Cat Food

by lewdybug

Summary

Adrien loves the Boulangerie Patisserie and can't get enough of their baked goods. But when Marienette catches him sneaking in at night as Chat Noir to steal sweets, she feels like it's only right to teach the masked cat a lesson.

Notes

Hello everyone! I haven't written in years, and sub!Chat is my cup of tea, but I noticed there wasn't an overwhelming amount of nsfw work in the community, let alone of sub!Chat, so I thought I'd contribute. Some footnotes:

- I got the starting idea (of stealing from the bakery) from some cute posts I saw on Tumblr teasing at the idea of Chat liking home baked foods after the recent gaming episode.
- I always thought they were in college because of the strange topics their classes cover (like making a hat for Adrien to model in? weird) and for the sake of nsfw as well, this fic takes place in college ages.
- I have a few chapters written already (though need to be revised) but if anyone has some suggestions of themes to include please feel free to comment.
Marinette was exhausted, and Paris was just as exhausted as Marinette. Though the city never truly slept, twinkling with lights throughout, the only light that shone into Marinette's room was through her patio, gently making the outlines of her room glow. Marinette herself was comfortable in bed, hidden underneath waves of blankets, soft breaths escaping her lips as she slept peacefully. Exhausted from her day at school- college was no joke after all- and exhausted from fighting Akumas, Marinette wanted nothing more than a good night's sleep, though Marinette would not be getting that tonight.

Tikki awoke from the small pillow Marinette had laid out for her Kwami to rest upon in a startle, in reaction to a loud clutter downstairs- the sound of something falling on the floor followed by an eerie silence. Quickly, Tikki tossed herself towards Marinette, patting her hands onto Marinette's soft cheeks, squishing them with each tap. Marinette's brows furrowed together as she pushed her head into her pillow, gently gliding her hand across her cheek to shoo the eager Tikki away. "W-what... is it T...ikki?" she murmured still half asleep, her body calling for rest. She peered her blue eyes open slowly, a fearful Tikki coming into focus as her eyes adjusted to the soft glimmer of light that illuminated her bedroom.

"There's someone in the bakery again!" Tikki panicked, flying around the room in circles, not quite sure what to do. Marinette's heart jolted in adrenaline, snapping her out of her groggy, sleepy state of being. Her fingertips clasped at her bed sheets as her mind wandered, unsure of what to take of the situation. For a while now, Marinette and her family had been waking up once in a while- two or three times a week, maybe, to find some goods from the bakery missing. A pecan cookie here, a croissant there, a slice of lemon meringue pie... But this wasn't the result of a hungry mouse or a raccoon. Sitting so menacingly onto the counter- next to the cashier every morning, was always the exact change for the stolen goods. Someone was sneaking into her parent's bakery to steal her parent's lovingly cooked treats, and paying for them because they felt guilty about it!

Marinette jumped to her feet with a small "thump". She carefully tread towards her door to creep downstairs, still in her pajamas, her breath hitched in her chest. Marinette had encountered tons of dangerous people before as Ladybug, but the idea of having to face someone in her own home in the middle of the night terrified her! She didn't want to bother her parents though by calling the police- besides, if they were leaving money, they must be friendly, she assured herself. On the other-hand, Ladybug showing up in a home all of a sudden might be suspicious too, so that was out of the question.

As she neared the part of the bakery where the treats were stored, Marinette heard a small clang, the sound of the lid being lifted off of a batch of chocolate-chip cookies. It was familiar to her, having grown up just above the bakery, so she couldn't mistake it. Her heart dropped and her body felt hot from her toes to the top of her head, fear pumping through her veins. She ducked quickly behind a counter and lifted her head up to peer into the darkness, unable to make out what or who, was creeping around in her kitchen at 1am in the morning! Her heart fluttered in her chest as she saw a sudden movement, light glinting off of something shiny and black, carrying itself towards the delicious cookies. Squinting her eyes, she pulled herself up over the counter just slightly by the pressure of her finger tips, the weight of her body pushing itself onto the tips of toes as she struggled to stay hidden. As quickly as Marinette had tried to get a better vision, a flash of two, familiar bright green eyes flickered over in her direction following her sudden movement, and her heart sank, blood rushing to her head in confusion.

"C-Cha Noir?" she stuttered quickly, lifting herself from behind the counter, keeping her arms close
to her body. She winced in confusion as she watched her partner jump, startled to hear- and presumably, see, Marinette. His eyes widened as one of her mother's cookies slipped between his fingers, falling to the floor. He lifted his hands out in front of him cautiously in a startled fret. Why would Chat Noir be stealing her mother's cookies, she couldn't wrap her head around it. Chat had never come across as someone to do something bad to her- maybe a bit pushy, and lacking boundaries, but never a criminal. "What are y-you doing?"

Her voice was filled with concern, catching at "you" with an ounce of pain. She felt her fingernails press into the skin of her palm as she clenched her fists lightly, unsure on what Chat was planning, but more mad to be seeing her partner stealing. If she were Ladybug, she would most definitely be scolding him, she was sure of that.

"I-I- Oh, I-uh, Marinette!" Chat let out a nervous laugh, his jaw quivering, "I-It's not what it seems! I j-just, u-uh, they're good! They're good, you know! And I don't get to h-have stuff like this at home so, I-..." Chat trailed off. That wasn't a good excuse for anything, and he knew it. He felt damn guilty, for breaking in, for stealing, but more for Marinette catching him red handed. If Curiosity doesn't kill the cat, Marinette sure would.

Marinette let out a forced breath in confusion, shaking her head at the stumbling Chat.

"You can't come buy them when the bakery is open?" she questioned, squinting her eyes, choking up on her own emotions. "This is stealing," she pleaded. Chat Noir sighed and lowered his head in defeat, holding his arms against himself with a sulk. He shook his head, closing his eyes. How could he look at Marinette? He was ashamed of himself.

"P-Please don't tell anyone! I-If Ladybug ever found out I-I'd..." he faltered, rubbing the palm of his hand against his head, "She can't know about this! Don't tell anyone, please! I won't come back, I promise!" He pushed himself towards Marinette, grabbing one of her hands in between his palms. Grits of cookie crumbs scratched against Marinette's skin as she looked down at the blonde boy. "P-Please...," he pleaded, sounding as if he was about to cry as he let himself fall onto his two knees, still holding onto Marinette's hand. Her vision trailed towards Chat's pitch black ring, the light green paw print so brightly showing itself off in the darkness. 'Showing itself off', she thought, years of Chat's relentless teasing, flirting, and confidence coming to the surface inside of her. The Chat Noir that Ladybug knew was smooth and coy, she never could have imagined him on her bakery's floor, pleading and begging her for her forgiveness- her silence. A vulnerable Chat Noir. The thought gave her stomach butterflies. What was it about seeing Chat in such a shameful, pathetic Chat made her excited?

'Is this the real Chat?' she asked herself 'Under the mask?', gazing at the boy squeezing at her palm, focusing on her with pleading eyes. His lips quivered, desperate for Marinette to pretend she hadn't just caught him stealing- desperate to make sure Ladybug would never find out. 'What does Ladybug think?'. Marinette asked herself. Chat didn't know he was standing in front of 'his lady' of course, but maybe Marinette could use that to her own advantage. Perhaps the mask, the disguise, was what made Chat who he was, the confident, bumbling buffoon she'd worked next to for so long. Marinette knew herself she was far more confident as Ladybug than Marinette- but Chat didn't know that. Maybe it was time to see a different Chat, she thought. The real Chat Noir.

She slipped her hand out from between his gentle clasp, swiveling around on the balls of her feet as she sauntered towards the counter, picking up and taking the tray of cookies with her. She paused for a moment as she reached under the counter to grab a bowl, taking one last thought before she placed the cool ceramic on top of the counter. If he didn't want Ladybug to know he was stealing cookies like some... alley cat, then he would have to earn it. She was confident she was going to give Chat a piece of his own mind and teach him a lesson.

She hastily grabbed some of the cookies into her hands, feeling a confused and concerned Chat
staring at her though her back. Breaking them up between her fingers, she let small chunks of cookie fall into the bowl, filling the room with the only sound between the dense silence. Dusting the crumbs off of her fingers and letting them fall onto the counter, she picked up the bowl, taking a deep breath before she carried herself menacingly towards Chat, trying her best to keep a straight face. She placed the bowl on the floor in front of him, backing away as he looked down at it, and then up at her.

"Eat it if you're so hungry then, Kitty," she taunted amorously. Her heart fluttered and her cheeks felt as though they were burning up, hopeful in the dark that Chat wouldn't see how truly embarrassed Marinette was. She'd never thought of doing something like this, but she assured herself that it was what the boy kneeling on the floor needed. He lingered, giving her a look of caution for a moment, a short one, but one that felt so long to Marienette. She began to doubt her decisions before he slowly lifted a hand, grabbing a piece of one of the broken cookies in between his claws. Marinette clutched his chin roughly between her hand in one swift movement, forcing his head up towards her as she leaned in. His eyes cautiously watching her every move.

"No," she purred, looking down at him as he dropped the bit back into the bowl. She felt her lips curve softly into a small smirk as she pressed the tips of them against his ear, hand still firm on his chin. "Not with your hands. If you want to be a bad kitty, then you can eat like a kitty- with your mouth."
Marinette gives Chat Noir a taste of his own medicine.

Once again, if anyone has any suggestions for future chapters or criticism, please let me know. I'm trying super hard to get back into the feeling of writing! Thanks to everyone who gave Kudos and comments on the first chapter!

Marinette's thumbnail played at the purse in her lips as she ogled at the lean boy sitting with his hands and knees pressed against the bakery floor. She sat atop a stool next to the counter. Her heart felt like it was about one beat away from completely busting inside of her chest. Her face felt hot, her body felt hot. She wasn't sure what she was feeling really, outside of a mix of emotions.

It had only been a short time, maybe a minute, but to her it felt like ten, or twenty minutes since Chat had taken that first bite. She watched him now as the cookie crumbles in the bowl were nearing empty, her partner never making eye contact with her. He looked down at the floor, his eyes unable to settle on where exactly to look- but that wasn't important to him, as long as he wasn't looking at Marinette. He was obviously feeling something too, Marinette knew that, maybe similar to what she was feeling. She knew she felt anxious, yet ashamed, and at the same time, a little aroused, but she tried to push that to the back of her mind.

Who was this boy on her floor? She didn't know. It made her stomach churn, yet she felt an ounce of excitement from deep within. She knew Chat Noir, but she didn't know him. She couldn't give him a name, she couldn't tell someone what he looked like without the mask, and she couldn't tell anyone what his life was like when he wasn't Chat. She was making a stranger, really, one who'd broken into her home at that, eat out of a bowl on her floor.

The feeling of sudden power sent a rush of adrenaline through her body. Plus, Marinette really did believe Chat was due for a punishment. She couldn't believe her cocky partner was willingly doing something so embarrassing to avoid Ladybug finding out about his crimes- but it was still a bit endearing to her. He cared about what she, as Ladybug at least, thought of him. She always knew Chat Noir had a crush on Ladybug- she wondered often if she really was his only "lady" though. Not that they were a thing anyways, she had Adrien to worry about, and she would never give up Adrien for someone like Chat Noir... right?

Adrien. The thought of him made Marinette's heart sink and a frown wash over her face. What would he think of her if he knew she was doing this? Surely he'd think she was a pervert- no. She shook her head slightly, swallowing the thought hard. This wasn't a matter of pleasure, it was a matter of consequence, she assured herself. She left her thoughts behind her and put her focus back onto the boy, watching as the textured vinyl of his suit pulled and stretched over his back and his shoulders as he arched down to eat. He was silent as he did, although she was sure her own breath
was loud and quivering. He parted his lips slightly, just enough to grab a small chunk between his teeth before pulling it back into his mouth to chew it slowly, swallowing it with a hard gulp. His hands were balled into fists and his arms were tense. Was he scared? Angry? Marinette couldn't decide.

Yet somehow, she felt warm inside. She found endearment in watching Chat in such a vulnerable state. She wanted to take care of him. It was a different Chat—one she wanted to love, and nurture, instead of push away. She thought he looked kind of cute—a first of thoughts of that sort towards Chat for her, her glance gliding towards the two black ears atop of head. They were pressed down close into his blonde, fluffy hair. Marinette had never owned a cat—and ever since meeting Chat, the household pet reminded her too much of her acquaintance, so she wasn't fond of them. She couldn't help but wonder if his ears responded similarly as a real cat's would.

As he took the last piece of the cookie into his mouth, Marinette sat up straight in her chair. She didn't want him to know she was nervous, after all. Chat swallowed, taking one loud, shaky breath before he sat back on his knees, looking up to her. The look in his eyes surprised Marinette, a look of trust, but also ridden with guilt. Marinette let herself slide off of the stool and bent down slightly in front of the boy, his cheeks as red as Ladybug's suit. She put a hand behind his right ear and scratched his head lightly.

"Good kitty," she whispered, giving him an endearing smile before swiftly leaving the room in embarrassment.
When Marinette awoke, she felt as though she'd been asleep for years. She couldn't tell if the night before was a dream or not. She was pretty scared- of Chat Noir, but mostly of herself, and pretty tired. What she did know was that she was too afraid the truth was that it really had happened to check the bakery to see if the bowl was in the dish washer or not when she left for school, hopeful as the day went on that she'd forget about the previous night's events.

"Oh, it was just amazing Marinette! I wish you could've been there to see it!" Alya beamed, clasping her phone between her two hands, bringing it close to her chest. She closed her eyes in joy, smiling as she threw her head around before opening her wide hazel eyes and leaned in towards Marinette. "Ladybug even took the time to talk to her after! She's so cool."

Marinette smiled as she remembered saving the little girl just the day before during a fight with an akumatized citizen. She spoke to the girl after- admittedly, a big fan of Ladybug, telling her that maybe one day she could be a hero, too.

She was happy that her friend, after so long, was still running the Ladyblog. Alya's dedication made Marinette wished she could be that dedicated to something too- not that she wasn't dedicated to being Ladybug, but being Ladybug wasn't really a choice, and lately Marinette had really been feeling like she wanted control over something, anything in her life. Being a superhero wasn't exactly stress-free, after all. Mostly though, it warned her heart just to know that her best friend admired what Marinette did so much, even if she wasn't aware Ladybug was really sitting next to her. Even if sometimes Marinette herself felt insecure about her super hero status, Alya was always there to lift her spirits.

"What about you, girl? You look a little tired," Alya lingered, before a smile tugged across her lips and she put her hand on Marienette's shoulder. "Were you perhaps... up late on a date...?" Her eyes beamed with excitement as she lifted an eyebrow at her exhausted friend.

Marinette laughed with Alya, shaking her head. She'd never been on a date at all actually (well,
outside of that one with Nathaniel, but it hadn't quite been a **real** date), and she wanted her first one to be with Adrien. Maybe they'd go on a date to a cute cafe and have coffee together, or maybe to a museum. He'd hold her hand the entire time as he babbled on about the art and the meaning behind it, giving her her own personal tour before taking her home, stopping at the doorstop to lean in to kiss- Marinette snapped herself out of her daydreaming. She furrowed her brows, looking to the side with a grimace at the reality of what *had* happened last night, the reality that eventually she would have to accept what she'd done, and how she felt, beginning to hit her.

"Actually, I saw the guy who's been breaking into bakery last night," she announced, biting her lip. Alya's eyes went wide and Marinette couldn't tell if it was from concern, or in excitement from the juicy details. Adrien turned around in his seat from in front of her. It was amazing to her how even though they were in college now, they all managed to keep their same seats- even if it was just for one class. Well, Marinette did always have a knack for good luck, she supposed.

"Were you alright?" Alya pried, looking over Marinette for any cuts, bumps, or bruises. Marinette laughed, lifting her hands up in front of her in humor.
"Yeah, of course!" she smiled, "He was really sorry and all, I think he felt bad. He left right away and promised not to come back!" She reassured her friend, who relaxed back into her seat, content that her friend was safe.

"Did you call the police?" Adrien questioned, startling Marinette. She jumped, looking towards him.

"Oh, I, ah, No! I figured he wasn't going to be coming back so, s-so..." She blushed as she twiddled with her thumbs, flattered that her crush was worried about her.

"It's good you're okay," he said, smiling with a sigh of relief. "You should be careful though, Marinette. You never know."

Her heart fluttered at the thought of Adrien's concern for her. She smiled widely, her cheeks turning pink as she looked dreamily at the model. Adrien was always so kind and friendly, and caring towards Marinette. He'd helped her overcome so many difficult situations thanks to his endless support, and even so- she was still so nervous around him. Not much had changed with him throughout their school years together, although he was a bit taller than from middle school, he really looked identical. You can't improve perfection, she figured. They were fairly good friends, and Adrien had never dated anyone that Marinette knew of, but she chalked it up to his busy modeling life. She'd considered the idea that maybe he just didn't know anyone he liked enough, but she didn't like that thought so much, because it would mean Adrien didn't like her.

She hadn't quite worked up the courage yet to ask him out. To be fair, she wasn't certain she ever would. It was a bit upsetting, but she was just happy to be able to spend time with him. It was rare, but the days he went out with her and Alya, or they spent together playing video games were very special to her. Deep inside, she really did hope maybe one day he would be the one to ask her out, but Marinette was smart, and knew that was a far stretch from reality.

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Marinette entered her room, feeling utterly drained. She just couldn't get the thought of the night before out of her mind. She felt guilty for enjoying what she'd done to Chat Noir, and wanted to just put it behind her, but yet a tinge of curiosity- and satisfaction, still lingered within her. Seeing Chat without his confident guard, exposed and defenseless was like seeing a whole new person, a different Chat Noir, one she pondered the idea of getting to know. She cared deeply about Adrien and couldn't fathom the idea of anyone *but* him, but at the same time, the idea of making Chat feel piteous was intriguing to her. The idea of having a responsibility that she chose to have, having control over something in her life- with Ladybug taking up so much of it, was exciting to her. She'd
many of times shot back at Chat's remarks of course, but that was as Ladybug, and to Chat Noir, Marinette was not Ladybug, she was plain, old Marinette.

Marinette let out a soft sigh of frustration, laying her bag on the floor. She was reaching up to her desk for her diary when she found her hand touching something else, instead. Confused, she peeked up with a curiosity to see a small, square black box sitting atop her desk. She quickly swung her head around, her eyes pacing across all corners of her room, but to her dismay, didn't see any evidence of an intruder, although she had a hitch who may had put the box there. Cautiously, her heart fluttering with anxiety, she reached out to the box, her fingertips gliding across the under edge of the cover. Slowly, she lifted it up, letting it slid down the back of the box and lay flat on her desk. She furrowed her brows at what met her gaze inside, looking back so dauntingly at her with it's presence. As she attempted to gather her thoughts, from behind her, a familiar voice taunted her, breaking through the silence.

"What's wrong? Chat got your tongue?"
Collared

Chapter Summary

Cats with owners need collars, right?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Marinette caught Chat Noir's teasing voice, but stood frozen, staring into the black box. Her eyes were fixed onto the large, black, leather collar that consumed the space between the box's four walls. Underneath it laid a thin silver chain - what Marinette only could assume would be the leash to the collar. She carefully slid her hands into the box, the cold leather gently, but chillingly, sliding underneath her fingers as she lifted it up to her face, inspecting it within her hands. It was a normal collar really - with a silver buckle, and some decorative rivets, but Marinette knew very well this collar wasn't meant for a dog or a cat, she couldn't kid herself. It was meant for a person.

Her cheeks began to quickly burn a hot red as she realized what she was holding. Her lips quivered into a nervous smile, her breath getting caught in her chest with excitement and fear. She hadn't noticed it as she was too fixed on the collar, but Chat had strolled beside her, and was leaning in to look at the collar with her.

"What do you think, ma petit dame?" his voice bubbled with excitement as he gave Marinette a sheepish grin. She jumped, startled by Chat Noir's sudden closeness and dropped the collar from her grip, falling back into the box with a "thud". Her lips moved, but nothing came out, not that she really knew what to say in the first place. Chat was bringing her a collar for himself, like a cat bringing a hunted, dead bird or mouse to it's owner in pride.

"I-I.. ah, I-ah... Uhm. Ahh," she stuttered, backing away slightly from Chat as she placed a hand on her chair to keep her secure. She felt hot, like her entire body was burning up, her legs weak. She was startled to begin with by the fact Chat Noir was in her room, though after the night before, she really shouldn't had been that surprised. Marinette tried to gather herself, taking a deep breath. She didn't need to ask herself why Chat had brought her a collar, but she was still quite surprised. She hadn't ever thought Chat was some... some pervert, or that he thought the same of her. She told herself she was most definitely not a pervert, but as she felt her eyes lingering back to the collar, the thought seemed to escape, and was replaced with the vision of Chat collared, owned by Marienette. Chat was her's after all, he did work besides her as Ladybug.

"Curiosity killed the cat, you know," she said, smirking at the boy in an attempt to hide how nervous she was, but she didn't think she masked it very well. He smiled like a child in a candy shop, looking at Marinette with eager eyes. He leaned in closer to Marinette, forcing her to fall onto her chair. She her eyes darted up at him swiftly, holding her breath as he brought his face in close to hers, their noses gently brushing up against each other for just a mere second. He looked down at her coyly, the sides of his lips tugging into a wide grin.

"But satisfaction brought it back," he finished her rhyme. Marinette felt his breath dance over her lips, Chat lingering his position over her for a moment. She put a hand in between them, pressing her finger tip against his soft lips, pushing him off of her as he glided back with her finger. His wide
Marinette had a decision to make. Kick Chat Noir out, or resume what - apparently - hadn't been finished the night before. Marinette wasn't sure why, in her mind, the latter seemed to be the better option. Perhaps she thought it would be alright, since technically a collar wasn't too weird, or perhaps she wanted to feel that same control she'd felt the night before. Never the less, Marinette gathered herself, lifting herself from her chair to stand in front of Chat. He was taller than her now, quite noticeably from when they'd been teens - or at least she'd assumed they were the same age, anyways. She reached up with both her hands, and her body, and touched her lips gently against Chat's.

Marinette had kissed Chat before, when he was effected by an akumatized Kim, but this kiss was so much different - maybe because Chat wasn't trying to kill her this time. His cheek felt soft and warm in her hand as he leaned into it, closing his eyes. She felt him melting in her palms as she let her lips glide and press against his own, savoring her taste. She let her free hand search the desk, grasping onto the collar with only slight hesitation. Letting her hand fall from his cheek, she unbuckled it, pulling away just so that there was only a few inches between them to wrap it around his neck.

She made a quick glance up at the blushing, dazed Noir as she tightened the buckle, closing it and the collar around his neck. It sat perfectly just above the bell on his suit, almost as if it belonged there. She latched the chain leash onto the ring that sat on the front of the collar then tugged it towards herself harshly, the rich sound of the bell that hung around his neck ringing as he moved, filling the room's silence as she forced Chat to stumble closer to her.

Marinette wasn't sure what was coming over her as she roughly yanked the boy closer to her until her lips were forced onto his once again, the chain in between them staying taut as her fist held onto it tightly. Perhaps it was the excitement of having a real kiss - Marinette's first real kiss, but her heart was racing in her chest and her body felt warm as she kissed him, holding the leash firmly so that he couldn't back away. She couldn't think of anything but his warm touch as she dropped the leash as his long claws lightly grazed at her waist, making a shiver run up her back as her hands traveled to his fluffy blonde locks. Twisting her fingers around his hair, she tugged back, forcing his head to follow. A small, whimpered breath escaped between his lips as he looked down at Marinette, his lips parted and his eyes glossed over.

Marinette smiled evasively, lifting herself up on Chat as his hands supported her, grasping at the back of her thighs. She kissed him again, letting her tongue explore this time, feeling the warmth of his own as she wrapped her legs around his back. As they kissed, Chat carried her towards her bed, laying her down gently on top of it. Their lips parted, Marinette breathing heavily as she glanced up at Chat's green eyes. Marinette wanted more as she as she twisted the leash around her hand, balling it into a fist, but not before felt her eyes carrying themselves past her view of Chat and to her wall, to her posters of Adrien.

Adrien.

Marinette felt a tinge of guilt shoot through her body, like a surge of electricity deep inside her stomach. She couldn't possibly let Chat get the upper hand over her, not while Adrien was still a possibility for her, albeit a low one, she still had a chance. She glanced back at Chat, pressing the tip of her finger up against his nose to push him back off of her. He flashes her a look of confusion, parting his lips as though he's about to say something before Marinette interrupts him. Marinette felt a smirk cross her face as she let out a hard sigh, looking down at the boy with his tousled hair and pink cheeks.

"Get on the floor," she demanded, leaning in towards him. "We're going for a walk, kitty."
I was thinking about starting another fic alongside this one. Maybe?
Anyways, finally getting somewhere smut wise! The R rating will come into play next chapter. ; )

I wonder what will happen? ;
Suggestions/themes/ect welcome as usual, & criticisms.

Unfortunately I have to warn from here on out the chapters might be a bit more sparse.
I'm trying hard to do 2 every week but I'm starting sewing Ladybug & Noir cosplays at
the moment so I'm très busy! I def won't drop it or anything but don't be tooooo
surprised if there's only 1 update a week from now on.
Chapter Notes

Yay a new chapter! I'm feeling a little off posting this, I'm not completely satisfied with how it reads but I don't think I'll be able to make it any better. I went back and changed one of Chat's lines in the last chapter too because it was bothering me.

Lewd things are happening!!! I've been thinking of maybe starting a second fic as well with a more... yandere/abusive Marinette? But I haven't decided yet.

As usual ur criticisms/suggestions r welcome ; )

Marinette watched as the boy, who for once in his life seemed speechless, hesitated for just a mere moment before slowly lifting himself off of Marinette. He cautiously allowed his body to slip to the floor, the sound of his suit crinkling filling the room. Marinette's fist still clenched hard on the chain leash that dangled from his collar, glistening as the sun danced on its reflective surface. A quivering, shy smile crossed the boy's face as he got on his knees, his eyes wide and focused on the floor. Marinette looked down at him, familiar memories from the night before flickering into her mind. Shoving any last minute regrets behind her, Marinette gathered herself, focusing on the pitiful Chat Noir in front of her, him and only him.

She jerked tightly at the leash, lifting the boy's chin up to face her between her index and thumb. His green eyes hesitated for a moment before meeting her own, a slight tinge of fear intertwining with a gaze of excitement as his lips parted in amazement.

"I put the collar on you," she declared with a suave whisper as she pressed the pad of her foot between his thighs, applying a light pressure onto his crotch. She was surprised to feel the boy was nearly fully hard and throbbing underneath the force of her foot, although she couldn't have expected much different. It confirmed her suspicions of Chat Noir being a pervert, at best. "So that means you're my kitty, now. You have to do what I say, do you understand?"

Chat's breath caught in his throat, squirming slightly under Marinette's hold as a faint breath escaped between his lips. He nodded lightly as he accepted Marinette's terms- her control over him in the situation, never letting his eyes leave her piercing gaze.

She let the end of her foot trail the length of Chat's cock gently and slowly before standing up, looking down at the spandex clad boy. His head moved to follow her as she walked around him, his fluffy, still rustled hair bouncing with movement as she swiftly and sharply yanked on the leash. It tugged at the side of his collar, pulling him by the neck as he lifted a hand and stumbled forwards.

She examined him carefully, her heart fluttering as she watched her partner- her teammate walk around her wood floor on his hands and knees like an animal, following her every move, the sound of his tail dragging behind him as it scraped against her floor and his bell lightly jingling filled the room . After a few steps she didn't even need to tug on the leash anymore, he willingly moved along with her, anticipating where she'd go. She felt excitement build up inside of her, rushing through the veins in her body as she realized the implications of this. Chat was completely and utterly submissive to her. This was not the Chat she was used to fighting with, one with bold, energetic clumsiness. This Chat was compliant and in some strange way to her, far more alluring. He hardly spoke the entire time they'd been together, a hard turn from the cocky Chat Noir who'd greeted her with the
collar just minutes ago. The only sound directly coming from Chat was that of the light tapping as his claws pressed onto her floor, and that of his own shaky breath.

Marinette stopped by the stairs to her rooftop balcony, turning to face Chat as he crawled towards her. He stopped directly in front of her as she fell down to sit on to one of the steps to analyze the boy. His eyes were wide under the mask with embarrassment, staring attentively in front of him- but not at her. His lips were tight and his cheeks were red, she could only imagine how much his heart must've been fluttering inside of his chest. He rested with his arms tense and between his two knees, leaning over slightly with his face pointed towards the floor, his suit stretching taught over his shoulders and spine. Once again she allowed the tip of her toes to graze against his crotch, greeted by the feeling of his firm cock underneath. Marinette tugged up at the silver chain, it's chiming filling the heated silence, leaning in to look at him as she rubbed her foot against him.

"You're all excited just from kissing and getting a short walk across the room," she taunted playfully as he left out a soft pant, his arms bending slightly forward as she applied a bit more pressure to his dick. "You're not a virgin, are you kitty cat?"

He faltered for a moment before his glazed green eyes met hers, nodding his head. Somehow, seeing him nod sent a wave of warmth throughout her body. She had been so sure that her flirty partner was popular with girls, but it seemed to be the exact opposite. If Chat Noir was a virgin, what kind of person was he without the mask? Was he shy and reserved? Never the less, Marinette let out a faint giggle, lifting her foot from the boy to stand up, her feet practically dancing on the floor underneath her in impatience as she trailed behind the boy. She picked up the cool, leather tail that trailed behind him, admiring the craftsman ship behind it for a moment before speaking again.

"Give me your arms," she stated loudly, reaching forward as the boy complied. She carefully pulled his arms behind him, wrapping his tail around each wrist before tightly pulling it through his belt, restraining his arms from protest against her. Giving the tail once last, solid tug which forced Chat Noir to arch his back up straight, she slid in front of him, her nose pressing up against his own. He shifted panicky as he looked down at the coy, grinning Marinette, pulling at his arms desperately, but to no avail.

"You don't have to be, you know?" she murmured, grasping his dick with her hand through his suit. She squeezed down onto it, watching as the boy jolted slightly in response, letting a quiet wince escape between his lips. "Don't you have ladybug? Don't you and Ladybug do things like this?"

Marinette knew the answer to this of course, but she was curious to see if Chat Noir would lie or not. Her mind rung with excitement at the idea that Chat Noir was hers, her partner as Ladybug, and now in another sense. The boy she had always assumed to be a bit of a slut, to say the least, may not had even had a girlfriend before, and Marinette could be his first... his first, something. Marinette wasn't quite sure what to call the relationship budding between her and her feline sidekick.

"N-no," Chat let out a quivered breath as Marinette stroked at him gently, pressing her body against his own. His bell let out a slight jingle as her shoulder hit against it, feeling the warmth of Chat against her chest. She pressed her lips firmly against the base of his neck, running her tongue along the skin as she kissed him, her lips gliding gently over his exposed skin. He tilted his head away, squirming his legs around slightly as she began to grind her hand against him. "L-Ladybug d-doesn't."

Chat felt his voice escape him as he felt Marinette back away from him, tugging gently at the bell on his zipper as she unzipped his suit. She looked down at the soft, perfectly smooth skin that showed through, leaning in to give him gentle kisses. She let her hand wander, dipping into the suit to firmly grasp onto him, pulling herself up to get a look as she slid the suit out around him, exposing him out
in the open. He leaned forward to rest his head onto her shoulder as she began to pump at his cock, muffled purring escaping from deep in his throat as she felt every inch of him in the palm of her hand—literally and figuratively. He was completely vulnerable and hers in that moment. There were lots of girls in Paris who had crushes on Chat Noir, the same as lots of girls aside from her had crushes on Adrien. But right now Chat Noir was hers. No one else saw Chat like this, and Chat would let no one else see him like this.

The boy trembled and mewled as she teased him, watching as his dick twitched in her hand, asking for more. Her head and her body felt hot as she played with him, his body pressing against her as he let out soft moans and pants and begged for her touch. He purred as she ran her finger in circles on top of the tip of him gently, making sure not to spoil the boy too much. She was about to speak when the boy pulled at his arms, letting out the most adorable whimper she was sure she'd ever heard in her life as he dribbled onto her hand from having her run her fingers over him. Using her spare hand, she lifted the blushing boy off her, his mouth agape as he panted lightly.

"Drink up kitty cat," she whispered with an endearing smile as she lifted her hand to his mouth, her cheeks feeling almost as hot as he looked with his messy hair and flush face. He looked at her with heavy eyes before closing them and letting his lips close around her fingers, his tongue licking up the mess he’d left on her and himself, Marienette watching on in awe.

As he let go and the adrenaline of the moment dropped, Marinette wrapped her arms around the boy, holding him tightly. She squeezed onto him tightly, embracing him as she looked at the floor behind him. Her body was hot and her mind rushed with new thoughts and feelings for Chat Noir as the sudden realization of her conflicting feelings between Adrien and Chat Noir became a unsettling, harsh reality to her.
Stray Chat

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Marinette tucked her hands deep inside of the pockets of her coat, the soft fluffy lining of her pockets pillowing her fingers from the nippy air. She let out a small, impatient huff, tucking her chin into her scarf as she watched as her breath appeared in the air in front of her, dancing along the dark night sky.

"Meet me in the park, it's a few blocks from here, at 1am on Sunday night, okay kitty cat?"

She'd been trying to be mysterious at the time, hoping the excitement of not knowing what she was planning would pick and pull at the masked cat, whoever he was, but now she was beginning to think perhaps the idea of setting a meeting place was a bit better in thought than in action. The air bit at her nose and her face tickled a warm red (although she was quite the opposite of warm) as she waited for Chat Noir to show. She'd been there just over ten minutes now, and couldn't help but wonder if perhaps the time they'd spent apart had given the boy time to think.

Maybe time to think that what he and Marinette was doing was wrong.

The thought of Chat rejecting her made her stomach sink and her eyes well up. A rejection of her as Marinette was technically just as much a rejection of Ladybug, even if Chat didn't know it. She shook the thought out of her head, focusing instead on how the dim streetlights lit up the walkway in front of her. The snow glowed a faint orange, the path ahead barely visible- but that was good. She needed it to be dark for her plan to work, after all.

"You look purrfect in any light, my lady," his voice teased from behind her, surprising her. She hadn't heard or seen from Chat Noir in four days now- not that she was complaining. Not having to fight akumas was always good, but hearing his voice again sent a jolt of warmth down her spine. She turned to look at him, unable to help herself as she felt a smile cross her lips as her eyes met his own, excitement building up inside of her.

"Look at you, wandering around out here like a stray cat," she mocked as she pranced towards him, removing her hands from her pockets to wrap her arms around Chat Noir. She tucked her head into the nape of his neck for a moment, taking in his warmth as she hugged him. There was something recently she found welling deep inside, a type of comfort beginning to bloom with these "sessions" her and Chat had shared. Marinette never could've predicted that she would be excited to be planning a night with Chat Noir, yet she found herself ecstatic. She pushed herself up onto her toes to give him a quick peck on the cheek before gently placing her hands on either side of his face, her eyes examining the grinning Chat Noir. He smiled widely at her, his eyes glistening in the faint light with joy at Marinette. She wondered if he had been as anxious to see her as much as she had been to see him, a feeling she never thought she'd have before outside of those tough Akuma fights were Chat was just a tad bit late.

"Stray cat?" he lifted an eyebrow, "I'm your cat," he purred, a smug, toothy grin crossing his lips as he winked at her, leaning in towards Marinette to give her a kiss. She swiftly lifted an index finger in between them, pressing it against his lips to push him back as she let out a stifled giggle.

"Don't get so ahead of yourself kitty, it's not like we're exclusive," she teased. Her heart was still stuck on Adrien after all, but there was no harm in spending time with Chat until then... right? He frowned, ears flopping down, opting to put his hands on her waist instead. He let out a sigh as his
shoulders slouched, a look of concern crossing his face as he squinted his eyes slightly and his brows furrowed.

"Are you saying there's someone better than me?" He questioned, tilting his head back to wink at her once again, though she wasn't quiet sure how genuine the wink was. If she were Ladybug, she might've groaned, but tonight she was Marinette, and Chat Noir was expecting something from her.

"Who could imagine it!" she laughed, flashing the boy a smile before pulling the collar Chat Noir had previously given her, and left with her, from her pocket. She brushed his golden blonde hair away from his neck as she wrapped the collar around him, pulling the buckle tight. She let the chain fall down with a smooth jingle as she watched him become flustered, his cheeks beginning to turn a shade of pink as he took a deep breath. "We're going for a walk tonight, kitty."

"O-out here?" he chattered nervously, lifting his arm to scratch his neck. "I-isn't it kind of cold?"

Marinette knew better. Her Ladybug suit was warm even in the winter- which meant Chat Noir's was, too.

"Aw, kitty," she whispered, letting her hand trail over the cool metal of the leash, tugging it slightly to force Chat closer in towards her. "Are you scared of someone seeing you?" She squinted at him, a grin spreading across her lips. He was silent, his voice caught in his throat as Marinette stared deeply at him.

"W-well, I am Chat Noir, you know!" He sputtered, putting his hands on his hips, bell jingling as he sharply moved about. "A-and...

"A-and?" Marinette mocked him with a rough tone, tightening her grip on his leash. "It's dark. Are you embarrassed, kitty? Is letting a girl lead you around in a collar embarrassing? You seemed to like it an awful lot when it was in my room."

He gulped, fumbling for something to say as Marinette pulled at his leash, forcing him to stumble forward. She began to walk in front of him, dragging him along behind her as she strolled the park's pathway. Still hesitant, Chat Noir followed, arms wrapped around his own body, his ears twitching for any sense of sound- of someone in the dark. The bottoms of his boots crunched in the snow, leaving a small, paw-print imprint behind them. They walked quietly, bell ringing with each footstep as his fear slowly eased up and his tense shoulders began to relax. Marinette glanced behind her at the boy with a warm smile, glad to see Chat Noir beginning to enjoy himself, even though she herself was also a tad afraid of someone seeing them. It wouldn't be good for Ladybug, Chat Noir, or herself, if anyone recognized her. She paused slightly up ahead on the trail, turning around to face Chat Noir.

She couldn't help but feel her heart flutter that familiar feeling, a shock of excitement shooting throughout her body as she felt in control of the flustered boy on the other end of the leash she gripped tightly in her hand. He stood in the center of the pathway, tail trailing behind him, his suit glistening from the reflection of the lights and the glow of the thin layer of snow that blanketed the city. His cheeks lit up a bright red as he met Marinette's eyes with a gaze of vulnerability, arms still grabbing his sides in front of him. "See, it's not that bad," she beamed, giving him a quick kiss, hopeful to give him some encouragement to help loosen up. His lips warmed her, distracting her from the cold of the outside world around them. As she pulled away, she let her hand trail down towards his crotch, gently grazing what was a turned-on Chat Noir.

"You're not embarrassed at all! You're just a pervert!" she announced smugly, pulling her hand back, a tight feeling swelling up inside of her chest. He let out a shaky breath, dancing in the night like smoke from a cigar as he looked at her in silence. "Come on kitty, cat's don't walk on two legs. Get
on the ground."

Chat Noir suddenly jumped, his eyes going wide as he looked at Marinette.

"W-what!?” he sputtered, throwing his hands up in front of him. "No, n-no way! I can't!"

"Why not?" Marinette frowned, tilting her head. "You did before. Just a bit more, then we'll go to my place, okay?"

Chat Noir hesitated, but nodded. Slowly, he lowered himself to the ground, standing on his knees with the palm of his hands pressed into the snow as he looked up at Marinette. She was beginning to become fond of seeing him at that angle. She quickly pushed her hand through his hair, scratching him lightly behind his ear, a light purr escaping from his lips. She swung herself around, continuing their quiet walk down the pathway as her heart raced in excitement and fear as they got closer and closer to the bakery, now knowing Chat would do anything she said.

Chapter End Notes

Hi everyone! Sorry for the long wait! I had a different chapter written but I decided to scrap it and re-arrange the order of events for the next few chapters a bit. Every chapter from here on out, except the chapter before the last, will be lewd! I'm hoping to reach 11 chapters, but we'll see! I also did a fairly decently sized edit on the last chapter, so please look if you want!

Am I the only one who thinks Chat Noir would be a bit embarrassed and flustered if Ladybug ever returned his advances? Also, how about that Manon episode? Chat Noir telling Marinette that he's her "puppet" and stuff? Maybe Sub!Chat is more canon than we think! :P

I've also been really busy sewing! If anyone wants to follow my Ladybug/Chat Noir cosplay progress, you can follow my blog!
http://kaminasbutt.tumblr.com/post/139391631907/ladybug-progress-i-have-some-extra-left-on-the

also as usual feel free to share suggestions/criticisms
In Heat

Chapter Notes

So you're probably thinking "Chapter 7? Didn't I read this already?"
Well, I wasn't really happy with chapter 7 (it was too much like chapter 5). So why not just update it, and not delete and repost? Because I feel like the changes are really big. So I kept the start, but most of this is completely re-written, so please be patient and read through it! I think it's much better now, so please enjoy! Flustered, embarrassed Chat Noir is really the best Chat Noir.

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I spent hours watching my cat around the house trying to get inspiration for themes for this fic :) )
My cat is SO loud and annoying when she's in heat. I'm def not a cat person! She keeps rubbing her butt up against our shoe rack too :

I'm almost done my Ladybug cosplay! Thanks everyone who liked/reblogged/followed me! I'm starting sewing Chat Noir now! If you want to see my progress I made a new post you can see here! http://kaminasbutt.tumblr.com/post/139665591727/almost-there-just-bottom-leg-dotsinner-thigh

I've also started drafting the next fic I'm working on. I'll be sure to put a link to the new fic maybe in the last or so chapter of this one for those who are interested! It has more harsh themes. I wanted to keep this one kind of cute and lovey-dovey! I've taken some of your more... adventurous kink suggestions in mind and will be including them in the new fic as this one's fairly vanilla!

And thank you everyone for your support!! I'm really beginning to enjoy writing again!

Marinette quickly paced across her room as she gently pulled the posters of Adrien off her wall, cradling them with care in her arm. Her feet seemed to be slipping and sliding beneath her as she moved, time nearly at a stand still as her heart fluttered lightly in her chest like a butterfly, anxious like a teenager going on her first date. She ran towards her desk as she plucked the last poster from it's hanging spot, tucking them carefully underneath her sketchbook so that Chat Noir wouldn't see them- and so that she wouldn't become distracted, or feel guilty about the night to come. She lingered over the desk for a moment, eye catching on the corner of one of the posters- a magazine clipping. She tugged at the bottom of her pajamas, her clothes too cold and pants damp from walking through the snow as she let her mind wander to Adrien for the last time tonight, waiting for Chat Noir to make his way into her room.

Marinette still did like Adrien, but she found herself torn between him and Chat Noir. Adrien, to her, was like a beautifully ripe apple at the top of a tree, but Chat Noir was one closer to the ground, one that could be picked and eaten with little effort, one that was a new breed that she'd never seen before. When Marinette thought about it, they were really quite similar, but she knew they were different people and that it would be rude of her to treat Chat Noir as a replacement for Adrien. Yet something deep inside of her lit up with excitement when she thought about Chat Noir and the new relationship that she, as herself, not as Ladybug, was creating with Chat. Having Chat Noir open
himself up to her, and be so willingly vulnerable made her even more and more curious about who he was underneath the mask, but also pushed her to want to pursue something with him, too.

And She would never admit it, but during their days apart, she had time to think, and she was certain she was developing a crush on Chat Noir. If it was genuine, or just lustful, she wasn't sure. He was her partner as Ladybug after all, but tonight she wasn’t Ladybug. She was Marinette.

And Marinette had Chat Noir wrapped around her finger, knotted and secure.

She shifted her weight on the pads of her feet, taking in a deep breath as she heard Chat Noir enter her room, turning to look at him. She’d requested he enter discreetly to avoid her parents seeing him, even though, thankfully, they’d been asleep when she’d crept up to her room. She knew how her parents could be when she brought Adrien home, but she couldn't imagine how they'd react to see Paris' own super hero, Chat Noir in their home! Her eyes examined him through the dark of her room, a small lamp glowing from her desk so that it wouldn't be too bright, and her parents wouldn't notice she had her lights on so late. The warm, orange light reflected on Chat Noir's suit, making him glow, too. His hair bounced as he tread towards her silently, tail lightly dragging across her floor.

"Bonjour à nouveau, ma petite dame," he whispered with a teasing voice, reaching for her hand, which was limp by her side. He knelt down, feeling the warmth of her soft skin through his gloves, placing a gentle kiss on the back of her hand. She smiled lightly at him, her cheeks tickling a light pink as he stood up. His jaw dropped lightly and his pupils went wide as he looked at Marinette.

"Your hair is down," he gasped, staring at her like she was the center of his world. He flashed a toothy, warm smile at her as he lifted his hand to her hair, letting his fingers thread through, her loose, wavy hair curl around his claws. Marinette blushed feeling his claws slightly brush against her neck, sending a shiver down her spine. She sighed, letting out a light laugh as her fingers played lightly at the bottom of her top.

"I never-" Chat Noir stopped himself, letting his hand fall to his side as Marinette looked at him, a questioning "hmm?" escaping between her lips. He shook his head, placing his hands on her waist to pull her closer, pressing her body against his own.

"It's nothing, you look beautiful with or without your hair up," he assured her, feeling the curve of her waist underneath her palms. Marinette had a beautiful figure, one he'd never noticed before. " He looked down at her through the dim light, examining the seemingly flustered Marinette as her eyes looked up at him, wide and attentive. He was used to seeing Marinette dressed well, she certainly understood layering, but he'd never seen her as she was there and now. Her pajamas were light and complimented her well. From his height advantage over her, he could see slightly down her shirt, and although Marinette had a fairly average bust, he found himself feeling flustered at the sight of her soft, pale skin, her cleavage taunting him. He felt his hands trail down her sides, tracing the shape of her waist and stopping on her hips. She was fairly small compared to him, but the idea of someone so tiny and seemingly fragile tugging him around on a collar, pushing herself onto him... it made his heart race for Marinette. He'd never viewed Marinette before in that way, but now that he was, he could hardly contain himself from wanting more.

He looked up at her as he felt her wrap her index finger around the ring on the front of his collar, which was missing it's leash. He could see it shining as it laid dauntingly on her lounge, but his eyes quickly flashed back towards Marinette as he felt her tug him towards her. Just as his eyes caught onto hers, he felt her lips gently glide against his own for just a moment, pinching his bottom lip between her teeth lightly as she pulled away, the smell of her shampoo filling the air as she moved. She glimpsed up at him with a coy smile before she really kissed him, feeling herself melt into him. The world seemed to stop around her, everything else becoming dark, focus only on herself, and Chat Noir. The outside world couldn't matter less. All that she cared about in that moment was that
Chat Noir was her's.

Marinette felt her lips escape from his, taking a moment to breath as she looked up at Chat Noir. His large, green eyes focused on hers, shining brightly in the darkness. Her entire body felt hot and she wanted more of him, she craved to see him wrapped around her finger once more. She forced herself back onto him, tugging his hair around her fingers as she felt her tongue explore him, pulling him towards her lounge. She pressed the palms of her hands securely on his chest, shoving him back so that his legs hit the edge of the lounge and he fell back onto it with a thud. He cast a shocked expression her way, his body frozen, his hair a rustled mess.

She leaned into him, placing her hands on the lounge beside his head as she lingered above him, hair falling to the sides of her face. Gently, she pressed he knee against his crotch, applying a light pressure as she met eyes with him. Still panting from Marinette's kiss, he flinched slightly as he felt her knee on him, his lip quivering for a quick moment.

"You're already hard!" she gasped, glimpsing down at her knee as she ground it against him. She eyed the bulge quickly, feeling her heart skip inside of her chest as she did before putting her focus back onto Chat Noir's blushing face. "Are you a pervert, Chat Noir? All we've done is kissed."

Chat Noir's eyes went wide and his lips quivered, small sputters of nothing coming from his mouth.

"N-No! I'm not, I-I," he let out a heavy breath as Marinette pushed her knee harder down onto his crotch, eyebrows furrowing.

"No?" she taunted, pouting as she moved her knee to the side of him. She wrapped her hand around the bell on his chest, grasping it as she slowly unzipped his suit, his soft, olive skin showing through. "So it must've been the walk that excited you then. Do you like being walked around on a leash where anyone could've seen you?"

"I-it's not like that!" he spouted, pursing his lips and turning his eyes from Marinette. He squinted his eyes and let out another hot breath as he felt her hand grasp his dick, lightly biting on his lip. "I'm not a pervert..."

Marinette smiled, leaning her face closer to his so that she could feel his quivering breaths on her face. She let go of him, using her hand to move the hair out of his face so that she could see him clearly. Even in the dark, Chat Noir was still extremely handsome, but to her, seeing him so embarrassed made him even more so.

"You say that you're not, but you're not very convincing," she mocked, laughing slightly as she pressed her lips against the nape of his neck, biting gently into his skin. She felt the boy squirm under her and got off of him, looking down at him as he still refused to look at her. "Not with your dick throbbing in between your legs, anyways."

He scoffed, shuffling himself to push himself up off of the lounge. She quickly pressed her foot against his chest, pushing him back down onto the soft cushion, his breath escaping his lungs as he hit it with a thud.

"I'm not done with you yet," she scolded him, firmly grabbing onto him. She dug her nails lightly into his skin as she forced him onto his back, sitting on top of his thighs. She pushed her weight onto him as she roughly pulled his arms back behind him, holding them together with both of her hands. She squeezed onto his wrists as she leaned in next to his ear.

"I guess if you can't stay still then I'll have to make you stay still," she threatened, sending a shiver down his spine, before grabbing his tail and roughly binding his wrists together. She heard him...
wince as she tugged at his tail, making sure that his wrists wouldn't be separating anytime soon.

"W-what are you doing to do to me?" he whimpered, his voice muffled into seat of the lounge. She pushed him back upright, helping him to sit up so that his back pressed against the wall. His eyes looked away from her, struggling to keep a straight face as he could feel her eyes watching him carefully.

Marinette felt a smile come across her lips as she positioned herself on top of him, straddling him between her legs. He tried to keep his composure as he felt her sit down on top of him, feeling her graze against his dick. Her heart fluttered with anticipation as she grasped at the bottom of her tank top, pulling it off in one swift movement, watching Chat Noir's expression immediately changed as his eyes shot towards her. His pupils shrunk thin like a cat's and his face immediately burnt a bright red, his mouth opening as his lips began to tremble as his eyes met Marinette's bare chest.

"W-wh-wh...wh-what!" he sputtered, shuffling himself underneath her. He panted lightly as his nervous quivering made his cock accidentally grind against Marinette, shifting his eyes towards the side of her room and back to her bare chest nervously. "M-m-Marinette I-i-i..., wh-what are y-you-

"Hey!" she snapped at him, grabbing his chin between her thumb. She scowled at him, pressing the tip of her thumb against his lips. "You should look at me when I'm playing with you," she scolded, putting pressure on her thumb. The boy hesitated as he felt his lips slip open, letting her thumb slide inside of his mouth. She felt his teeth graze against her skin as she pressed down on his tongue, feeling the warmth of his spit on her finger.

His eyes darted up to her as he felt her move her lips slowly, grinding her shorts against his dick. Marinette felt her hips begin to move on her own as she felt his cock between her legs, trying to hold herself back from seeming too obviously turned on. As she focused on her breathing, she began to hear light purrs come in between Chat Noir's open lips. The boy squinted his eyes shut as his hot breath tickled her thumb. The more she teased him (and admittedly- herself, as she felt the warmth of his cock against her), the louder his purring got.

"You're so loud, you're like a cat in heat," she she taunted with a giggle, examining him as he couldn't stop the low, murmured purring from escaping him. His gaze blurred and his lips quivered as he watched Marinette move back and forth against him. His chest moved up and down sharply as he took heavy, occasionally jittery breaths. His eyebrows furrowed and his eyes closing occasionally as short, loud moans filled the room. His bell jingled every time he twitched, every time Marinette pressed herself against him. He was completely vulnerable under her and exposed. Marinette felt like she was seeing so much of someone- yet so little. She still had no idea who he was under the mask.

"M-Marinette," Chat Noir let out a small, barely audible moan as she stopped grinding on him, her heart racing so quickly it felt like it was going to pop from her chest. She couldn't describe how she was feeling at all, her body felt smothered and all she knew was that she so badly wanted to make Chat Noir her's as she watched him twitch and mewl underneath her. She wanted to make him call out her name, and she wanted to make him think of her whenever he wasn't Chat Noir. She loved the idea she could make him so vulnerable, and that he would let her humiliate him, and do anything she said. She loved the control she had over him, like for once in her life, she was in charge of something other than saving Paris. And she wanted to be the one to make him feel good, but more importantly, she wanted to feel good, too.

"You're so cute when you moan," she huffed as she lifted herself above him, her body practically begging her to do something, anything. His dick twitched just from underneath her as they both froze, eyes carefully watching one another as her breathing became heavy. "I'm going to make you moan even louder, okay kitty?"
Marinette's reached for Chat through the darkness, tucking her hands behind him as her fingers played at his tail, freeing it from his wrists. He kept his arms behind him as the loop opened and his wrists fell limp, watching Marinette with a careful eye as he layed exposed underneath her. He felt the warmth of her soft breasts as they pressed against his chest, the smell of her shampoo as her hair tickled his nose. Her eyes never left his own as she backed away, positioning herself above his cock as it stood below her.

Marinette felt a warm tingle throughout her body, her mind foggy with thoughts of nothing but Chat Noir. She felt as though she was dreaming as his eyes glowed, eager and beautiful. A few weeks ago, Marinette couldn't had imagined feeling the way she was beginning to feel for Chat Noir, not even Adrien. Marinette knew deep in her heart that she wanted nothing more than to feel intimate in that moment with the boy underneath her, whoever he may be. Chat Noir had given her something she otherwise couldn't- a sense of control and importance outside of her life as Ladybug.

Chat Noir cared about her, as she was. Not Ladybug, but Marinette.

But more importantly, she cared for him. She might not know who he was under his mask, and she certainly wasn't about to avoid his privacy (he always respected hers, afterall), but she couldn't help feeling her heart swell as she heard his heavy breaths underneath her. She nearly felt herself drooling as she pulled her shorts to the side, lowering herself down onto Chat Noir just so much that she could feel the tip of him press up against her. She so badly wanted to just sit on him already, but she knew it wasn't time, not yet.

"How much do you want me?"

She felt the words slip from her lips like they were made of butter, but hearing it in her own voice surprised her, and it surprised Chat Noir, too. He moved his arms from behind his back as his eyes pierced into Marinette, his mouth agape and lips quivering. "M-Marinette?" he whispered, his eyes flickering down to his cock as he fully took in the situation he was in. "Well?" she asked, leaning in closer to him. He stuttered as her face neared his, their noses almost touching as she wrapped her arms around his shoulders, feeling the slight, warm stickyness of his neck from how worked up he'd gotten from her just grinding on him.
Chat Noir hesitated, eyes darting all across Marinette, from her face to her breasts, to how her hair hung down, brushing against her bare shoulders. Her pale skin glistened in the faint light and to him she looked stunning. The same feeling he had the first day he ever saw Ladybug, a warm feeling of admiration and dare he say- love trickled up his spine. Finally, his lips parted, and he began to speak lightly, a faint whisper cutting through the silence. "I've never wanted anything more than to be here with you right now," he stuttered, "O-or anyone. Please Mari." Mari. She felt her heart swell in her chest and couldn't stop herself from a warm smile spreading across her lips. She pressed her lips gently against his forehead, smiling at him as she placed a hand into his ruffled hair, brushing her thumb against his cheek, against the soft latex of his mask. Marinette took a sharp breath as she felt the tip of his cock push into her, feeling her body tense up and her back arch as she felt him slowly siding into her as she pushed herself down on top of him. She felt her breath catch as he placed a gentle hand on her side, biting down on her lip as she forced him inside of her. She felt a deep breath escape from her lips as he filled her, tightening her grip on his shoulder as his hard cock twitched inside of her.

"Are you okay?" Chat's concerned voice broke the silence as she felt him place a hand on her waist, sending a shiver up her spine. She nodded quickly, a light laugh escaping from her lips as she looked down at him, never wanting the sight to end. She couldn't help but admire Chat as he looked up at her, his hair a mess in his face, eyes heavy and his cheeks tickled just the perfect shade of red. He looked so beautiful, and she wished so hard she could see him now, without the mask. Even in the dull light she could tell he was handsome underneath the mask, but that didn't matter to her. His light breaths, the feeling of his claws pressed lightly into her side, and gaze he was giving her was what really tugged at her heart.

Marinette felt herself lost in his gaze as she started to gently move her hips, pressing herself against him. Marinette could feel the warmth of Chat's breath as a harsh "fuck" escaped from his lips. Marinette moved her hips back and forth harder, feeling herself squeezing tightly around him. Chat's hands grazed against her skin as he grabbed onto her, his gaze still focused on her, their faces just inches apart. Marinette forced herself down hard onto him, rolling her hips over his skin as she felt his claws pinch at her skin, feeling her back arch sharply as a moan escaped from her. She felt his claws dragging across her skin as he panted, his lips quivering as he titled his chin back every time Marinette tightened around him as she took all of him inside of her.

She knew for certain that he wanted her just as much as she wanted him as she looked down at the blushing boy, his eyes glazed over as he felt how wet she was. Her heart raced in her chest and she panted softly, light moans filling the silence, coming from both herself and Chat Noir. She drooled with pleasure as she felt him twitching inside of her, his nails digging into her skin. It stung, but it only made her feel even more in love with Chat Noir in that moment.

Chat Noir couldn't contain himself as he felt her back arch and she tightened around him suddenly, feeling his cock deep inside of Marinette as he came inside of her. Gasps escaped both of them, moans filling the air as he dug his nails into the soft flesh of her back, tucking his head into the nape of her neck as his entire body twitched. Marinette panted, wrapping her arms around him into a tight hug, running her hand through his hair as she rested her head onto his shoulder. She'd never felt so happy, so comfortable in her life as she whispered to him.

"Good kitty."
Whew! Sorry for the slow update! I've been super busy, but this comes with good news!

I've started my new fic! You can check it out here! It's Ladrien, with a dom Ladybug. It's a big more extreme and abusive than this one, and it's going to be a bit angsty, so check it out if that's something you're into! The next update will be the 2nd chapter there, and then I'll update this fic until it's over before going back to that one.

http://archiveofourown.org/works/6227026/chapters/14267392

I also did a cute (lewd) sketch of Chat based on the next chapter coming up if you'd like to see! I'll probably do more like this in the future~ Hopefully this will keep you patient until the update! It's going to be pretty steamy ~~

http://kaminasbutt.tumblr.com/post/141343214977/is-it-marinette-or-ladybug-on-the-other-side-who

Also this is probably fairly rough since I'm eager to update so please point out any weird sentences/mistakes so I can fix them. I'm frustrated from re-writing this chapter so much and really don't want to review it right now.

Marinette felt the cold surface of her desk press against her cheek as she laid her head down, her eyelids drooping as though they weighed a thousand pounds. She let out a yawn and rubbed her hand against her eyes, covering them from the Monday morning sun as she tried to relax before her classes began. Her back arched as she shuffled to make herself comfortable, a light wince escaping from deep within her as she could feel the sharp cuts Chat Noir had left on her back as they stretched and pulled. Every touch from her shirt, every movement her back made, every little shuffle forced the claw marks to sting. Even so, Marinette couldn't care less about how tired she was, or how badly her back hurt. All Marinette could think about was Chat Noir.

His scent still lingered on her and she could remember the graze of his hands against her hips and the look on his face as she felt herself drifting off. The way he'd smiled at her, the warmth of his body against her own... she felt as though she was dreaming, but it was no dream. She knew somewhere out there, whoever he was, there was a blonde boy who maybe, just maybe, couldn't get her out of his mind, too. Even with the dark circles under her eyes, Marinette couldn't help but feel beautiful. There was something about the moment she had with Chat Noir, and the realization that she might be in love that made her feel above the world.

But there was also a part deep inside her that made her heart sink and her throat feel thick with guilt. She knew she was being unfair to Chat, treating him as a replacement for Adrien. It hadn't been until the night before that she'd really considered Chat as anything other, but now that she did, she couldn't stop. Something about being with Chat just made her feel full, as though he was the missing piece. The ying to her yang, some might stay.

"Woah there, sleepyhead," Alya's voice passed through Marinette's ears like a light breeze, background noise in the darkness of Marinette's day dreaming. It took her a moment to register what
was being said to her before she lifted her head, feeling the sharp light of the morning piercing into her eyes, flinching slightly as she felt the soft fabric of her top rub across the cuts on her back. Her eyes met those of a sympathetic Alya as she laid her bag onto the floor next to her, settling into her seat. "No offense girl, but you look like a train hit you. What happened?"

Marinette propped herself up onto her elbow, pressing the palm of her hand into the soft skin of her cheek. She yawned again, small tears forming in her eyes as she struggled to feel awake.

"I was up late last... night...," she sighed, feeling her eyes close on their own. Alya chuckled to herself, pressing her hand against Marinette's arm to give her a light squeeze.

"Looks like you weren't the only one," she whispered as Marinette's eyes fluttered open. Alya grinned at her, pointing her finger towards the classroom door, where Adrien slouched into the room. His hair looked a bit more lax than usual- perhaps he'd woken up late and rushed to school, Marinette figured. His hand grasped at the bag on his shoulder as he yawned. His tired eyes flicked towards Marinette as he settled into his seat, flashing a toothy grin at her as he waved. She forced herself up straight, a wide smile crossing her lips as she fiercely waved her hand at him before looking at Alya, blushing and letting out a light laugh.

Marinette couldn't know if she'd be seeing Chat that night, but she could only assume, and she had a lot in plan for the masked boy. She'd invited Alya to hang out with her a bit after school for company, but mostly for gossip. The two of them chattered about what they thought Adrien could've been up to the night before. Modeling? A Date? Some sort of special, super-exclusive event of his fathers? The two of them laughed as they imagined reasonable- and just plain ridiculous scenarios as they scowered a small pet store on their walk home. Marinette had lied to Alya- which she felt bad about, that her parents were thinking about getting a cat (joking it was maybe a replacement for her once she moved out after college) and wanted to buy some supplies to help them out.

She felt her heart spark as she looked at leashes and collars, realizing she'd probably never see them the same again. She picked up something she thought could maybe be fun for Chat as they browsed- a laser pointer. She wasn't sure if it would interest him, but based on what she knew so far of how Chat Noir effected whoever was under the suit, she could only assume. She spotted some empty bottles as well, the type people use to spray their cats when they misbehave. She laughed at the thought at first, before remembering the long cuts that dawned on her back. She swiftly grabbed one, treading towards the counter before her eye caught onto a section, somehow calling to her.

Cat food. Looking at the tiny tins of wet food and bags of dry food and treats made her feel an eerie comfort. The first night Chat had come to visit her flashed into her mind as vivid memories of how Chat had begged her for forgiveness and ate those cookies from the bowl under her command made her heart swell. If she hadn't caught him and had that sudden moment of confidence that one night, would she have ever felt so close to Chat? She wondered what the coincidences were that out of everyone in Paris, he liked her. He was a super hero... he could have anyone he wanted easily. Maybe she reminded him of Ladybug.

Maybe he knew she was Ladybug.

She laughed to herself, realizing how stupid that sounded. She was nothing like Ladybug. Ladybug was confident and strong, Marinette was just... selfish and clumsy. She'd make it up to Chat though. She promised herself that.

She gathered up her things and headed to the checkout, mind swirling with excitement and impatience for her next meeting with Chat Noir. She said her goodbyes to Alya and rushed home, mostly to treat the cuts on her back, but also in the hopes Chat would be visiting her soon. She placed the bag of what she'd bought onto lounge as she settled into her room, lifting off her shirt and
turning to her back to survey the damage. She hadn't had time to look in the morning, but she knew well that she had to do something about her back before another akuma attack happened.

Her lips parted as she turned her head and her eyes met the cuts. They began at the upper middle of her spine and drug back to her sides. She could see exactly where his claws had dug into her and where his hands had grasped while moans escaped his lips. She couldn't help but smile to herself though, knowing that she'd made him feel good enough to do that. She reached around her back and touched one, feeling it sting as her finger tip made contact. She winced and pulled her finger back, looking at the long cuts again for a moment before she was interrupted by the sound of footsteps on her roof. She quickly threw her shirt on, running up her steps to her bed, unlatching the hatch.

"Look what the cat dragged in," she joked, seeing Chat peek in through the small hatch. His ears perked up and he grinned, letting himself slide down onto her bed, falling with a thud.

"You're getting awfully punny," he joked, laying down vertically across her bed. He swung his tail around with his hand, resting on his elbow as his green eyes darted at her with joy. She felt her heart thudding as a chill ran up her spine, flattered to think Chat was so excited to see her as he watched her with eager eyes. "I must be rubbing off on you."

"Unfortunately so," she giggled lightly, blushing to herself. He reached out and grabbed her by the waist, scoffing at her. She gasped as she felt the tips of his claws pinch her flesh through her shirt, keeping her balance as she was pulled forward. "Why don't you join me on your bed, my lady?" he winked at her, tugging her adamantly. She let out a light chuckle, putting her hands on top of his to remove them from her sides. He looked up at her, wrapping his fingers around her own with a tight squeeze.

"Actually I had something different in mind," she teased. She pulled the laser from the bag from earlier, dangling it in front of him. His eyes went wide as he shot up straight and his cheeks lit up red as he realized what it was. He turned his head from her quickly, closing his eyes and pouting as he crossed his arms.

"You must be kidding if you think that'll work on me," he mumbled, cracking open an eye slightly to glance at Marinette. She paused for a moment, twirling it around her finger before she nodded, leaning towards Chat. She pressed her knee in between his legs, brushing it ever so lightly against his crotch. He tried to keep his composure, taking a deep breath in as he peeked at Marinette.

"You're right," she whispered, "you scratched by back pretty badly last night. I think you need to be punished."

Marinette jumped off of him, grabbing the empty bottle from her bag as she ran down the steps to fill it up with water quickly at her sink. She scampered back up towards Chat, eager for the evening's events to unfold. She never though she'd be so excited to be doing something so... wrong with someone, but yet, there she was. She could hardly contain herself when she thought about the things she wanted to do with Chat, and wished she could do them all at once, even.

"You've been a bad kitty," she pouted, hiding the bottle behind her back. Chat watched her carefully with all of his attention, his eyes following her every movement. "You need to be disciplined. So I'm going to punish you for scratching my back so much. If you're good, we can play with the laser. And if you're bad..." she paused, pulling the bottle out from behind her back. She sprayed it twice into the air, watching the water droplets fall before turning back to Chat. "I'll spray you."

Chat looked at her for a moment as his heart suddenly thudded before he burst out laughing. She stared at him in astonishment as his cheeks swelled up, laugh escaping from his lips as his bunny teeth showed through. He buckled over as he grabbed his sides, unable to keep himself from
laughing. Marinette frowned, sticking the bottle out in front of him as she pulled the trigger, spraying cold water onto his face. The boy shot up, giving her a pout as he furrowed his brows.

"Hey!" he whined, pausing his laughter as he looked up at her with puppy dog eyes. She grinned at him and patted him on the head, rubbing behind his ears for a moment before she stepped to the side.

"Cats aren't allowed on beds," she joked, motioning towards the floor with the spray bottle. "On the floor, face the bed, silly kitty."

Chat looked at her with a puzzled look for a moment before he crawled off her bed, sitting down onto her floor. He pulled his legs up to his chest, wrapping his arm lightly around them as he looked up at her, leaning back with support from his free arm. She sat down on the bed, making herself comfortable as she crossed her legs. Leaning forward, she spoke.

"You're going to touch yourself for me. I want to see what you do when you think of me, when you're not Chat Noir."

His eyes widened as his cheeks lit up, putting his hand in front of him as he waved it about. He shook his head, biting on his lip. Sure, he had indeed jacked off before thinking about Marinette—once or twice even before this all started, but he'd never admit that. And the idea of her watching him pleasure himself to the thought of her...

"No way, there's no way," he stuttered quickly, looking up at her with pleading eyes. "That's too embar-

"I wasn't asking," Marinette spoke sternly as she squirted him again with the bottle, tiny flicks of water sparkling onto his face. He glared up at her with water dripping from his jaw and nose, wiping his face onto his arm. He mumbled to himself before he wrapped a claw around the ring on his bell, pulling it down hesitantly to unzip himself from his suit. He reached into his suit looking away from Marinette as his breath began to shiver as he felt his claws scrape gently across his already swollen, throbbing cock.

"Not yet kitty," Marinette spoke as she stood up, pressing the bottom of her middle finger gently against the underneath of his chin as he pulled his cock out from underneath his suit. Just the feeling of her finger tickling him made him tilt his head upwards obediently, his shameful eyes meeting hers, which were filled with delight. She pressed her hand around his mouth, pinching his cheeks from either side to force his jaw to relax and his lips to part into an O-shape. Chat felt his cock twitch as she slid her index and middle finger inside of his mouth, lubricating them with his spit. She rested them gently against his tongue, her eyes dropping down to his exposed erection.

"You want to feel good for me, right kitty?" she whispered, "you shouldn't do it dry. Use your drool since you have your mouth open like this for my fingers. You're such a naughty kitty, letting me violate your mouth like this."

Chat Noir nodded, feeling mesmerized as he looked up at Marinette. She looked down at him with such a warm, yet sultry smile. He could feel his heart swelling with a familiar sense, uncanny yet strange. The same tingle that he felt when he first fell in love with Ladybug passed through him watching Marinette's sudden confidence bud. Part of his heart ached knowing Marinette was never this confident around him without the mask, and he may never see her as Adrien without her stuttering and stumbling around. Regardless, he felt his lips curl as he nodded, drool trailing over his lip and dropping onto his cock. It felt cool and slimy as it dribbled over his tip and ran down his shaft, causing him to twitch as a shiver ran up his spine. Marinette pulled her fingers from his mouth, scratching his ear lightly before she quickly tread back to her bed to observe him.
Marinette tilted her head as she settled, a warm feeling spreading across her body as she looked down at the embarrassed Chat Noir, his eyes sparkling as his lids flinched with every movement of his hands. She smiled to herself as she took in a deep breath, leaning back, her eyes piercing into him as his hands slicked over his cock.

"Go on, Kitty," she pushed him in a teasing tone, biting lightly onto her own lip as she watched his palm press lightly around the girth of his member, fingers gently wrapping around as he squeezed himself. His lips began to quiver as light, short breaths pushed themselves from his lungs with each stroke. He ran his hand gently and slowly up and down his pulsing cock as he began to get more comfortable with the thought of Marinette watching him. His chest heaved as his breathing got sharper, small mewls filling the room as he to twisted his hand with each pump, closing the bottom of his fist tightly around the tip.

"M-Mari-ri...," Chat Noir's voice began to spill out into the room in light, shaky whispers as he felt his thighs begin to tense up, a warm sensation tingling through his cock. He felt so embarrassed and **disgusting** having Marinette watch him, but somehow it just made it even more hot. He didn't feel like she was looking down on him at all, but just the thought of doing something so private in front of her made his heart race.

His breath caught as he heard the springs in her bed release as she moved, his eyes shooting up to look at her. He felt the pad of her foot press gently against his face, crushing the tip of his nose forward. She felt his hot breath tickle her heel as his back arched. He felt his body twitch uncontrollably as he felt himself spilling over his hand, his warm cum dribbling down his fingers. He continued pumping at his cock as it spasamed, his breaths heavy and tired as he flickered his eyes back up at Marinette past her foot, meeting her proud eyes. In that moment he knew it for sure, he loved that girl.
Chasing Lasers

Chapter Notes

WHEW i am so sorry for the delay on this. Life has been super busy. I promise I will NOT abandon this fic, though!

Marinette eyes focused on Chat as she felt her own breath heavy, nearly matching the pace of his own pants as she let her foot fall from his face, revealing his rose tickled cheeks underneath. His eyes stayed still on her own, awaiting for her approval as he looked up at her in desperation. She knelt down next to him, holding his head between her two palms gently as she found herself lost within his gaze. A smile pulled across the sides of her lips as she felt her heart pull and swell, melting her into a puddle right in front of her new found lover.

"You're such a good boy," she whispered. Her lips pressed softly against his warm cheeks as she tickled his chin, running her hands down his neck and back just so that her fingers brushed ever so lightly against his skin, sending shivers down his spine. He gasped as he felt her caress, reaching out to her as she stood up, turning her back to him. "Clean yourself off, kitty. We're not done yet."

Obediently, he did as he'd been taught before, raising his gloved hand to his lips without a thought of hesitation. He felt himself wrap his lips around his fingers like it was part of his nature, lapping up his own cum off himself as Marinette grasped onto the laser pointer, feeling it's cool metal against her palm. He could hardly believe what he was doing as he swallowed, the idea of being entranced with Marinette both frightening and exciting for him.

Marinette was so beautiful to him, even her smallest movements making the butterflies in his stomach flutter. He watched as she wrapped her fingers gently around the soft twill of her jacket, sliding it off of her back gracefully. She laid it down neatly onto the side of her bed, getting lost in her own thoughts for a moment before her eyes glanced towards Chat Noir and her relaxed expression became a warm, comforting smile. He loved that smile more than anything else in the world.

"We're going to play a game, alright?" she spoke gently and he felt his cock twitch with excitement. Marinette dangled the laser pointer in front of him, twirling it around her finger as a mischievous look flowed in her eyes. He took in all of her as he watched her lift up her shirt, exposing the soft skin of her stomach. Marinette was fit, much more than he'd expected. He knew her- as Adrien, but he didn't think she did much for physical activity. Then again, maybe Adrien didn't know Marinette so well after all, considering he never in his life could've imagined her being so... irresistible. He felt his breath catch as she lifted her top over her head, exposing her bra to him. The pink bra flattered her so perfectly, a simple, adorable trim wrapping around her small breasts in a way that made him wanting more. Her pants fell to the floor as she slid them off and he felt his body moving on its own, desperate for a closer look at her matching panties, but was stopped by Marinette's palm pressing firmly against his forehead as he crawled towards her.

"Calm down, kitty," she giggled, flickering the laser on so that it's small, red dot hung between Chat's eyes. He crossed his eyes as it hovered, before moving slowly towards the base of his neck.

"You kiss where the dot lands." Marinette wrapped her arms around his waist, feeling his small frame in her grasp as she pulled him up and towards her, his body touching her own. A light moan escaped from him, a public showing of his desperation for her touch as he lips tickled the skin on his
neck. He turned his head as her lips pressed down on his skin, gently caressing it as she kissed him. She pinched his skin lightly between her lips as she glided her tongue across his skin, sending shivers down his spine and into his cock. He winced, letting a wobbly, pathetic moan out as she nibbled on his skin, feeling her teeth teasing him. His hands grasped around her tightly, indulging himself in his own personal bliss.

"Mar-Mari-haAA-," he stuttered as he felt her teeth sink into her flesh, sending a sting through his body. His body jolted as his back arched and he let himself limp into her arms, feeling utterly defeated. He couldn't help himself around her, she just... did something to him. She lightly pecked the bite mark with her lips as she backed away from him, surveying his face as he stared blankly up at her with a pathetic look across his face.

"Your turn," she teased him, sitting back onto her bed as she pointed the laser at herself. The red dot called to him as it illuminated the nape of her neck, begging for him to make her feel the way he just had. He wanted to make Marinette feel good so badly, she deserved it. Marinette was such an amazing girl, confident and goofy and shy, clumsy and all the more. And he loved every little bit of it.

He leaned over her, her eyes watching his every move as he paused. He felt a warm tingle through his body as the bed creaked underneath him, his face so close to hers. As his lips pressed against her skin and he heard her breath catch, as he sucked on her flesh, he felt himself choking up. He wanted to hold her so badly, kiss her, even just hold her hand... but not in the latex. Not with the ears and the tail, the claws and the mask. Not as Chat Noir, but as Adrien. He wanted to show her that she didn't have to make him feel good all the time, but that he could do the same for her. That he loved her.

He dragged his lips across her skin, taking in her scent- the smell of warm, soft bread fresh out of the oven. Sugar and chocolate, gingersnaps and the cookies that had started this all in the first place. His lips pecked her skin gently, leaving small, moist spots on her collar bone, her chest, as he marked her. He kissed the exposed skin of her breast, feeling it's soft skin underneath his touch as she laid still underneath him, her breath heavy. His tongue lapped at her ribs, sucking gently at the skin of her stomach as he felt his chin press against the hem of her panties. He slid himself gently off her bed, hands grasping at her hips as he pulled her towards the edge of the bed, finding himself between her thighs.

His eyes met the cute, pink lace in front of him, his cock throbbing as he realized just how close to her he was. His eyes focused on her as he opened his mouth and pressed his lips against her through her panties, watching as she gasped, goosebumps dancing on her skin as she felt a shot of ecstasy run through her spine. His breath against her crotch made her ache for more as he backed away, his claws tucking just beneath the sides of her panties as he slid them off of her.

He nibbled at the skin on the inside of her thighs as she squirmed beneath him as he teased her, ridged gasps forcing her upper body to twitch. She felt her head tilt back as his lips pressed against her, sucking just so lightly at her clit. A loud moan escaped from her as he mouthed her, his eyes closing as he took in her taste. She watched him carefully as his tongue flicked against her, causing her hips to move on their own, pushing herself desperately towards him. His eyes flickered open to look up at her face, never feeling so vulnerable in the entire time they had been doing this together. His green eyes pierced into her, only making her more wet as he used his tongue against her.

Marinette felt herself losing her mind as she couldn't take it anymore and closed her eyes, digging her fingers deep into his fluffy, blonde hair. She pushed herself into him, letting her voice go as she flinched with every one of his movements. She tried desperately to gain some control over the situation but just couldn't feeling Chat's lip glide over her clit as his tongue teased at her hole.
What stars had aligned for this to happen? Chat could never thank anyone enough as he felt her thighs press against his cheeks as Marinette trembled beneath him. He could stay buried in her forever, he thought, pressing his nose into the soft skin above her crotch as he smothered himself in her.

"Mhmm, p-please," Marinette whimpered as suddenly her back arched and her fingers pulled at Chat's hair, feeling her entire body throbbing as she came. Chat blissfully took the abuse as he felt her thighs squeeze tightly against his head as she squirmed before falling breathlessly onto her bed, her breathing heavy. He kissed her gently just under her belly button before pushing himself out from between her sticky thighs, smilingly coyly as he looked down her, tousled, messy hair and all. He'd made up his mind, the latex had to come off. But first, his lips parted, and he couldn't help but joke.

"I like the laser. We should definitely use the laser more."
Declawed

Chapter Notes

This is the chapter you've all been waiting for, right? ; )

Next up is the last two chapters. It was going to be one but with the pacing I think it would be better split into two. I've been thinking about making a second part to this fic that dives deeper into Marinette/Adrien focusing on some of the things you've all suggested once I'm done the Ladrien fic I started, but we'll see.

I keep getting messages about updating on my Tumblr, I really appreciate how much you guys want new chapters! I really hope you will all follow me into my yandere Marinette fic as well, and any other Ladybug fics I have planned.

Ladybug's compact opened with a familiar click, the white butterfly that had just caused so much trouble in Paris fluttering out from within. It danced around in the air, happy to be free to do as it wished, disappearing into Paris. She smiled knowing her job was done- thankfully, an easy job. She wasn't sure what she would've done if she'd be fighting someone stronger, her back was killing her as it was. Though it had been four days since when Chat had scratched her, the cuts, though healing, still stung as a reminder of her so-called affair with the famous Chat Noir. She sighed a breath of relief as she strung her yoyo onto her waist, hearing her earrings beep lightly as her first spot disappeared. Chat jumped down next to her from the rooftops, landing on his feet (of course, as cats do). She looked at him, but it wasn't quite the same as she'd used to. He didn't know who he was really standing next to of course, but she did, to some degree. She may not know who was underneath the mask by name, but she surely knew him to a much deeper, personal degree than she ever could've imagined.

He smiled his toothy grin at her as they pounded fists, another akuma defeated. She felt strange feeling the touch of his leather against her hands. Having such little physical contact with him as Ladybug was difficult, resisting the urge to treat him the way she did as Marinette even more so. Her eyes grazed from his toothy grin to his neck, where she could just see a large marking poking out from under her collar. To the public Chat Noir was a hero, a confident, cocky, sly cat, but in private she knew how submissive he really was. He was far more than just a boy in latex. Wanting to pry into Chat the way he always did to her, she leaned towards in, tilting her head in to inspect her marking on him.

"What's wrong with your neck? Did you get hurt during the fight?" she questioned, flashing him a concerned look. Chat looked startled before he shot her a proud smirk, folding his collar down and brushing his hair away to reveal a large, bruised bite mark. Ladybug gasped as she saw close up just how much she'd marked him up from biting him, feeling a shock of panic rush through her as she though perhaps her own, much lighter markings were showing. She sighed in relief as she realized, no, she was fully covered, before winking and nodding at Chat Noir.

"I guess all that flirting finally got you somewhere," she joked, shooting her fingers at him as she tried to act impressed. He let his hair fall back over his neck, posing in a power stance as he glanced at Ladybug out of the corner of his eye, flipping his hair as if to say "Yeah I'm cool alright". She felt strange pushing, but she was genuinely curious about what Chat thought about Marinette. It wouldn't
hurt for Ladybug to inquire, right? "Who's the lucky girl?" Chat blushed, rubbing a hand against his neck as he beamed at Ladybug with a quivering smile. He gripped his hand around his staff as her earring beeped again, eyes darting to her now nearly spotless miraculous.

"It's a girl from my class," he gushed, placing a hand on Marinette's shoulder. Her heart stopped in her chest and she was sure she'd heard him wrong, but no, that's what he'd said. A girl from his class. Marinette gave him a look of disdain as she tried to wrap her head around the thought. Chat Noir... knew her? Everyday she'd spent in the same building as him... but who was he? She'd never noticed anyone Chat-like. No one with his quirky jokes or his insistent flirting. But if what he said was true then... Marinette shook her head. She had several classes, and a few of which had large roosters. It was entirely possible Chat was just someone she sat far away from, and maybe had never even noticed before. Hell, he could even be one of her professors.

"I know you want to hear all the juicy gossip, but you're going to de-transform. You should get going. I'll stay here and help her back home." He gestured to the girl sitting on the sidewalk who they'd just saved from one of Hawkmoth's akumas, whom of which looked extremely confused. Marinette stood shocked for a moment before she nodded, waving goodbye to Chat before she unhooked her yoyo from her belt. She swung herself away from him, heading towards her school as the thought still ran throughout her mind.

He was from her school.

She knew him. Marinette quickly de-transformed, rushing into her class. Her teacher gave her a scornful look as she burst through the doors, waving for her with a sigh to join her seat, most likely used to her late arrivals and long bathroom breaks by now. She knew it was bad for her relationship with the school, but Paris was calling for her. Paris never slept, especially not in the mornings. Hawkmoth was an early bird, she supposed. She bowed as a thank you to her teacher, running quietly to her seat next to Alya as she threw her bag down, pulling out her books quickly as she settled down. Alya leaned in next to her, holding back laughter as she watched the frazzled Marinette.

"Sleep in?" Alya whispered, chuckling lightly. Marinette looked at her friend, wishing she had in fact slept in as she nodded, laughing along quickly before she felt her eyes scanning the room. She looked carefully across the students in her class, the words of Alya and her teacher background noise in her swirling mind. The person she'd made eat out of a bowl on her parent's bakery's floor, the person she'd collared and walked with... the person she'd given her virginity to... was in her school. Her partner for years, who'd saved her life multiple times, and had always been there for her... was here.

She began quickly analyzing everyone, eyes passing over their necks. The mark would have to be there. She got through the first half of her class with no good results, stopping at Nino when she scorned herself. What was she doing? Her and Chat had sworn secrecy on their identities. She wanted to know so badly, but it was of Chat's own privacy to keep his real life separate from his Chat life. She had to respect that, even if it meant she wouldn't know who he was. She sighed, looking down at her books to jot down what her teacher was writing on the board, realizing that even if he was by chance in that specific class, he'd hung back to help the girl. He wouldn't have even arrived back in school yet, and his lack of eagerness to get back could've meant he had a free period.

As time passed, Marinette felt the eagerness to know who Chat was escape her. The idea he could be there still lingered, but she tried hard to not notice it, telling herself that more likely than not, he wasn't.

"It's too bad I missed Ladybug fighting this morning," Alya sighed as she packed up her things,
glancing back at Marinette. Marinette nodded at her friend as she felt her disappointment, shaking her head as she took herself out of her own thoughts, not even realizing class had already passed and was over. Alya was always so on top of Ladybug, missing an event was like the end of the world to her every time. Marinette was just glad that she was able to help Alya in those times, and could usually arrange a "meeting" between the two.

"I saw it on my way here a bit," Marinette chuckled, raising her hands, "It didn't look too intense. I'm sure you didn't miss anything much. Maybe next time you'll get something really good on camera!" She assured her friend as she placed a hand on her shoulder. Alya nodded at her, smiling with determination as she grasped her phone tightly, Ladybug charm dangling off of it.

"Yeah! Ladybug hasn't really been around much lately though, but I guess thats a good thi-" Marinette lost focus on Alya's voice as she heard the door open to the classroom, surprised to hear someone entering just minutes before class ended. Adrien bust through out of breath, stopping in the doorway as he realized he'd missed the entire class.

Late.

"-ng. She's been protecting us for so long, you know? I want to get all of it on tape."

His face looked red and exhausted as though he'd ran from class as he bent over, trying to catch his breath as he must've really pushed himself to arrive before class ended. Marinette watched as he lifted himself up, arching his back and stretching his neck as he ran a hand through his ever-so-blonde hair as he tried to relax. Even in times like these, he still looked like a model.

"She's going to be part of history. If we don't have proof of her, hundreds of years from now, she might be a myth."

She hadn't meant to, telling herself it couldn't be, but as she was looking away, her eyes fell over his neck. She felt her world close around her as her eyes focused on the large bruise that tickled his olive skin, the imprint of Marinette's teeth dead center. Her breath stopped as everything else around her disappeared, feeling her face become hot in near seconds as she realized what was happening. All those years she'd crushed on Adrien, dreamed about Adrien.. and she'd been doing things with him. Embarrassing things. Memories of her making himself clean his own mess off of himself, asking him to touch himself in front of her, putting her feet in his face... it was Adrien. As his glance trailed towards her and he flashed her his perfect smile, she felt herself forcing a wide smile back before ducking her head under her own hand in embarrassment, attempting to hide herself from his view. She peeked at him through her fingers, watching him as he smiled softly at her before directing his attention towards Nino. As the two spoke she tried to imagine the mask on him... how could she had been so stupid. It had been so obvious. While calm and collected at school, she couldn't help but remember the faces he'd made with her as Chat. His panting, his purring, the way his eyebrows pulled as he moaned and shape his mouth made every time his back arched.

The rest of the day remained a blur to her. She felt like a zombie sitting in her seat, realizing all the things she'd done with Adrien. He knew. He sat in front of her every day knowing the connection they had and talked to her, waved at her... had lunch a few times with her, knowing that just the night or nights before that he'd been underneath her, begging for her. Was he too shy to let her know who he really was? If Chat Noir, while masked could become an embarrassed, babbling mess... what would Adrien be like? Without his cover, his alter ego... who would Chat- no, Adrien, be with her controlling him?

She couldn't predict it, but she did know that once she got home and it became dark and that sly cat landed on her porch, she was going to find out.
Hi everyone! I'm so sorry I haven't updated lately. I keep getting email notifications of comments of you guys asking me when this will be updated. I don't want to drop this fic, but I haven't felt very inspired dominatively lately, so it's difficult to try and write this type of story. I'm sorry I haven't finished it yet, especially on the last chapter. I'd like to finish it, or even rewrite it. I'll try to get something figured out soon and make a real update to this fic. I'm hoping that a new relationship will help me stay inspired for writing these types of Miraculous Ladybug fics. I try to always write out of experience so I'm hoping that I may be able to re-write this fic better with new insight.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](https://example.com) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!