"Hey, hey," Alya said trying to get her friend to stop screaming. Marinette saw Alya's hands waving in the space in front of her, like they weren't sure if they should hug her or cover her mouth. She allowed her voice to taper off into a squeak and took a deep breath. She looked back and forth between Alya and the creature in her mother's arms. 'Adrien,' she corrected herself. 'Adrien the black cat.'

"H-he's like me," she stuttered. Her father barreled into the room, alerted by his daughter's screaming. His eyes laid on the cat in her mother's arms.

"Why is there a cat? What's going on?" He looked at the two shocked teenagers and his surprisingly calm wife.

"Everything's fine, dear. We just had a bit of a revelation, didn't we, girls?" Sabine smiled. She handed the cat to Alya and, suddenly, Adrien was in its place.

"Who's that?" Tom asked. Marinette thought he was handling it quite well, all things considered. She, however, was not. And she was just like Adrien. Sabine led her husband back down to the bakery and explained away all his questions.

"Why didn't it work with you?" Adrien asked her after her parents left. Marinette looked to Alya for help. She had no idea, but maybe someone outside their situation would have a clearer head.

"Hmm... You both change when hugged by someone of the opposite sex so perhaps because you're the same, you're safe to each other?" she said thoughtfully.

"You change when you're hugged by guys?" Adrien inquired. Marinette nodded shyly. "What do you change into?"

"A ladybug," she sighed.

"Isn't that kind of dangerous?"

"No one said the gods were kind," she laughed deprecatingly.