

La nuit étoilé

Von Myralisia

Câlin

Cat Noir held Ladybug softly against his chest while she was sinking to the ground, exhausted from the fight they had a little bit earlier. The last magical ladybugs from her lucky charm were flying in the dark of the night sky, leaving everything untouched as it was before.

"You did it, mylady", Cat Noir whispered tenderly. But she was too exhausted to get enraged by his sweet, flirting words. She couldn't even open her eyes for just a moment to give him a shattering glare.

Meanwhile he put his arms around her and tried to stand up while carrying her. They didn't have enough time for chilling around, cause both their miraculous were about to end their magic. He caught a blink on her points on the earrings, showing him to better take off then standing on the rooftop further on.

With a light jump he left the place, where the hard battle happened, gotten both of them to their limits, the sound of the ticking clock from their miraculous in his ears.

But in fact he would rather risk that their identities were revealed than letting her on that rooftop until she had recovered.

He hesitated for a moment, pausing on one rooftop.

Where was he jumping?

This direction would lead him to the house of Marinettes family.

A ponderous feeling reached his chest, when he was looking at Ladybug. Did he already know who she was? Actually he had an idea.

No, more than an idea.

There is only missing the confirmation.

"What are you doing, Cat Noir...?", mumbled Ladybug, her eyes barely open.

"Sssh, mylady, you have to rest", he answered her with a low voice. Instead of her insisting protests, when he was caring for her, she only nodded lightly, her eyes falling finally asleep.

He sighed relieved, because he was reaching the roof top of the small bakery, where

he could step in the house without arresting attention. It was a lot easier to know a hidden entrance to the bakery, which he knew only from a meeting with Marinette, when they were training for the game contest.

If Ladybug was awake he hadn't an idea where to go. His home wasn't an option and her "maybe"-home then as well.

He would risk that she got to know that he knew about her true self. If she was the one, who he thought she was.

But it wouldn't change the situation for Cat Noir, cause she would have no idea who he was behind that mask.

He stepped through Marinettes roof hatch, landing quietly on the wooden floor. Then he searched for a sign of his schoolmate in the small room, but she wasn't there.

There is no school trip nor other school projects, which needed a longer stay in another city or other places of Paris. He wondered if she stayed for a night at Alya.

Cat Noir headed to the bed, carefully letting Ladybug down and covering her with a sheet. With a soft touch against her cheek he turned around to where he got in.

Would it be okay, if Ladybug wasn't Marinette and both of them meeting in her room? It would arose an awkward moment, but finding a hero in your own room would be all right, would it not?

Just before he was going to climb the wooden ladder up, he noticed the permanent beeping of Ladybugs earrings. Then a bright light illuminated the room for a few seconds, before it was diving in the night again.

He hesitated for a moment.

His grip on one strut was going to loose, his heart racing wildly, as he chose to turn around to see who his beloved Ladybug was in real life. It was difficult for him to manage his breathing, while he came closer to the bed. Slowly he kneeled down, focusing on the ground.

Why was he so nervous?

After all his fluffy, flirting conversations with Ladybug, he was lacking the courage to simply look at her face?

As if it was as easy as it sounded in his head. But this look at her could shatter all of the memories they made until today as the heroes of Paris. Doubt spread in his mind. Should he really do this?

He shook his head and pulled himself together. Reminding himself that an action like this couldn't change everything in a bad way.

Slowly his cat eyes wandered to her face.

A little, red fairy with a black dot on its head was lying on the pillow.

It must be her Kwami.

When placing his hand on the soft sheet in front of them, he saw that his time was going to work against him. On his ring was just one claw to see. Only a bit more than a minute left for him.

A few strands were falling in her face.

A smile sneaked on his mouth, while facing the truth, which he already knew. He stroke a few strands out of her face, leaving a tender kiss on her cheek before turning around and jumping through the roof hatch.

It was hard for him to leave now. After all he finally knew the truth and would like to show himself to her.

But it was better this way. That Marinette wasn't aware of his knowledge. In fact she was the one who was insisting all the time that their true identities should stay hidden.

Just in time, as he reached the street in front of the bakery, his suit was dissolving in green light, leaving a sighing Adrien. As he turned to the front door of the bakery, he scratched his head slightly.

"Adrien... I am hungry ", grumbled Plagg on his shoulder, interrupting his thoughts. The little black cat looked up with weary eyes, yawning.

"Let's go home then", he said to Plagg with a small smile and stepped into the dark streets of Paris, " I don't say it willingly, but you have indeed earned your camembert today."