

## Let's Grow Up Together

In time people learn to **grow up**.

They learn that they cannot always depend on their parents to make decisions for them, and they feel that what they should be doing is things that are in their favour and not others. Although *of course* sons or daughters want their parents to be happy, and they usually are happy when their children are following their orders.

But what if following them was *too much*?

### 9

A boy with dirty blonde hair and emerald green eyes had a pout heavily sitting on his lips. He huffed and crossed his arms angrily, the collar constantly bumping his throat making the little boy more irritated by each passing second.

He had gotten into a fight with his father not long ago, which usually did not happen because he obeyed his father's commands without a second thought, but this time, what his father was ordering him to do was too much and he simply would not have it.

The young boy sighed in defeat, uncrossing his arms and resting his hands on his lap. He looked at his stubby fingers and played with them before deciding to stand up and go for a short walk. Even though he knew that his father would be furious with his actions, he can't help but love the feeling of adrenaline in him at the thought of rebelling against his dad.

The afternoon breeze blew harshly on the blonde boy's face, nipping on his neck and made shivers run down his spine. He carefully walked through the pavement of the streets, kicking pebbles out of his way before crossing the street to get to the lonely park that was waiting for visitors.

He plopped down on an empty swing set, the thought of his talk with his father still lingering in his mind. His father's voice ringing in his ears and the look of the old man's face flashing in his eyes.

He looked up at the dull grey sky, frowning when there where no clouds in sight, leaving a boring and gloomy scenery. There was a nagging voice at the back of

his head, telling him that he should have listened to his father so that all of this would be over and that he would be in his room right about now, cuddled underneath his sheets and listening to the gentle pitter-patter of the rain to come.

The sound of small footsteps coming towards him, and the creaking noise from the empty swing next to him broke his bubble of thoughts. Looking up, he saw a girl, who had her natural blue hair in little pig tails, staring at him, not in a scary way but in a curious way.

*She's pretty.* He decided, his eyes darting from her cute little nose to her thin rose petal shaped lips. He was entranced with the little girl's dazzling blue bell eyes, the colour making him feel more attracted to her than he already is.

The blonde boy realised that he had been staring at the bluenette girl openly, blushing when she cleared her throat and smiled at him.

"I'm Marinette, what's your name *blondie*?" She giggled and stuck her hand out. Adrien, too, giggled and took ahold of her tiny hand. "I'm Adrien, not blondie." He had said playfully, not missing the smirk that plastered itself on the little girl's lips.

"Oh, but I think blondie suits you better." She teased, and Adrien couldn't help but love the sound of her voice. "If you're going to call me Blondie, then I'll call you *Marinette the Bluenette*."

It was obvious that the little girl was surprised with the nickname by the way her face changed, her lips losing her smirk and instead was replaced by a small 'o' shape.

"I've never had nicknames before..." She had whispered to herself before tilting her head up to look at the green eyed boy. "My parents calls me 'sweetie' or 'darling' but I never had a nickname like that before." She added, now smiling at him.

*She's cute.* Adrien thought, looking down at his lap before flinching slightly once he felt something cold on the tip of his right ear. He glanced up at Marinette and a blush glazed his cheeks when he figured out that she tucked a pretty red flower behind his ear.

"You looked sad when I saw you, may I ask what's the problem?" The sweet girl queried, tilting her head to the side as she kept her gaze locked on Adrien.

"My father and I had a fight... He was ordering me to put my cat stuffed toy away in storage because to him, I'm too old to be attached to a toy and that I look like such a baby with it because I always bring my cat wherever I go. But he doesn't understand that I love Plagg, the cat stuffed toy, because he was given to me by my mother who's no longer around..."

Adrien let his head fall down, his hands gripping tighter on the steel bars that are holding the swing. "I don't know where she is, and father won't tell me. And I-- I miss her so much, she was always nicer to me and she showed me her love much better than my father."

Just as tears were about to slip out from the blonde boy's eyes, he felt warmth covering his ice-cold hands. He peered up and saw Marinette's hand on top of his before his eyes flickered to the blue haired girl who was already looking at him.

"Adrien, you know that whatever your father does is just to show his love for you, right?" She started, Adrien nodding his head and gestured for her to continue. "I know that right now it seems like he's the bad guy but maybe in the future, there will be a time where you will thank him for what he made you do."

Parents shape up their kids on what they can't do, so that their kids are better and much more ready for the world than they were when they were younger. They just want what's best for us kids even if it does not seem like it is. Sure parents can be frustrating sometimes but love can't always be sweet and gentle."

She paused before continuing, "And as for your mom, I don't know where she could be but wherever she is, I'm sure that she thinks of you all the time because when you love someone you will never ever forget about them."

The blonde boy did not speak, he didn't have to, because the look he gave to the little girl speaks for itself.

*He understands.*

## 13

There hasn't been a day when the green-eyed boy did not think of his sweet playground girl.

She would constantly be on his mind, like when he's at school and is supposed to be focused on answering a test or when he's hanging out with his best friend and should be paying attention.

But her blue hair tied in pigtails, her soft porcelain skin, her bluebell eyes, her intelligence, [ *the list goes on* ] would always flash in his mind and would make him get lost within his thoughts.

Marinette had helped him deal with his father's bitterness which made her even harder to forget. Her voice rings in his ears and constantly reminds the young boy that whatever his father does is out of love and for his sake.

Adrien had not been able to go out anymore though, his father had kept strict watch over him after his disappearance to go to the park, so he had no way to be in contact with Marinette. He had tried to sneak out, but whenever he was about to tip-toe his way out of the house, Natalie, his father's assistant would always catch him and send him back to his room.

But he had a plan, and he will see his precious little blue haired girl today.

✦

Adrien had stuffed pillows underneath his duvet, making sure that it matched with his form before running over to his desk to grab his phone.

He placed his phone together with the pillows and made sure to play his record of himself snoring for it to look like he's sound asleep when in reality, he'd be out and hopefully be with Marinette.

He quickly shut off the lights and turned on his lamp, because everybody knows that he always sleeps with his night light, and then opened his window. His legs hung out from his window frame before taking a deep breath and pushing himself from the ledge.

Once he landed on his feet, he got a stick he had prepared in the morning and used it to shut the window case. Adrien turned around and breathed in deeply, a smile forming on his face at the fresh and chilly feel of the night air.

The walk towards the park wasn't too long, but he wanted to take his time and used the time by himself to think about how things have changed over the last four years. He wondered how the little girl, whom he met at the age of nine, was. If she had already changed her hair style or if she maybe grew taller than him.

He stopped walking when he reached the entrance of the park, his eyes unblinking as he gazed at the familiar pale complexion and blue hair. He noticed that she was wearing an old school type of dress; a short sleeved dress that goes tight by the waist line but the skirt forms some sort of puffy bell shape.

The top part of the dress was a plain white colour while the waist part had a black ribbon wrapped around it like a belt. The skirt had a velvety red colour, and had a large cartoon drawing of a ladybug.

It kind of reminded him of the Poodle Skirt that his friend, Chloe, would sometimes wear but he thought that Marinette's skirt was better.

Marinette had also left her hair down, but had a red ribbon clipped at the side of her head to keep her fringe from her eyes.

Adrien noticed that she was swinging herself slowly with an unreadable look masking her face. He walked silently towards her and sat on the empty swing seat next to her, keeping a small smile on his face as he waited for her to notice him.

Marinette slowly raised her head and a gasp left her lips when she saw who was sitting next to her. "Blondie? Is that-- is that really you?" She asked, reaching out with her small hand. Adrien held it with his hand and squeezed it softly, "Hey Marinette the Blunette, I missed you." He greeted softly, his smile slipping from his lips when Marinette dropped his hand.

"I started coming back here a year after we met, but you only come back now. Did you really miss me?" She asked quietly, staring at the sky instead of Adrien's vibrant green eyes.

"Of course I missed you." Adrien started, "But my father didn't want me to leave the house. I only ever leave the house to go to school or to go to places where I work. I tried my best to sneak out and it only ever worked now, but everyday I couldn't stop thinking about you." He said, catching the sight of the corner of Marinette's lips turn up.

She stood up from the swing set and held her hands in front of Adrien, the boy taking them with his and gasped when she pulled him up and led him to the grassy part of the playground.

The pair plopped down on the ground and laid down to look up at the stars, side by side they kept their hands intertwined with the other and Marinette listened as Adrien pointed out the constellations that were present within the night sky.

As the night grew longer and the stars shone brighter, Adrien and Marinette shared the quiet atmosphere and just stared up at the sky. But Adrien turned his face to rest on his cheek and stared at Marinette, how she stared at the stars with big blue eyes full of curiosity.

How her attention was also solely focused on one thing, and everything else seems like a blur.

How she would pour her heart over one thing and would not give up until she gets what she worked hard for.

And how she doesn't seem to notice that there was someone who already was falling in love with her.

## **14**

"Do you think that there are creatures living in the stars?" Marinette had asked, nudging Adrien who was sitting criss-cross beside her on the grassy land.

Adrien looked up from his touch-watch where he had been picking out a song for them to listen, and smiled at the girl. "Well I think there is, but that's when I use my imagination. In reality, I don't think there is because I don't believe in aliens."

Marinette rested her head on the blonde's shoulder as she spoke, "I believe that there are creatures, not necessarily aliens, that live on the stars. One star is for

one human and that star watches over us and leads us away from danger and gives us hope whenever we look at it. And whenever a life dies, the star just shines brighter because it gets reunited with the person it's watching over."

The green-eyed boy looked at the girl fondly, loving how she looked so cuddly and warm with his black hoodie encasing her petite form and how she had her hair tied up in a high pony-tail. Her cheeks and nose were glazed with pink because of the chilly weather, but she didn't seem to mind.

"Stop staring at me, silly *chat*." She said, her gaze still on the sky but she had a smirk settled on her lips.

*Chat*. It was another nickname she had given him because of his slight obsession with cats.

"Which one would you say is your guardian star, *bugaboo*?" The boy asked, a slight tease in his voice when he mentioned his other nickname for her.

Marinette giggled and brought her sweater paw hand up to point at the brightest shining star, "That's my star, I suppose. I always catch it staring at me." She said. "Does that mean that I'm *your* star as well?" He had asked, a playful smile on his lips.

The girl had quite a serious on as she nodded, "You are my star, and I am your's. We protect each other as we grow up, and we must never be apart." She had said.

Adrien smiled and rested his head on top of Marinette's, sighing at the view of the beautiful starry night and the beautiful girl beside him.

*They're each other's stars.*

## **16**

It was not a surprise to anyone any longer when a blonde head was next to a blue one.

Everyone knew that they were the best of friends, even their parents and surprisingly, Adrien's father took a fast liking towards the little girl. But really, who wouldn't like her?

If you didn't like her, then you would still want to get on her good side because of her scrumptious chocolate chip cookies which Adrien caught his father ordering from Marinette, and he suspected that chocolate chip cookies were his weakness.

His father also liked Marinette because of her artistic eye, the pair could talk about fashion and design clothes for Adrien to model. *They worked*, and Adrien was more than happy because of that.

And Marinette's parents loved Adrien, they enjoyed watching the green-eyed boy try to bake and would get flour powdered on his dirty blonde hair, and how well he interacted with their customers whenever he would work a part-time shift as the cashier.

Sometimes the young teens think that their parents would rather have the other, but then in the end they were all happy, and that was all that really mattered.

"Your birthday is coming soon." Marinette had brought up, breaking the quiet atmosphere that had laced itself upon them.

Adrien looked up, having his head rested on Marinette's lap, and looked at her pretty blue bell eyes. "Yes, father was kind enough not to schedule shoots and fittings on that day, but that doesn't mean that he won't be busy so I'll probably be by myself all day long."

Marinette pouted and ran her fingers through the boy's soft golden locks, curling her fingers between the tufts and tugging softly. "Birthdays shouldn't be celebrated alone..." She mumbled, "They should be celebrated with family.. but as your best friend, I shall be with you for the whole 24 hours of your birthday!"

"You know you don't have to--" Adrien's voice got muffled out by Marinette placing her hand above his moving lips. "I want to, you're my star and I'm your's, I will always be there to make you happy and to make sure that you stay that way." She spoke.

The young boy grinned and poked Marinette's cheek lovingly, "Thank you, *m'lady*."



And Adrien couldn't have asked for a better *best friend*, although he wished that she would have been his *something else*.

### **16 going on 17**

Layers of different coloured sheets covered Adrien's bedroom floor, his pillows scattered around the floor as himself and his best friend decided to build a cuddle fort.

Since the blue haired girl has promised to stay with Adrien for his entire birthday, they decided to have a sleep over and what's a sleep over without a cuddle fort?

"I ordered pizza with stuffed crust.." Adrien drawled, a huff of air leaving him when Marinette's svelte body collided with his. "Yes! That's perfect, I haven't had pizza for months!" She squealed before pulling back and digging something in her bag.

She pulled out a container of Vanilla Swiss Rolls, Adrien eyeing them with hearts clouding his pupils. He eagerly took the container from her hands and started to nibble on one, closing his eyes in bliss at the fluffy and sugary taste.

"Slow down there, blondie, these rolls have a few drops of alcohol in them to heighten the taste. My parents said that you were entering pre-adulthood so they decided to make this." She explained, Adrien still chewing on his savoury sweet and just nodded at her.

Marinette laughed and shook her head at the boy, keeping the rolls on a table nearby before setting up the stacks of movies they planned on watching. Adrien watched her as she did, noticing every little detail that made up the beautiful girl.

Her hair was tied lazily in a half-bun, strands of her blue hair messily scampered over her head but she still managed to look as gorgeous as she always is. She was wearing one of Adrien's baseball tees over her rainbow designed pyjamas, and on her feet were fluffy black-cat slippers which was actually given to her on her 14th birthday by Adrien.

"You're staring again, silly *chat*." Adrien could hear the tease in her tone and decided to play along. "You're just *pawsitively* too irresistible, m'lady." He said, a pillow thrown to his face as Marinette's response.

✧

It was a half hour until midnight came, meaning the end of Adrien's birthday and Marinette still hadn't given her present to the boy which made him curious on what her gift to him may be.

The gift box was just patiently waiting on the side of his bed, and he wanted nothing more than to run towards it and rip the packaging open. But because of who the present is from, he doesn't mind waiting a little bit longer. The present could be a sock and he'd still love it, and *oh dear*, the boy thinks that he may be a goner for her already.

The film playing on Adrien's projector screen had finally finished, Marinette drying her tears and turned to look at the blonde boy with a smile present on her face. "I think it's about time you get your present."

Adrien jumped out from his seat with excited eyes and waited for Marinette to fetch the box. He noticed that there were holes present at the top of the box, possibly gifts swirling in his head.

"Well, go ahead and open it." Marinette chuckled, Adrien quickly removing the lid of the box and his breathing almost stopped once he saw what was inside. He picked up his gift carefully, tears starting to form in his eyes once he cradled it close to his chest.

"Y-You got me a kitten! A black kitten! Marinette, thank you so so much." He whispered, bright green eyes latching onto calm blue ones.

The little black kitten mewed quietly in Adrien's arms, opening its eyes for the both to see vibrant green eyes. "He's just like you..." Marinette said softly, Adrien nodding his head and leaning close to the feline to kiss its forehead.

"*Plagg*. His name is Plagg." He announced, Marinette nodding in agreement with the name. "I think that's a brilliant name." She spoke honestly before Adrien cleared his throat.

"Actually Marinette, I have something for you too." Adrien cautiously handed the girl his little companion.

The newly sixteen year-old ran towards his walk-in closet and retrieved a flat rectangular box. He placed his hand on top of the lid and sighed, he was really going to do this.

Adrien walked back to his bedroom where he left a confused blue head and gestured for her to put Plagg down on his bed, and then sit down with him on the duvet-covered floor.

Marinette sat criss-cross in front of him, tilting her head to the side once she saw the rather large box that Adrien had placed in between them. He had pushed the box towards her, a reassuring smile sewed onto his lips as he did so.

When Marinette slowly removed the lid of the box, her eyes grew larger and her mouth went agape. "A-Adrien..."

"Marinette, you have talent. A talent that is one of a kind and is special. I saw the sketch you had pinned up on your bulletin board in your bedroom, and I saw that you also had it virtually drawn on your computer. I wanted to make the gown *real* for you, I want to see you in it, and I want you to feel beautiful in it."

"You're special to me, Marinette, and whatever it is that you want I would gladly do for you. I have promised myself something a long time ago, my blunette. And that is that I would tell to you my biggest secret on one of my birthdays." Adrien paused and looked at Marinette who was gnawing at her bottom lip.

"I do not like you, Marinette." Adrien started, watching as colour drains from Marinette's face. "No! Do not take it that way, bugaboo. I mean that I do not like you in a friendly way." The blonde boy tried again, stumbling over his words and trying to choose the correct things to say.

He took a deep breath and started again, "When we were eight years old, I grew to fall in love with your blue hair, your blue bell eyes, your playful personality, your perfect smile, your cute little laughs, your weird but absolutely adorable little antics, and-- I just couldn't help but notice that what I feel for you is not something that I would feel for other people so call me a dork or silly but I actually searched it up on the internet."

A shy blush glazed on Adrien's cheeks as he continued to speak, "And after I got my answers from the internet, I also went and asked my father. It was one of the rare times where he was actually gentle to me and he talked about it so passionately and I guess he was thinking about mom. But when he finally did stop talking, he looked at me and I knew that he knew who I fell in love with."

Marinette looked at Adrien with wide eyes and her hand flew to her mouth as she listened. "It's always been you, Mari. You're the only girl who I will ever love. You're the first and last girl who I will ever fall in love with and continue falling for. I love being with you, and I know that I can't handle not being able to be with you in a way that I have imagined for a long time now."

"So I'm just asking for a chance to show to you how much I love you, a chance to possibly make a new change happen. A chance to be yours." He swallowed thickly, finishing up his speech and waited patiently for the girl to reply.

"Adrien," Her soft voice had said, *"I was already yours from the start."*

## **18**

A long strapless sweetheart neckline dress hugged Marinette's figure perfectly. The top part of the dress was a jet black colour, while the waist line was wrapped with a long liquorice black ribbon. The bottom part of the dress was wavy and reached to hide her toes. It's colour was a blend of the shades crimson, blush, and cherry. The colours fade away by the end of the dress which leaves it a nice white colour.

She had her shoulder-length hair curled mildly with half of her hair styled in an updo that is held by a black ribbon with silver linings. On her feet were a pair of black stilettos, and she had her nails painted with the ladybug colour. Her pale face was slightly tinted with colour, having red eye shadow, the few blemishes of her skin was covered, and her lips had a dark coat of red apple shade.

The look was exactly as how she imagined it to be, Adrien making her dream dress come true and the finishing touches such as her hair, make-up, and nails were all done by her mom. Marinette swears that her mother could do absolutely anything, she's like a super mom.

"*I always knew that you would end up with Adrien.*" Her mom said, sitting on her daughter's bed as she fixed the purse she would be bringing to the Snow Ball. Marinette raised a brow and looked at her mom, "And why is that?"

Her mom stared at her with a knowing look, "The both of you look at the world like you're falling in love with it, but whenever you two look at each other, the love between the both of you was already there to begin with. And whenever you look at Adrien, it seems like he is the only one worth loving, nobody else."

And even if Marinette didn't say anything back to her mom, with the smile on her face, she knows that she was *right*.

✧

"Mew..." The black cat purred, pawing at the ends of the fidgety blonde boy. Adrien looked down at Plagg and bent down to scoop him in his arms, rubbing at it's temple as he did so. "I'm scared that I'll mess up tonight, my kitten." He admitted, the tiny cat rumbling little noises at the back of it's throat.

"I planned out everything, and had thought of every possible disaster that might happen but I still believe that something is missing..."

The door to Adrien's bedroom creaked open, the blonde's green eyes gaining a look of shock at the person who entered. "What your missing, my boy, is a corsage for your girl." His father said, holding two little boxes.

"I had these specially made for the both of you." He added, taking out one of them and holding up the pin for Adrien's suit. "Here, boy, let me put it on you. It's not everyday my son gets to go to prom."

After fixing the corsage on Adrien, the old man smiled lovingly. "I remember taking your mother to prom. She wore this beautiful blue dress, and I thought that she was the only person who I could ever love. And I was right, until you came along." He said, patting his boy's shoulder.

"Us Agrestes only have so little love in our hearts, there is only so much we could feel. And we could only ever love once, I am glad that you found your love this early."

Adrien smiled widely, putting his arms around his father for a hug, "Thank you, father." He whispered, feeling like the little boy who longed for love a long time ago. His father wrapped his own arms around him,

"I will always love you, son, even when sometimes I do not show it."

They pulled away and smiled, "Now go and pick up Marinette, I expect her to be my daughter-in-law after 5-7 years." He joked, but there was also a tinge of seriousness in his voice. Adrien laughed and nodded.

"And don't worry about your little companion over here, I will keep him company, like what I always do when you're at school." His father had said, picking the little ball of fur in his arms before striding away to his office.

When Adrien arrived outside of Marinette's house, his hands were slightly shaky. "We're here, sir." His chauffeur had informed, Adrien gulping and nodding, grabbing the little box before stepping out of the limousine.

He nervously knocked on the door and shuffled awkwardly on his feet. Adrien had felt his heart jump when the door opened, revealing his beautiful girl all dolled up in her gorgeous red dress. She had a shy smile on, looking down at her hands before Adrien cupped her cheek and made her look at him.

"You are absolutely breathtaking, my lady." He said softly, Marinette leaning her face closer to Adrien's hand. "You look absolutely dashing yourself, blondie." She said, making Adrien's nerves simmer down.

The boy opened the little box, a bundle of lovely faux red and black flowers with accents of gold delicately tucked in. Adrien took it and slowly slid it onto Marinette's wrist, the blue headed girl grinning bashfully and blushed when she saw that her father and mother were filming the whole exchange.

After Marinette's parents invited Adrien to come inside, taking photos of the pair before finally letting them leave.

Being the gentleman that he is, Adrien let Marinette enter the sleek black car first before himself, immediately taking a hold of the pale girl's hand after he was seated.

"I'm so glad that we're going together." Marinette said, giving Adrien's hand a squeeze. Adrien leaned towards her and have a soft kiss on her forehead, "Me too, Mari."

⚡

No one was really surprised when they saw Adrien Agreste and Marinette Dupain-Cheng come with linked hands, a matching set of boutonnière and corsage, and a glint in their eyes that screamed of love.

And if they were crowned Prom King and Queen, well nobody would be too surprised, they even cheered for them and watched them slow dance.

Marinette leaned her head on Adrien's chest, her hands resting on his shoulder whilst Adrien had his hands on Marinette's waist. "Do you think we'll last for... forever?" She asked timidly, looking up at Adrien.

He saw how big and pretty her blue eyes are and smiled at her, "My lady, we grew up together, even though we had a few time gaps, I saw you when you were still wearing your cute little pig-tails and you saw me going through my awkward stage of puberty." He said, holding Marinette's hand with his before twirling her around and gaining cheers from their audience.

"I love you, Mari, and I cannot think of my life without you. So Marinette, what do you say? Let's grow up together some more." He asked, the song to their dance finished as he dipped her down.

When he pulled her up face to face with him, she could feel the boy's breath fanning on her lips. "I want to grow up with you some more." She whispered before leaning in and sealing her answer with a soft kiss.

And after 6 years, they were engaged, with Adrien's father seemingly to be the happiest of all but in truth, it was Plagg who was the happiest because of he gets to be with Marinette's kitten Tikki, which Adrien had proposed to Marinette with.

***End.***