The Unlucky Cat and the Babysitter

A Miraculous Ladybug commission

“Chat Noir, keep them busy while I set things up!” Ladybug ordered as she swung away.

Chat smirked. “You got it, Milady!” He charged his power into his hands. “CATACLYSM!” He dashed at the villain, reaching for their item. The Akumatized villain deftly dodged his right hand, but had to redirect the swipe from his left, knocking Chat’s hands together! He flinched, expecting pain to flow from the attack, but nothing happened.

Confused, but still in the middle of a fight, Chat grappled with his foe until he heard Ladybug call for him to get clear. After a set up that would have made Rube Goldberg’s jaw drop, the Akuma was purified and the city restored. But Chat was on a timer. “Alas, Milady! Though I would sing your praises, I need to go!”

Chat extended his baton to reach a nearby rooftop, but caught on the edge and slammed onto his face. Back on the ground level Ladybug stifled a giggle, she knew it would take more than that to hurt him. “All the grace of a cat!” She called after him

Chat righted himself quickly and dusted himself off with a sheepish smile and a wave. With that he polevaluted to the next building to get a headstart on home. After reaching his mansion though, he finally noticed something. “My timer isn’t going off.” It had definitely been more than five minutes since he used his powers. This could only mean one thing!

“I’ve outgrown the timer!” Chat dived through his window, landing in his chair with a laugh. The force from the landing made him fall back over, bumping his head on the floor, but that didn’t kill his buzz. Ladybug had told him about this, about how when they got older they wouldn’t need to worry about their powers. “Ha ha! This is great! Wait till I tell her!”

Speaking of Ladybug, the phone on his baton was beeping. He righted his chair before answering it. “Fanciest man alive, how can I help you?”

He could feel her roll her eyes from across the line. “Chat listen… there’s been a development. I’m going to have to leave Paris for a week.” That would be a long time to be without his partner, but he could probably handle it.

“When do you leave?”

“Tomorrow.”

“TOMORROW?!” Chat was so shocked he fell backwards in the chair again.

“It was a very last minute thing.” Ladybug chuckled sheepishly. “My family is going out of town, and I won’t be able to bring the Horse Miraculous with me. You'll have to protect Paris on your own.”

Sensing the worry in her voice, Chat buried his own concerns. “Worry not, Milady! Paris will be in good hands until you return!” He boasted. “You just enjoy your trip, you take too much responsibility on yourself anyway!”

Ladybug giggled. “Thank you Chat. And good luck.” With that she hung up.

Chat sighed. That had killed his buzz, he had even forgotten to tell her about the time limit. “Plagg, claws in.” The black Kiwami popped out and Chat changed back to Adrien.

Plagg hovered in a daze for a few seconds before turning to Adrien. “What’s up with you kid? This a new yoga position?”

Andrien sighed and put his chair upright again. “Nothing, just thinking.”

“I wondered what that funny noise was!”

He shot Plagg a bemused smirk before he spun back to his computer and checked his schedule. No big photoshoots this week, maybe this wouldn’t be too hard after all? Suddenly an email popped up. Marinette had sent a message to the whole class explaining her family had won a cruise trip in a raffle and they were going to be gone all week!

“Good for them, they’ve earned a vacation.” Andrien mused. “Hmm. Both Ladybug and Marinette going out of town for a week? I guess this is a popular time for travel.”

Plagg had to physically restrain himself from screaming at his partner’s denseness.

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The next few days were thankfully quiet, Andrien admittedly felt a little lonely on patrol with Ladybug, and school was just a little less exciting with Marinette gone. It was about then that he noticed something odd was happening with Plagg. “Are you okay?” He asked the spirit. “You've barely eaten. Usually you have twice as much camembert by now.”

“I don’t get it either.” Plagg moaned, barely forcing a block in his mouth. “I’ve been feeling off since that last Akuma fight.”

Before Adrien could question further, a news bulletin popped up on his TV. “Don’t be bemused, it’s just the news! Renowned child psychologist, Clarice Lamb, has turned into a super villain near the Eiffel Tower.” Nadja said, live footage of a tall woman with pale blue skin and a large apron appeared. “She’s been taking the people she’s caught and putting them into…” The reporter did a double take. “Into diapers and baby bouncers. Though her exact motives are unclear, police are advising people to stay indoors.”

Andrien turned to Plagg. “Looks like duty calls. Think you can handle a transformation?”

“You got it kid!”

“Plagg, claws out!” One transformation sequence later, Chat Noir hopped out the window, running toward the Eiffel Tower. He arrived just in time to see the Akuma lasso a police officer with a weapon that seemed to be a combination sling and bolas. The sling wrapped around the officer’s waist and their clothes shifted into a baby onesie and diaper. The sling then attached to a nearby wall and the officer dangled there for a moment before they started to cry!

“Muhaha! Another big brat taken care of!” The Akumatized Clarice popped a pacifier into the officer’s mouth before Chat landed not far away.

“That cop might be dressed as a baby,, but you’re gonna be the one crying if you don’t stand down!”

The woman scowled. “Chat Noir! You alone can’t stop Claire Giver!” She pulled another sling out of her bag and tossed it at Chat. Chat ducked, diving behind a car…

And slammed face first into a light pole. “Ow.” He got back up, dodging another sling and running for an alleyway. “Hey baby face! Catch me if you can!” He had to lead her away from more people. He made it into the alley and slipped on a puddle, slamming seat first into the mud. “Errg! What the heck!?”

“Aw, poor baby!” Claire Giver appeared at the mouth of the alley, launching another sling like a bungee cord. Chat spun his baton like a pinwheel, knocking the transforming weapon aside, but banging the end of his own weapon against his head. “Such a clutz! Let me put you in a safe bouncer and I’ll take that nasty dangerous Miraculous off your hands!”

“Only one hand!” Chat shot back. “And trust me, my luck usually isn’t this bad!” He jumped, bouncing off the walls and onto the roof. Except his foot caught on the edge and he faceplanted against the concrete. “Ow. Again.” He pushed himself up. “I know I was joking, but what is with my luck today?”

Chat glanced down into the alley, seeing Claire Giver climbing an emergency ladder. “Huh, can’t move as well as the rest of us? Maybe my luck is looking up!” If he could lure her someplace high up, maybe he could trap her! Maybe even until Ladybug came back!

And the tallest place around was the Eiffel Tower!

As soon as Claire Giver was almost at the top of the ladder, Chat dropped back down. “I never needed a babysitter, and looking at you, I’m glad I didn’t!” He took off running toward the Tower. The Akuma growled in annoyance, dropping down and taking off after him!

Chat ducked through another alley, seeing the Eiffel Tower in the distance. “Purrfect!” He picked up the pace, dashing out into the street and right into an oncoming bus. It was only his superhuman durability that kept from passing out. “Not so perfect.” Right, this was a tour route.

The bus driver stuck his head out the window. “Chat Noir! I’m sorry, you came out of nowhere!” He said, flustered. “Do you… need any help?”

Ignoring the bruise already forming on his side, Chat stood back up. “Nope, no problem.” He flashed a pained smile. “I have things completely under control!”

“Oh, I disagree!” The Akumatized Clarice floated over him, diaperizing sling in hand. She slammed it at Chat Noir, who panicked and activated his baton. The extending rod pushed him away from the villain, but too late. The diaper hit him around the waist, quickly changing his suit and forming a baby bouncer around his body. The bouncer’s ropes shot into the air, attaching to the first surfaces they touched.

Which in this case happened to be the legs of the Eiffel Tower.

When things finally settled down, Chat Noir was sitting in his new bouncer hundreds of feet in the air, dangling right in the middle of two of the legs. The only thing left of his superhero costume was the mask, the rest had been changed by Claire Giver’s power. He was in a black dress, covered in frills and lace like a gothic doll. His boots had changed to dance slippers, gloves to frilled cuffs, (the ring was still in the same place though) and ears to a lace covered headband. And worse of all, bulging out from under the bouncer’s straps, was a shiny black diaper.

“Caught you in my trap, Chat Noir!” Clarice laughed. “Give me your miraculous and I will let you down!”

“No way!” Chat wrapped his hand around his ring. “Come and get it if you want it so bad!”

“Insolent brat!” Claire Giver looked around, trying to find some way to get up to him. Maybe climb one of the poles? Or maybe going inside would be faster? Taking an elevator to an observation deck? “Give me a minute, I’m thinking!”

Chat watched from up high as Clarice seemed to be arguing with herself, probably talking with Hawkmoth. He had a bit of time, but he needed to figure a way free. His Cataclysm maybe? Ah, but the bouncer had magically fused with the tower, affecting it could destroy it, with no way to repair things until Ladybug got back. “What rotten luck…”

Really rotten luck. Like he had crossed a black cat. He examined his ring and noticed something. A faint green line in the middle that hadn’t been there before. He must not have noticed it when he first transformed.

“Where did that come from?” His mind flashed back to the fight a few days ago, how he accidentally struck his own hand and how Plagg had been feeling sick. “Arrg, of course! That explains it!” This was the result of Cataclysming himself!

As this realization came, both he and Claire Giver heard a honking sound. The bus from before slammed into the villain, knocking her into a nearby dumpster and apparently knocking her out. The driver stuck his head out the window again. “I got her? I got her!” He waved to Chat Noir. “Chat, I got her!”

Chat waved back meekly as the tourists in the bus took picture after picture of him. A fire truck was already driving up to the tower with a ladder long enough to reach him. Followed shortly by a news truck. And several hundred citizens of Paris and their own cameras.

“I am never living this one down.” Chat sighed as he watched the last of the sickly green in his ring fade away. “Ladybug… please hurry home.”

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Marinette was enjoying the wind blowing through her hair, Tikki on her shoulder. They had found a nice quiet spot on the deck of the cruise ship her mother had won tickets for. “Ah, this is so nice!” Suddenly her phone beeped, that was the ring tone she set for the Ladyblog! “Oh I hope it isn’t an Akuma…” She checked the update.

It wasn’t an Akuma. Well, it was but it wasn’t. “What the?! Chat Noir??” She and Tikki stared at the pics of Chat in a frilly dress and diaper being helped to the ground by firefighters filled the internet. “Ohh, maybe coming on this trip was a mistake after all?”

Tikki patted her head. “Don’t worry Marinette! It says they contained the Akuma, so I’m sure they’ll be fine the rest of the week!”

Sighing and nodding, Marinette went to click off the Ladyblog before pausing. She saved the pic with the best view of Chat Noir’s outfit. It was useless for blackmail, but she might have other uses for it. Besides, it was cute!

(She certainly hoped this didn’t awaken anything in her.)