

## Chat's Eye View (Love letters to Paris)

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# Chat's Eye View (Love letters to Paris)

by [Icka M Chif \(mischif\)](#)

## Summary

Adrien picks up a hobby, falls in love with his city, and inadvertently drives Paris crazy.

## Notes

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



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He hesitated a moment, staring at the phone on his desk at home.

He wasn't supposed to have it, it was one of Natalie's old ones, which meant that it was a top of the line expensive smart phone, but now one generation past. It was a good phone, and he'd grabbed it for Nino, whose cheaper phone was constantly dropping calls.

Except Nino had laughed and told Adrien to keep it, because even if it wasn't connected to a cellular network, it still had a kick ass camera, and a wifi connection. If worse came to worse, this was Adrien had a way to contact the outside world, should his father lock him in the house and take away his phone and computers.

'Never know when you need a bit of freedom'. Nino had advised not unkindly, and Adrien loved his friend for being about the only person to realise how trapped he was.

He could feel Plagg's confusion and impatience faintly through the ring, and thought to heck with it. He put the phone in his jacket pocket and leaped out of the window, into the sweet fresh smells of the night air.

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Somehow, it became habit to carry the second phone with him. Nino was right, it had a better camera on it than his normal 'Adrien' phone did, and it was nice to be on the other side of the camera for a change.

He'd knew the basics, when he'd been younger some of the photographers had taught him about light, colour, and composition as a way to keep him entertained during long boring shoots. It also made him a better model, knowing how to use those basics to his advantage.

Trying to get what he could see though, was a bit trickier. The camera was a tool, but a tool he was unfamiliar with.

Nino laughed whenever he'd stop and start taking photos of things, trying to get capture what caught his attention on the camera. The curve of a flower petal, the patterns the tree's branches made on the sidewalk, the colour and bustle of a busy street.

But Nino would wait as Adrien tried to capture... whatever. Most of his photos weren't quite right, they were okay, but they didn't have that pop he was looking for, even with playing with the phone's filters. Nino wasn't terribly interested in the photos Adrien took, but he seemed pleased that Adrien had found an interest in something outside of modelling and school.

"Nah, bro. It's cool." Nino waved it off, when he asked. "When you're looking through the camera, It's like you forget to be Adrien Agreste, and just *be*, yanno?"

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He didn't know who he was sometimes. There was Adrien Agreste, son of the famous designer, world famous model, and perfect puppet.



And then there was Chat Noir, who was as loud, flamboyant and charismatic as he could be. The wild cat who wanted nothing more to be tamed and loved, the mask of all the things he wanted to be and couldn't.

He didn't know how to *be*, who he was when no one was watching and he wasn't Adrien Agreste or Chat Noir. If there was something else he should call himself, when he wasn't either.

Nino was right. the photography helped. He wasn't thinking about where he was, who he was, or how he was supposed to be when he was focused on getting an image.

He kind of liked it, liked himself, those fleeting moments when he could just *be*.

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He could have asked his father for a camera, and actual one instead of a mobile phone, and been given a top of the line one. But then there would be questions, reports of progress, and probably classes scheduled so he could do it properly.

So he didn't tell anyone.

Kept it on the down low, making quiet steps to becoming a real boy.

It was his best secret, outside of Plagg and Chat Noir.

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When Plagg could be bothered, he had a great eye for shapes and patterns. The kwami was good at noticing the abstract, how things looked like other things, the flow of movement and shadows.

Plagg also thought it was good that he was getting a hobby, and tried to encourage him to pick up Plagg's specialty, cheese tasting.

It didn't stick.

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He liked watching Marinette sew. She didn't bring her embroidery work with her to school very often, too many 'accidents' from Chloe with liquids that stained cloth according to Nino, but it was always fascinating to watch her do it.

Her hands and fingers moved in such fast quick precise movements, hardly a gesture wasted. She seemed to just lose herself in the work, everything else disappearing as she focused, forming shapes, patterns, stories, out of fabric and thread.

"I love your hands." He said one day between classes, kneeling on his seat so he could watch her work. He hadn't meant to say anything or interrupt, and was immediately sorry that he had.

Marinette screamed, nearly throwing the embroidery hoop over one shoulder, needle and all.



“Sorry!” He leaned backwards, holding his hands up to show he meant no harm. “Sorry! I shouldn’t have said anything! It’s just really neat to watch you sew!”

Marinette just stared at him, her face bright red, a high pitch squeaking sound coming from the back of her throat.

Next to him, Nino face palmed. “You’ll have to forgive my boy here, he’s got problems with socialization skills and a lack of a brain to mouth filter.” Nino said, wrapping an arm around Adrien’s shoulders.

“This is true.” Adrien affirmed, leaning slightly into the contact.

“We’re working on it.” Nino assured Marinette, who slowly lowered her arms down.

“This is also true.”

“He’s just a very poor student.” Nino sighed, sounding regretful.

“This is... Hey!” He turned and glared at his friend, who managed to keep a straight face for a minute before cracking up.

Thankfully Marinette giggled, uncurling from her surprised flail to sit normally again. Which is when Alya came in, and rolled her eyes at the three of them and started snarking with Nino.

Marinette slowly working on her embroidery again, but it wasn’t the quick graceful birdlike gestures from before, she’d occasionally glance over at him and blush.

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He wasn’t very good with socialising. He’d never really needed to be before. He needed to be polite, say the right thing at introductions, and move on to the next person, without causing a scene.

He wasn’t used to maintaining a friendship, learning how to be around someone he wasn’t supposed to impress. He’d thought he and Chloé were friends, but the more he met other people, the more he came to the realisation that she thought of him as another lackey at best, an arm accessory at worst.

Which, he had enough of that in his everyday life.

Thankfully, Nino really was a good teacher, helping him smooth things out when he messed up.

But still, he wished he was better at people. He liked Marinette, her gentle calm aura that would sometimes flare hot and determined. And fierce Alya, who would occasionally cluck at him like he was a lost duckling she was trying to help find his way.

Their other classmates were pretty cool too. He could talk fashion with Rose and Juleka, which was always fun due to their contrasting opinions on colours and styles. Computers and gaming with Max, sports with Kim, and local concerts with Ivan and Mylène.



Occasionally art with Nathanaël too, if he could get the other boy to talk. It was fascinating observing Nathanaël create, but not nearly as hypnotising as watching Marinette, with her graceful hands and dainty fingers.

He kind of wanted to photograph her sewing, capture the shapes and gestures, the little shadows. See if the photo could capture the story.

Instead, he had the habit of saying the wrong thing at the wrong time and didn't always know how to fix it.

Puns couldn't solve everything.

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Focus, depth, and foreshortening.

A sudden downpour put a photoshoot on hold, waiting for the rains to end. They could use the puddles later to make the photoshoot more Spring like, but the grey of the rain itself wouldn't work for the colourful theme they wanted.

Adrien listened as the Photographer talked with the lady in charge of lighting, how to best deal with the refraction from the moisture in the air, the shadows and shapes in the background.

He tried to see it himself, pulling up his phone and playing with the screen, trying to make what the Photographer was saying make sense. Everything just looked kind of grey and blah-ish in his photos, not interesting at all.

"You've got to focus in on it." A voice at his ear startled him, and he jumped, scrambling to keep ahold of his phone. The Photographer laughed, then motioned him toward some flowers in a nearby planter that were struggling to stay upright in the drizzle.

The Photographer quietly instructed him on how to click on his screen, focusing the camera lens on the item in the foreground, turning that into crystal sharp clarity while the background became slightly fuzzy and blurred. Or vice versa, making the background sharp while the items close up turned into almost blobs. It gave the pictures a depth and sharpness that he'd been looking for, but lacking.

He played with it until the rain let up and it was time to get back to work, being in front of the camera.

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A few weeks later, the lady in charge of lighting spared a few minutes between takes, watching him play with the photos, and gave him a few tips, playing with the saturation and contrast.

The contrast let him get the shadows to pop the way he'd been trying to get them to, and playing with saturation could take an image and make it either cartoonishly bright, or down to faded beauty.



Cropping helped sometimes too, focusing in on what he wanted to be capturing. Sometimes it made for a better quality photo to take a picture and crop it instead of zooming. Sometimes it didn't. It was all trial and error.

She patted his shoulder and said he had a good eye for light, but could use a little work on composition.

But that could come with practice.

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Perched on low rooftop as Chat Noir, a large oval puddle in the street caught attention. The lights of a building behind him cast his shadow into the reflection of the water, the image of a wandering alley cat.

For some reason, Hawkmoth was usually quiet at night, preferring to attack during daylight hours, which meant the night time hours were his to play with. Both his father and Nathalie thought he was in bed, and as long as he got his homework done and enough sleep, there was no reason for them to suspect otherwise.

Which meant the night was his to play with.

With a grin, he pulled his phone out of his jacket pocket and took a picture. He leaned back and forth, trying to get the angle right, then played with different poses, one arm up with claws above his head, crouching like a gargoyle, leaning as if he was swooning.

He liked the first one the best, with the hint of the buildings in the background showing up in the reflection, his cat-like shadow looking like a pupil to an eye, the reflected light almost silver. The store had some illuminated signs on, casting highlights of red and blue along one edge.

Then the distant sound of sirens filled the air and he leapt away, photos momentarily forgotten.

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The view from the top of Le Grande Arche de la Défense was breathtaking, the lights of Avenue Charles de Gaulle leading to L'Arc de Triomphe, with the glow of the Eiffel Tower to the right. If he squinted his eyes, he felt as if he could almost make out the entrance to the Louvre, the angles of the giant glass pyramid an odd complement to the large concrete cube he was sitting on.

It was a bit of a pity that they had closed the flat rooftop to the public, but that meant he got to see these spectacular views that no one else got to see.

"A cat may look at a king." He murmured to himself as he sat down on the edge, feet dangling 110 meters above the ground. "-Or a city." He added with a laugh. Plagg gave a brief burst of amusement, echoing his own.

He pulled out his phone, fiddling with the camera a bit. The photos looked a little flat, he couldn't quite seem get the depth he could see in his head.



In a fit of annoyance, he opened a photo app he'd downloaded recently that had popped up on the suggested apps list, meant for long exposures. It took a few minutes playing with the settings, attempting to figure out how it worked, before he thought he had the hang of it and took a picture of the road in front of him.

The road looked like a river of liquid light, the head and tail lights of the cars blurring into solid lines instead of little dots, against the backdrop of solid buildings.

He stared at the screen for a long moment.

Oh. So that's how they did it.

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According to history class, Paris was known as 'The City of Lights' because it was one of the first major cities to start using street lights, filling the formerly dark skies with light.

There was also something about the 'Age of Enlightenment', and the great minds that had flocked to Paris at the time for new thoughts and ideas, but it was the glow of the streetlights at night that had him enamoured.

The view from the Eiffel Tower was lovely, yes. How could it not, as the tallest building in all of the city of Paris? But it was even lovelier as a focus from various parts around the city. Like from the very top of the Basilica of Sacré-Cœur as it sat like a magnificent white crown on top of the large hill that was Montmartre. The bustling traffic around L'Arc de Triomphe. The sights from the blocky eyesore that was the skyscraper Tour Maine-Montparnasse.

On a foggy night, sometimes the tallest buildings would rise from the mists like strange ghostly islands.

His personal favourite was playing tag in the shadows of the gargoyles of Notre Dame, or perching on the high spire, staring out at the Seine river. It was a sight that no one else, except for maybe his Lady, would ever see.

He kind of wanted to share the view with Nino, but if he couldn't exactly text Nino a pic and say 'Great View, Right?' without it bringing up a lot of... *messy* questions. Like, what was he doing out of his house at night. Or where he was, and how he got there.

Adrien Agreste had several social media accounts, google, instagram, twitter, facebook. But he didn't have access to any of those, they were run by Father's media teams.

And if he did post them there, the same questions would come up.

Chat Noir however... Chat didn't have any. Any official ones. A few unofficial fan ones, and a role player or two, --not that he had looked-- but none run by him.

... He could change that.

He'd need an email account, but he'd heard those were free and easy to set up. Nino used hotmail.fr, Alya had several gmail accounts for personal and Ladyblog, and Kim used "yah-*hooooooooo*", as he had shouted across the classroom once.



So there were choices.

He bounced around on the rooftops, attention on his phone as he attempted to find an unsecure wifi site. Finally he found a still open cafe that he could access, and settled down to open an email account, and an instagram account.

The first picture he uploaded was the one he'd taken of his reflection in the water, labelling his accounts 'Chat's Eye View'.

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The next day, Alya was all a buzz about Chat Noir sightings the night before, the hero running around on the rooftops with what was clearly a phone. Without Ladybug, which made it even stranger.

The leading theory on the Ladyblog was that Chat Noir was playing Pokémon Go.

Nino gleefully hoped that Chat caught a Meowth. Or maybe a Persian!

Adrien just covered his face with his hands, ignoring Plagg's muted laughter from his bookbag. He kind of hated his luck sometimes.

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After some thought, he put an icon up on his Chat Noir accounts, a close up of his masked green eye with the cat slit. It was distinctive, at least. And certainly nothing like popular model Adrien Agreste's.

He uploaded more pictures every few days, tagging Paris and the location of where he had been. Paris was an old city, people had lived on this land for about 2,300 years, and the city reflected that. There were hidden statues and fountains everywhere, little surprises and glimpses to the past to be found if one looked.

He delighted in finding them, posting them among the magnificent skylines. A brick wall built by Romans, apartments crafted around a centuries old fountain, a statue of a lion eating a man's foot at the Botanical Gardens.

There were a few comments, most people finding his pictures cool, a few who thought they were fake.

He didn't respond to any of them, afraid of giving himself away. It was enough that people liked them.

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The night time explorations had another advantage, one that he was now vastly more familiar with Paris. He knew buildings, pathways, places to hide that he would never have been familiar with previously.

It made him a better fighter, a better asset to help Ladybug.

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“*DID YOU SEE THIS?!*” Alya’s greeting nearly deafened Adrien. Shy Marinette screamed and leapt behind him and Nino, using their bodies as a shield from her enthusiastic best friend.

Not that he blamed Marinette for that, he kind of wished he had someone to hide behind too.

“*Alya!*” Nino snapped back. “Breathe, babe!”

“Right, right. Sorry.” Alya glanced at Marinette, then took a moment to stop, closing her eyes and taking a deep breath. Then her eye popped open and she shoved her phone in their direction. “Did you see this?!” She repeated, this time at a much lower decibel, but just as much enthusiasm.

‘This’ being the picture Chat Noir had posted the previous night, his metal capped boots hanging over what was clearly the legs of the Eiffel Tower. He liked how the lights had turned out, all muted amber.

“Nice.” He commented, as Nino let out a low whistle.

Marinette peered over their shoulders, a hand on each of their arms for balance. “Wow.”

“The account is ‘Chat’s Eye View’.” Alya hissed in excitement, practically bouncing as she pulled the phone closer to her and backed up to the account main page. “And look at the pictures! That eye! Do you think it’s *his*?!”

“It’s either Chat or a really good faker.” Nino drawled, pulling out his own phone and opening up the browser.

“That’s what I thought!” Alya spun in a circle, a wide grin on her face. “I wanted to get a second opinion before posting on the Ladyblog, in case it was wishful thinking, but if I’m not the only one-!” She trailed off, her attention taken up with furious typing.

Adrien glanced over and exchanged a look with Marinette. “Bell’s going to ring soon.” He said softly, gesturing to Alya. “I’ll get him, you get her?”

“Deal.” Marinette nodded, her cheeks the most delicate shade of pink. She stepped forward, putting her hands on Alya’s shoulders, steering her friend towards the door. Adrien just nudged Nino, who followed him without further prompting.

Well, it kind of looked like the cat was out of the bag now.

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He had underestimated Chat Noir’s popularity.

Once the news had hit the Ladyblog, a couple of Paris news outlets had picked it up, from there it spread to the rest of France, then started to expand across the globe. Superheroes, especially ones with magical powers, were fairly rare.

Paris was pretty proud of their duo as well, it was getting to the point where tourists didn’t count their trip a success unless they had seen Ladybug and Chat Noir on their trip. Which in



turn brought even more visitors to the City of Lights.

By the time he got home from school, the messages on his posts were in a mass of various language, only some of which he could read. Not that he really needed to, most of it boiled down to the same question.

‘Are you the *real* Chat Noir?’

He didn’t answer any of the comments or messages sent to the account, staring at the hit and comment numbers with a sense of pride and sadness. It was the question everyone was asking. Television, the radio, random people on the street.

While he liked the few comments that people enjoyed his photos, he kind of mourned the loss of anonymity.

Thankfully Plagg didn’t rub it in, although he did eat his cheese a little closer than usual, the kwami’s silent but stinky way of showing support.

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“Do you think it’s really Chat?” Mylène asked him, her soft voice breathless with excitement as she approached his desk during a short break between classes.

“It’s *not*.” Chloe cut her off, haughtily tossing her ponytail over her shoulder. “It’s totally a fake. I should know, I’ve spent the most time out of everybody with Chat Noir. He *personally* guarded me, after all.”

Mylène shrunk into herself, holding her phone closer to her chest. Adrien put a gentle hand on Mylène’s shoulder, turning her attention away from Chloe, and back towards him.

“It might be.” He said quietly. “Both Chat Noir and Ladybug are really athletic. And of the two of them, Chat Noir is the more playful.”

“That’s true.” Juleka agreed, wrapping an arm around Mylène’s shoulders, her and Rose forming a wall between them and Chloe.

Rose nodded with a cheerful hum. “And his puns are awful!” She added gleefully with a happy giggle.

“That’s half the fun of a bad pun.” Nino pitched in from Adrien’s other side. “A bad pun is it’s own good *reword*.”

The silence that fell was so absolute they could have heard a coin drop from outside the classroom. “NINO!” Alya shouted, swatting playfully at her boyfriend. “That was *horrible*!”

Nino cackled proudly and Adrien held up his hand for a high-five. “I’m stealing that.” He informed Nino as his friend slapped his palm.

“You’re welcome to it.” Nino grinned at him. “But really, it doesn’t matter to me if it’s Chat Noir or not. The views are *amazing*.”



Adrien smiled back, ignoring the way that he felt as if he were suddenly buoyed up as if by a hundred balloons.

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From the shadows of an apartment with unsecured wifi, he uploaded another picture, a view of the ornately decorated Pont Alexandre III bridge, with all of the elaborate carvings and lamps, with the close up of a gilded face in the foreground. He'd taken it while perched on the back of one of the Pegasus at the ends, the face belonging to the nymph holding the winged horse secure.

By the time he got home, there were over a thousand views, and nearly a hundred comments asking who he was.

He laughed to himself as he fed Plagg and got ready for bed.

“Not a game I would have chosen.” Plagg finally commented as Adrien pulled the covers over himself. “But highly entertaining, none the less.”

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The next time an Akuma attacked, his Lady gave him several sideways looks, her lips open as if to ask a question, but there was no time to talk in between dodging attacks and coming up with a battle plan.

He was slightly ashamed that he slunk away like a dog after the fight, using their limited time before the transformation wore off as an excuse.

It wouldn't hold his Lady for long, there was no doubt that she'd ask him sooner or later about the photos, but he wasn't quite ready to share.

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He posted more photos every few days. Bercy Village, decorated for a fair. The former Roman amphitheatre, Arènes de Lutèce. The infamous Moulin Rouge in the rain, the red light splattering like droplets of blood.

He could have posted an entire album worth of the Seine, and it wouldn't have been enough. The river's moods were constantly changing, shifting.

He kept any sign of himself out of the photos, and continued not to answer any questions.

Plagg scrolled through the pages when Adrien wasn't using the computer, laughing at people's frustration at their lack of response, reading the best ones out loud and cackling his head off.

It wasn't what he'd intended, but it at least someone was getting a kick out of it.

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“Is it you?” His Lady whispered to him as they were hiding behind a car to momentarily regroup. “Posting the photos.”



He debated playing dumb for a moment. “Maybe.” He said instead with a playful wink. And then the car disappeared and they were dodging turnips again.

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“So it *is* you.”

At the sudden voice right next to him, he startled and nearly dropped his phone over the edge of Notre Dame. He grabbed the phone with both hands, clutching it to his chest as he turned to look at the piqued face next to him. “Ladybug!” He gasped. “w-What are you doing here?”

“Someone reported on the Ladyblog an odd glow coming from Notre Dame.” Ladybug said idly, daintily climbing up onto the railing to sit. “I figured it was either you or an akuma.”

“My Lady is brilliant as always.” He murmured, looking back down at the screen of his phone. The evening’s fog gave an almost otherworldly appearance to the night, and he’d captured a lovely photo of Le Stryge, as if the gargoyle was created out of shadows and air. He saved the edits he’d been doing, clawed fingers lingering over the photo album.

Ladybug made a soft sound, drawing his attention back towards her. “They are good photos.” She said quietly.

“Thank you.” He said, equally as soft. “I... I don’t do this. When I’m not Chat. It was...” He fumbled over the words. They didn’t just *talk*. There was always something going on when they were Chat Noir and Ladybug.

He sighed, gesturing out at the faded lights. “Our city is beautiful.”

Ladybug was silent for a moment, and he glanced over at her.

“It is.” She murmured, staring out into the night sky. “I forget that sometimes.”

He hummed, and nodded. “We see things that most others won’t. Not just the akuma, but Paris herself. I wanted to share that with a friend, but...” He waved a hand around.

“Secret identities.” Ladybug sighed. “Yeah.”

She shifted, pulling a knee up to chest, resting her cheek against it. She looked tired, and he wondered if being Ladybug was more of a strain on her than being Chat Noir was for him.

“I’m not going to try to stop you.” She finally commented. “I was curious as to why, if it was a prank or something.”

“Just a hobby.” He smiled at her. “You could join me, if you wanted. ‘At night, all cats are grey.’” He quoted the old proverb.

She shook her head, looking sad. “Photography isn’t really my thing.”

“What is?” He asked, curious. He knew so little about his Lady.



Ladybug bit her lower lip. “Art. I... draw. Sometimes.” She said hesitantly, as if afraid to give too much away.

“So draw with me.” Chat smiled. “A medium you’ve never dabbled in, something that you don’t normally do. Less to be traced back, that way.” He added. Just in case.

“Hmm.” She made a thoughtful noise back. “Maybe. Although I’m surprised your kwami let you run around the rooftops without there being akuma around.”

“Why wouldn’t he?” Chat blinked, confused. Sure, Plagg complained a bit about the energy drain, but then Plagg complained about almost everything. It was how the kwami showed he cared. And it wasn’t as if he was casting ‘Cataclysm’ while he was exploring at night. Plagg could hold Chat Noir indefinitely as long as he wasn’t using his magic.

He could feel an echo of Plagg’s annoyance, but it didn’t seem to be directed at him. It was a little odd, because the kwami really did seem to enjoy Chat’s nighttime explorations as much as Adrien did.

“They.. um.” Ladybug reached up, touching her earrings. “She doesn’t like me using Ladybug for ‘selfish purposes’.”

“What’s selfish about learning the city we protect?” He demanded, spreading an arm out wide. “It’s certainly helped me lately.”

“Ah.” She looked as if several things just clicked into place. “We’ll see.”

He nodded, afraid to push. It was more than he’d ever thought he’d realistically get. They sat in silence, listening to the lapping of the river, the sounds of cars they drove by, the footsteps of the occasional pedestrian. A siren off in the distance.

The sounds of the city. *Their* city. Paris.

‘*Fluctuat nec mergitur*’, ‘She is tossed by the waves, but does not sink’, the motto of Paris.

Paris was as much a part of him, as he was of the city. There were many ups and downs, but they got through them. They were Parisian.

“I need to head back.” Ladybug said with a regretful tone, shaking out her limbs slightly. “I’ll be missed if I’m gone too long. I’m kind of surprised you get away with running around at night as much as you do.”

“Ah.” He said with a wry twist of his lips, offering his hand to help her up. She placed her palm in his as she rose gracefully to her feet, and he was once more taken back at how tiny her hands were, and how strong they were. “I’m not missed.”

His Lady stared at him, mouth and eyes forming near perfect circles in surprise. “Oh.”

The quip to ask if she could adopt this stray cat was on his lips, but stayed on his tongue. The haze of the night felt more for secrets than flirting. He rubbed his cheek against her fingers, then released her hand with a faint smile. “Sleep tight, Bugaboo.”



“You too.” She gave him a shy smile back, then tossed her yo-yo into the air, disappearing into the night sky.

He raised his phone to capture one last glimpse of her, but the fog swallowed her up before the app loaded.

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Ladybug found him several weeks later on top of the Eiffel Tower, a small bag over one shoulder. He held up a finger, silently requesting silence, eyes intent on the crowd below. He could almost feel her anxiety as she joined him at the edge of the roof.

Then suddenly the golden glow of the Eiffel tower was suddenly joined by thousands of brightly twinkling white lights. The people below gasped and cheered at the sight of the shimmering tower.

“Oh.” Ladybug breathed, staring below them in surprise. “I’d almost forgotten it did that.”

“Every hour, on the hour, for five minutes.” Chat grinned, feeling his ears twitch at the noise. He loved how excited people got over the sparkling. “Well, until the lights turn off at 1am, anyway.”

“How often are you here when they go off?” Ladybug gave him a concerned look.

“Not often.” He smiled, touched by her worry. “I do need my beauty sleep.” Unless he had a bad case of insomnia, but he wasn’t about to offer that up.

A cat had to keep a *few* secrets.

Ladybug made a thoughtful sound back, like she didn’t entirely believe him. “You said I could join you for art?”

“Of course!” He motioned towards the empty platform they were on, inaccessible unless one had super abilities. Or a really good ladder and a key-ring full of keys. “There’s plenty of space.”

She nodded, shifting to open her bag and pull out a blank sketchbook filled with black paper and a long flat box. “Pastels.” Ladybug said, opening the box and showing him the coloured sticks. They were square instead of round, much to his surprise. “The thing I liked the most about your pictures are the light and colours, so I thought I’d play with these.”

He didn’t even try to keep the broad grin off his face at the pleasure of knowing she really did like his photography. “My Lady is too kind.”

She rolled her eyes, but her lips curved up into a smile. “Go do what you do.” She shooed him off. “I’m going to go experiment.”

“As you wish.” His smile stretched, and he bounced up higher on the tower, giddy with happiness.



It wasn't exactly love confessions with his favourite person, but he'd count any time spent with her as a bonus.

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"What do you think?" Ladybug asked several weeks later, leaning back to show off what she had been working on. He still spend most nights alone on the prowl, but she'd started showing up about once a week.

The first few attempts she had made playing with pastels had been messily colourful. He loved them as they were hers, even as they were not terribly identifiable as to what the image was supposed to be.

This one however... "You have details." He commented, slightly surprised.

"Hard pastels for the details, soft pastels for the colours." Ladybug smiled, looking pleased with herself. "I watched a couple of youtube tutorials." She had a streak of blue pigment on one cheek that he wanted to wipe away, but stilled his fingers.

When he was taking photos, the world seemed to kind melt away, and it kind of looked like the same was true for his Lady when she was drawing. She made the most adorable faces as her fingers worked, coloured chalk going everywhere, and he didn't want to ruin that by drawing attention to it.

That and he had noticed that she allowed him closer if he didn't try to flirt, or aim for a kiss. He still did it in daylight, as it made her laugh while they were fighting akuma, but not in the shadows of the night.

Night time was meant for silence, and secrets.

He wasn't sure what to expect or how to react when she'd agreed to join him, he wasn't used to having someone else there, but they'd settled on essentially ignoring each other while they did their own thing, talking only a little bit here and there.

Art was how he was learning to *be*, to be something other than the masks he wore. And now he was learning how to be around someone else.

The fact that it was *Ladybug* made it even better. Any moment spent with his Lady was precious.

"It looks good." He smiled, then held up his phone. "Mind if I post it?"

"I..." She bit her lip. "You think it's good enough?"

He shrugged a shoulder, tossing a clawed hand in the air. "It's *Art*. Everything is subjective."

Ladybug giggled, then gave him a knowing look. "And it'd drive those wondering if that instagram account is yours or not crazy."

He grinned broadly. "It's as if you know me, my Lady."

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She signed it with her circle and 5 dots, and they spent a few minutes finding a bright enough light source that he could photograph it.

He posted it simply as ‘My Lady’s Art’.

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They made global news in less than 10 hours. Plagg didn’t stop chortling for *hours*.

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Alya on the other hand, appeared as if she was going to have a heart attack. “It’s her signature!” She proclaimed, holding her tablet out at arm’s reach, before pulling it in and peering at closely. “It’s either her or a really good copy-cat.” She muttered darkly.

Adrien was slightly surprised to see Marinette roll her eyes.

“What are they posting these for?” Alya continued ranting. “Is it some sort of secret code? A message?”

“Or maybe it’s a hobby?” Marinette suggested reasonably. “I mean, they’ve got to have a life outside of crime fighting, right?”

“Never!” Alya looked horrified at the idea. “I’ll get to the bottom of this, just wait!” She stormed off, muttering about *hobbies*.

“Yanno.” Nino tilted his head to the side, watching his girlfriend storm off. “If this is how people react to them doing something outside of fighting, I’d be taking up a hobby too. Probably knitting.”

With that, Nino slapped Adrien on the shoulder, nodded to Marinette, and wandered off in search of his girlfriend.

Adrien grinned. And this was why Nino was his most favourite person ever.

Well, for today anyway.

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His favourite photo of Ladybug was one he’d taken just as she’d flipped backwards off the Tower, the golden lights highlighting half of her.

The other half was in shadow, as if she was some sort of ethereal being that only existed in the light. There was an expression of fierce joy on her face that made his heart sing.

He didn’t post that one, sharing it with the world, but set it as the phone’s wallpaper.

He was the only one who ever saw that anyway.

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“Are you going to tell anyone else?” Ladybug asked one night, perched on the back of Notre Dame, watching the water splash by. Chat had extended his staff out, standing in mid-air above the water to try to catch the way the light through the trees on the edges of the river.



“Don’t know.” He admitted, slowly walking back. “I never mean for it to become this... thing. It just sort of *grew*.”

She laughed quietly, keeping an eye on his approach, just in case he slipped. It was unlikely, his staff was very nearly an extension of himself, as her yo-yo was for her, but he was grateful for her concern.

“And at this point, no matter what I say, people will claim it is a fake.” He shrugged. “You see my dilemma?”

“Unless... There was a photo you could take that no one else could replicate.” Ladybug said thoughtfully, and his ears twitched. He knew that tone. It was the same tone she used when she had an idea.

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He posted the photo in a cafe far away from his usual stomping grounds, after a photo shoot had been cancelled. He’d told the Gorilla that he wanted to go for a walk. It wasn’t any special occasion or reason to post it, and he had a series of photos to post afterwards. It just felt right.

It was a photo of Chat Noir and Ladybug, Ladybug sitting on Chat Noir’s lap, one arm around his shoulders, the other holding her yo-yo. One of Chat’s arm’s was around her waist, the other holding the camera, with him perched on top of his staff, which had been extended out to a great height.

Below them was an aerial view of sparkling Eiffel Tower, the heart of the city, his staff precariously balanced on the top of it.

They both had wide grins on their faces, cheeks smashed against each other, Chat’s strange slitted green eyes clearly visible.

‘We ♥ Paris’ was all he commented on it, then hit send as Plagg chortled merrily in his shirt.

He’d started out trying to figure out himself, and fell in love with Paris along the way.

Eventually, he’d explain that the account was love letters to the city.

But for now, he’d sit back and watch the chaos.

Maybe even take a photo or two.

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## End Notes

Now with [podfic](#) by [annapod \(annabelle\\_myrtille\)](#)!!

So... A couple of disclaimers. I'm not a photography expert, the stuff Adrien learns is things I've picked up along the way, for shooting on my phone. Cameras vary.

Have yet to visit Paris, will be going there for the first time in December. *\*squee!\**  
Recommendations and corrections welcome.

This was inspired by photos taken by 'Rooftoppers' or 'Skywalkers'. Google, be in awe of their skills, but please don't try it. Adrien's being really naughty with the trespassing.

The short list of References cause I'm research whore:

[Eiffel Tower](#)

[La Grande Arche de la Défense](#) (seriously, it's a cube)

[Notre Dame](#) and her [Stryge Gargoyle](#)

[Sacré-Cœur](#)

[Arc de Triomphe](#)

[Lion eating a human foot](#) (the botanic gardens also has a [Carousel of Extinct and Endangered Animals](#))

[Tour Montparnasse](#) (it really is a brick of a skyscraper)

[Pont Alexandre III](#) (This is the bridge Rasputin tried to kill Anastasia in the animated movie)

[Arènes de Lutèce](#) (included because Romans)

[Moulin Rouge](#)

[Bercy Village](#)

['The 5 Best Spots to view Paris from above'](#)

And thanks to [Earthstar](#), [CleverCorgi](#), [inchoatewaffle](#), and [Zidy](#) for putting up with my flailing at Paris and link spam.

I can be found on [Tumblr](#).

Works inspired by this one

[[podfic](#)] [chat's eye view \(love letters to paris\)](#) by [Annapods](#)

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