

## Sommeil

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# Sommeil

by [Bronte](#)

## Summary

She'd noticed the bags beneath his eyes even with the mask over his skin and had asked occasionally how he was feeling and it was always the same response. 'I'm fine,' he'd say, 'I just didn't sleep much,' he'd say, 'I'm just such a party animal,' he'd say. She'd always let it slide in the past because she's his partner and friend, not his mother, but it's kind of getting to the point where something has to be done.

He yawns too often to be sleeping properly.

He smiles too much to be happy.

A MariChat Story

## Notes

Hello everyone! I'm happy to welcome you to **Sommeil**, a six chapter MariChat story. This little romance is inspired by one of my favourite Stromae songs of the same name which talks about a friend who has the world in the palm of his hand but still struggles to sleep at night, burdened by the weight of the world on his shoulders.

This fic is crossposted from Purrfect For You, a mlfluffmonth challenge. Only 4 chapters will be posted there - the 5th (and it's a steamy one!) will be featured only here!

Please enjoy!

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

# Finally Alone

Sommeil - Chapter 1

*Finally Alone*

***tu peux mentir à qui tu veux / tu souris trop pour être heureux***

“And...done!”

Marinette clicks submit on her online quiz and slaps her laptop closed, leaning back in her office chair with a satisfied smirk. She's been absolutely killing this course on 18th century European fashion and her latest quiz marks just further confirmed her suspicions that she's basically a full-on expert. Mantuas and petticoats? Easy. Brocaded silk and riding jackets? Child's play. Hoop skirts and embroidery? A cinch.

A cinch, get it?

Man, she's been spending *waaaaay* too much time with Chat Noir.

Well, as Ladybug anyway. The akumas were few and far between lately but she and Chat Noir still spent at least a few night a week together, prowling the streets for criminals and the like. They usually convened on a Thursday evening at the Eiffel Tower but they'd had to switch it to Wednesday this week to accommodate for Chat's busy civilian schedule; she still hadn't figured out his identity but he was frank in his explanation that he was constantly busy with his job, often putting in seventy or so hours a week.

Marinette kind of hates it.

Not because it takes him away from akuma attacks or anything; he almost always finds a way to get out of whatever he's doing to come and help nail the monster of the week and he's always keen to do his very best, fighting at the top of his game. He parries and strikes and flips like the best of them with a smile on his face and a joke on his tongue but when all is said and done...

Chat just isn't quite Chat anymore.

At first she'd just chalked it up to getting older. They're eighteen now and a lot had changed between them, all things considered. They're older and wiser and more in sync than ever, to the point where they pretty much embody the yin and yang of their symbols to a tee, which always thrills Master Fu to no end. On her side of things, Marinette is proud to say that she's become more focused now, having lost a lot of that nervousness she'd been plagued with as a kid. Being at the top of her university class certainly helped her confidence, especially considering her scholarship to the fashion institute she was now studying at; most of her peers took a year off to figure out what they were going to do with their lives but Marinette

had always known exactly what she wanted to be since she was eight. Fashion design was her calling and nothing, not even *Le Papillon*, was going to stop her from reaching her goals.

But where Marinette had grown strong and confident, Chat had grown a little more...demure, for lack of a better word. He's quieter and more intense, which isn't necessarily a bad thing, but the almost preoccupied way he tends to go about things now still doesn't quite sit well with her. He used to be vivacious and wild and full of life! He was a *carpe diem* kind of guy, a glass half full kind of guy!

Now he's just...flat.

She'd noticed the bags beneath his eyes even with the mask over his skin and had asked occasionally how he was feeling and it was always the same response. 'I'm fine,' he'd say, 'I just didn't sleep much,' he'd say, 'I'm just such a party animal,' he'd say. She'd always let it slide in the past because she's his partner and friend, not his mother, but it's kind of getting to the point where something has to be done.

He yawns too often to be sleeping properly.

He smiles too much to be happy.

She'd asked Alya about it once, under the guise that this person was a friend of hers at the Institute. Alya had said point blank that her friend was probably not getting enough sleep because he's being overworked and feeling maybe even a little depressed. Seventy hours a week *and* a full time student on top of that? Alya had told her to reach out if he seemed to be struggling and Marinette has decided to do just that.

Packing up her laptop, she checks her saved Snapchat conversation with Alya and studies the symptoms from the link she'd sent her. Lack of sleep and fatigue is a big part of what she's been noticing about him and she's resolved to come up with a solution as soon as possible. The one she has in mind is ballsy and, quite frankly, a little dangerous but the pros outweigh the cons as far as she's concerned. She needs to make sure Chat's okay and healthy and happy and back to his old cheerful self...

Even if it means spoiling her identity.

~

"Hey Chaton," Ladybug lands with a near imperceptible thump beside her partner on the wrought iron lattice of the Eiffel Tower and immediately scoops him into a side hug. It's weird and kind of out of character for her, but she'd been adamant in her Snaps to him that they needed to talk and she could practically smell the worry coming off of him in waves, "How are you feeling?"

Chat is stiff in her embrace, "Ummm...good? Why are you hugging me? What did I do?"

"I'm hugging you because you looked like you could use one," Ladybug replies, revelling when he finally sinks into her touch, "And because I'm about to call you out on your bullshit."

Chat's eyes bug out of his head and Ladybug holds him tighter to keep him from escaping her clutches, "What?"

"You haven't been sleeping well and this is my concerned face," Ladybug rests her chin on his shoulder with a pout, "You're yawning and you have bags under your eyes all the time. You're always tired and I want to know why."

"I'm fine," Chat immediately deflects and nearly opens his mouth to say more when Ladybug gives him *the look* .

"You can lie to whoever you want but you can't lie to me," Ladybug insists, "You're my best friend. I know you like the back of my hand. I know your tells, your signs, your body language—"

"—you don't know my name."

"No, but I know just about everything else about you. We've been partners since we were fourteen, that's practically a quarter of our lives Chat. Powerwise, I'm literally your other half."

"Technically you are," he mutters, his ring catching the moonlight as he wiggles it, "But like I said, I'm fine. I just need some fresh air and a good run around the city."

"A good nap you mean," Ladybug chides him, tapping his nose, "Look, I'd strap you down to my bed and make you sleep if I could—"

"—strap me down? Ladybug, I didn't realise you were so kinky."

"You know what I mean," Ladybug rolls her eyes and grimaces, "Ugh, you are such a *boy* ."

Chat's jaw drops dramatically, "Really? I had no idea."

"Ugh..." Ladybug recoils, flicking him on the shoulder for good measure, "That's it, no more hugs for you."

"But M'Lady—"

"Nope, you're gross."

"And you are an angel."

"Tomcat."

"Light of my life."

"Mangy stray."

"My sun and stars."

“*Stooooop*,” Ladybug turns to face him properly and crosses her arms across her chest, “But in all seriousness Chat, you need to get some rest. I’m worried about you.”

“And I’m serious when I say that I’m fine,” Chat pipes back, mirroring her movements, “Now can we go on that run now? I bet I can beat you to *La Grande Paris* —”

“You know, I don’t even know why I bother,” Ladybug grumbles with a huff and Chat immediately slumps at her tone, “Look, if you won’t listen to me, then I’m sending you to someone else.”

“But—”

“It’s my turn to talk and you’re going to listen,” she sticks her finger in his face and he nods meekly, “I have a friend who has the world’s best bedtime tea. It’ll knock you out cold for hours after just one cup, I promise.”

“A friend? But uh...wouldn’t that compromise our identities?”

“I know her as Ladybug,” she replies easily, having practised this conversation in the mirror already, “And so do you. Her name is Marinette Dupain-Cheng and you’re going to her house tonight and having a cup of her magic tea.”

“But—”

“No buts,” Ladybug interrupts, raising her palm, “She’s probably already brewing it as we speak. She’s expecting you at 23:00 sharp.”

“Wait, Ladybug—”

“Trust me, she’s a good friend of mine. She’ll be able to help you out.”

Chat looks uncertain, “Are you sure I won’t be intruding?”

“Not a chance,” Ladybug assures him, “She’s looking forward to it! She really loves helping others. Besides, she’s a big fan of yours too.”

“She...she is?”

“Oh yes,” Ladybug affirms and it isn’t a lie, “She even bought a Chat Noir mug just for you.”

“Really?” Chat whispers and Ladybug can’t help but smile at the blush that spreads across his cheeks. Chat’s always been a sucker for compliments and Ladybug plans to exploit it, “She did?”

“Yup, so what are you waiting for?” Ladybug hops to her feet and unfastens her yoyo from her belt, revving it up, “You’ve got ten minutes to get your butt over there for the best bedtime tea of your life. Don’t be late!”

~

Ladybug swings and swoops as fast as she possibly can towards her home and detransforms just as she lands on her rooftop deck, hurriedly opening her trap door. She slips inside and checks her appearance in the mirror quickly before plugging in the kettle she'd borrowed from the kitchen and opening the tin of her mother's special chrysanthemum and chamomile blend. Wafting the herbal scent towards her nose, Marinette thinks back to all of the nights her maman had brewed the herbal infusion for her before a test at school and hopes it might conk him out the same way it did for her.

*knock knock knock*

Marinette startles and nearly drops the container of loose leaf on the floor before setting it down and turning back towards her sleeping platform. Scurrying up the ladder, Marinette can't help but enjoy the nervous flutter in her chest at the prospect of doing something good for her very best friend.

“Chat Noir!” she exclaims happily as she opens her trap door. Chat’s eyes are wide, his lips slightly parted in surprise, “Come on in! Ladybug let me know you were coming.”

“Yeah?” Chat swallows nervously, his Adam's apple bobbing in his throat, “I uhhh...I don't mean to intrude—”

“No no no,” Marinette waves her hands, beckoning him inside, “It's the least I can do for Paris’ Favourite Hero!”

Chat still hesitates, his pupils strangely slivered, “I think that title belongs to Ladybug.”

“She's Paris’ Favourite Heroine,” Marinette corrects him, grabbing his forearm in an attempt to physically drag him inside, “Paris loves you just as much. And look, they even make mugs in your likeness! I bought you one, come look!”

Marinette flops back onto her bed with a tug of his wrist and he finally slips in through the trapdoor behind her, his expression decidedly unsure. She's never seen him look quite so skittish, but then he's always behaved a little weirdly when she's given him things, like on his birthday or on their partnerversary.

“Are you sure this is okay?” Chat slides off her mattress and lands on the floor in a silent crouch, “I don't think your parents would be too happy to find a stray cat alone with you in your room.”

“They're bakers so they're usually in bed by 20:30. They get up at 04:30 to start the breads and pastries.”

“Oh,” Chat says simply, still highly hesitant, “I just don't want to be a bother.”

“Chat, you're not bothering me,” Marinette fills the silver infuser with the dried leaves and seals it with a snap, “I'm always happy to help a friend in need, especially when that friend is having a hard time.”

"I'm not having a hard time," Chat interjects, immediately on the defence, "Ladybug is...she's just really...I don't know the right word to describe it."

"Well she wouldn't have asked me to help you if it wasn't important and if it's important to her, then it's important for me," Marinette plants her hands on her hips and tips her chin proudly, "So sit down and relax. It only takes a few minutes to steep."

Chat finally acquiesces and lowers himself gingerly on her chaise lounge, staring about her room curiously. Most of the photos of Adrien have been taken down in favour of Vogue spreads and Instagram posts of her favourite design icons, not to mention all the group shots with her friends. Of course, she's still got an entire wall dedicated to Gabriel's fashion lines which is where she has many of Adrien's best shoots still pinned to the plaster, "It's been a while since I've seen you around."

"It has," Marinette pours the hot water into the black and green mug, "When was the last time...was it the akuma at the Fashion Institute back in September?"

"I think so," Chat replies, tugging his legs up onto the pink cushion and crossing his feet, "That was the one who wanted to turn everyone into a pin cushion right?"

"That was the one! I was lucky you and Ladybug were there to save the day."

"She got there before I did," he explains, his shoulders relaxing marginally, "That was definitely one of my least favourite fights ever. I hate needles."

"You must have a terrible time at the vet," Marinette snickers behind her hand, loving the look he throws her.

"You've been spending way too much time with Ladybug," Chat pouts, but there's only humour in his eyes, "How do you know her by the way? She said that you two were friends."

Marinette knew this would come up, which is why she'd already rehearsed her answer, "She's stopped on my balcony a few times. I always offer her a glass of water and sometimes we talk."

"Oh," Chat nods his head, "I've stopped here a few times too."

"You have," Marinette fiddles with the chain on the infuser, agitating the water, "And you're always welcome to drop by whenever you like. Just don't forget to knock in case I'm sleeping."

Chat blinks several times, "Really?"

"My door's always open."

"Huh," Chat looks pathetically perplexed and it makes Marinette steam a little. Doesn't anyone else do anything nice for her partner? Besides her anyway, she's always bringing him pastries and slices of cake.



“Alright, tea is ready. You have to drink it black, no cream or sugar,” Marinette explains, lifting the infuser out of the steaming water, “It tastes a little odd but not in a bad way.”

Wrapping her fingers around the handle of the Chat Noir mug, Marinette lifts it from the surface of her desk and gently brings it over to the side table beside her chaise. She turns it so that Chat can get a good look at the porcelain cat ears sticking up from the rim, “It's cute right? My friend Mylène works at a pottery place in Montmartre and she made this for me.”

“She did?” Chat’s gaze shifts between her and the mug, “Can I commission her to make me one too?”

“I'll ask her!” Marinette plops down onto the chaise beside him, “But I’m sure she'd be happy to make you one free of charge. Now come on, drink your tea before it gets cold.”

“Oui Madame,” Chat responds with a mock salute and takes the cup of tea into his gloved hands, “It smells funny.”

“So do you, but you don't see me complaining,” Marinette replies instinctively and tried to ignore the shocked expression on Chat’s face. It's something Ladybug would say and she needs to be more careful but...it’s just so easy to be herself when he's around, “What are you waiting for, drink up!”

Chat brings the cup to his lips and blows, a cloudy puff of steam rising from the rim. Finally he takes a sip and makes a face but doesn't argue, taking a long pull shortly after.

“It's not terrible I guess,” Chat mumbles, staring at the deep green infusion, “It still tastes funny though.”

“Like I said, you get used to it,” Marinette replies, crossing one leg over the other, “My Maman is Chinese so she has all sorts of great recipes.”

“Yeah?” Chat mumbles, taking another drink, “You’re lucky.”

“I am,” she points to a framed family photo sitting on her desk, “That’s her there, and my Papa too.”

“Must be nice to have a family.”

Marinette's neck turns so fast it cracks, “What?”

“It’s not important,” he waves his hand dismissively, his eyes half lidded, “But yeah. It’s a beautiful photo.”

“Not important?” Marinette gasps, “*What?!* Chat, you can’t just drop that on me and expect that I won’t ask questions! What happened?”

He shrugs, “I dunno. My father is still around but...my mother has been gone for years.”

“Oh Chat,” Marinette’s heart leaps into her throat, “I'm sorry, I didn't know.”

“It's alright,” Chat’s eyes have closed completely now, his chin tipping forward against his chest. His bell sings lightly as he begins to tip, “I just miss her, that's all.”

Marinette places one hand on his shoulder and squeezes the tense muscle there, “I'm so sorry Chat. Is there something I can do?”

Chat simply grunts and Marinette can see her plan is working. She gently pries the nearly empty mug from his fingers and lowers his upper body down onto the raised back of the cushion until he's lying comfortably, his head lolling slightly to one side. Moving soundlessly, Marinette fishes the blanket she'd stowed beneath her chaise for exactly this reason and drapes the soft fabric over his slack body. Releasing the breath she didn't realise she'd been holding, Marinette turns the main light off and leaves the office lamp on in case he wakes up in the middle of the night and wonders where he is, but Marinette highly doubts he'll wake up anytime soon; if her Maman's magic tea has really worked its magic, he won't be waking up for another six hours.

Instinctively, she reaches down and brushes his bangs from his eyes and gasps when he turns his face into her palm and purrs, louder than she's ever heard it. Her knees actually shudder at the intensity of the sound and she considers pulling her hand away except...it's kind of addicting? It's an odd thing to think about but as she cards her fingers through his hair to the sound of the constant purr in his chest, Marinette can hardly convince herself to stop.

It's nearly midnight by the time she wrenches her hands from his head, delighting in the way he's melted like a Chat shaped puddle across the cushions. She's proud of herself; her plan has worked and she didn't even have to be Ladybug to execute it! But now her eyes are sagging and she desperately needs to head to bed in time for her lecture at the Institute in the morning so, chancing one last glance at her gently purring partner, she climbs up onto her bed platform and tucks herself into bed.

Around 03:00, there's a bright flash of green light and the sound of two kwarmis chittering quietly against Chat Noir's soft snuffles and Marinette realises that the boy she's spent for years fighting alongside is sleeping maskless only a few metres away. It's tempting to peek over the railing and look but...

Marinette rolls back over and closes her eyes with a small smile. Just getting him to sleep is a huge feat unto itself and not looking would mean that he would trust her more which would hopefully mean that he'd keep coming to her for tea. The decision was simple.

Tonight, she'd let sleeping cats lie.

For now.

# Bubblebath

## Chapter Notes

Hello again! Here's the second installment of Sommeil! It's a little more bittersweet this time (and *hell* to do the html for) but I think it's a good chapter to introduce some plot and show how their relationship has grown and changed.

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

### Sommeil - Chapter 2

#### *Bubble Bath*

*tu crois qu'tu m'endors / mais même derrière ton masque / tes cernes en parlent encore*

“You're what?”

Chat hangs his head and begins to fidget with his fingers, “I'm going away for ten days and...it's for work, you know? I don't really have a choice.”

Marinette narrows her eyes. She's heard all about this boss of his repeatedly over the last month that he'd been crashing at her place to sleep and she *really* wants to step up and backhand the guy, “I'll make you a care package. Is it hot or cold where you're going?”

Chat peeks up at her from beneath his lashes, “Uh...cold.”

“When do you leave?”

“Sunday.”

“That's three days, plenty of time,” Marinette laces her fingers together and inverts them straight out, cracking her knuckles, “It'll be the best care package ever, you'll see.”

“A care package?” Chat's eyes grow impossibly wide and Marinette just can't get over how adorably pathetic he looks, “Are you sure it's not too much trouble?”

If it's one thing she's learned about Chat Noir as Marinette, it's that Chat is a hell of a lot more sensitive than she'd ever realised, “Of course. You've been looking and feeling so much better lately and I wouldn't want you to fall back into your old ways during your business trip. Just don't forget to stop by before you leave.”

“Trust me, I won’t forget. I practically live here,” Chat responds eagerly and he's not wrong; he passes out at least twice a week on her chaise and Marinette is just relieved that he's finally beginning to perk up on the battlefield. He's certainly not back to normal, not by any means, but he's a little bit happier and a little bit healthier and Marinette counts that as a win.

“Sometimes I wish you did live here so I could keep an eye on you,” Marinette jokes and she doesn't quite realise what she's said until she sees the gobsmacked expression on Chat’s face, “I mean, you know what I mean. Ladybug needs you at the top of your game and I'm happy to help. Besides, I like having someone to talk to when I'm beading embroidery or sewing my designs.”

Chat’s hesitant curl of the lips turns into the dopest of smiles, “You just like to have me around so you can use me to tailor your men's line.”

“Well, not only,” Marinette drawls, pouring a spoonful of honey into his tea. She'd quickly found out how deep his sweet tooth actually ran and she’d added it to her Maman’s recipe to help with the medicinal aftertaste, “You do make a great mannequin, but I like the company too.”

Chat actually snickers and it's become a bit of a rarity these last several months; if anything, Ladybug only gets the kind of overcompensating laughter out of him that she knows he only does to reassure her that he's okay, “Thanks Marinette. I can't even begin to explain how awesome you've been to me lately.”

“I pride myself on being the best friend I can be,” Marinette explains, pulling the metal infuser out of the mug and giving the tea a stir, “Did I ever tell you that I was the school council president for two years straight when I was a *lycéenne*? I like to help others when they need someone to talk to.”

“You didn't,” Chat averts his eyes as he takes the proffered mug in his hands, “That's pretty impressive. Two years in a row?”

“It had never happened before until I came along,” she says, plopping down beside him. Marinette has never been one to brag but she's especially proud of this particular milestone, “I worked hard and it paid off enough to land me a €2000 scholarship at any school that accepted me, which was all four of the ones I applied to. I ended up choosing the Paris Fashion Institute because their design classes are super *avantgarde* and many of the courses can be taken online.”

“Do you like online courses better?” Chat asks between sips. “I have a really weird schedule,” Marinette responds honestly, thinking back to all of the missed classes and stupid excuses she'd made throughout her school years, “So online is best for me. Also, I'm a night owl, not a morning person which is why I never wake up when you leave in the mornings.”

“I always try and be quiet,” he says and the tea is already working its magic, “I'm always afraid I'm going to step on your face.”

“I'd probably sleep through that too,” she giggles with a shrug, sitting down beside him, “Jagged Stone could probably play a concert on my roof and I wouldn't wake up.”

“’m jealous,” Chat slurs and Marinette prepares herself for her favourite part of their late night rendezvous when he loses all sense of personal barriers and babbles honest to goodness things about himself, “I wish I could stay asleep like you.”

“Yeah?” she urges him to take another swig and he does, gulping it down, “Why can't you sleep these days?”

“Work, busy, too much to do,” he yawns and his whole body seems to loosen with the movement, “Nightmares sometimes.”

Now *this* is the answer she'd been waiting all month to hear, “Nightmares? What about?”

“Magic stuff I guess,” Chat’s eyes are fully closed and Marinette knows she only has a few moments left to pry the truth out of him, “Losing Ladybug. My father.”

She'd honestly expected him to say *Le Papillon*, but losing Ladybug and his father? That was unexpected, “What makes you think you're going to lose them?”

“She could get hurt, or she could get fed up with me. I’m...I’m not doing my best as her partner right now,” Chat’s voice wavers and Marinette wants to punch a pillow everytime he brings up his near constant fear of Ladybug’s apparent imminent rejection, “And my father doesn't...he's...”

Chat yawns again and Marinette knows she's lost him, slipping the tea from his fingers and easing him down into the chaise. Harrumphing, she covers him with a blanket and screams into the nearest soft item, tossing it across the room in a fit of frustration. She does *everything* she possibly can to assure him that she'll always be by his side as Ladybug besides beating him over the head with a chalkboard that says “I'M NOT LEAVING JUST BECAUSE YOUR BOSS IS A DICK WHO OVERWORKS YOU” in gigantic rainbow letters. What else does she have to do? Announce it on live television? Have a plane write it in the sky?

“My god you are a needy cat,” she whispers, burying her fingers in his hair as she's apt to do just to hear him purr. It's her favourite sound these days and it never fails to calm her nerves, especially whenever he says something particularly irritating like he did tonight. She's reminded of the care package she'd promised him and spends the next half hour brainstorming items to send with him before ultimately calling it a night and crawling into her bed.

And if she'd pressed a chaste kiss to his forehead just before turning off the lights, well, no one's the wiser.

~

A few days later, Marinette takes a deep breath and pushes her chair back from her desk, having just spent the last two hours mulling over an essay for her class in haute couture sewing techniques. She already has a good understanding of all of the things being covered and she pours them out onto her laptop in earnest, waxing poetic about hand stitching and hem finishes and pocket construction. She’s just finished another paragraph on cutting and pressing when her mobile lights up beside her, the telltale chime of a Snapchat notification

ringing in her ears. “I suppose I could take a break,” she says to no one in particular, snatching the phone from the surface and flopping onto her chaise with a sigh. She rubs her thumb against the scanner and clicks on the app immediately, delighting in the words she sees.

**Chat Noir**

hey

i opened up the care package

**Me**

You did? What do you think?

He sends her a snap of the package, which is essentially just a small hat box she’d draped in leftover velvet. The bow she’d wrapped around it is untied and the lid opened, revealing some of the small items she’d packed within.

**Chat Noir**

the gloves are awesome

where did you get them?

Marinette grins and peeks over at her very own Chat Noir gloves, still sitting in their packaging on one of the tables to her left. She’d found them in the Institute’s quad during the university’s weekly *marché du mardi* where the students gather to sell their homemade goodies, whatever they be. In this case, Marinette had found a vendor who knitted winter gear and she had jumped on the pair of Chat Noir gloves she’d found, practically throwing her euros at the student with enthusiasm.

**Me**

A student at the Institute. She makes Ladybug ones too.

**Chat Noir**

i want to buy ladybug a pair

she’d love them

Marinette feels her face flush and she covers her eyes with her palms for a moment to try and gain back her composure. He wants to buy her Ladybug gloves? *Oh Chat.*

**Chat Noir**

she gets really cold in the winter  
so i'm always trying to find ways to keep her warm

**Me**

That's really kind of you Chat, I know she'll love them.  
I left the girl's business card attached to the gloves if you want to contact her.

**Chat Noir**

awesome  
these look good  
did you make them?

Chat sends another snap of his bare (*bare!*) hand holding the lavender shortbreads she'd wrapped in colourful cellophane from the bakery, drawn together with a green bow.

**Me**

I did!  
They have lavender in them to help you sleep.

He doesn't respond for a few minutes and Marinette busies herself with her Instagram account, peering through the stories of all the people she follows. Alya's still at work, judging by the snarky comments she's making about her boss, and Mylène is showing off another one of her amazing ceramic vases. Nino is in the studio working on something that he's describing as 'deep funk house' and Adrien is jet setting yet again, the video of his view from the airplane window gorgeous as he heads out to Oslo for a photoshoot in the Norwegian fjords.

**Chat Noir**

oops  
they're all gone

Chat sends another snap, this time of the cellophane in the rubbish bin.

**Me**

ROFL  
Did you like them?

**Chat Noir**

i loved them so much  
they were delicious  
you spoil me  
so what's in this bag?

Marinette grins as Chat holds up another bundle wrapped in cellophane, the light from the lamp in his hotel room gleaming off the silver band on his finger.

**Me**

It's a bath bomb

If you're cold and you want to warm up in the bath, it fizzes up and makes everything smell good

**Chat Noir**

it smells really nice

the ladies are going to find me even more irresistible ;)

Marinette rolls her eyes and takes a snap of her unimpressed face, sending it with a few unamused face emojis for good measure.

**Me**

Good luck with that Chat

Time for you to get to bed. It looks really dark out.

**Chat Noir**

i'm not that tired

i slept on the plane

**Me**

Liar

**Chat Noir**

and i want to keep talking to you

i'm bored

**Me**

Get into your bed right now

Or else

**Chat Noir**

or else what?

**Me**

I'll tell on you

**Chat Noir**

:0 you wouldn't

**Me**

I'm gonna call Ladybug right now and tell her you're not listening to reason and she's going to be mad



She's just about to send another message when he sends a snap, this time of his toes poking up from underneath the duvet of the hotel room he's staying in. Victorious, she smirks and screencaps the snap.

**Me**

Good Kitty!

Now turn off the lamp and go to sleep

**Chat**

but i'm not tired!

**Me**

I'll call Ladybug!

**Chat Noir**

fine

**Me**

Sleep well Chat!

**Chat Noir**

i'll try my best purrincess

good night

~

Marinette only has a few classes that she has to attend in person throughout the week and most of them are seminars where she gets to work in the design studios and show off her skills and knowledge in front of her instructors and peers. The supervisor at the Institute has already asked her to try out for the fast track program next semester and Marinette is both floored and humbled by the request, especially since the Institute's hardest instructor is the one in charge of overseeing the internship. Mme. Sotnikova has always been notorious for flunking half of the first years in her classes just to weed out the weak ones and having always been hard working and tenacious under pressure, Marinette has never bore the brunt of Mme. Sotnikova's rapier tongue. That being said, she's had quite a few friends and acquaintances switch majors or drop out altogether just to get away from the imposing woman, as commanding in height as she is outstandingly Russian.

Marinette is packing up her bags to run home to the bakery when Mme. Sotnikova pulls her aside, her blonde hair slicked back into an austere coif that makes her look even more severe, "Have you looked over my request?"

She's been mulling over it all week actually, the paid €14/hr shifts as an intern three times a week having been a major factor considering she has little to no money beyond what she sells on Etsy, "I have. I think it's an opportunity I would be interested in."

Mme. Sotnikova claps her hands together, her eyes betraying her pleasure as her stern expression remains ultimately impassive, “I knew you would. I only want very best to compete for fast track program.”

“I’m honoured, thank you.”

“As you should be,” Mme. Sotnikova has never been one for social graces, “I will send you package with all informations you need. What fashions will you be preparing?”

Marinette smiles, “A men’s line. I should have all four pieces ready for submission by the end of the month.”

“Is that so?” Mme. Sotnikova raises a razor sharp eyebrow, “And it is pre-summer yes?”

“It is,” Marinette confirms, digging a piece of floral fabric from her bag, “I’ve been really inspired by some of the fall gardens around the city and I wanted to reflect that in my pieces. The palette is mostly pastels with the occasional burst of vibrant color.”

“How very Chanel of you.”

“If it is, it certainly isn’t intentional,” Marinette tucks the fabrics back into her bag, “I wanted my collection to be all about the construction, not the flashiness. It’s understated without being minimalist, with different silhouettes and shapes for each blazer and jacket.”

“I am interested to see final result,” Mme. Sotnikova says with a quick nod, turning away. Marinette releases a sigh of relief as the woman leaves the seminar room and she swings the strap of her bag over her shoulder quickly, vying to get home as fast as she can to get to work.

~

There’s pins in her mouth and scissors tucked into her bra when she hears her mobile chime behind her, the Snapchat app the only exception to her Do Not Disturb settings as she shoves the final pin into the pastel green A shaped jacket. She steps back and gazes at it with satisfaction before grabbing her mobile and sitting down, her socked feet aching from walking back and forth around her mannequin for the past six hours.

**Chat Noir**

i’m a chatsicle

brrrrrrrr

**Me**

Go warm up!

Want to see what I’m working on?

**Chat Noir**

is it for your men’s couture line?

**Me**  
Yup

Marinette gets up and snaps a photo of the jacket before sitting back down again, pulling the scissors out of her shirt.

**Chat Noir**  
that looks AMAZING  
the multiseam construction at the shoulders really helps give it shape without the extra  
body

Marinette blinks several times.

**Me**  
Since when did you become a fashion expert?

**Chat Noir**  
uhhh  
since a while? i know things

**Me**  
Why didn't you say something? You know how much I love fashion!

**Chat Noir**  
i didn't want to overstep  
you have amazing designs

**Me**  
We're soooo going to have a talk about this next time you're over here  
I can't believe you've been holding out on me!

**Chat Noir**  
i swear it wasn't intentional!  
i just like to talk to you about other things

She lets that soak in for a few moments before changing the subject.

**Me**  
So how was your day?  
Have you warmed up yet?

**Chat Noir**  
it was cold and awful and i was outside the whole time

**Me**

I'm sorry! Why were you stuck in the cold?

**Chat Noir**

my job

i didn't have a choice

**Me**

That doesn't seem fair Chat! Isn't there something you can do?

**Chat Noir**

nope

it's just the way it is

i just got back to my room

**Me**

Well that's good at least! Do you have anywhere else you need to be?

**Chat Noir**

i ate dinner in the car so no

**Me**

Go focus on warming up then!

**Chat Noir**

i'm gonna use your bathbomb and try and defrost my toes

**Me**

Let me know how you like it! :)

She sets her mobile down with a smile and runs off to the washroom, stopping in the kitchen along the way to grab a brioche and a nub of butter. Shoving the bun into her mouth, Marinette runs back upstairs with every intention of finishing off her jacket when her mobile chimes again. It's the last thing she expects, all things considered; is he really going to message her while he's having a bath? While he's *naked*?

**Chat Noir**

this thing smells awesome

i wish you had packed more of these

i want to buy a hundred off of you

name your price and i'll pay up

my paycheque can take it

Marinette just shakes her head fondly.

**Me**

I'll see if I can make you a few more.

**Chat Noir**

awesome

so how's the jacket going?

Pursing her lips, Marinette takes another bite of her brioche and settles in for the long haul.

**Me**

Abandoned for the meantime.

Are you feeling better yet?

**Chat Noir**

yup

i feel like i'm swimming in a cup of that tea you always make me

**Me**

That's because it is

I put the same herbs from the tea in the bathbomb to help you get to sleep!

**Chat Noir**

i don't know what i've done to deserve you

Marinette swallows the lump in her throat and feels her chest constrict a little at his words. He's said it a million times to Ladybug and she can practically envision his bright green kitten eyes blinking down at her, his smile as earnest as it is brimming with honesty.

**Me**

It's no big deal Chat

I just like being a good friend

**Chat Noir**

you're the best, you know that?

Honesty hour, here we come.

**Chat Noir**

if you had a boyfriend he would be the luckiest guy ever

i mean i know you don't have a boyfriend but if you did

he'd be set for life

...what?!

Of all the conversations she'd expected to have tonight, this wasn't even remotely close to the list.

**Me**

Thanks?

**Chat Noir**

i'm kinda jealous

**Me**

Jealous of a boyfriend that I don't even have?

**Chat Noir**

ya

because he'd be awesome

**Me**

He certainly would have to be to put up with the stray kitten that comes to me for tea from time to time

**Chat Noir**

nonono

i'd never want to interfere

and i don't even know how you don't have someone yet

you're a c a t c h

**Me**

First off, I'm not kicking you out anytime soon

Second, why are we having this conversation about a boyfriend I don't even have?

**Chat Noir**

cause you deserve it

you're so kind and nice to everyone

**Me**

And so are you!

**Chat Noir**

ya but i'm chat noir

i can't date anyone

**Me**

Why not?

**Chat Noir**

i don't think ladybug would approve

and i'm kind of in love with her but she just wants to be friends

**Me**

Maybe she likes someone else?

**Chat Noir**

probably

i'm kind of pathetic aren't i

Marinette sets her phone down for a moment and rubs her eyes, smudging her mascara. She's tired and worried about saying the wrong thing but part of her just wants to get it out and tell him what he needs to hear.

**Me**

I don't want to overstep my bounds here

but I think you should consider dating someone else

**Chat Noir**

what?

**Me**

Look

I know how much you love Ladybug and she knows it too

But she's probably waaaay too busy being Ladybug to date right now so you're only setting yourself up for failure

And when she's ready, maybe she'll return your affections and you two can live happily ever after?

Marinette shares a glance with her reflection and snorts at the possibility.

**Me**

But right now she's probably got other things to worry about and you could really use someone who will take care of you and show you how much you mean to them

You're smart and funny so I know it won't be hard to find a girl that would be interested in dating you but you need to let go of Ladybug and live a little.

**Chat Noir**

i guess

you're a really good friend marinette

thank you

She's heard that line before and for once, it doesn't bother her in the slightest.

**Me**

You're welcome Chat

One of my good friends shared that advice with me a little while ago

**Chat Noir**

you're in love with someone too?

**Me**

I was

And in a way I still am but he's super busy. I only ever keep track of him now over Instagram

**Chat Noir**

i'm sorry

**Me**

What a pair we make eh?

**Chat Noir**

we're fortunate to have each other

**Me**

:|

**Chat Noir**

purrhaps we should go on a date together?

**Me**

?

**Chat Noir**

i'll take that as a maybe ;)

i'm going to go to bed now purrincess

**Me**

Goodnight Chat. Sleep well!

When she sits up and catches a glance at herself in the mirror, she has to make a double take at the flush of red spreading across her face and décolletage. Did Chat, of all people, just ask her out on a date? And did he mean it? It seems ridiculous when she says it out loud and she tries to diffuse the tightness in her stomach with a nervous laugh but...

The heat in her cheeks persists as she climbs down to the bathroom to brush her teeth and it follows her back up to her bedroom, the space seemingly empty without Chat in its midst. Crawling beneath her duvet, she looks over at the copy of *Le Petit Prince* she keeps at her bedside and opens it to page thirteen, revealing the dried rose she's had pressed between the pages ever since it began to wilt in the vase on her desk some three years ago. She still remembers the scent of it when he gave it to her on that fateful rooftop, the Chat Noir of former days, young and naive and yet still as enamoured with Ladybug as he is now. Things had evolved between them, personally and professionally, but at least one thing seemed to always remain the same.



But...

Maybe it was time for change.

## Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! Leave a comment if you enjoyed!

# Bed Sharing

## Chapter Notes

Here is the third installment! Gosh, this one is my favourite. They're just so damn cute!!!!

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

## Sommeil - Chapter 3 *Bed Sharing*



art by: shaniartist

*et si je compte et je compterai pour toi / je te conterai mes histoire/ et je compterai les moutons, pour toi*

Marinette is so *done*.

Slumped over on her mattress and turned away from her mannequin purely out of spite, Marinette wallows in her defeat by binge watching Laura Rossignol's new reality TV show for a second time on Netflix because suits *suck*. She hates them, she hates everything about them and they're stupid and awful and they need to all *go away*.

Grumbling death threats under her breath, Marinette mashes her fingers against the keyboard of her laptop much harder than necessary and goes to start the next episode.

*knock knock knock*

Startled, Marinette freezes and looks up at her ceiling, her ears perking up as she recognises the telltale pitter patter of paws over her head. She checks the time and gapes at the numbers on her bedside table with betrayal for several moments before scrambling to her feet and pushing open the trapdoor above her head with a mighty shove, "Chat?"

"Hey," he greets her, his soft smile belying the absolute exhaustion sagging beneath his eyes, "A little late to be watching trashy television isn't it?"

Marinette opens her mouth to argue but can't quite find it in herself to say otherwise, the 01:13 on her bedside alarm clock blinking up at her innocently.

"I hope I'm not bothering you," Chat amends quickly, taking her silence as something other than what it is and Marinette quickly vies to amend the situation, snatching his wrist without thinking in the hopes of dragging him down.

"No no, Chat, come in," she tugs twice more and flops back down onto her mattress, watching quietly as Chat follows her through the entrance and latches it back up against the November chill, "I was just trying to de-stress before I went to bed."

"De-stress?" Chat asks, holding her gaze. They'd usually have travelled down to the main floor of her bedroom by now but Marinette hardly has the energy, let alone the tenacity to face her abject failure, "I could use a little bit of that too."

"Rough trip?"

"The roughest," Chat scooches and promptly drops back, stretching his lanky limbs down passed the length of her bed frame, "After ten days, I'm just glad to be home."

Marinette closes her laptop and tucks it beneath her pillow, "Want to tell me about it?"

"Maybe later," Chat rolls onto his side to face her, "I'd rather hear about you."

"Not much to talk about really," she shrugs and there's no lie in her words. There hadn't been a single akuma attack in his ten day absence and the only action she'd gotten was a break-in at the Louis Vuitton store on *les Champs-Élysées*, "It's been pretty quiet here. I've been working on my courses mostly as well as my advanced track design project."

"And how's that coming along?"

Marinette sticks out her lower lip, “Terribly. I hate suits.”

Chat’s eyes light up instantly, “Are these the same suits you used my measurements for?”

“Mmhmm,” she sulks, crossing her arms across her chest, “I can’t get the inner lining right.”

“Want me to take a look at it?”

Marinette’s eyebrows disappear beneath her bangs, “What?”

“Remember when I said I knew some things about fashion?” he says, referencing one of the many conversations they’d shared via Snapchat while he was away, “Well, I happen to know a few things about men’s fashion specifically, so I might be able to help. What do you say?”

“It’s okay,” she responds automatically, “I’ll figure it out eventually, there’s no need to—”

“No really,” Chat interrupts, launching himself off the bed platform soundlessly before she can so much as protest, “I want to help. All you do is help me all the time, so it’s only fair.”

“Wait!” she scrambles down the ladder after him, “Stop! Don’t—it’s not done! It’s not good and it needs so much work and—”

But Chat’s already got his claws beneath the white notch lapels, “This is actually really well done Marinette.”

Sputtering, she skids to a stop, “*Whaa?* ”

“No really, look,” Chat peels open the unfinished white floral jacquard suit jacket and peers beneath, “This woven-in tapestry-style design is incredibly on trend right now, I mean, this is a pre-summer line right? This could show up on a Chanel runway right now and even Anna Wintour wouldn’t know the difference.”

If Marinette wasn’t short circuiting already, she certainly is now.

“But I see where the issue is. It looks like you’re off by a few centimetres on the lining, which is why the internal pockets are bunching. If you cut off a little here,” Chat points up towards the lapels again, “and here, you should be able to fix the issue. Want me to take it out for you?”

There’s a haze of pink and sparkles flooding her bedroom as Chat holds up his index finger, his claw as sharp as his smile, “Built in seam ripper. I’ll have this out in a jiff. Man, this is so 18th century chic, I can’t believe you made this, except I can because you’re awesome but still, this is on par with some of the things *I’ve* seen which is like, *haute* haute couture...”

Chat is still talking but Marinette is already gone, slack jawed and dazzled and horrified all at the same time as Chat works meticulously, expertly slicing through the thread she’d used to adhere the silk lining to the floral linen fabric that made the garment so unique. The silk loosens and Chat plucks it from the air just as it’s about to hit the floor, handing it over to her with a flourish, “See this part? When you fold it, you can see where your measurements are off. Cons of hand cutting fabrics but hey, could be worse right?”

“Uh...” Marinette blinks down at the proffered fabric and back up at him, repeating the gesture several times before scooping her jaw off the hardwood, “T-thanks.”

“No worries,” Chat replies but he’s looking a little unhinged himself, “I’d *cataclysm* it for you but I think you’d have better luck with scissors.”

“Y-yeah uh,” she stutters, taking the fabric from his fingers. Her bare hands brush against his glove just for a moment and she can feel the heat of him through his suit in a way she’s never paid attention to before, “Let me uh, let me just get my scissors.”

“Sure,” he says as she turns towards her desk, “It really is an awesome jacket. I kind of wish I had one myself.”

Marinette tries to quell the blush flooding her cheeks at the compliment and fails miserably, “You can have it when I’m done with it if you want.”

“Really?” she squeezes her eyes shut at the brightness in his voice and with a quick mental check, she turns herself back around to face him, “I would *love* that. I have the perfect white trousers for it.”

“You do?” Marinette desperately tries to recover, the weight of her fabric scissors comforting in her hands, “What do they look like?”

“Well, they’re slim fit so they’ll go with the way this jacket is cut so close to the body,” Chat rubs his thumb along the flowers at the bottom of the jacket, tracing them upwards until they thin to white near the breast pockets, “I love that, by the way. Last year was nothing but chunky, oversized silhouettes.”

“Oh, I remember,” Marinette still can’t believe she’s having an actual conversation about fashion with Chat (*of all people!*) , “Everyone looked like they were wearing empty sacks of flour. They were nicely adorned, but they were still kind of...well, *ugly* .”

“Right?” Chat snickers as he fetches her pin cushion, “Anyway, these trousers have a fleur de lys pattern on them, kind of like an overlay, but it’s so subtle that it won’t distract from this awesome flower pattern on the jacket. Oh, and shoes! I picked up these loafers recently, they’re black and white and have these fun little shark teeth tassels at the front. They’d be totally unexpected, or I could just go with the plain black ones, or the steel gray...”

Again, Marinette finds herself somewhat lost in the surrealism of it all as Chat continues to prattle on about haute couture, the latest designs and what have you. She’s watching him more often than not, enraptured with the way his arms move as he speaks, the way his eyes, although tired, light up with an unusual passion that has nothing to do with the typical flirting and carrying on. It’s bizarre and amazing all at the same time, watching Chat talk about fashion and move and act like an actual human being, not just some casanova wrapped in leather that she’s become so used to as Ladybug.

Finishing the last cut, Marinette brings the silk lining back over to the mannequin and chatters back and forth with him about the other finished pieces in her collection, content to work together as he hands her the pins one by one to put the lining back in place. Within only

a few minutes, the jacket is finished and the two of them step back together in tandem, their arms brushing as they take in the fruits of their labour.

“I’ll sew it in tomorrow and make all the finishing touches,” Marinette says, beaming at the jacket before turning her attentions to Chat, “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome,” Chat replies and his smile inspires that addictive feeling again, that familiar aura of pink and sparkles conspiring to steal her breath away, “What do you say to a little celebration for a job well done?”

Marinette sucks in a breath and tries to focus, “What exactly do you have in mind?”

He shrugs, “I don’t know. We could watch a movie? Relax? I’m kind of beat.”

“I can tell,” Marinette just barely resists the urge to brush her thumb across the bags beneath his eyes, “Come on, my laptop’s up there.”

“On your bed?” he asks, his voice just barely cracking and Marinette wonders for a moment if he too is finding this all a little surreal, “Are you sure?”

“Of course,” Marinette responds, staunchly ignoring the flutter in her abdomen as she scales the ladder, “We’re friends right? *Chez moi, c’est chez toi*, but only if you’re comfortable.”

“No no,” Chat immediately recovers, leaping up to where he’d been sprawled out on her mattress only a half hour before, “It’s good. I just...I don’t think I’ve ever...um, try not to take this weirdly.”

“I already am,” she says, peering at him strangely. It’s his turn to blush now, his glance pointedly fixed at her window across the way.

“I’ve just...you know, before all of this,” he gestures between them, still looking away, “I’ve never actually done the whole sleepover thing and...yeah.”

Marinette blinks several times and tries to get her tired brain to piece together whatever the hell he’s trying to say, “Wait, you’ve never had a sleepover before?”

“I guess?” Chat fidgets nervously, “I mean, I do all the time with you so not anymore but before that...no.”

“No sleepovers as a kid?”

“Wasn’t allowed.”

“And you never crawled in with your parents at night when you were little?”

“I tried once,” he leans back, propping himself on her pink kitten pillow, “That’s when they started locking my door at night.”

Outraged, Marinette barrels through myriad of emotions, none of them good, “Your *parents* locked you in your room at night?!”

“It’s not so bad,” he shrugs nonchalantly, still staring a hole into the opposite wall, “I got really good at ignoring thunderstorms after a while. Now I can sleep right through them.”

“But what if there was a fire or something?!”

“Good thing I’m Chat Noir then,” he taps the surface of his ring, “I can just jump out the window whenever I like.”

“I’m...” Marinette shakes her head, “I’m kind of mad at your parents right now.”

“Don’t be. I grew up *purrrfectly* fine, right Purrincess?”

Marinette knows a deflection when she sees one and lets it slide, if only to avoid the unsettling truth he’d been laying out for her, “I don’t know about that. I’d say you could use another trip to the vet.”

“Meow-ch,” Chat brings a hand to his chest in mock offense, finally turning towards her, “Do you and Ladybug just sit around and come up with ways to insult me?”

“Nooooo” Marinette flounders for a second, overcompensating with a wild wave of her hand, “Ladybug and I? No no, you’re just a really easy target.”

“Am I?” he looks almost contemplative for a moment, “I’ll have to try and up my game then.”

“Good luck with that,” Marinette brings up her family’s Netflix account on her laptop and turns the screen towards him, “Any preferences?”

“What’s in the new releases?”

“Let’s look,” she clicks on it and brings up the list, “I haven’t seen any of these before.”

“Me neither. I don’t really have time to watch movies anymore.”

“It just takes so long,” Marinette replies emphatically, settling down beside him and she can practically feel his body heat coming off of him in waves, “I’ve got way too much to do so I mostly just play TV shows and listen to what’s happening.”

“I do the same thing!” Chat exclaims, thumping his fist against the mattress for emphasis, “We have a lot more in common that I realised.”

“We do,” she murmurs back just as Chat yawns, his sharp but still subtle fangs glinting off the light of her lamp, “You sure you can stay up to watch a movie?”

“Yeah, I’m fine,” he nods his head, his eyes dropping just a little as he rolls towards her, “I actually didn’t sleep that badly while I was away thanks to all the gifts you gave me.”

“I’m glad you liked them,” she turns to smile at him only to find his nose just a few centimetres away, “I uhh...I mean, I’m just happy I could help.”

“Those bath bombs were the best,” he continues, seemingly impervious to the sudden closeness and Chat yawns again, stretching his limbs in a move so catlike that Marinette almost has to pinch herself to keep from commenting, “Everything was the best. You’re the best.”

His eyes begin to drift shut and Marinette’s mouth opens and closes a few times, trying to fight for the right response but it’s already too late, his breaths leveling, his lips parting ever so slightly as he sinks deeper into sleep against her pillow. Marinette has to bring her hands to her mouth just to keep herself from wheezing, or crying, or doing whatever it is her throat is doing because *holy hell*, has he always looked like this? She’s seen him fall asleep in front of her dozens of times, his eyes closing, his body going slack against her chaise, his head lolling over to one side. She’s used to that Chat, the puddle of grown up boy wrapped in magic leather Chat, the charity case all tucked in beneath her pink flannel blanket Chat.

But now?

He’s *snuffling*.

Ohhh, he’s being so damn adorable and she just wants to touch him so she does, finally giving into those god awful desires that seemed to have literally sprung up out of nowhere. Since when did she think he was *cute* ? And how did that happen? Yeah, she’d been indulging herself with the purring and the petting most nights, which hopefully he’d never find out about, but...??? It’s all just coming up question marks in her head, these feelings, these urges to just reach out and brush her fingers through his hair and *yes* here comes the purr, the one she’s so fond of, the one that turns them both to goo if she’s going to be honest with herself. She loves the way it seems to vibrate through her mattress, making her entire body seem to thrum like lemon sherbets, the feeling effervescent on her skin and through her senses. She closes her eyes and revels in it, loses herself in it and suddenly she’s out like a light within minutes, her fingers still buried in his hair.

~

It’s just barely dawn outside when she begins to feel herself stir, roused from a cocoon of warmth so comfortable she’s loathe to part from it. She curls closer, burrowing deeper and there’s a breeze on her cheek as humid as a July evening by the Seine, and for a moment, Marinette imagines herself being back there, her legs swinging freely from the flying buttresses of Notre Dame de Paris, not a care in the world as her partner sits beside her, lays beside her, their thoughts and voices intertwined—

There’s a sudden, startling sensation, the slightest pressure gentle and featherlight against her skin. It’s on her brow, pressing there like a promise, returning once more on the tip of her nose. It feels good, she thinks, and she leans into it, soft and warm and safe and comfortable in an embrace she can’t quite decipher yet but *god* , does it ever feel good.

She fades out again as the pressures cease only to be roused again by a weight, this time against her lips, dry and warm and barely moving. It’s over before she knows it, the light rush of breath against her cheek fleeting and she chases it instinctively, curling into it, hopelessly tangled in bedsheets and warmth as she loses herself to the throes of sleep once again.



*“A plus, princesse.”*

There's a shift in her mattress and the warmth and weight is suddenly gone to the tune of her trapdoor's latch closing shut, a quiet sound that's just enough to wake her. She opens her eyes just as her sleep addled brain catches up with the rest of her body, her fingers finding their way to her lips.

*Did he just...kiss me?*

## Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! I hope you found this as ridiculously satisfying to read as I did writing it. And all too often, we assume that Adrien hates modelling and fashion but did you see that saucy face on the catwalk in those S2 fashion episodes? Boy is a little fashion minx and he knows it!

Leave a comment if you enjoyed!

# Post Akuma Comfort

## Chapter Notes

Thank you everyone for the awesome comments! I am so happy that you're enjoying the story and going to visit my other stories as well. I currently have 60 comments in my inbox! I'm so grateful!

Please enjoy this chapter, especially the end!

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

Sommeil - Chapter 4  
*Post Akuma Comfort*

*tu pourras m'dire tout c'que tu veux / sous tes fous rires et tes grands airs / c'est pas la peine*

Happier than she's been in days, Marinette sets up the final detail of her men's line for the advanced track design project that would hopefully skyrocket her into an internship of her dreams and steps back with an enormous grin; in front of her sits four gorgeous men's ensembles, all handmade, all pastels and flowers and vibrant bursts of colour, a tremendous contrast to the winter chill of the late November storm brewing outdoors. Her suits, bright and lively as they are, rest proudly on their mannequins, paired with custom trousers that she's tailored perfectly to fit a certain 184cm tall cat boy in impenetrable black leather and she can practically feel her heart bursting out of her chest at the fact that it's finally, *finally* over.

Let the judging begin.

There's twenty four other candidates in the ballroom space, their designs also laid out beautifully around her. She spots *prêt-à-porter* suits and gowns as well as elaborate headdresses, hats, jewellery and purses lining the tables like a foreign market, lavish fabrics and materials all calling out to the highest bidder. In this case, it's Mme. Sotnikova and two other esteemed icons in the business who make up the panel, tall and shrewd and utterly focused on each and every detail, and despite the stakes at play, Marinette can hardly wait for the competition to start.

Settling back against the corner of the table, Marinette rests her thigh against the edge and waits as the other contestants continue to fiddle with their presentations. She's got ten minutes to spare, having planned out her exact course of action through drawings the week prior and she takes a deep breath to enjoy the calm before the storm. It's nice, she thinks, to have had the responsibilities of Ladybug thrown at her for the last few years, all things

considered; it's taught her how to plan ahead and be prepared for everything, which means being possibly the most organised eighteen year old on the planet.

She's proud of how much has changed.

She's proud of who she's become.

She peers up at the clock and adjusts the plaster wrapped around her finger before reaching into her purse to fetch her phone, throwing Tikki a quick wink between opening and closing the little clasp. She checks her mobile but there's not much in particular going on in any of her feeds, not that she can really blame the people she follows; it's 07:00 and no one could possibly be up this early on a Sunday morning unless they were crazy!

But of course, she has the world's best alarm clock.

She hasn't told him yet but ever since that first morning when they'd woken up together, she'd been sleeping a little lighter than usual, anticipation flowing through her veins even if he so much as shifted against her. Their usual two evenings a week ritual had turned into a sleepover nearly every night since he'd returned from his trip and Marinette isn't complaining, not even in the slightest. He would come through her trap door around 23:00 each evening and help her with her project and then she'd invite him up to her bed and they'd fall asleep together, hopelessly tangled in each other's limbs like they belong there, and as loathe as she would have been to admit it only two weeks ago...

She *loves* it.

The purr? She loves it. The snuffling? She loves that too, and the scent of his shampoo as he all but buries his face in her neck and presses his body against hers like he can't get enough of it? Call her greedy, call her selfish, but Marinette has never felt quite so self indulgent in her life. And that rogue tail of his, the one he swears he doesn't have any control of? She loves the way it wraps around her waist, her ankle, her wrist when she has to stop running her fingers through his hair to itch her nose. It's needy enough that she'd asked Tikki about it and the little kwarmi had only laughed out loud and teased her for spoiling Plagg rotten.

Plagg, of course, being Chat Noir's kwarmi companion. She'd managed to squeeze a little information from Tikki about the creature, especially once she'd actually spotted him through her lashes after Chat had changed back in the middle of the night. She'd never get used to the effervescent tingle on her skin as he detransformed in his sleep but it never bothered her too much; she usually fell right back asleep within moments, that is until two nights ago.

*"Hey, psht. Spots, wake up."*

*Marinette gasps and stiffens at the unfamiliar voice, keeping her eyes firmly shut.*

*"Plagg!" Tikki's voice admonishes from her left and Marinette holds her breath in anticipation, "You're going to wake them!"*

*"She's already awake **mon sucre**, relax," the nasally voice snarks back and Marinette shifts her head just enough to open one of her eyes, spotting a small black kitten with enormous*

*green eyes floating scant centimetres from her nose, “See? Morning Spots.”*

*“Marinette, go back to sleep,” Tikki grumbles, yanking him by the whiskers over towards her side table, “Plagg, you **know** you’re not supposed to reveal yourself yet.”*

*“Says you,” Marinette rolls over just in time to see Plagg stick out his tongue, “I just wanted to thank her.”*

*Tikki narrows her eyes, “For all the cheese you’ve stolen from her kitchen?”*

*“I didn’t steal it, I exchanged it,” Plagg replies, clearly affronted, “No cheese, no Ad—”*

*With a muffled shout, Tikki tackles Plagg to the bed and puffs indignantly, her eyes glowing an ominous blue, “You say one more word **mon chat pourri**, and you will be in the deepest of trouble.”*

*“Yeah?” Plagg’s toothy grin stretches across his cheeks, “What kind of trouble?”*

*“The kind that will make you wish you stayed in that ring!”*

*“I love it when you talk dirty to me.”*

*“ **PLAGG!** ”*

Marinette shakes that particular memory from her head with a small smile, reminded somewhat of her own silly banter with Chat as Ladybug. It’s funny in an endearing sort of way to see them argue and grapple with each other, especially since she’d never actually seen the two of them interact before. She wonders briefly what Plagg wanted to thank her for, but the moment is broken as a hush draws over the ballroom when Mme. Sotnikova enters from the main doorway.

“Only three students will be chosen for fast track program,” she announces simply, her strong voice carrying across the ballroom with practiced ease, “Good luck to all.”

~

Over the course of the past half hour, Marinette has watched the other students experience every emotion of the spectrum, from misery to relief to outright fury. She can feel her nerves boiling like acid in her gut as Mme. Sotnikova delivers a searing critique of Rumaysa’s modest designs before turning her way, the Russian woman’s icy grey eyes cutting into her in a way that no akuma ever could.

“Ah yes, Marinette Dupain-Cheng,” Mme. Sotnikova says, tipping her head ever so slightly in the direction of the other two judges, “This is M. Délon and Mme. Mignard. Now tell me, what have you made?”

Marinette takes a deep breath and begins to describe each piece in detail, her shoulders relaxing as she falls into her explanations that she’d been practicing out loud in her bedroom since before the entire competition even begun. She comments on the detailwork, the fabrics, the techniques she’d used to achieve each and every silhouette, every stitch and thread, ever

special flare. She points out her own signature on each of the pieces, perfectly woven into the designs and yet hiding in plain sight, a mystery unless you know what you're looking for, and yet clear as day once seen. She makes eye contact with the judges throughout and keeps her shoulders square, standing tall and confident, strong and focused, a true Ladybug even without the mask.

"...and that's my pre-summer men's collection."

M. Délon looks up from his iPad, "I have a client who may be interested in this line."

"As do I," Mme. Mignard glances sidelong at the man before turning to Marinette outright, "What is your price?"

"Not for sale," Mme. Sotnikova intervenes, her lips curving up ever so slightly, "If she is successful for fast track program, Mme. Dupain-Cheng will need to keep these."

Marinette swallows, "I will?"

"My programme is best in France," Mme. Sotnikova raises a perfectly sculpted brow, "And Paris men's fashion show is only two months away. Not long to wait, no?"

"N-no..." Marinette agrees, nearly coughing up the nervous butterflies in her stomach as the three judges turn away towards the student beside her. It takes her at least thirty seconds to stop her head from spinning as she settles back against the edge of the table again, sucking in a few deep breaths. Did she...

Did Mme. Sotnikova just *compliment* her?

Existing in a state of unadulterated bliss, Marinette almost misses the scream of rage that comes from the opposite corner of the ballroom. Jerking around just in time to spot the telltale glow of a black and purple butterfly come through the air vents, Marinette watches helplessly as the questionably enigmatic Nicolas throws another one of his usual hissy fits and punches a mannequin in front of Mme. Sotnikova.

"You'll pay for this!" he screams at the three judges before clearing the rest of his garments off the table with a violent jerk of his hands, sending jewellery and fabrics flying, "My father is the greatest lawyer in Paris! He'll destroy your careers!"

Marinette is already preparing to cross the expansive space when the akuma's transformation takes over his body and she quickly has to skid to a halt, booking it in the other direction.

"I am Le Rédacteur!" Nicolas shrieks, now dressed in a ghastly suit and waving some sort of enormous scepter around in his hand, "And I will erase the talents of everyone! I am the only one who deserves glory! I should be praised and admired!"

There are students running and screaming every which way as Marinette ducks under a table, desperately looking for an alcove to transform in. The only place she can see is the washrooms on the other side of the space and Marinette curses under her breath as a flash of neon light careens across the room.

“Look at this degenerate, low class garbage!” he screams, zapping Rumaysa with his scepter and turning her into a purse, “Look at these people who aren’t even French! How dare you rank their creations over mine?!”

Marinette decides the time is now or never and she twists from underneath the table to run across the room. Somersaults and rolling, she nearly makes it to the washroom doors when Le Rédacteur turns in her direction, his sneer only deepening as he launches a volley of neon magic at her body, “If I can’t win, then no one should be able to win! I’ll destroy all of you! You think my designs are weak? I’ll make you weak for me!”

Having dodged all of his attacks, Marinette only has a few short seconds to react as the scepter comes careening her way, the resounding thwack of it echoing in her ears before she feels it collide into her back, sending her flying across the floor. Her breaths come in short gasps as she tries to focus, tries to clear the stars in her eyes from having the wind knocked out of her but it’s too late, too late as he’s approaching her from behind, bragging all the while.

“I have an exceptionally high level of intelligence and talent. Coming to the Fashion Institute is actually a chance that I’m giving to the world, not the other way around!”

Marinette rolls over and grimaces at the pain blooming between her shoulder blades, “Stop it Nicolas! People are getting hurt!”

Le Rédacteur leers, “All I ever wanted was to be revered for my immense talents! I am the true victim here! I didn’t want to be the one to attack first, but I will be the one who fights back and punishes you all! Finally I will show the world what it means to appreciate me *aaaaaugh* !”

In a flurry of movement so fast she can hardly react, Marinette tucks herself into a ball and waits for the smash of a scepter that never comes, the object suddenly tossed across the room. She peeks through her fingers at the sounds of smashing glass and watches as Chat Noir violently hurls Le Rédacteur through the ballroom window in what Marinette considers to be the most frightening show of his strength she’s ever seen.

“Marinette!”

He’s back at her side in a second, sliding on his knees as he brushes her bangs from her eyes carefully, checking for blood and bruises along her forehead and cheeks. He growls as she winces, the sound so low and deep that it makes her gasp without realising it and his arms wrap around her in an instant, scooping her up onto her feet as gently as he can.

“He hit you,” he spits and his pupils are like slits, slight and deadly so up close.

“Just my back,” Marinette assures him, still breathless from the blow, “Once Ladybug shows up and defeats him, she’ll use her Cure and I’ll be fine.”

Chat’s teeth are still bared and she’s taken aback by the change in both his appearance and his demeanor, his hair a little wilder, his teeth a little sharper, “I need to get you somewhere safe.”

“It's alright Chat,” she bites her lip as he growls again, the noise vibrating through her skin where their bodies met, “You go, I'll be fine here.”

“No,” he lifts her gingerly and Marinette's arms circle his neck, squealing as she settles on his hips, “Hold on.”

Straddling his abdomen in a piggyback carry is not exactly what she had in mind for her when he'd kissed her good morning only a few scant hours ago and she certainly didn't expect to be gently draped over the Dean's desk in the evacuated office only a few minutes later, her legs hanging over the edge.

“Stay here,” he says, “I'll come back for you.”

Marinette nods, “Be safe Chat.”

He'd usually quip. He'd usually laugh. He'd usually make a funny joke.

This time he just grunts and runs out the door.

Tikki phases out of her purse the second he rounds the corner and Marinette hesitates for a moment, her eyes lingering on the doorway, “Is Chat okay?”

“He will be,” the kwarmi responds, nudging her hand insistently, “I'll explain later, we need to transform now!”

“Right,” she refocuses and slips off the desk to stand, “Tikki, transforme-moi!”

~

“Chat!”

She finds him a few minutes later in the Institute's quad, tiptoeing between attacks and taunting all the while, teeth bared and claws raised, “Long time no see! How was the trip?”

“Clawful,” he responds, using his baton to bat a chair in the akuma's direction, “I froze to death.”

“Well, you're looking great for a zombie!” she makes a circle with her finger and her thumb with a wink, “What's it like, being one of the undead?”

“Just peachy,” he grouses, hoisting Ladybug up seamlessly to avoid another series of blasts, “Speaking of which, this akuma can kiss my ass.”

“Someone's a grumpy cat today,” she chirps back, turning so he doesn't see her wince at the pain in her back, “What do you say? Should we pull a ‘what's bugging you?’ or go with the ‘chat and mouse’ routine?”

“Doesn't matter,” Chat snags two terrified students from behind one of the couches and propels them to the open hallway on the third floor, “Can we just hurry this up?”

“What’s the rush Chaton? You have a hot date planned?”

“Something like that,” he grumbles, hightailing it back to her side.

“Ooooooh,” she ribs him with a grin, “Who’s the lucky girl?”

“None of your bugsness,” he sticks out his tongue and Ladybug finally gets a good look at the fangs that seemed to have literally grown overnight. They’re long enough that the tips just barely peek out beneath his lips and she wavers back and forth between commenting on them before ultimately barreling forwards.

“Nice teeth, by the way. Since when did that happen?”

He just shrugs, “Dunno, today I guess. Now, you gonna take him down with me or not?”

“Relax Kitty,” Ladybug raises her hands in surrender as his entire body hunches, hackles raising as the villain of the hour begins monologuing again, “I’m gonna guess that the akuma went into whatever the scepter was beforehand?”

“As good a guess as any,” Chat nods, assessing him closely, “Could also be the belt buckle. This guy’s a real prick apparently, Marinette has told me all about him. She goes to this school.”

“Oh, I remember him,” Ladybug replies carefully, “He’s the one that caused the pin cushion akuma in September, a real Chloé Bourgeoise type. I’m surprised he hasn’t caused *more* akumas, to be honest.”

Chat rolls his eyes as Le Rédacteur continues blathering nonsense, “What about an aerial attack? His hat is big enough to block his view of above.”

“I like it,” Ladybug agrees, “‘Fishing pole’ it is! Give me a boost.”

“One fresh bug bait coming right up!”

Wrapping her yoyo’s string around his pole, he extends it and launches her up into the air, whipping her about just fast enough to swing by Le Rédacteur and flying scissor kick him as hard as she can stand, wrapping her thighs around his head and sending him flying to the floor with enough force to crack the tiles. He groans and Ladybug punches him square in the jaw before grabbing his scepter from his hand and throwing it up to Chat, “You want to do the honours?”

“With pleasure,” Chat snatches the scepter from her outstretched fingers and breaks it over his knee, “Can I slap him in the face too while I’m at it?”

“Bad Chat,” she admonishes with a wiggle of her finger, tossing her yoyo at the butterfly, “*Je te délivrer du mal!*”

Ladybug purifies and releases the butterfly quickly and holds out her hand for a fist bump but Chat is already across the quad, “Hey, where are you going?”



“I have a hot date remember?” her shaggy haired, almost feral looking partner replies over his shoulder and Marinette realises with a shocking certainty that he's talking about her.

*Merde!*

Ladybug knows this building better than most and races back to the Dean's office like a house on fire, detransforming during a leap over the technion partition just as Chat rounds the corner. Her cheeks flushed, she tries to hide the fact that she's trying to catch her breath as he walks towards her, smiling all the while.

“Another akuma, another day!” Marinette claps her hands together and nearly melts with relief as his shoulders seem to lose some of that rigidity, his posture loosening as he approaches her, “Thank you.”

“How's your back?” he asks and his claws are on her immediately, tracing the skin past her arms and over her shoulders, “Does it still hurt?”

“I'm f-fine,” she stammers, her breath catching in her chest as he walks around her just to make sure, his cheek just a few centimetres from hers, “Ladybug's Cure worked, just like always.”

“Good,” he presses his palm between her shoulder blades reassuringly before stepping back around to face her, “I was worried about you.”

Swallowing, she keeps her eyes fixed on the corner of the desk, “Occupational hazards of living of Paris I guess.”

Chat sighs and shakes his head, his wild hair flying every which way, “I'm sorry you got hurt. I should have been there for you.”

“There was nothing you could do,” Marinette replies diplomatically, “Nicolas is a spoiled brat whenever he doesn't get his way. This isn't the first time he's taken his frustration out on me.”

“It isn't?”

Marinette holds her breath as the energy in the room changes, and goosepimples suddenly break out along her skin at the way his voice drops an octave, so much darker than she's ever heard it, “He's...uh, he doesn't think people like me should be in the program.”

“People like you?”

Marinette is thankful she's still sitting on the desk as Chat tips his head to the side, his expression positively carnivorous, “He calls us names because we come from what he considers ‘lower class’ families. He's told me a few times that I should go back to the bakery where I belong.”

Chat runs his tongue along the sharp tips of his teeth, “Please tell me you fought back.”

“You’re damn right I did,” Marinette snickers a little at the memory; she may not have fought back as Marinette at the time (he’s the son of Paris’ most prominent lawyer after all) but she’d hit him hard enough today to break his nose, “I wish someone would knock him off his high horse for good.”

“Ladybug did a good job of that,” Chat smirks and somehow draws himself even closer to her, “She clocked him so hard I thought she turned his face inside out.”

“He deserved it, even if the Cure would have healed him right up,” Marinette shrugs and goes to get off the desk but Chat is suddenly crowding her space, his claws fiddling with the hem of her shirt at her hips, “Chat? What are you doing?”

She watches his Adam’s apple bob low in his throat, “I’m just really glad you’re safe. I...I had a feeling something bad was going to happen so I followed you here today just in case.”

Marinette’s eyes fly up to lock onto his face, surprised by the unexpected revelation, “You did? That’s...that’s a little creepy Chat.”

“I know,” he frowns and turns away, his expression conflicted, “But I just couldn’t shake it off, and then when he started to come after you I just...kind of flew off the handle.”

“Is that what all this is?” she brushes her fingers through his wild tresses, his blond hair thicker and curlier and downright feral looking, “I’m not complaining, but since when did you grow actual fangs?”

“Good question,” he presses the pad of his thumb to the sharp points and taps them experimentally, “It’s kind of weird, isn’t it?”

“I mean...” Marinette shrugs, or at least she tries to; her hands have tangled themselves in his hair on their own accord and she can hardly tell them to stop, not with the way her superhero partner starts to melt around her, shuffling closer until they’re nearly chest to chest. Part of her distantly wonders how she’s not freaking out right now, what with the way he’s standing between her thighs, his eyelids drooping, his hands now grasping her waist like they belong there. He licks his lips and she has to close her eyes to keep it together, focusing instead on the purr that’s kicked in like a small engine in his chest, “It’s kind of cute.”

“Cute?” his laugh rumbles through his throat and the gravelly, rasping sound of it makes her toes tingle, “I am *not* cute.”

Marinette scrapes her nails along his scalp and the increased pressure only draws him closer, “Yes you are. You’re adorable.”

“I have *fangs*,” he says, snapping his teeth together with a smirk, “Hardly adorable.”

“They are pretty big,” Marinette has *no* idea what’s gotten into her.

“Yeah?” Chat tips his head to the side, “The better to bite you with, my dear.”

*Oh god.*

Marinette tries to suppress a full body shiver and fails miserably, “You want to...bite me?”

“Maybe?” his grin falters for a moment, “I mean, only if you *mmff!*—”

Hauling him towards her by the back of his head, Marinette throws all caution to the wind and presses her lips to his like she means it, forceful and swift and it's something between smothering and sweltering as they slam together. They both gasp, lips parting, eyes wide and they're both a little paralysed, a little shocked as Marinette pulls away, forcing some space between them as she burns, embarrassed and mortified and every other word on the roster as flames of heat lick all the way down to her toes.

“Whoa,” Chat’s cheeks turn pink beneath his mask as he reaches up to touch his lips, his pupils blown wider than she's ever seen them, “That was...can we do that again?”

Marinette is so conflicted she can hardly breathe, “I thought you were in love with Ladybug?”

“I am, in a way,” Chat concedes, shrinking the space between them, “But things have changed between us.”

“They have?”

He nods, “You said so yourself, I need to move on, and I am. You may not have superpowers Marinette, but you’ve saved me more times than you could ever know.”

Bending forwards, Chat brushes his lips against hers and Marinette shudders, gasping as he runs his tongue along her bottom lip, nipping it ever so slightly with his teeth. Her thighs tighten around his hips as he reaches around her waist and pulls her even nearer, her fingers grasping handfuls of his hair desperately, rapturously, yearningly, her pulse pounding furiously in her ears. His claws run up the length of her spine, teasing the hairs at the nape of her neck and Marinette arches instinctively, the sensation deliriously addictive as he explores her mouth reverently, basking in the warmth of him, the heat of him, the relentless desire overtaking her like a flood that’s she’s kept dammed for years in the hopes that Adrien would come and whisk her away.

But now?

Adrien *who?*

“Marinette,” he murmurs against her lips, pulling away for a moment to breathe before diving down and kissing her again, devouring her relentlessly and she’s weak for it, weak for the way he grabs one of her hips and hauls her against his abdomen, their bodies flush to one another and *god*, there’s something about the way his purr rumbles through his chest that sets her skin on fire, the feeling effervescent like French champagne after a celebration —

“AHH!”

Marinette pulls away, her eyes as wide as saucers as her hands start flailing around her face, “The competition! The competition! I’ve got to get back to the ballroom!”

She leaps to her feet and begins running before turning back to Chat, panicking and scrambling to find her senses all at once, “I’m sorry I’ve got to run! It’s really important!”

“Go,” Chat manages to say, his kiss swollen lips pulling into the goofiest smile she’s ever seen, “And good luck.”

“Thank you,” she goes to turn but *god* , if he isn’t the cutest thing and she runs right back, planting another quick kiss against his lips, “I’ll see you tonight alright?”

“I’ll be there with bells on,” he quips, regaining some of his composure as he quickly presses a kiss to the tip of her nose, “Literally.”

She throws her head back and laughs, “Bye Chat.”

*“A plus princesse!”*

## Chapter End Notes

Woohoo!!! They kissed properly this time! I love it! Muah!

# Unexpected Reveal

## Chapter Notes

So I managed to get to page 28 of chapter five and said hm, perhaps I need to split this into two chapters.

Get ready for a reveal!

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

## Sommeil - Chapter 5

### *Unexpected Reveal*

***si on sortait prendre l'air / au lieu d'me prendre pour de la merde / prends-moi la main***

Let's set the scene.

There's an empty bottle of Champagne on the desk poised just far enough away that the pooling condensation doesn't bleed into Marinette's acceptance letter to the fast track program at the Institute. She's one of three to have made it, her men's line a roaring success with the judges panel even after Nicolas' scene stealing meltdown, and Marinette hasn't stopped glowing since, especially since Chat came by her bedroom earlier that evening with a bottle of *Veuve Clicquot Brut* in one hand and two flutes in the other.

"To fashion!" he announces, giggling like an idiot as they tap their flutes together for the umpteenth time.

Marinette grins, "To fashion!"

Chat takes another sip and leans back against her kitten pillow with a wink, "So does this mean I get the suit jacket now?"

"It's all yours," she replies, sliding down onto her belly beside him, "I might need it back though. Mme. Sotnikova said that she might have some clients who are interested in using it in the men's fashion show in January."

Chat's eyes seem to glitter in the lamplight as he takes another gulp, "Yeah? That's amazing Marinette."

"I think so too," she agrees with a blush, peering up at him through her eyelashes. His transformation is back to the way it is normally, his sharp fangs and wild hair seemingly forgotten for now, "I guess I'm going to be a lot busier once January rolls around."

“And then it’ll be me finding ways to get you to fall asleep,” Chat says with another wink and the suggestive meaning behind his words are not lost on her. Gawking, her face heats up and the saucy quip she’d usually have come up with as Ladybug suddenly dissolves on her tongue.

“Chat got your tongue Purrincesse?” he flirts, and there’s spice in his eyes as he wiggles his eyebrows, his tongue peeking out passed his teeth, “Oh wait, I guess I already did this morning.”

Marinette chokes on her Champagne, “*Chat!*”

“What?” he blinks those wide kitten eyes of his, that telltale smirk belying his innocence, “I was just telling the truth.”

Marinette tries to gain back her composure by draining her glass all in one go and Chat has to fight to keep from cackling, “I’m sorry, did I break you?”

“Nope, nope nope nope,” Marinette’s head is spinning ever so slightly, the delightful mix of alcohol and flat out nervousness and elation hitting her bloodstream like a concrete truck, “You need to behave.”

“Yeah?” he bends his elbow and props his head up on his palm, glancing down his nose at her with the kind of smouldering look that’s so much more paralysing than it used to be. Shivering, Marinette feels the same foreign feeling from this morning burst into flames low in her belly in a way it never has before, “I’ll be so good for you.”

Marinette reaches out and snatches Chat’s champagne, chugging it in an act of self preservation, “Y-yeah?”

“Oh yes,” he bats his eyelashes and *what is going on between her thighs?* , “And if I’m not, I’ll let you punish me however you see fit.”

*kathunk*

When she looks back on this moment, she’ll likely blame the alcohol. She might even blame Chat too, what with the way his pupils seem to dilate, his tongue running across his lips in a way that has her leaning closer, drawn in like a butterfly to a flame. Every inhibition she’s ever had around him has fallen off the tracks and into the neighbouring ravine as his mouth part to speak, his cheeks flushing pink as his free hand gently settles on her hip. It’s nerve wracking in the best of ways and even though they’ve slept beside each other and kissed each other before, they’ve never quite done something like this.

“Marinette?”

There’s a question on his tongue, one that speaks of the same nervousness she’s feeling, that same unmistakable tension from the force that’s driving them closer like an elastic band that’s just about to snap, “Yes.”

“Yes?”

Marinette doesn't bother quelling the whole body shudder that rockets up her spine, "Yes, now kiss me."

And well, he really doesn't need much more of an invitation than that.

Diving back in with all of the gusto from earlier that morning, Marinette meets him halfway and it's nothing like their first kiss where they'd all but slammed foreheads, clacking teeth in earnest. No, this time it's sloppy and messy and it occurs to her that Chat may be even more anxious than she is, what with the way he keens and warbles restlessly, the purr buzzing up from his chest a counterpoint to the way his hands stutter and stop as they roam. Bravely, Marinette tries to steady her own jittery movements and buries her fingers in his hair, relishing in the way he gasps against her mouth as she tugs, the painful pleasure sending him reeling.

"I have absolutely no idea what I'm doing," Chat mutters against her lips after a while, tucking an errant curl of hair behind her ear. She's already well aware of this, having discussed their singleness repeatedly for months, and she hopes he understands just how much she can relate, murmuring encouragements against the corner of his mouth as she tugs him closer. Relaxing in her arms like the slut for praise that he is, he slots their lips together again and gently brings her lower lip between his teeth before breaking the kiss altogether with a sigh, smiling as she groans in protest. He traces his fingers down the side of her neck as an apology and kisses her softly along the same pale stretch of skin, paying special attention to the constellation of freckles trailing down beneath the shell of her ear.

"Glad I'm not the only one," Marinette murmurs back, tilting her head to the side as he kisses towards her collarbone, moisture brushing over her skin as he nods.

"It was like I was possessed earlier," Chat explains and Marinette's eyes blink a few times to try and regain her senses, her lips popping open with a gasp as his tongue dips into the notch between her collarbones, "I was me but it was...kind of a crazy version of me."

"Yeah?" she responds breathlessly as she rolls onto her back, her nerve endings utterly overwhelmed as Chat continues to plant soft, deliberate kisses along her exposed skin, "What did your kwarmi say about it?"

"He told me I need to chill out before I transform," he snickers and the shock of hot breath is enough to inspire goosebumps to break out along her décolletage, "I was so furious when Nicolas hurt you—"

"Hush," Marinette bats him lightly on the forearm and closes her eyes again, luxuriating in the kiss he leaves on her jawline, "I don't want to think about him while you're kissing me."

"So this is..." Chat trails off and Marinette sighs, tipping her chin down to stare at him, "Is it alright if I keep going?"

"Yes Chat," she assures him, her voice taking on a sort of desperate edge as he breathes against her skin, his green eyes seemingly glowing with the praise, "So stop talking and start kissing. Now."

A knowing smile stretches across his lips and he chuckles lowly, scooting a little farther back onto the bed, "As you wish."

~

It's January and Marinette doesn't know whether she's coming or going half the time, her world a vibrant ball of insanity and swathes of fabric wrapped in sewing needles and pin cushions. She's running herself ragged, much to Chat's chagrin, who's been sleeping like the smitten kitten he is every night in her bed, always fast asleep by the time she finally crawls in after midnight for a snuggle. She calls him the perfect bed warmer and he happily adds that to his job requirements; as the official Keeper of Marinette's sanity, Chat takes his role very seriously.

"Do you have the dress bags?"

"Check."

"Extra pins?"

"Packed them last night."

Chat hands over her purse, "Your brain?"

"That's debatable," Marinette smirks and adjusts the strap so it doesn't dig into her neck, "But I brought a change of clothes so I look somewhat presentable backstage."

"You're going to do great Marinette," Chat announces proudly, wrapping her in another quick hug, "I wish I could be there to watch."

"I wish you could be there too," she agrees, ducking her head as he plants a kiss against her temple, "I'm really nervous. I still don't even know which models will be wearing my designs!"

"That's because Mme. Sotnikova is taking care of everything," Chat assures her, leading her over to her trap door as the wintery morning sun peers in through her windows, "Your job is to arrive, deliver the clothing and roll in all the accolades you'll get after the show!"

Marinette grins as his confidence flows through her, "I hope they love it. This could be my big break, you know? And remember how I told you that one of the models bought my design? Well, they're wearing it tonight and the other two suits are up for sale tonight too, which is like, insane. I can't believe it!"

"Which design did the model buy again?"

"The suit jacket that you liked," Marinette grimaces, "I promise I'll make you another one."

Chat seems to take it in stride, "It's all good Purrincess. Just being your model is enough for me. Can you imagine? One day I'll be able to brag to everyone that I was the suit model for the world famous clothing designer Marinette Dupain-Cheng!"



“I don’t think so,” Marinette begins to blush in earnest and bats him on the forearm, “Especially if I don’t leave soon which means that you have to get out of here too. Will I see you tonight?”

“And every night after,” Chat replies, pressing a kiss to her lips before opening the door for her, “For as long as you’ll have me, I’ll be here.”

“Thank you,” Marinette beams, hauling her dress bags and backpack full of designing supplies down the stairs, “Be safe today.”

Chat offers her a mock salute and a wink, “Always. See you later!”

~

The suits are delivered and the scene is set. Marinette quickly follows Mme. Sotnikova down to another part of the backstage area and scampers over to where she’s been told to go, sitting down on one of the makeshift stools in the corner that Mme. Sotnikova has claimed for her own. Shadowed by her personal assistant on one side and her business associate on the other, the Russian woman debriefs Marinette quickly, her good mood only evident by the slightest of upticks in her left eyebrow.

“All suits have been suitably tailored yes?”

Marinette nods vigorously, “And twice measured. There shouldn't be any issues.”

“I expect no less,” Mme. Sotnikova taps her perfectly manicured nails twice against her clipboard, “It is future of your career in fashion. You will be remembered for only good or bad reason after today.”

Gnawing on her lower lip, Marinette doesn't know whether she needs to pee or throw up, “I’m confident that everything is perfect.”

“You don't look confident,” Mme. Sotnikova states flatly, her face as blank as ever, “Stand up straight and change clothing. You look like student, I need designer. This is biggest night of your life, act like it.”

“Yes Mme.,” Marinette all but blubbers, her nerves beginning to get the best of her. How was she going to make it through tonight? She knows her products are perfect but what if something goes wrong backstage while she's in the gallery with Mme. Sotnikova? What if a model spills water or a makeup artist drops mascara down the front of the fabric or a quick change assistant rips the lapels—

“I can hear you thinking. Stop,” Mme. Sotnikova raps her pen down on the table in front of her, causing Marinette to flinch, “Change your attitude. You would not be here if your designs were not good enough, yes?”

Marinette desperately tries to swallow the raging nest of butterflies threatening to burst through her stomach and manages to do so, if only barely, “I’ll try.”

“No, you will do,” Mme. Sotnikova counters with an arched brow, “No one will buy from shy designer. You have already sold one suit, I want second and third sold for good price to fund your next project.”

“My next project?”

“Yes,” Mme. Sotnikova’s lip twitches upwards and Marinette takes that as a good sign, “And you will need money from sales for materials. I have two fashion houses interested in collaborating with my students and I have already assigned you.”

“ *Two fashion houses ?*” Marinette’s jaw drops, “Which two?”

“Zegna and Eidos,” Mme. Sotnikova replies with the slightest of smirks, “It is unusual for woman to make name for herself in men’s fashion but I have seen stranger things.”

“Wow...” Marinette trails off, her eyes rivalling the circumference of saucers, “That’s amazing!”

“Yes, but you won’t sell clothes looking like that. I hope you pack something nice?”

Marinette nods dumbly, still utterly shocked by the fact that *two* major names in the men’s fashion business were looking into *her* designs, “I made an outfit specifically for this event.”

“Another thing to sell,” Mme. Sotnikova’s eyes practically gleam with the possibilities, “Change clothing and return. The show will start in one hour.”

“Yes Mme.,” Marinette hops off her stool and snatches her own dress bag from the table beside her, running off towards the bathroom. Her heart is thudding furiously in her chest with nerves and anticipation, her thoughts and pulse an absolute mess in her head. As a little girl, she’d always imagined herself designing dresses and skirts and lacey ensembles...who would have thought she’d be hitting the fashion scene with three custom made floral suits for men?

The source of her inspiration comes to mind.

With a private smile, Marinette disappears into the largest stall and secures her dress bag onto the hook, zipping it open and pulling out the first item on the hanger. It’s a silk camisole she’d picked up at the discount store and tailored herself, stitching a gorgeous line of black lace to accent the sweetheart décolletage. She shucks off her shirt and throws off her bra, slipping the camisole on over her bare skin.

“Brrr,” she shivers, bracing herself at the odd sensation as the silk brushes up against her bare breasts in a way that reminds her of Chat’s curious leather clad fingers after a long patrol outside. He’s the most tactile person she knows, not that she’s been handsy with anyone else mind you, but she’d be lying if she said that she didn’t fantasise about those hands of his on her body at least once a day.

Marinette unclasps her jeans and lets them drop to the floor, gathering them into her waiting hands only to be thrown into the bottom of the dress bag. She fishes out the item on the next

hanger and smiles victoriously, especially since she'd managed to hide it from Chat's prying eyes so it would be a surprise when he'd visit tonight.

If she's going to be known for menswear, she might as well flaunt it with a gorgeous pair of slim, high-waisted trousers in the same dainty jacquard floral design as her matching slim, stretchy woven blazer with snappy peak lapels. The darting is meticulous, the hemming succinct, the silhouette both feminine and sleek in a way that positively screams power move. She grins as she slips the jacket over her shoulders and leaves the front unbuttoned, tucking the silk camisole into the pants to accentuate her waist.

From the bottom of the bag, Marinette fishes a pair of simple back pumps and pops them onto her feet, packing up the rest of the clothing and walking out and take in her appearance in the mirror. She's almost ready, but a quick change of hair style will fix that right up as she tugs her ponytails out in favour of a messy bun on the top of her head. With her neck exposed, her fellow designers will be able to see more of the hand sewn detail work of the suit as well as the sneaky, yet vibrantly apparent Marinette sewn into the line of the lapels in the same vibrant pinks that dominate the majority of her custom pantsuit design.

With a swipe of lip gloss and a quick wink to herself in the mirror, Marinette hits a power pose and struts out the door towards Mme. Sotnikova's corner with all the confidence she can muster. She's one of the top design students at the Institute and she's at the most important show of her life so far.

That, and she's Ladybug. With or without her spots, she's going to rock this show tonight.

~

The lights drop and Marinette shifts impatiently beside Mme. Sotikova, her fingers itching to be of use. She wishes she could be back there with the rest of the design team but she supposes her suits are safe with the Institute's professionals, and since she's still just a student, she can't be back there once the show gets going anyway. She's not exactly complaining mind you; getting to sit in the gallery is no small honour and Marinette can hardly believe all of her hard work has led her here to this moment.

The music begins to throb from the speakers and Marinette waits on baited breath, eager to see which models will come out first. Thirty different independant companies are being featured in the show and the organisers have partnered up with Paris' best modelling agency to show off the stunning array of menswear that doesn't belong to larger, more well known houses. There are many other small time designers here who are just bursting through the glass bubble of obscurity and into the raging world of global recognition and Marinette still can't believe she's sharing air with these people. She knows she's lucky to have had this opportunity through the Institute but damn if she isn't excited as the first model struts down the runway wearing a plaid ensemble so garish that it screams haute couture.

Twin models Félix and Florent pose with matching sequined coats that light up the gallery like multi coloured disco balls. Isha shows off a houndstooth three piece with a wide brimmed hat and studded loafers. Micah wears a fur coat so fluffy it nearly eclipses his entire body and Oskar totes a romantic silk pussy-bow blouse in the same pink as Marinette's own stunning ensemble, of which she's already received a smattering of compliments for already.

Mme. Sotikova looked about as impressed as she's ever seen her and it gave her the burst of confidence she'd needed to shake hands and bump shoulders with various people in the industry as they'd made it into the gallery and sat down.

“Oh!”

The first of her two suits for sale walks onto the runway and Marinette nearly swoons, the crisp pastel green of the breasted jacket practically sinful against Victorien's ebony skin in the downcast lights. Posing, he cocks his hip just so as he hits the end of the platform and Marinette's heart flutters to a halt in her chest as he turns around and offers the crowd a steamy smoulder, blowing her away. She'd been proud of that suit but holy hell did it look stunning on him and clearly the crowd around her agrees, taking notes on their notepads or typing furiously on their tablets.

Several more models step onto the stage before her second design makes an appearance and Jin rocks it like the sassy rockstar he is, all legs and swagger and long black hair that make her knees weak. How did they get so many attractive people in one space? And how did they get so attractive in the first place? It reminds her of Adrien in a way, a boy she hasn't seen in months except for his Instagram posts and Snapchat stories. He made a few posts about being backstage at an event today but he hasn't geotagged any of them so he's probably in New York again or Hong Kong or—

*Merdemerdemerdemerdemerdemerde!!!*

“Is that Adrien Agreste?!”

“Shh!” Mme. Sotikova hushes her as Adrien struts across the stage in *her* white floral jacquard suit jacket and holy fucking shitshitshit, is that—she can’t even—what in the everloving *ASDFGHJKL*?!

Marinette alternates between silently screaming and hyperventilating in her seat as Adrien makes his way up the runway, his trademark smirk on his lips literally ripping the air from her lungs. She can hardly think let alone convince her heart to keep functioning as he pauses at the end and finds her in the crowd, his bright green eyes drilling into hers as if he'd known exactly where she would be sitting. Choking, she promptly enters cardiac arrest as he winks at her (*AAaaHhHHH!!!*) and turns back around, his hips moving with the music in a way that has her thighs throbbing and her head spinning because *Adrien Agreste* is the one wearing *her* suit on the runway, which means that *Adrien Agreste* is the one that bought her suit jacket, which means that *Adrien Agreste* has something on his perfect body that she made, which means *Adrien Agreste* will wear it again, which means—

Marinette blacks out for several minutes and even though her body is doing a fantastic job of keeping her upright in her seat, her brain has completely flatlined. She cannot wait to tell everyone she knows about it and the thought alone of telling Chat when she gets home makes her heart soar. He'll be so proud of her, knowing that her designs are being worn by the city's most famous model and she hopes she can speak to Adrien too after the show, even if it's just a quick thank you for purchasing her piece. She knows they went to school together and they were close friends, but he'll let her take a photo of him for her Instagram right? Would it be

uncool to ask? Would he even be allowed to? Then again, he's here as an independent, not as a representative of Gabriel so maybe...

The show has ended and she's somehow managed to follow Mme. Sotnikova backstage again. The Russian woman has sent her assistants out to talk to the reps from the interested companies about her suits and Marinette can hardly keep her feet planted on the ground, her entire body floating on cloud nine. The only thing better than this would be defeating Hawkmoth and finally being able to see who her boyfriend is; with no suits and secrets between them, she'd finally be able to stop the kissing and heavy petting and finally (*finally!*) lose her V Card to the boy who'd somehow managed to steal her heart away—

“Hi Marinette!”

She spins around and nearly smacks her face into Adrien's floral printed chest, “Adrien! Hi!”

He chuckles as she stumbles back and he reaches out to steady her, the warmth of his hands seeping through the fabric of her own suit, “Your outfit is *gorgeous* Marinette. I'd say that I didn't believe you made this, but after wearing this amazing jacket, I believe you could make anything.”

“Th-thank you,” Marinette practically melts at the compliment, glancing up at him with the kind of gobsmacked expression that reminds her of what she was like as a kid, “I'm glad you like it.”

“Like it? I love it!” he says, spinning around on the ball of his black and white loafers with a laugh. She smiles and takes in the whole ensemble, the snakeskin pattern on the shoes with tassels shaped like shark's teeth hanging off the tongue, the silky white trousers with the subtle fleur de lys pattern all along the fabric, the...

...wait a minute...

*“Anyway, these trousers have a fleur de lys pattern on them, kind of like an overlay, but it's so subtle that it won't distract from this awesome flower pattern on the jacket.”*

**No**

*“Oh, and shoes! I picked up these loafers recently, they're black and white and have these fun little shark teeth tassels at the front.”*

**Fucking**

*“They'd be totally unexpected, or I could just go with the plain black ones, or the steel gray...”*

**Way**

Marinette feels the blood drain from her face as she glances back up at him, her jaw unhinging with a clatter to the floor. He's just smiling that usual smile of his, but those eyes, those bright green *infuriating* eyes are gleaming with the kind of mischievous bullshit she's

long associated with her *asshat* of a partner and Marinette doesn't know whether she wants to punch him in the face or kiss him stupid.

"Someone wants our picture Marinette," he says with his perfect voice, snapping her out of her borderline murderous reverie, "Come stand beside me."

She nods dumbly as Adrien wraps his arm around her waist and tucks her in closer to his side. The photographers, and there are a few of them, ask her to smile but she can hardly hear them speak over the voice in her ear as he leans over, his lips scant centimetres from her skin.

"We make the *purrfect* pair, don't we?"

Marinette chokes.

Miraculously, they somehow manage to pull off a picture and miraculously, Marinette somehow manages to extricate herself from his grasp long enough to toddle over to the nearest table, Adrien sauntering along in her wake. She's gaping like a fish and he's beaming like a ray of pure *stupid* sunshine and if Mme. Sotnikova hadn't chosen that exact moment to crash their conversation, Marinette might have just slapped him for being so damn *calm* about it all.

"M. Agreste," she greets him, her steel grey eyes appraising him briefly before turning to Marinette, "I have clients for you. Come."

Marinette turns long enough to nod to her Russian mentor before shifting her focus back to him, the two handsome, blond objects of her affections all rolled into one in all their matchless glory standing before her. How did this happen under her nose? How did she not notice after four years of school and what, twelve thousand pictures of him on her walls? She practically stalked him at one point, memorising his schedule in some pseudo suave attempt to understand the Adrien behind the camera, and what a creep she'd been! And that same boy had been in her bedroom! He'd seen all the crazy photos! He knew how borderline insane she'd been as a teenager! He knew everything and she'd been ignorant to it all!

"Your teacher is waiting for you," he says with a tip of his head and the move is so horrifyingly catlike that she can practically paint his mask and ears on with her mind's eye, "You shouldn't keep her waiting."

Marinette finally manages to unglue her tongue from the roof of her mouth and narrows her eyes just enough to make sure he knows she means business, "You and I are going to have a talk tonight."

"At least I'm still invited," he replies, and his smirk dissolves into a look she's much more familiar with, his eyes finally showing some of the nervousness he must have been hiding underneath, "The usual time?"

"Don't. Be. Late," she makes sure to punctuate each and every syllable in a way that makes him shudder in the best of ways. He's always liked taking orders from her alter-ego; why should this be any different?

Chat Adrien gulps audibly, “God, you’re gorgeous when you’re angry.”

“And you’re just gorgeous in general, but that doesn’t negate the fact that I have every intention of killing you tonight.”

Adrien has the gall to laugh, “Okay one, these trousers are way too tight for that kind of talk and two, Mme. Sotnikova is going to kill you first if you don’t get over there.”

Marinette scowls, “This isn’t over.”

“And thank god for that,” he winks, his smile as impish as the little glance he gives her over her shoulder as he turns away, “À plus, Purrincesse.”

## Chapter End Notes

Thank you for your patience and for your comments! I love them all and I love you! Once last chapter left and it's a monster too...smut and arguments and a very thirsty fashion designer will all feature in Sommeil's conclusion!

Leave a comment if you enjoyed!

# Soulmates

## Chapter Notes

The final chapter! Get ready for some virgin!sex.

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

### **Sommeil - Chapter 6** ***Soulmates***

*la vie, santé, bonheur / avoue que tu n'as pas sommeil*

Her parents are *so* proud of her.

Bursting with delight, Tom and Sabine had stayed up much later than they should have just to watch the livestream of the fashion show and they're even more ecstatic when the pictures of her and Adrien and a few other fashion moguls pop up on their joint Twitter feed. Marinette can hardly breathe when they wrap her up in a huge hug as she walks through the door later that night, her Papa lifting her right off her feet into a celebratory spin. Once he sets her down, they take a photo of her and she laughs as her Maman sends it to all of their family members scattered around the world, typing the caption 'Future Fashion Mogul' across her waist.

And her friends? They're proud of her too.

In typical bff fashion, Alya blows up her phone for a solid hour after Adrien reposts the photo of the two of them on his Instagram and Marinette suddenly gains several thousand followers in the span of her Métro ride. Nino insists that her floral pantsuit is the newest inspo for his latest Spotify mix and the rest of her friends, whether they're former classmates or current ones, all congratulate her in one way or another. Marinette is positively glowing at the praise and suddenly screams out loud, running down the stairs and into her parent's bedroom when a text from Mme. Sotnikova confirms it.

"I SOLD BOTH OF THE SUITS!"

She leaps onto their mattress and Sabine and Tom could not possibly be more proud of their daughter as they jump up and down together. They smother her with another round of hugs and cheers before sending her up to bed with a promise to bake her the greatest cake in the history of cakes tomorrow for all of her hard work and dedication and Marinette practically floats as she makes her way back up to her bedroom, skipping up the stairs and shrieking with glee as she dances around the room. She's still in her fabulous pantsuit and she pauses in front of the mirror to strike a pose, jutting her hip to the side with a funky flick of her bangs and sexy pout at her reflection.



“ *Damn* , you look good.”

Marinette screeches and clamps her hand over her mouth as she spins around, finding the source of the voice hanging upside down from her rooftop trapdoor. Grasping for composure, Marinette recovers quickly and snatches the nearest object from her desk, which happens to be a notebook, and promptly chucks it at his face with Ladybug’s perfect aim, smashing him straight between the eyes.

“Agh!” Chat shrieks, falling onto the mattress with a graceless thump. He peeks up over the banister a second later rubbing his face, “What was that for?”

Marinette is already marching towards him with murder on her mind, “You!”

“Yes?” he squeaks, his verdian eyes growing wide as she balls her hands into fists and glowers at him from the base of the ladder.

“How dare you?!” she points her finger at him accusingly, “How dare you reveal your identity to me?! For all you know, I could be Le Papillon!”

Chat scooches back as she hauls herself up the ladder and looms over him menacingly, “I have a really good explanation!”

“Then start talking,” she leaps onto the mattress and lands on her knees, jabbing her outstretched finger into his chest, “Because I am *mad* at you.”

Cowering, Chat takes it in stride, “Okay so, you know how I really liked that suit?”

Marinette doesn’t budge, “The one I was going to give you for free until I found out Mme. Sotnikova had sold it to a very persistent buyer? That one?”

Chat shrinks beneath her heated gaze, “Yeah, that one. See, I knew how much work and time and money you sunk into it and I didn’t want you to just give it to me without getting paid, so I emailed the Institute and asked her if I could buy it.”

“And she just...sold it to you?”

“Well...” Chat rubs the back of his neck nervously, “I actually had Nathalie do it. And...well, I signed the email M. Agreste so it wasn’t like I was exactly lying...”

“Hold on,” Marinette raises a palm to stop him, “You’re trying to tell me that you pretended to be your father so Mme. Sotnikova would sell you the suit?”

Chat nods vigorously, “And then I started wearing it! And people started asking me about the designer and I told them it was you and showed them your designs and the other three suits you made for the competition and a few of them were really interested in the two that were featured tonight!” Chat does his best impression of a guilty kitten and bats his eyelashes, begging for mercy, “But it all turned out good right? You sold those two suits and now you’re €800 richer! And I really didn’t want to interfere but they’re so gorgeous and well made and we’re all just so sick of wearing badly fitting suits and everyone deserves to wear something that fabulous right? And now *everyone* is going to want a Marinette suit and you’re going to

be the most amazing fashion designer ever and everyone will love you and respect you and I just want you to know that I love and respect you too and so please don't kill *AH!*—”

Marinette throws a pillow at his face and promptly picks up another one, “I don't *care* !”

*Poof!*

“Because you shouldn't have told me your identity!”

*Poof!*

“You're supposed to keep it a secret to keep you and your family safe!”

Chat catches the next pillow with his hands and peeks out from behind it, “Look, I told you months ago about the trousers and the shoes that I was going to wear with that suit.”

“Which should have been your first clue that you shouldn't have worn them!”

“Honestly Marinette, I figured you would have been so in the zone about the whole night that you wouldn't notice!”

Marinette holds another pillow projectile above her head, “Of course I noticed, you idiot!”

Chat deflects the next pillow she throws with the one he's already holding and chances a wary glance at her again, “I just...I couldn't pass up on the opportunity! Didn't those trousers compliment the jacket perfectly? And those shoes, *mmm* , they looked so good with the ensemble right? And it was my first show since going independent so I just *had* to.”

“ *That's* your excuse? You couldn't pass up the opportunity to....wait, hold on. Independent? You're not modelling for Gabriel anymore?”

Chat shakes his head, “I am, but now that I'm eighteen, I don't have to model for my father exclusively.”

“Oh.”

“It's pretty awesome actually,” he says with a shrug, “I did a shoot for Givenchy last week. I got to wear ripped jeans!”

Marinette hesitates as Adrien Chat begins to recount the shoot with increasing excitement, waving his pillow shield about as he describes the grungy clothes and the crazy make-up he'd been asked to wear. She's still furious, enraged even, but the throbbing pulse of fury in her ears is drowned out by the sound of his voice as it ebbs and flows, the bags under his eyes no longer quite as visible, his cheeks less sallow, his lips less pale.

“Is that why you couldn't sleep? Was it the modeling?”

Chat freezes mid sentence and gapes at her, “What do you mean?”

“Back in October when Ladybug sent you here. You were tired. You couldn’t sleep. Was it because of the modelling?”

“I...” Chat gulps, “Not exactly. Is it okay if I detransform before I explain? Plagg’s hungry.”

“Fine,” Marinette quells the nervous flutter in her stomach as they make eye contact across the mattress. Adrien nods slightly and the room is suddenly flooded with green lightning at the whisper of his lips, the crackle of magic giving her goosebumps. When Marinette opens her eyes, Adrien Agreste is sitting in Chat’s place on her bed, still holding the pillow against his chest.

“So um...” Adrien shifts nervously and Marinette can’t help but feel his anxiety in waves, the whole of it crawling down her throat and stealing away every bit of anger she’d once had, “The reason I had trouble sleeping was...well, there were a lot of reasons. Mainly my father. He wasn’t happy when he searched through my internet history and found out I had contacted another modelling agency. I assumed he’d be okay if I branched out a bit as long as I still modelled for him but I was...well, I was really wrong. He forbid me from doing any online university courses like I’d hoped and booked me for shoots and shows almost everyday of the week so I had no choice but to stay with him. I couldn’t visit my friends or keep up with fencing...I was really jet lagged and it was getting to me.”

“The only time I felt like a person was with Ladybug but even then, she was getting worried about me so she sent me here and the rest is history,” he shrugs, looking away, “Nathalie owed me a favour and helped me get back in touch with the agency and once I explained to them what happened, they signed me immediately. I never told my father explicitly about the contract but he backed off over Christmas and I’ve been able to do my own modelling now and make my own money, which is nice. I have my own bank account and everything! I can buy croissants whenever I like!”

Adrien’s attempt at humour to negate the reality of his situation falls flatly on Marinette’s ears as she finally sits down on her haunches. Looking back, how did she not see any of this? Why had she just taken his exhaustion at face value when it had cut so much deeper than she could have realised?

“Are you okay though?”

“Huh?”

Marinette repeats her question, “You still spend every night at my house...are you sure you’re okay?”

“Yeah, I’m better now,” Adrien fidgets with the edge of his pillow shield, “But I...I guess I got kind of used to sleeping here with you and...can I be honest here? Because I sleep like a *baby* when I’m with you. My head hits the pillow and I’m practically dead for seven hours. It’s bliss, seriously. I don’t think I could ever go back to sleeping in my own bed again...”

He trails off and Marinette watches as his face reddens, a bizarre vision now that he’s no longer wearing the mask. He’s in the same pair of pyjamas he was in yesterday (she would block his face with her palm every night just to see them) and she trails her eyes along his

chest as his blush creeps down the v-neck of his t-shirt, disappearing beneath the hem, “Like I said before, you’re always welcome here.”

“Even after this?”

“Yes...” Marinette’s voice sounds far away in her ears, “I just...I can’t believe you’re Adrien Agreste.”

“The one and only.”

“And I’ve been sleeping beside Adrien Agreste for months.”

“Now conveniently without a suit!”

Marinette gives him a hard look, “Can you give me a minute before you start flirting with me? I’m still trying to figure this out.”

“Ah, yeah,” he apologises, ducking his head, “This is a lot harder when I can’t hide behind the mask.”

“You have no one but yourself to blame for that.”

“It’s kind of nice though right?” he asks and that hopeful voice is back, the one that presses at the small of her back and urges her forwards, “Now we can date each other in real life!”

For the second time that night, Adrien takes the foundations of the earth out from beneath her feet in the most jarring of ways, “*What?!*”

“I mean, if that’s what you want,” he immediately backtracks, clearly taking the horrified look on her face as a bad sign, “I can totally understand if you’re mad at me and you never want to see me again *eeep!*—”

Marinette snatches the pillow from his grasp and leans in, her eyes trained on his, “Of course I want to date you.”

She bashes him over the head one more time for good measure with the pillow and promptly, unabashedly kisses him.

It’s so much like all of her kisses with Chat and yet it’s like kissing him for the first time, his usual bravado having left him in favour of a high pitched squeal of relief that has her laughing against his lips. Adrien groans in embarrassment and Marinette falls down onto the mattress beside him as he covers his face with his palms and it’s so funny that it helps melt some of the stubborn indignation she’s still harbouring towards him.

“Just kill me please,” he deplores between her snickers as Marinette pokes him in the side, “This has been the wildest day of my life.”

“You don’t have to tell me that,” she replies, jabbing him in the side again just to watch him shudder, “So are you going to just lay there or what?”

Adrien peeks out from between his fingers, “Huh?”

“You’re not wearing a suit, remember?”

“Oh yeah!” Adrien’s eyes light up at the realisation, “Tell me Purrincesse — ”

“ *Stooooop* ,” she cuts him off, mashing him in the face with her palm as she sits on her knees and tugs him up with her, “That only works when you’re Chat.”

“I am Chat,” he counters, peppering a line of kisses along her jaw, “We’re the same person.”

“I don’t care, you still can’t pull it off,” she pants as Adrien nips her earlobe in retaliation, “You know, we’ve been kissing for two and a half months, feel free to hurry it up a little, I don’t have all night.”

“I’m only taking it slow because I’m literally afraid you’re going to come to your senses and kick me out your window,” Adrien replies with a breathy laugh, unresisting as she tugs his pyjama shirt over his head, “I know you’re still mad at me.”

“Of course I’m still mad at you,” Marinette grouses back, crawling between his spread thighs, “But I’ve also been wanting to touch you since you kissed me the first time, so just let me have this, alright?”

Adrien sucks a lungful of air into his chest, “Please.”

Satisfied with his answer, Marinette pushes him onto his back and draws both of her thumbs along his bare hip bones, the muscles of his abdomen trembling as her hands smooth up and down his ribs, teasing the ridges of muscle there. His stomach hollows at the touch, arching his back as Marinette pauses at his navel; she loves watching the way his nerves react to every little touch, every caress of her fingers driving the boy beneath her a little closer to insanity. She’s a planner and although she’s long envisioned what would happen when this moment finally came, she finds the real live experience is so much better than her dreams.

Blushing, he babbles all sorts of nonsensical things as she runs her nails along the waistband of his pyjamas, teasing him senseless. She tries not to get distracted by the bulge scant centimetres from her curious touch but it’s poked her so many times in the back during their sleepovers that she can’t help but want to know what will happen if she touches it. What will his face look like? Will he cry out the same way he does when she tugs on his hair while they’re kissing on her chaise? Will he bite his lip and moan like he does when she presses her lips against his neck?

She runs her fingertips lightly over his nipples and presses a kiss to his chest between them, relishing in his reactions. He’s always been vocal as Chat but being able to see him and hear him at the same time is a gift she didn’t realise she’d been craving so deeply, celebrating it all as she flattens her body to his and grabs his ass, chuckling as he pinches his eyes shut and mewls. She kisses him in apology and loses her fingers in his hair, digging her nails into his scalp as their lips slide against each other, practiced and needier than ever before. His fingers finally come alive with a jolt and they’re suddenly touching every centimetre of bare skin they can reach, running up and down the pantsuit she still hadn’t taken off. Unwilling to ruin

in, Marinette quickly shucks the jacket and the trousers over the bannister before he can say a word and his reaction is more than satisfactory as she kneels in front of him in nothing but a black camisole and a pair of panties, her nipples clearly begging for attention from behind the silk.

“*Merde...*” he murmurs, his knuckles barely ghosting along her side in passing and Marinette can’t take it anymore, desperate to take matters into her own hands, so to speak. Snatching his wrists from her waist, she slaps them onto her breasts unceremoniously and urges him to move, glaring at him until he gets over his shock and kneads them in earnest, clipping her nipples with his thumbs. She gasps every time he does that and Adrien quickly gets the hint, focusing his attention on the little nubs until he’s coaxed them up over the neckline of her camisole and drawn them between his lips.

“Ah!” she cries as his teeth first scrape across her nipple and Marinette wriggles her hips in some vain attempt to lessen the pressure building there, failing miserably; how could his touch up here drive her so crazy down there anyway? They’ve hardly done anything yet but whatever he’s doing is working and her hips are moving on their own accord, desperate for some sort of friction to ease the wave of absolute neediness flooding through her veins.

“I...” Marinette opens her eyes long enough to stare up at the ceiling, beseeching the gods for relief as her pleasure grows more and more overwhelming, “Can you...can you touch me down there too?”

Adrien freezes for a few seconds but quickly recovers, making another one of those quiet, high pitched unintelligible noises. How did he keep this absolutely adorable quirk under wraps as Chat? She’d think more on it except her thoughts are violently derailed as she suddenly feels the pads of his fingers press against the cotton of her panties and *fuckfuckfuck* she needs more of whatever *this* is, her hips grinding down in earnest. Ever the quick learner, Adrien increases the pressure until Marinette’s completely soaked through and at that point, what’s the use of panties anyway? His teeth still torturing her breasts in the best of ways, he shoves her panties down her thighs and replaces his fingers once more, sending her thoughts rocketing through the stratosphere and into the stars.

“Oh my god,” she clenches her eyes shut as Adrien dips one finger into her entrance, waves of heat swirling through her body like a hurricane, “Move them.”

“Like this?” he sits up just high enough to slot their lips together and kiss her as he draws his finger back out of her, increasing the rhythm until Marinette is sputtering nonsense and his hand is soaking wet, “More?”

“Yes,” Marinette moans and pushing him away is the last thing she wants but they both have the same thing on their minds as he falls back with a stunned thump and she hauls his pyjamas and his briefs off his legs as if they’d offended her. She looks down quickly just to see what it looks like as she falls back over top of him and kisses him deeply, the odd sensation of him rubbing up against her thigh distracting her a little because he’s hot and hard and he’s flipped her on her back before she can make heads or tails of it all, his flushed face looming over top of her.

“Is this...” he trails off and Marinette can already tell what he's about to say, “This is your first time right?”

“Obviously,” she replies, shivering from the change in temperature as she spread her thighs around him, “I've only ever been with you.”

Adrien gulps, “I'm glad we're in the same boat.”

“Or in the same bed in this case,” Marinette takes two handfuls of his ass and all but drags him towards her, “So can you move please?”

“Since when did you get so impatient?” Adrien asks, gasping as she reaches down between them and grasps onto the root of his cock. She marvels at the heat of it for a moment, the skin so much softer than she'd anticipated as she guides him to her centre.

“Since you lost the suit and turned into Adrien Agreste,” she responds honestly, closing her eyes with a groan as the reality of her situation hits her, “Do you have a condom?”

“Uhh...” Adrien's face falls at her words, “They're in my wallet.”

“And your wallet is...”

“In my jeans, at home,” he flops off of her spectacularly, “Uggghhhhh.”

Of course, never let it be said that Marinette hasn't thought of every possible scenario and acted accordingly, “I'm on the pill, but make sure you bring your wallet next time.”

Adrien perks up like a particularly adorable puppy, barring the obvious cat connection, “Really?”

“Yes, for God's sake Adrien, I've been crushing on you for years,” she says, grabbing his shoulders in an attempt to get him back over top of her, “Let's go.”

“Hold on, you've been crushing on me for *years* ?”

“Yes, so get to it,” Marinette replies impatiently.

“Wait a second,” Adrien holds up his palms, “Why didn't you say something?”

“Because you're Adrien Agreste?” she says as if it's remarkably obvious, “And also, you're probably the biggest Ladybug fanboy I've ever met? I couldn't compete with that.”

“Good thing you don't have to,” Adrien murmurs, brushing his bangs from his forehead, “Nowadays, I only have eyes for you.”

Marinette practically *burns* with need, “Please. Just touch me already.”

She doesn't know if it's her words or her begging that finally knocks some sense into him, but he's back above her in a fraction of a second, poised and ready, “Okay just...let me know if you need me to stop or something.”

“Got it,” Marinette hisses as he starts pressing the head of his cock inside of her and...well, it's not pleasant, but it's not nearly as bad as her research had made it out to be. Alya had warned her months ago that being in the mood was the key to not being in total agony and Marinette can finally understand where her bff was coming from, cringing spectacularly before forcing her body to relax, “Oww...”

Adrien forcefully opens his eyes, his pupils nearly crossing with the sensation, “I'm sorry!”

“Just...don't move for a second okay?” Marinette grits out, taking a few deep breaths. It burns like hell but after taking a moment to compose herself, she wriggles her hips and finds that the gobsmacked expression on his face at the friction makes the whole thing worthwhile, “There. I think I'm good.”

Adrien practically wheezes, “Good for what?”

“Move,” she orders and *there we go*, that's something she can deal with. It's the strangest sensation in the best of ways, the press of his skin against hers as he pushes forwards, the hot breath in her ear as he fights to find a rhythm without losing his composure altogether. She's not quite feeling the pleasure like he is, not yet anyway, so she wraps her thighs around his bare waist and bucks into him as he thrusts and *ah!*

Now *that's* what she's talking about.

“Adrien,” she breathes, warm air ghosting passed her lips. She turns her head and kisses his cheek, urging him up from where he'd all but buried his face in her pillow and their lips come together in a messy, off centre kiss that makes her toes tingle at the intimacy of it all, his eyes opening slowly, reverently.

“God,” he somehow manages to mumble, his voice cracking a little near the end, “We should have done this months ago.”

“I would have been—,” Marinette keens as Adrien does something different with his hips, the change in pressure doing wicked things to the rekindled fire at the base of her spine, “—even more mad at you.”

“But it *ah!* would have been worth it,” he replies as his head falls forwards, their brows pressing together, “We could have been making more than suits together.”

Marinette rolls her eyes and pinches him on the arm for good measure, “I'm starting to rethink kicking you out.”

Pausing altogether, Adrien lifts his chin with a flick of his bangs, “We could have been making *loooove*.”

Marinette mashes him in the face with her palm for the second time that night and pushes him off of her, shoving him onto his back and climbing over top of him, “You talk too much.”

“Really? You've only told me that a million times before,” Adrien grabs hold of her hips as she takes his cock and sinks down slowly, hissing at the stretch, “*Oooh god.*”



Marinette shares the sentiment, her eyes fluttering closed at the change in position. She can rock her hips back and forth this way with more freedom, not to mention get a better look at his gorgeous expression as she repeats the same sinful little undulation over and over, "How's this?"

"Good," he gasps, his voice petering out as his hands skim up her sides and grasp onto hers, tangling their fingers together. Using them as leverage, she squeezes his hands and grinds down against him, the friction practically hallucinatory as they both groan, "So good."

Marinette's eyes clench closed as she tries another pattern with her hips, bracing her weight on their entwined hands as she lifts herself up and down a few times, his cock thrusting up in tandem with her little drops and twists. She finds it all a bit addicting now that the searing pain has been replaced with the burning heat of tiring muscles and the hot, hot pleasure churning between her thighs. She's fairly familiar with her clit, having experimented a few nights in the bathtub to the tune of her memories kissing Chat, and she wonders what it would be like to touch it now as he fills her and holds her, thrusting up inside her.

"Can we..." she pants, unraveling her left hand from his grasp to brush her bangs out of her eyes, "Can we try something?"

Adrien can hardly tear his eyes away as she leans forwards, "Yes."

She draws her lower lip between her teeth and bites down for a moment just to try and distract herself from the way he's staring at her, his pupils so wide she can hardly see the green any longer, his gaze entirely focused on her, "I want you to...to touch me again."

Adrien's lips feel numb, his consonants dragging as he tries to fight the desire to come at the request alone, "Where?"

"Here," she leans back and takes his free hand, wrapping her fingers around his wrist. She slowly drags him to where they're connected and Adrien's face heats up at the very thought of touching her there again, his mind racing, "Please."

She takes his thumb and presses it right up against her slit and Adrien finds the little swollen nub quite quickly, judging by the way Marinette throws her head back and clenches against his cock in a way that has him seeing stars, her cry of pleasure heightening his own. He repeats the little sweep up and down a few times before trying a circle pattern instead and that's clearly the magic ticket because she's bracing herself on his chest again and he can hardly believe how wet she is or how hot she is or how incredibly, mind blowingly sexy she is as he thrusts into her like a dream.

"M-more," Marinette warbles, the pressure building something fierce just like it always does when she's getting close, forcing her eyes open just to stare at him, his lips parted, his tongue peeking passed them, astounded and enraptured, whispering her name. She loves the sound of it on his lips in either of his forms but she's never heard him say it like this, like it's his lifeline, like a plea, a supplication. She's helpless to deny him, helpless to the little cries he makes as she begins to hurry, the urge getting to be too much. She slowly loses her senses, her thoughts stumbling to a stop as her instincts take over, her body restless for release, thick and sharp and she kisses him, devours him, his hot breath against her cheek as their gasps

turns shallow, uneven, rapid and desperate and she's so close, so close she can hardly stand it as he rubs her hard and fast and relentless and yes, yes, *yes!*

“Marinette!”

Adrien's hand stutters to a stop but it doesn't matter because Marinette's currently on another planet where gravity doesn't exist and everything is tingling like Champagne and sparkles in the best of ways. God, maybe Adrien was onto something when he said they should have been doing this months ago but right now, all she can think about is the pleasure riding through her veins like a shot of adrenaline, coursing from her head to her toes to her fingertips and back again, flooding her cheeks and her mind and her thoughts with the urge to just collapse and enjoy the little shivers, the twitches and the press of his hands on her skin as she finally finds herself back in her body again, a mix of relief and awe as they stare into each others widened eyes. They pant for what feels like hours until Marinette finally finds the strength within herself to push herself off of him and flop down beside him.

“Wow,” she says in a rush, staring up at her ceiling. She has no idea where her pantsuit is and her hair is an absolute mess but here she is, lying naked beside *Adrien Agreste* of all people after the best orgasm of her life.

Adrien makes another one of his unintelligible noises and it's kind of funny so she laughs and it sends her on another high, her lips pulling into a smile as wide as her lucky streak lately, the perfect ending to a perfect day. She can hear him roll over through her giggles and suddenly he's latched onto her waist so of course she has to try and escape and suddenly he's laughing too, low and sated and it's the funniest thing ever, squirming around until she can't fight him any longer, relaxing in his embrace.

Eventually, Marinette manages to move around enough to take a good look at him, his cheeks a ruddy shade of cherry, his smile a mixture of embarrassment and awe. She loves the look of his hair, all Chat Noir and windy nights on patrol and it finally clicks, the connection between the two of them.

Adrien is Chat Noir.

Chat Noir is Adrien.

And honestly?

She wouldn't have it any other way.

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*[epilogue]*

“You shameless little snot!”

“You gorgeous ray of beauty!”

Marinette cringes as something gets tossed across the room, “I am so mad at you! You just wait—”

“—I’ve been waiting all my life—”

“—you are in so much trouble with me—”

“—Oh goodie!”

“I can’t believe you convinced him to reveal himself!”

Dragging her eyes away from the supernatural argument happening over her banister in the middle of the night, Marinette hopes to every known deity on the earth that Adrien stays dead asleep beside her because if he wakes up and—

*Oh god.*

*Oh no.*

With a quiet heave and a groan, Adrien’s bare chest is pressing against her back in a matter of heartbeats, his voice catching with a strangled gasp in his throat. It’s loud enough to carry across the room and Marinette freezes in place as Adrien’s jaw clunks against her shoulder, the two guilty parties floating up in horror from below.

“Well,” the kwarmi of destruction finally comments, blinking twice at his chosen before turning to Tikki, “I guess the cat’s out of the bag.”

**“PLAGG!!!”**

fin.

## Chapter End Notes

I hope you all enjoyed this MariChat endeavour from me! Special shoutout to lalunaoscura for always being my smut inspiration and Yamina20 for being a part of Purrfect for You with me.

As always, you can find me on Tumblr where I love to chat with readers! You can find me at ao3bronte :)

I love reading your comments and I have found so much pleasure in hearing from all of you. To those of you who have left a comment on every chapter, you're simply the best!

Now I'm off to keep writing Safeword where I will hopefully not get distracted by another story!

## End Notes

Please leave a comment if you enjoyed!

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