Desperate
by KokoroWorlds

Summary

Do you ever think about what a desperate man might do?

Momoko has. Momoko’s witnessed it.

Notes

This is the first of my works to have an editor, so I hope you guys enjoy! Hopefully this will be a precursor to longer fics in this particular strain of crossover. I have plans. If they end up coming to fruition is the real question.

See the end of the work for more notes.

Do you ever think about what a desperate man might do?

Momoko has. Momoko’s witnessed it.

A desperate man destroys. He takes. He twists. In her course as a super hero she had met many a desperate man. Thieving, broken men. Many were able to be helped, saved from what society had forced upon them. Able to move on from their sorrow. Able to live.
This man was not one of those. This man was weak.

This man had everything those men didn't. Food. A roof over his head. An entire fashion empire that her new friend had practically worshiped at one point. A son who would give just about anything to make him proud.

Yet here he was. Tearing a city apart. Tearing his son apart. Throwing everything he had away in a desperate attempt to bring back a dead woman. Refusing to move on.

That ended here.

Poor Chat Noir clutched his lady close, soft sobs echoing through the underground cavern. Her identity finally known to him, but not the way he wanted it to be. Momoko had been privy to a few of his fantasies during training and quite a few of them read like the climax of a romance manga. Far preferable to… this.

Buttercup applied first aid to the shallowly breathing girls body, completely ignoring the brokenly hissing boy holding her patient. The claw marks on Marinette’s neck were thankfully not as deep as the bleeding would imply. A slight smile made its way onto Momokos face, watching as Buttercup slapped the clingy Chat Noirs hands away as she bandaged his Lady’s, his Princess’s arm. All three rested safely behind her. While in front...

The thing before her could hardly be considered human any more. He was undeserving of that title, having abandoned it in his lust for power. How long had it been since he had a heart?

Gabriel Agreste cowered behind Nooroo’s power, beneath her pink glare. He eyed the bloody earrings Momoko had ripped from his ears, unable to reach for them due to the blue trident at his throat. His black aura seemed to absorb all the light the poor kwami gave off. Yet another victim of his madness.

"Kidnapping."

Venom fills her voice despite all attempts at professionalism.

"Torture. Assault on a minor. Terrorism."

Bubbles didn’t glance up from her position at the man’s throat as Momoko continues. If she looked closely, she could see her friend tremble with rage. Righteous fury from a gentle soul.

"There are lines that should not be crossed, Gabriel."

Chat looked up in confusion at his father's name. Poor boy... He’d fought that accusation so hard, each time it was brought up. There would be no blissful ignorance for him now.

"I am done attempting to reason with you. You're too far gone."

Deranged laughter flashed through her mind and she suppressed a shudder. Had he not been distracted by his gloating, about to slide the ring off of his defeated sons finger, they may not have gotten the upper hand.

Mentally apologizing to Marinette she removed the pearls from her ears, dropping them to the ground, replacing them with bright red ones.

"But I will give you a choice."
As Master Fu explained a red being pops into existence. Catching it, she brought out a cookie from
the bakery, offering it to the poor creature. Hopefully her own light would help as well. Hawkmoth
had drained the miraculous far too much, fighting them. How Nooroo was keeping up the
transformation was a mystery.

Big blue eyes anxiously look around, glancing between Momoko and Marinette. Not yet eating the
offered cookie. Momoko gave a slight nod and a smile, tilting her head towards the broken girl. If
only their first meeting had been under better circumstances, she was sure they would have much to
discuss.

Tikki darted to her broken wielders side a red blur, in Momoko’s hands one moment then nuzzling
into the crook of Marinette’s bandaged neck the next. With that taken care of Momoko turns back to
the conversation at hand, face hardening.

"Do you want to be cleansed quickly or slowly? Bubbles, let him speak."

Obeying, Bubbles lowers her trident and lets it return to its bubble wand form. She much preferred
her wand to the trident, much less violent. Bubbles wasn’t built for true battle but she had certainly
adjusted to it.

Gabriel- no. Hawkmoth snarled and lunged forward, grasping for Bubble’s throat.

"You impudent insects! How dare you get in my way?! You- grrk-"

Good old Buttercup. Quick to the punch. Or, rather, kick. A sharp kick right to his stomach shut him
up as he stumbled backwards and away from their reach. Buttercup held her kick for a moment
before lowering her leg, gloves tinged with dried blood, face blank. Not a good sign for Hawkmoth.

"Quickly it is."

Like ripping off a band-aid.

"My cause is noble, just!"

"No cause justifies harming a child."

How much had Marinette suffered before they had arrived? How much had Adrien suffered? How
much had Paris suffered? Healing physical wounds could only go so far.

"She will live again! She will be mine again!"

Denial was a powerful drug, made worse by the darkness he’d accepted. He had certainly loved her.
At one point.

The road to hell and all that.

"She belongs in the afterlife. That corpse will remain a shell."

Poor Chat.... How heartbreaking must it be, to have all your worst fears confirmed in the space of a
day? Despite all Momoko had been through, she could comfortably say both her parents were alive
and not evil.

"Chat, close your eyes. This isn't going to be pretty."

Cleansing never was.
He attempted to protest. Said he wanted to see, that surely this couldn’t be worse than what he’d already been through. Fortunately a look from the still tired Tikki stopped him and he looked away. Spared the sight but not the screams.

"Buttercup."

With a sharp nod her deceptively colorful weapon appeared in gloved hands. Momoko took a moment to look it over. Blue and yellow looked oddly intimidating when in the form of a scythe, like a child’s toy gone wrong. Horribly, horribly wrong.

Hawkmoth let out an involuntary shudder as Buttercup approached, undoubtedly wondering what she would do. How it would hurt. Momoko didn’t envy him, based on first hand accounts from previous victims.

Buttercup’s green aura covered the scythe as she raised it, poised to slice right through his darkened heart. Waiting for her order, faint crackling filled the room, and Momoko idly wondered...

How much would be left of him after this?

"Reap what he has sown."

End Notes

Comment please! It means the world to me as I don't get many here or on Deviantart.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!