

## The Boy on Her Balcony

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# The Boy on Her Balcony

by [xawesometrio](#)

## Summary

Marinette finds Chat Noir crying on her balcony one night and she ignores all of her rules to help her partner. This spirals into more than she could have ever dreamed, and luckily for the two of them, a happy ending.

Literally just a big protect Adrien Agreste 2k18 fic with protective Marinette and lots of Marichat with some Ladynoir to feed your soul. I needed more balcony fics so I wrote one myself.

## Notes

This is my first Miraculous Ladybug fan fiction and I don't regret it whatsoever because Adrien Agreste deserves more love. This poor boy has lost so much and he's so young and I'm a sucker for characters with a sad past and a pretty face.

I unfortunately don't have a beta so this is all self-edited, sorry!

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

The cool night air lightly tousled her hair as she pushed open the trapdoor to her balcony. The lights of Paris washed everything in a soft yellow glow that had become Marinette's saving grace in her crazy life. She would come onto her balcony to think of designs for her newest projects and just breathe. The space had become an escape from both her superhero alter-ego and her own accident prone self.

However, tonight was different. Leaning over the railing with his back to her stood Chat Noir. His golden hair looked brighter in the city lights, but his black cat ears drooped and his shoulders shook. He seemed so lost in his own mind that not even his advanced hearing had alerted him to her arrival.

"Chat?" The sketchbook that Marinette had been holding slipped from her grasp and scattered across the ground with a loud slap. The night no longer seemed so relaxing and inviting.

A gasp ripped from the cat's mouth and he spun around to turn two tearstained eyes on the girl. "Marinette! Princess, I'm sorry I didn't mean to intrude. I wasn't paying attention to where I was..." His pale cheeks flushed red with embarrassment, almost hiding the puffiness that his tears had left behind.

"Chat, are you okay?" Her legs shook as she slowly made her way to her partner, palms facing up in an attempt to seem placating. What could have hurt the boy in front of her so much that he was crying on the rooftops instead of safe at home with his friends and family?

"I'm fine! I had some dust in my eyes that's all! Just... just fine..." His shoulders hunched up to his neck and his eyes fell in defeat. She wasn't dumb, and he knew she wouldn't believe his lie. "My father and I were fighting again." The words that slipped from Chat Noir's mouth were hardly audible, but Marinette heard them nonetheless.

Her heart ached for the boy who stood broken before her. The same one she raced across rooftops with and fought alongside. The boy who had taken hit after hit for her and still found it in himself to still be so kind. She knew she shouldn't encourage him to tell her more about what was upsetting him. Family was too personal, too close to who they really were, but she wasn't Ladybug at the moment. She was Marinette, and Chat needed a friend.

"Do you want to talk about it?" She braced herself against the rails and looked out onto the cobbled streets. The dark haired girl could feel his piercing gaze on her, but she refused to meet his eye. She needed him to know that this was not simple curiosity, but a genuine invitation to vent.

"He loves me..." The words were unsure, but Chat continued as if it wasn't obvious that he doubted them. Maybe to him it wasn't. "But my father keeps pushing me away and getting angry with me for wanting to have friends and show emotions that are *unseemly*. If I don't smile correctly or hold myself up perfectly, I'm a disappointment. He wants me to become a robot of the perfect son, and I just-" Chat's sentence caught in his throat and a wrenching sob filled the air between them.

“I'm used to it by now! I am! But I'm so hungry all the time because I am not a machine! I just want him to look at me and not see every little mistake I make. I want him to see a son. His son! I want him to look at me the way he did before-” Marinette couldn't hold herself back any longer, so she took the crying boy in her arms, leading his taller frame into a tight embrace. His face fell onto her shoulder like it belonged there. Like he belonged there.

“Before what kitty?”

“Before mom disappeared.” Her body grew rigid at his broken confession that echoed through the night.

How had she never known how hurt her partner, her best friend, is? The answer was simple. She never let him talk to her about his personal life. She kept pushing him away time and time again as Ladybug, but Marinette would be different. Marinette would protect her precious kitty even if it meant breaking all of her rules to do it.

“I don't even know where she is. If she's... if she's alive or...” Chat's unsaid fear stole the oxygen from their lungs and the two choked in unison as if the world was running out of air to breathe. “I like to think she would never leave me behind, but then does that make me selfish? Because if that were true then she would have to be... she would have to be dead. I think I would rather believe she doesn't love me anymore.”

“Chat, that does not make you selfish. How could anyone not love you? You're so sweet and kind. You have saved my life and the people of Paris more times than I can count. You're brave, smart, witty, and as much as no one wants to admit it, you're funny! I promise you kitty, that whatever happened to your mom, she loves you.”

The boy looked at her in awe, his mouth parting into a soft ‘o’ before he crashed back into her with a cry. “Thank you.” He breathed, tears silently sliding down his cheeks along his already existing tear tracks.

Marinette kissed his wet cheek with a soft hum, “Come inside, Chat. I'll grab you some pastries from the bakery and some hot chocolate.” Her words were a low murmur in fear that if she spoke too loud she would scare away the precious boy in her arms. “Don't think I didn't hear that comment about you being hungry *Monsieur*.”

The two quietly descended into Marinette's room and not for the first time was she glad that she had pulled the picture of Adrien from her walls. She knew Chat would never let her hear the end of it if he had seen what was practically a shrine that she had made for her classmate. Her cheeks grew red with the thought as she ushered Chat down into the dark kitchen of her family home.

“I'm going to run down to bakery and grab some sweets and then I'll be right back.” At the blond's nod she rushed from the room and returned in record time with a handful of cookies and macaroons that she laid before her friend. “Eat up, I can also make us some actual food if you want.”

“No, no I'll be okay.” Chat shoved a cookie into his mouth and his shocking green eyes slid shut with a purr. “Thank you, Marinette. For everything.”

After that, Chat Noir would visit her more often. Coming to tease her or simply sit in silence while she drew in the safety of their balcony, for it was no longer just her own. Somehow, Chat became a part of her civilian life as well as her superhero one, and she couldn't find it in herself to regret her actions of that first night when she had found her kitty alone and crying.

"Chat?" She whispered into the space between them, her pencil trained on her paper as she traced the slim lines of his waist. Even though she had been giving her partner food every time he came over, usually in the form of pastries, he was still unnaturally thin for someone his age.

"Yes, purr-incess?"

She allowed herself a moment to roll her eyes, but it did nothing to temper the fond smile that pulled up her lips. Her lips twitched down into a frown, however; when she was reminded of why she had called out to the boy in the first place.

"Why are you so skinny?" Her big blue eyes finally slipped up from the paper and she was shocked to find that Chat had grown rigid beside her. "I'm s-sorry! That was a really personal question! Sorry I shouldn't have asked! I was just worried! Sor-"

"Woah! Woah! Princess it's a pur-fectly reasonable question. I knew you would eventually ask me about it." He nervously slid towards her, taking her hands into his gloved ones. The sharp contrast between the midnight material of his suit made her skin look like milk.

"I'm a model," the words rushed from him in one quick exhale and she found herself flushing when she realized she had no idea what Chat had said. He winced and cleared his throat, trying again. "I'm a model. I have to be on a special diet to keep my figure, but... A model's diet doesn't really compensate for running around Paris fighting akumas."

The new information stunned her, but she couldn't find herself to truly be surprised. She had always known that Chat was beautiful in some part of her subconscious and had only recently started to outwardly recognize that fact. "You can always eat here. I'll feed you more," she saw the hesitation in his eyes and plowed on. "If you're worried about your father finding out, I'll feed you healthy stuff, but you need to eat more. I won't allow you to starve or get yourself injured because you're too weak to fight."

"I'll be fine! I've been doing this for a few years purr-incess."

"No! I-" She carefully pressed her lips to Chat's knuckles. The power of so much destruction coming into contact with her vulnerable mouth made her skin tingle. "I could never live with myself if I lost you."

Her whispered confession broke the dam and she found that she couldn't bring herself to regret her words. Not when Chat had grabbed her shoulders in a tender grip and pulled her face up to meet his in a loving, yet fierce kiss. Her own lips melted against his as the two gave and took as they always did. Good and bad luck counteracting each other, balancing each other out in the most delicious way.

Never in her life had she wanted to tell Chat Noir who she really was than she did in that moment, but now was not the time. Now was the time to desperately crawl into the boy's lap, dragging her trembling fingers through his hair and pulling him closer like she could steal the air from his lungs if she got close enough.

"I'll take care of you kitty." She promised against his lips, the oath taking hold of the night. The two sealed it with a kiss.

The weeks that followed that night on the rooftop were full of stolen kisses and whispered promises. She fed Chat Noir more and was pleased to see that he was filling out, his body no longer so sickly thin.

Things were going so well that it was hardly a surprise when they took a turn for the worse. In all honesty, it had been awhile since an akuma had attacked so Marinette was hardly surprised when she heard the first screams.

She ducked into an alleyway and the darkness was filled with a bright pink light as her transformation took hold, adorning her in a skintight red suit with black spots all across it. Her mask was a comforting weight on the bridge of her nose and she almost laughed in excitement. The circumstances weren't the best, but she did miss being Ladybug.

She spun her yoyo and caught it on a chimney with ease before flying off to where she knew she would face the newly akumatized victim.

"Nice to see you M'lady! You look paws-itively stunning as always." Chat landed on the roof beside her where the two could overlook the scene playing out before them.

"Hello, *Chaton*. It's been a while." Marinette giggled privately to herself, knowing that she had seen her partner just the other night. "Miss me?"

"Always," he replied with a swift bow that lacked some of its usual devotion. A frown slipped across her face for a moment before she quickly morphed her expression into something more neutral. Of course he wasn't treating her the same, he didn't know she was Marinette. To him, she was Ladybug. The girl he used to have a crush on and flirt with all the time.

An angry voice cut through her concern and drew their attention back to the akuma below them. "I am Shade and it's time for the world to feel just as invisible as I do." A dark fog descended on the streets of Paris and the screams of the citizens made her blood turn cold. When the fog vanished, so had the people.

"Chat... you don't think? They're not just gone right?" She turned her worried blue gaze to her partner only to be met with a frown that reflected how she felt.

"Maybe we just can't see them? He did say he felt invisible."

Another dark cloud of fog came rolling towards a group of tourists and Marinette knew she could no longer just stand around on the safety of the rooftops. She needed to get down there and save the people she was sworn to protect.

With a quick flick of her yoyo she swung down and pushed the group out of the way, landing in front of Shade with a quiet ompf. “The world sees you now Shade, but I don't think they like what they see.” She called, bracing herself to jump away if she needed to escape the black fog that clung to him like a second skin.

A soft thump alerted her to Chat Noir landing beside her, but she refused to look away from her opponent for a second.

“Ladybug and Chat Noir! Give me your miraculous or disappear from the Parisian spotlight forever!” Shade threw his arms out and darkness shot out all around them. The pair hardly had time to jump away before where they had once stood was covered.

“Never!” Chat yelled back before turning to her. “M’lady, I’ll distract him. I think the akuma is in his ring on his left finger. That’s where the fog looks like it’s coming from at least.”

“That’s what I thought, be careful *Chaton*, please.” She had to resist the urge to press a kiss against his gloved hand, but he was with Marinette, not her, so she shoved the feeling down and zipped off to a better vantage point.

What happened next was all a blur. One moment Chat was there, landing a few good blows on Shade before the akuma hit him square in the chest with a concentrated amount of black fog. One moment Chat was there and the next he was gone.

A strangled cry ripped itself from Ladybug and she almost lost her footing on the roof. Her tears clouded her vision and for the first time since her first transformation her call for her lucky charm was shaky. The next thing she knew she was catching the akuma as it flew away and was purifying it through her tears.

With a sob she threw her lucky charm into the air and a pink light washed through the city of Paris, returning everything to normal.

“Ladybug? Ladybug, are you okay?” Strong arms wrapped around her, pulling her face into a chest that she knew so well. “M’lady...?”

“Chat! I-I was so worried! I...” She broke, her knees giving out as she clung to her partner as if he might disappear all over again.

“I never left M’lady, I promise I would never leave you.” He whispered, gently rubbing soothing circles into her back.

“You stupid, stupid cat! I could never live with myself if I lost you.” The words were the same words she had whispered to Chat in the safety of their balcony all those nights ago and he seemed to recognize them because he froze in his ministrations of trying to calm her down.

“Ladybug...” He was cut off by two beeps from her earrings that signified their waning time together.

“Get me out of here Chat, please.” She begged, wrapping her arms around her kitty’s neck in a refusal to run away from him this time. “Take me home.”

“I-I don't know where that is.” Chat’s voice was weak, like he was trying to deny what he knew was true. Perhaps because he didn't want Marinette to be his Ladybug, but she couldn't bring herself to care. She just wanted to go back to being Marinette. The girl that Chat Noir happened to visit one fateful night. The very same girl that had fallen in love with the boy who now carefully held her in his arms.

“Yes you do kitty. I can make us some hot chocolate and we can stay up late and talk on our balcony like we always do. Please, let's just go home.”

A gasp caused his sturdy chest to rise quickly and the world spun as he jumped to his feet with Marinette still in his arms. They arrived back on the balcony just in time for her earrings to give one last warning beep before her transformation dropped and Ladybug became simple, boring Marinette once more.

“I should have known it was always you princess. You're so strong and brave and kind with or without the mask.” Chat gently placed her down, his green eyes taking her in like it was the first time he had ever saw her.

“You're not disappointed?” She looked down, unable to look at the boy she loved so much because she feared his answer.

Two gloved fingers slid under her jaw, forcing her to look up and meet his eyes. “Never.” The confession was like a magnet that drew the two together, a force that connected their lips in gasps of devotion. “Plagg, claws off.” Chat whispered against her lips.

Soon the world was bathed in a soft glow and when Marinette finally found the courage to open her eyes she laughed at what she saw before her. Of course, Chat Noir was Adrien Agreste. She should have known all along.

“I'm glad it's you too.” She sighed, melting back into the boy on her balcony.



## End Notes

I hope you enjoyed it! Please leave kudos and comments! I really appreciate feedback on my work!!

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