up, Marinette is busying herself scribbling in her notebook and Alya raises an eyebrow Chloé's direction.

"Uh, sorry. What do you need?"

"Information," Alya raises a finger. "I wasn't gonna mention it because I thought it could come off as rude or me trying to take advantage of you somehow, but since you just

announced another of your famous parties, would you mind giving me an interview? You set the day, I'm ready whenever."

Chloé smirks.

"Turning into a yes-girl a little bit more everyday, Cesaire. You can try to deny it all you want, but I can feel it."

"Chlo," Adrien says in that tone that's a mix between nagging and fond exasperation.

"No, no, let her finish," Alya exhorts, mirroring Chloe's smirk. Marinette and Nino's gaze flicker from the blonde to the brunette, the first with something akin to fear, the latter with clear amusement. "You can feel what, exactly, Bourgeois?"

Chloé raises her chin, sky blue eyes sparkling.

"I can feel you falling for my charms, obviously."

Alya snorts so loud, various heads turn her way. Marinette asks her if she's okay and Alya snorts even louder, shaking her head.

"I don't get what's so funny," Chloé raises an eyebrow, cocking her hip. She looks at Adrien and tilts her head. "Did I say something funny, Adrikins?"

"A little," Adrien admits, bringing Chloe's hand to his lips and kissing the back of it softly. Chloé blushes, a warm pink coloring her cheeks. "But then again, I prefer she thinks is funny. If she falls for you like I did, there would be a problem."

"Oh, Adrikins," Chloé leans until her face is at the same eye level than her boyfriend's. "No, there wouldn't. My heart belongs to you and only you. It's been like that for years and it'll continue being like that. Forever."

Forever is a long time, Marinette thinks, forcing her eyes to focus on her best friend once again instead of in the couple of blondes. Sadly, her heart doesn't stop heaving inside of her chest.

"Well, what do we have here?" Miss Bustier asks, standing on the classroom's door.

"Chloé invited us all to a party, Miss Bustiers!" Chloé looks up to the high pitched voice that spoke. A petit blond girl with big blue dove eyes is clapping in her seat. Next to her, a tall, dark-haired girl with just one visible eye fidgets. *Huh. Curious pair*, Chloé thinks. "Isn't that amazing!?"

"It's marvelous," Miss Bustier agrees, walking to her desk. "However, I'll have to ask you all to wait until lunch time to gush about the news. Chloé, please go take your seat."

Pouting, Chloé quickly presses a kiss to Adrien's cheek and power walks to her seat, plopping next to Sabrina, who's still scribbling furiously in the back of her maths notebook. Chloé glances to the side, pressing her lips together to not laugh at the adorable look on Adrien's face and the funny expression in Nino's eyes. If she had glanced up, even just for a second,

Chloé would also have noticed the torment ragging inside Marinette's bluebell orbs, and Alya's conflicted ones, flickering between her best friend and the new student she indeed liked more and more as days went by, just not in the way Chloé had implied.

During math class, the teacher assigns them in groups of four at random. Chloé sees herself sitting with the same petit girl, the tall dark haired one and the one with the colorful braids.

Chloé frowns as she does her best to remember their names. She points at each one as she recites them.

"Rose... Julia and... Mildred...?"

"One out of three," chirps the petit blonde. "I'm Rose! Rose Lavillant. Nice to meet you! And thank you for inviting us to your party! I can barely wait!"

"You're welcome, Rose Lavillant. I like your eyes and your general aesthetic. You look adorable. But your voice..."

"Oh, does it annoy you?"

"Not really. It's just so..." Chloé tries to find a word that accurately conveys exactly what she wants to express and fails. She shakes her head, annoyed. "I don't know. It fits you, I guess it's just not... for me?"

Rose giggles.

"I'm not sure I get what that means... But it's alright! Thank you for your honesty!"

Chloé smiles at her.

"You're welcome."

"I'm Mylène," the girl with the braids says next. "Mylène Haprèle. Hello... Thank you for the invitation."

"Don't mention it," Chloé declares. "Just make sure to go."

"Of course! I'll definitely attend!"

"Good. I like your hair. Did you dye it yourself? Do you switch them from time to time?"

Before Mylène can answer, the teacher calls for them to stop chatting and focus on the assignment. When he's not looking at them, Chloé sticks her tongue out in his direction. And, to the surprise of Rose, Mylène and Chloé herself, the dark haired girl lets out a soft laugh.

"She's Juleka," Rose presents her seatmate. "Juleka Couffaine. She's shy, so she doesn't talk much, but I'm sure she's also happy with the invitation to your party."

"I see," Chloe stares at Juleka for a long while and finally states. "You could be a model with some work."

Juleka's only visible eye widens the biggest Rose has ever seen. But before she can say anything, Chloé speaks again, eyes fix on the worksheet in her hands.

"Okay, what do we have to do, again?"

Rose giggles again and Mylene chuckles. Juleka, however, keeps staring at Chloé, until Chloé looks up again and Juleka quickly looks down.

The four girls finish the class work with ten minutes to spare.

"Sorry, girls," Mylène apologizes, sighing. "Maths isn't my strength..."

Chloé shrugs.

"We finish within the time and, to be honest with you, I hate maths. As long as we get a passing grade, I'm good."

"Yeah, Mylène, don't beat yourself up over this. We did our best!"

Next to Rose, Juleka nods.

Mylène sniffs, eyes glossy and thanks her group mates.

"No tears allowed," Chloé firmly states. She looks inside her purse and passes Mylène a yellow handkerchief. "Dry your eyes. And I want the contact info of the three of you," she gazes quickly to the teacher whose busy talking with the group of Sabrina, the other redhead, Lim and the biggest guy in the class. She pulls her cellphone out of her purse and passes it to Juleka. "Now."

After a quick glance of her own towards the teacher's desk, Juleka begins to tap as fast as she can.

Lunch break finds Chloé grinning at her friends as she shows them the three new contacts and friends she's made.

"Great job, Chlo-dude!" Nino claps, impressed.

"Juleka is there, so, yeah," nods Alya. "But then again, if you got Rose, Juleka would follow."

"That sounds like they're a package deal," Marinette and Adrien say at the same time. The difference lays on Marinette looking offended while Adrien being amused. They exchange a look, sharing a smile. Adrien's even more amused, Marinette blushes softly.

"Aren't they?" Chloé and Alya inquire, equally confused. They, too, look at each other. Chloé smirks while Alya rolls her eyes.

Nino, looking around, raises an eyebrow, not sure of what just happened.

"Sorry I'm late!" Sabrina arrives with her tray between her hands and her glasses slightly crooked to the right. "Oh, Chloé, did you reserve a spot for me?"

"Yep," Chloé nods, scooping to the left and ending up in front of her boyfriend instead of in front of Nino. Sabrina doesn't waste time in sitting next to her.

"Thank you!"

"You're welcome," Chloé laughs. "I've said those words so much today! It's so weird..."

"Well, you're going to say them even more, since the day isn't over," Adrien smirks. "So make sure to stay hydrated, okay?"

"Of course, Adrien," Chloé rolls her eyes. "Whatever you say."

"Good girl."

"What was that?"

"Oops. I mean: Thank you, my queen."

Chloé smirks.

"That's better."

Adrien winks at her. Chloé blows him a kiss.

Nino snickers, Sabrina smiles, Alya side eyes Marinette and Marinette takes a deep breath, eyes fixed on her food.

The bell rings and they all go back to class.

The last class of the day is History and the teacher decides to put on a movie.

"Pay close attention, students," they warn. "You'll receive a sheet to complete at the end of the class and bring next class. We'll also have a debate. The groups will be assigned by me, not by affinity."

The movie starts and Chloé wants to complain because it's so old. Black and white old. She loves movies, but not that type of movies. Can't it at least be a black and white romantic one? Or a comedy? Why a boring documentary?

The teacher makes themselves comfortable in their chair half turned to the screen and doesn't utter a peep for the next twenty minutes.

Chloé sneaks a peak at her classmates behind her and finds half of them not paying attention at all. The majority of the rest is snoozing. Only Max and Lim seem to be paying proper attention. She turns to look at Adrien and Nino, who are awake and basically cuddling against one another. Chloé has a vague sense that she should feel jealous but she doesn't. They look cosy. Good for them, she thinks. Then, there's Marinette, who's asleep and Alya, who's recording her best friend sleeping. When she notices Chloé looking at her, she brings a finger up to her lips and winks at her. Chloé squints but nods and turns to look at Sabrina.

"Wanna cuddle?" she asks her.

Sabrina's head snaps toward her. Chloé blinks, and waits.

"If you want to..."

"I asked you if you want to. I clearly do, or I wouldn't have asked."

Sabrina bites her lip and nods.

"Great. Come closer." Sabrina does. "What are you waiting for? Put your arm around me! I'm the small spoon, always."

"R-Right!" Sabrina squeaks.

Once they've settled in a comfortable position, Chloé looks back at the screen, tuning on the monotone voice of the speaker. *Ugh.*

Slowly, she closes her eyes. And totally misses the surprised look Adrien sends her way once he notices someone else beside him has an arm around her, as well as the sparks of jealousy shining in his green eyes.

An hour and a half later, while they make their way to the school's exit, Adrien makes sure to envelope his girlfriend's waist with his arm and walk with her like that. Chloe's curious but she doesn't ask questions, happy with the extra attention and still half asleep.

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Adrien Agreste!

Chloé Bourgeois!

You're not funnyyyyyy

That's like saying you're not beautiful.

Chloé sends him a selfie pouting.

Adrien sends her a video laughing.

Chapter Notes

I know, I know, "about damn time!" I'm sorryyyyyyy. For a lot of things, really. The formating, the typos, the angst(?). I just finished writing this so I'll go back and proof read later or tomorrow... I don't know.

Enjoy?

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

On her way home, Chloé lazily scrolls down her growing list of contacts, smug smile dancing on her lips.

Contacts

~ My Adrikins ♡♡♡♡♡♡♡

~ Marinnete Dupain-Cheng ☆☆☆☆☆

~ Jean Claude ☆◇♡♣☆

~ Mommy ◇◇◇◇◇

~ Daddy ☆☆☆☆☆

~ Auntie ♣♣♣♣♣

~ Gorilla 🐼🐼🐼🐼🐼

~Mr. Agreste €€€€€

~ R. Sabrina ●●●○

~ C. Alya ●●●●

~ L. Nino ●●○○

~ K. Alix ■■■■

~ K. Max ■□□□

~ L. Rose ●●○○

~ C. Juleka ***

~ H. Mylène ●●○○

Chloé yawns just a second before her phone buzzes with an incoming text. It's Max. He's sent her a couple of links to articles listing several videogame titles. Chloé's confused until she remembers the passing comment she made about sucking at videogames the week prior. She chuckles.

K. Max

Is this a not so subtle way of telling me you want to play videogames with me, Kanté?

Not at all.

But I'm always up for a game if you want to, Chloé

I must warn you, though

I'm quite skill in the matter

Are you, now?

Better than Adrikins?

I haven't yet had the opportunity to play against him so I wouldn't know

Chloé laughs. Max is funny. So logical all the time.

Her phone buzzes again, another text bubble pops up. This one's from Sabrina.

Chloé sends a *But one day!* sticker to Max and goes to read Sabrina's message.

R. Sabrina

Hi, Chloé!

I just got home. Are you home yet?

Almost there

Great!

Also, I wanted to thank you again for letting me help out with the list!

Chloé tilts her head.

Don't thank me!

You made me a favor!

Thank *you*

Sabrina sends her a bunch of blushing stickers. Chloé makes sure to save the cutest ones to send to Adrien later and answers with a smirking cat sticker.

For the third time in the last ten minutes, Chloé's phone buzzes. But, this time around it's a notification. Chloé gasps. Her mother just posted a new photo on Instagram.

Chloé hurries, liking the post even before properly checking the image nor reading the legend. Only after making sure she's between the first hundred people that liked the post and taking a screenshot as proof, does she zooms in the photo.

As expected, her mother looks flawless. Standing with crossed arms in front of a building with her face and brand all over it, announcing the incoming new collection.

Just then, the limousine stops and the chauffer gently announces they've arrived at the Grand Paris Hotel. Seconds later, the man opens the door and Chloé steps out of the vehicle, thanks the driver and walks right inside the building, to the elevator and to her room, all the while eyes glued to the screen of her phone.

She's so engrossed in the news that she misses the yellow teddy bear with the little sign of "We're back and we've missed you!" in its right fingerless paw sitting on her nightstand. Sitting on her bed, Chloé keeps the blissful ignorance up until a finger comes to tap at the top of the golden case.

"Huh?" Chloé looks up. Her sky-blue eyes widen and she yelps. "Jean Claude!" Jumping off her bed, Chloé throws her arms around the man's torso, squealing. "You're back earlier! Welcome home!" She steps back, grinning from ear to ear. "Did Mister Cuddles had a good time?"

Jean Claude laughs, nodding. He points to where the teddy bear awaits, and Chloé wastes no time in going to her precious inanimate friend. Setting down her phone, she scoops the plushie up with both hands, hugging it tightly.

"We both made great memories, mademoiselle."

Chloé burries her face on the top of the teddy bear's and humms approvingly.

"And you remembered to keep his vanilla scent intact," Chloé nods, pleased.

"Of course, mademoiselle. It was the least I could do, after you allowed him to go on vacation with me."

Chloé looks at the man. She remembers all too well not *allowing* as much as pushing the plushie, carefully tucked inside a very expensive bag, into the butler's hands.

"If you have to go, might as well take Mister Cuddly with you. God knows you'll be lonely without me around." Then she had proceeded to list all Jean needed to do to keep the plushie happy. And once Jean was gone, Chloé definitely didn't go into the kitchen, stole a bunch of ice cream buckets and binged a marathon of her favorite rom-coms since Adrien was busy until the night.

Chloé clears her throat.

"Right," she says. Then, she changes the topic. "Well, you came back just in time to help me plan another fabulous party! Be proud."

"I very much am, mademoiselle," Jean Claude smiles, nodding. "What will be the theme this time?"

Chloé's eyes sparkle.

"A challenge."

Like usual, Adrien finds a bunch of texts when he opens the messaging app of his phone that night. And, as per usual, he checks his girlfriend's first.


 Chlo my beeloved 

Look, Adrikins!

Amazing news!

There's a screenshot of Audrey Bourgeois that Adrien's not thrilled to see, but Chloé added a bunch of stickers and even drew herself in stick form next to her mother, same pose and all. But Chloé is so much better than Audrey could ever be, Adrien is sure of it.

Next, there's a selfie of Chloé hugging her favorite teddy bear, Mr Cuddles and right next to her a slightly tanned butler Jean Claude. Adrien snickers. It suits him! But didn't Chloé mention a month of vacations? Adrien's pretty sure she said so between spoons of vanilla, chocolate and mint ice cream.

Someone missed me so much he cut his vacations short 

What can I say?

I'm just that loveable!

As a biased party, I can absolutely confirm that's true 

While he waits for Chloé to respond, Adrien checks his other messages.

Nino's memes are as hilarious as ever, Kim has some questions about diets, Sabrina wants to know when is Chloé's birthday and it looks like Marinette sent something by mistake because she then deleted it and apologized. A lot.

Marinette 😊

Don't worry about it!

We've all been there, right?

Ahahaha!

Right!

Right!

Sooooo

Have you seen the New Style Queen's post?

Yeeeeeeeees I did!

Are you going to model some of her designs?

Notnthat you have to tell me!.

Not that*

It's okay!

I'm not sure yet

But there's always a chance!

Marinette answers, but Adrien gets distracted by the bubble that lets him know Chloé sent him a new message.

💖💖💖 Chlo my beeloved 🐱🐱🐱

Nooooooooo

Don't call me that!

Whyyyy?

Don't you like Queen of Hearts?

Adrikins!

You know I don't mean *that one*!

Delilah is such a pretty name, tho

In fact, I call dibs on it for our future daughter

Don't you dare!

Too late!

Adrien Agreste!

Chloé Bourgeois!

You're not funnyyyyy

That's like saying you're not beautiful

Chloé sends him a selfie pouting.

Adrien sends her a video laughing.

Chloé videocalls him.

They stay awake way pass their bedtime, bantering in whispers and laughing and shushing each other.

Chloé's the first one to fall asleep, and Adrien enjoys the sound of her rhythmic breathing, closing her eyes and imagining her next to him.

It's not a surprise the both of them barely make it to class on time the next day, and everyone is very confused when the couple exchange looks and begin to laugh. That is, until lunchtime comes around and they explain what happened.

Sabrina, Rose and Mylène coo at the anecdote, calling them 'Couples goals', Alix and Nino agree, nudging at the sides of Chloé and Adrien respectively. Chloé bats Alix's hand away, ears turning red as she's really ticklish while Adrien grins at his best friend. Juleka avoids

eye contact, eating quietly while Alya gives a couple of extra pieces of chicken to her best friend, Marinette sighing tiredly and smiling at her.

"Alix, no!" Chloé shrieks, but it's already too late. Alix presses Chloé's side with her slender fingers and Chloé bursts out laughing, squirming on her place. "Bwahahaha! S-Stop!"

"Okay," Alix retreats her hand, a cat-like smile on her face. "There. Who knew you'd still had that weakness."

"Being ticklish is not a weakness," Adrien arches an eyebrow.

"Unless you're in a slumber party and a tickle war begins," agrees Nino.

"You heard them," Chloé says to Alix. "Don't ever do that again."

"Or what?" Alix defies.

"Or," Chloé squints, smirking. "You won't be on the slumber party list."

"What slumber party?" inquiries Alya, already smiling.

"The one I just decided I'll throw, clearly!" Chloé proclaims. "Next month, maybe."

"Yay! Another party!" Rose claps, giddy. "Thank you, Chloé!"

"A queen serves and protects," Chloé chants, winking at Rose, who giggles.

"Alright," Alix rolls her eyes, more amused than anything. "No more tickles for your majesty the queen of hearts."

Chloé's head snaps in Adrien's direction.

"You said you like the nickname!"

"I'm still calling you Goldilocks," Alya chimes in. "Sorry not sorry."

"I can call you however you prefer, Chloé," Sabrina assures.

"Queen of hearts sounds like you're part of Alice in wonderland!" Rose excitedly says. "I love Alice in Wonderland!"

"It's a really long nickname, though," Mylène declares. "I think Chloé is a really pretty name as it is."

"Chlo-dude sounds cool, too!" Nino agrees.

Chloé sighs.

"Juleka? Marinette?"

The two brunnetes raise their eyes from their food. Sky-blue looks at blue bell and at magenta by turns.

"Thoughts?"

"And prayers," mumbles Juleka.

And the whole table erupts in laughter.

The rest of the school day goes by in a breeze. And, as soon as the bell indicating the end of the last class rings, Chloé darts off her seat, takes Marinette's hand and drags her all the way to the empty bathrooms.

"You still owe me your thoughts," Chloé declares to a confused Marinette.

"Huh...?"

"About the nickname," Chloé elaborates. "Queen of hearts."

Marinette sighs and looks at her shoes. Chloé waits.

"I think it suits you."

"Are you lying to me?"

"Why would I do that?"

"Why don't you look at me in the eyes?"

Slowly, Marinette lifts her gaze and locks it with Chloé's.

"I think the nickname suits you," Marinette repeats. "But I won't call you that."

Chloé smiles at her.

"Then it's no good."

Marinette looks at her quizzically.

"What do you mean?"

"Well," Chloé shrugs. "A good nickname is supposed to be catchy, right? For example, you're Marinette, so Mari would be the get go. Although no one calls you that. I wonder why?"

"I... guess I prefer my full name?"

"Hm. I see. And here I was about to ask if I could start calling you Mari. A pity." A pause. "Anyway, my point is, if you don't like Queen of Hearts enough as to use it like Césarie uses Goldilocks, then it's simply not good." She takes a step back, turns around and begins to walk back to the classroom. "I do feel bad for Adrikins, though. I'm sure he was expecting it to stick."

Blinking rapidly, Marinette follows Chloé.

"What do you mean?"

"He's the one who' came up with it," she chuckles. "Yesterday, in fact. Bet you thought it had been me, didn't you?"

Marinette clenches her fists, and makes an affirmative noise.

"I'm sure the rest thought the same. Surprise!" she laughed some more. "God, I love my boyfriend so much..."

"Don't tell them about the nickname, then!" Marinette blurts out. She gulps, but keeps talking. "I mean... why make him sad if there's no need to? Like I said, it totally suits you!" She takes a deep breath. "Queen of hearts! Queen or hearts!"

Chloé stops and turns around, catching Marinette in mid motion. She freezes for a second, and takes the full step forward.

"Qu...Queen of hearts...?"

Sky-blue stares at bluebell. Her eyes, her eyebrows, her mouth. Her hands, her feet. Chloé squints and Marinette stops breathing in order to not fidget.

Finally, Chloé smirks.

"Alright. If you say so. I'm the Queen of hearts from today onward." Laughing, Chloé spins around and marches again, Marinette hurrying to catch up to her.

"There you are!" Adrien welcomes them with a bright smile. "Is everything alright?"

"Yes," Chloé affirms. She stands on her tiptoes and kisses her boyfriend on the chin. Adrien presses his lips to her forehead in return. "Everything's fine, King of Cups."

"Oh? I like the sound of that."

"I knew you would. You can thank Marinette. She helped me decide to keep Queen of hearts. And this queen needs her king."

Starry eyed, Adrien hugs Chloé, who gladly returns the embrace, sighing happily.

"Thank you, Marinette," Adrien mouths at his friend.

Marinette shakes her head, smiling as best as she can.

"I'll give you two some privacy," she moves her lips without making a sound just like Adrien did and, proceeds to speed walk fad away from the couple of blondes.

Enough is enough! She decides, barely restraining herself from running all the way to her home. *They're clearly made for each other. It's time to let him go, Marinette!*

Suddenly, there's a loud honk that sounds too close to her. Marinette freezes, and she hears screams. She feels her body moving again, but it's due to a external force. Her head hits the ground, and there's blonde hair and shiny eyes looking her from above.

"Marinette! Marinette, are you okay?! Someone call an ambulance! Marinette!"

Marinette says something, she's certain her lips move, but she doesn't hear herself. And, then, there's only darkness.

Chapter End Notes

Yes, the Delilah bit has everything to do with 'Hey there, Delilah.' Sue me. 89

Thanks for reading!

Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

"I'm scared, Adrikins."

"Me, too, Chlo. But Marinette is strong" He kisses the top of his girlfriend's head. "She'll be okay."

Chloé's so lucky. She's warm between her beloved boyfriend's arms and she's got amazing friends like Marinette. Oh, she needs to thank her. She tugs lightly at Adrien's shirt for him to let her go, which he does after squeezing one more time. She turns to the other girl, giggling at how cute her boyfriend is, startling at finding no one.

"She just left," Adrien informs her.

"Without saying goodbye? That won't do," Chloé denies. "Come on, Adrikins. We're going after her."

She doesn't wait for Adrien to answer. And, since there's no one near to see her run but him, she does so. It sends a thrill down her spine. Misbehaving is fun. She switches back to walking before she arrives at the front gate just as a loud claxon flares up. Skyblue eyes watch with horror how a frozen Marinette stands in the way of the vehicle that approaches her at an alarming speed.

Her body moves on its own. Sprinting, she basically jumps the stairs, calling her friend's name as loud as she can, to no avail.

She reaches for her, cold sweat on her forehead.

I'm not going to make it!

"Marinette!"

But she does. Oh, merciful Goddess, she does make it. Enveloping Marinette's body with her own, she pushes the girl out of harm's way. But she's careless because Marinette's head hits against the pavement, a loud gasp coming out of her lips.

"Marinette!" Chloé calls, skyblue frantic, hands at either side of the pig tailed girl.

"Marinette, are you okay?! Someone call an ambulance! Marinette!"

Marinette looks at her in the eyes, bluebell unfocused.

"Take care of Adrien for me..." she mumbles, and she's out cold the following second.

Dread pools in Chloé's stomach.

"MARINETTE!"

Chloé's shivering. The paramedics didn't let her go with Marinette and her parents to the hospital, even when Chloé went as far as to threaten them with losing their jobs.

"She's going to be alright..." Adrien assures her, arms around her shoulders.

"But what if she isn't?" Chloé whispers. "What if it's like what happened to me...? What if she seems fine at first but then all of a sudden she has fevers and random nosebleeds a-and *seizures*-"

"Hey, hey... Breathe for me, okay? In... and out..." Chloé listens. In, and out. Her heart rate slowly goes back to its normal pace, her hands holding onto Adrien's forearms to ease the process even more. "There you go..."

"I'm scared, Adrikins."

"Me, too, Chlo. But Marinette is strong" He kisses the top of his girlfriend's head. "She'll be okay."

Chloé nods slowly.

"Yes... yes, you're right. She's too much of a good person to suffer like I did."

Adrien tenses up.

"Hey-"

Chloé shakes her head.

"I know. It was an accident. I fell down the stairs because I was careless, not because I was bad," she sighs, leaning all her weight against her boyfriend. "Help me convince daddy to let me go to the hospital, please?"

"Of course," Adrien nods, releasing Chloé so she can turn around and hug his neck and look up at him. "I'll call mother, too."

"Let's hurry. I want to be there when she wakes up."

Adrien smiles at her, and leans to press his forehead against hers. Her beautiful eyes are glossy, but she won't cry. She doesn't like to cry. She's already done so many times in the past. Tears don't make things better, actions do.

"You will, my queen."

Chloé returns the smile.

"Thank you, my king."

It's not easy, but they are victorious. Gorilla is in charge of them until they've arrived safe and sound back home. And if the bodyguard speeds a little to avoid most of the red lights just in time, Chloé nor Adrien complain.

Chloé opens the door of the limousine the second it stops in front of the hospital, but she doesn't dart out, Adrien's hand refraining her from following with her first instinct.

"Together," Adrien prompts her, his emerald eyes soft yet determinate. "We're in this together."

Chloé takes a deep breath, nodding at her boyfriend's words.

"Hurry up," she tugs at his hand, nevertheless, just a little less desperate. "Please."

Gorilla escorts them inside the building and Chloé loses no time in making her way to the waiting room.

There, Marinette's parents sit side by side, talking between them. Chloé gulps, squeezing Adrien's hand harder. He squeezes back.

"They won't be mad," Adrien assures her. "I know Mister Dupan-Cheng looks intimidating, but I promise you he's not. At all."

Chloé's about to respond when Marinette's mother turns her head and spots them, her eyes widening. Chloé freezes for a second before she notices the gratitude shining in the woman's eyes just as she says: "You're the one who saved our Marinette!"

Chloé's being hugged by warm lean arms the next second. She didn't even see the woman leave her seat yet she's squeezing Chloé's body with a lot more force a petit woman like her should be able to possess.

"Thank you, young lady!"

"Yes," Chloé looks up at the massive figure of Marinette's father. The man also throws his arms around Chloé (and his wife) and he adds Adrien as a bonus as well because both teenagers and the woman's feet aren't touching the floor anymore, courtesy of the impressively strong arms of Mister Dupan-Cheng. "Thank you to both of you."

"Chloé's the hero, sir," Adrien swiftly declares, patting the man's back with one hand while the other rests on Chloé's waist. "All I did was call the ambulance."

A doctor calls for Marinette Dupan-Cheng's family and her father's booming voice quickly answers. The doctor looks confused, no doubt because of the three people dangling from the

massive man's arms. They clear their throat.

"She's awake."

A general sigh of relief.

"Can we see her?"

"Yes. But visit hours will be over soon, so please be mindful of that."

"Of course, doctor," Marinette's mother says. "Dear, could you please put us down now?"

"I have a better idea," Marinette's father grins. "We're all going together!" And so he carries them all the way to Marinette's room.

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Marinette sighs, munching at her lower lip, fingers drumming at either side of her hips. Her mother, Sabine Cheng, smiles reassuringly at her.

“Take deep breaths, dear,” Sabine encourages her. “Everyone be over the moon at seeing you at the party.”

“Right...” Marinette laughs humorlessly, nodding her head. “Of course... I've missed them.”

“And they've been blowing up your phone ever since you were discharged a week ago,” Sabine goes on. “Didn't you have a video call with Alya and most of your other girl friends yesterday?”

The memory brings a genuine smile to Marinette's face.

“Yes. It lasted way more than it was supposed to,” she laughs. “Sorry, mom...”

Sabine shakes her head. “Don't apologize. I love when you have fun. And you have good friends, too.”

“I do,” Marinette drops her gaze to the floor, a hand going to hold her forearm. “I really do...”

A loud honk drowns Sabine's next words, and mother and daughter turn just in time to see an elegant white vehicle approach them.

Marinette looks at her mother, clutching her forearm tighter. Gently, Sabine holds her wrist and removes her daughter's hand from where it's placed. caressing the abused skin.

“You are not obligated to go anywhere you don't want to go, dear. That choice is only yours.”

Marinette takes a deep breath, steadying herself.

“I'm going,” she says, voice trembling. She clears her throat and repeats. “I'm going!”

Sabine grins at her, returns the hug Marinette gives her and watches her get into the car, waves at her and closes the door.

The woman stays in the same spot outside the bakery she and her husband own for minutes on end, only turning around and going inside the building once the large vehicle is out of her sight. She nods and smiles at her husband, showing him a thumbs up as well. Behind the counter, Tom Dupan sighs and mirrors his wife's gesture.

Sharing a short laugh, they go back to work.

Chloé is trying really hard not to frown or bounce where she stands.

Where is she? Her mind demands, half annoyed, half worried. *Did I push too much? Is she not coming?* For a split second, panic flashes through her mind and features. *Is she ditching me?*

“Hey, Chlo?” Adrien comes to the rescue, lightly touching his girlfriend's shoulder. “Want some company?”

“Always,” Chloé smiles at him, leaning against him, relaxing immediately. “Always when it's you the one offering.”

Adrien blushes, scratching the back of his head. He leans to kiss Chloe's forehead, beaming at her at the same time he hugs her by the waist with one arm.

“Do you think she'll come?” Chloé asks, smile dropping a little. Adrien's heart squeezes inside his ribcage. “Marinette?”

“Of course, she'll come!” Adrien nods his head eagerly. “You know her! She's just shy sometimes. I'm sure she's on her way as we speak!”

“Right,” Chloé declares, nodding as well. “You're right! She will come! It'd be ridiculous if she didn't. Utterly ridiculous! And Marinette is a lot of things, she even acts ridiculous in front of us almost on a daily basis, but she is not a ridiculous person!”

“That's right!” Adrien encourages her. Then, he thinks better of it. “Though, maybe don't call her ridiculous in any capacity when she arrives?”

“Oh!” Chloé huffs, laughing. “Don't worry, Adrikins! I've become really skilled at not voicing my every thought out loud! Haven't you noticed?”

Adrien hums, arching an eyebrow. Chloé gasps, pouting at him.

“I'm kidding, my queen,” Adrien assures her, leaning again, this time to kiss her on the tip of her nose.

Chloé's cheeks dust a soft pink. She stares at the emeralds of her boyfriend and comes to a decision.

“Adrikins?” she calls him.

“Yes, Chlo?” he answers.

Chloé moves her arms to hold him by the shoulders, hands moving to tug slightly at the collar of his dress shirt.

“May I...?”

Adrien moves to wrap his other arm around her waist, hugging her like that.

“Yes, please.”

Satisfied, Chloé brings him closer and presses her lips against his.

It's a soft kiss, a chaste connection between their mouths that barely lasts. Adrien isn't done, though, because barely seconds after Chloé breaks their first lip-to-lip kiss, he goes for a second one. This one last a little more. And when a third one comes, they meet halfway.

A honk startles them, then, Adrien steps in front of Chloé in a swift motion, eyes widening and protective stance evaporating at the sight of no other than Marinette stepping out of the car Chloé send to her house.

Behind him, he hears Chloé sigh. He moves to the side, taking her hand and walking with her to greet their friend.

“You're here,” Chloé says to Marinette, sparkles in her sky-blue eyes. “At last.”

“I'm here,” Marinette nods her head, her bluebells going from Chloé to Adrien and back. “At last.”

“You look beautiful,” Adrien praises, a gentle smile on his face. Chloé nods at her boyfriend's words. Marinette blushes, just to shake her head next.

“Thank you, but...”

“No buts,” Chloé interrupts, offering her free hand for Marinette to take. “Not tonight. Today's your big day. Enjoy it, okay?”

Marinette presses her lips together. She takes a deep breath and reaches for Chloé's hand.

“Okay.”

Grinning the biggest grin Marinette has ever seen her, Chloé nods.

“Come with us, then. Everyone is dying to see you!”

Marinette is surprised when the couple splits their hold, Adrien moving to hold her left hand.

Together, blondes and bluenette walk towards the Grand Paris Hotel's entrance door.

Chloé, standing at the right of her very first girl friend, her boyfriend at the other side of said girl, glows, content with her very first bites of the world she's tried so far.

Chapter End Notes

Here concludes part I of the Homeschooled Chloé AU. Thank you so much for taking the time for reading and commenting!

Especial mentions to: Adora_ble (if you happen to read this, thank you one and a thousand times for being the first person to bookmark Ready to eat the world!), FireflyArc, Skieve_Westlake, Googleman, Alendarkstar, PerpetualChaos and The_Keeper_of_Worlds, all of your comments put a smile on my face. I hope you have an amazing life.

Read you in the second part? I hope so!

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!