lovelorn princess
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lovelorn princess
by orphan_account

Summary

and i'm yours to eat

If only it was Chat and no one else.

Notes

....the title is pretty much self explanatory

anyways, this is too long, makes zero sense at all because i am tired as fuck, and is the worst i don't even know how i wrote it

enjoy!
mess of a girl

Chapter Summary

She didn't know that Chat would be her catalyst.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Find $y$.

It's a bleak phrase in her head, echoes bouncing around her brain as she tries to think again, to think about the method to finding the diameter of that circle and how the fuck a triangle would have anything to do with it. She slumps in her chair, letting her head fall into her hands. The throbbing just above her eyebrows seems to worsen the harder she tries to think, but when she flicks her eyes to her clock and back to the pile of homework on her table all she can do is sigh and pick up her pen again.

*It's no easy task being a superhero*, she thinks bitterly. Everything in her body is screaming at her to go to bed, Marinette, you idiot, you are exhausted, but still she fixes her gaze to the diagram and clicks and unclicks her pen, the sound reverberating through her room. Her eyes are starting to close on their own accord and she tries her best to keep them open but at some point she knows she has to raise her white flag and fall gracelessly onto her bed, a thought seeming more and more appealing as the seconds tick past.

She pauses, her gaze drifting to the corner of the worksheet, eyes half open as her mind falls away from calculations. In her half conscious stupor she entertains some thoughts boiling away on the back burner of her mind, pen held by an iron grip in some sort of muscle memory.

Find $y$. Find $y$ as in find the angle or find $y$ as in find out the answers to this universe and why it's driven her to this point where she has to make some subconscious decision between her partner and her crush? She guesses it's the latter and in some bullshit game show in her head she's won a million dollars for the obvious answer and how could she not see it? and immediately she's thrown back into how absolutely useless this unrequited love is, how it only ever gave her doubt and disappointment.

In her head she laughs bitterly. He is long gone now, the prospects of her dream coming true fading bit by bit. Her dreams of marriage and white dresses and children are losing saturation, fading to grey as her days pass. He would never love her and she would never be loved by anyone, this much she could predict.

In the midst of it all she is called back to reality by a series of sharp knocks on her trap door, making her jump and drop her pen, the writing instrument clattering pathetically to her floor. She blinks a few times and scowls, pushing herself to her feet and walking ever so slowly to the other side of her room. She dawdles on the ladder to her bed, making him wait outside for just a few seconds more.

She sighs as her foot reaches the last rung on the metal framework and reluctantly makes her way across the wooden floor, fingers reaching to pull the door open. The second she eases it open a mess of black leather tumbles into her room and she just watches as he sits in a heap on her floor, unfazed as he takes in his surroundings. His eyes land on her and he smiles, showing off that damned sharp
toothed grin. He gets to his feet and takes her hand in his sharply clawed one, pressing it to his lips. "Good evening, princess." She can't help but roll her eyes at this, pulling her hand away to shut the door again.

"I'm supposed to be doing homework, Chat." She says, voice even as she moves to shut the door again, gliding past him effortlessly. She turns back once she’s gotten the latch shut and folds her arms across her chest, eyebrows raised.

"It's 2AM on a Saturday, what's the point?" The words fall from his tongue so gracefully, as he leans himself against the wall. She swallows thickly as her eyes roam over him, running over every curve the black leather emphasized. She forces herself to look away, mentally chiding herself for letting that happen.

"The point is that I need to be studying, and I assume you have somewhere else to be." She sighs and watches him laugh at her statement. She can't read his face with the mask on, but still she waits for him to answer her. When all he does is look back at her placidly she sighs again, waving a hand in a dismissive manner. "You know what, I won't be getting anywhere anyway, so you might as well entertain me for as long as I'm still awake."

She plops down onto her bed, patting the space next to her. If anything, a visit from Chat usually meant that he wanted to talk, she thinks, putting away thoughts that keep surfacing despite her best attempts to drown them. "What's wrong, kitty?"

There’s an exhale and the bed dips as he settles himself on the soft surface. She regards him carefully, but when she looks him in the eye it feels like he's staring into her soul, so she blinks and looks away. "Seems like you have more to say then I do, princess."

He shifts and leans against the wooden pillar of her bed, waiting for her to spill over and tell him everything. She blinks and her posture droops, turning to face him. She crosses her legs under her and sets her face on the palm of her hand, wondering where to even start.

"Boy problems," she begins tentatively. "Sure you wanna hear them?"

He nods, moving to put his hands behind his head. "Go for it."

She takes a sharp inhale and regales the whole story to him, purposely leaving out the parts he was involved in. It's odd, she thinks, she doesn't feel weird about talking to him about this. It feels normal, almost, if not for the fact that she had no idea who the hell he was.

"So the root of all your problems is this guy, huh?" There's a certain look in his eye, gleaming and glinting in the pale glow of the moonlight. She nods and shifts again, leaning onto her arms this time. His hands have shifted back onto his lap and he stops studying them intently to look up, smiling gently at her. "He sounds like a dick."

"He might as well be," she sighs, cursing her heart, her brain, her everything for letting this happen.

"Especially for not going after someone like you." Her breath hitches as he says that, eyes wandering over to him again.

"Chat." There's a warning tone in her voice, one she cannot hide this time. Other times it would be veiled by a layer of false flattery, but she has no filter tonight.
"Am I wrong to say that?" She cannot go falling face first into this, not this time. She breathes, tries to think of an argument but when she looks up at him her heart softens, steel melting into a puddle.

"No." She will admit this much, but she squashes down whatever's still left in her chest for him. She isn't going to ruin this partnership, she vows.

"I'm sure that anyone would be lucky to have you. Anyone who thinks otherwise is an idiot." Her heart is still beating in her ears, a soft flush starting on her cheeks.

"Chat, shut up. You don't know what I've done." She wants him to stop talking about her like she puts the stars in the sky, for god's sake.

"You're a good person who tries her best to help everyone, what's not to love?" She buries her face in her knees, some futile attempt to stop him from seeing her blush. She covers her eyes with her hands, hearing him chuckle quietly. "Chat, no."

Then there's the feeling of leather hands pulling her onto him, so she would be sitting on his lap. Normally she would be fine, but today isn't a normal day and she's internally yelling for him to stop making her fall for him, because it was already bad enough without all this.

"Hey, look at me," he says, laugh still lingering in his words, lifting her chin with his fingertip. She does as he says, looking at him and trying not to entertain the thoughts in her mind.

But, as per usual, her thoughts win and she finds her gaze dipping to his lips more often than not. In her peripherals he's doing the same, finger still under her chin, black leather stuck to the pale flesh.

She doesn't know exactly how long they've been sitting there, gaze glued to the other, but what she does know is the small fire burning in the lower half of her abdomen. The flames leave a smoke that's clogging up her lungs, making it hard to breathe.

"Can I kiss you?" he asks, hesitant. His hands have slipped from her shoulders to her back, gently digging into the flesh as he waits for her to respond.

She weighs the pros and cons.

Pros: she would stop thinking about Adrien.

Cons: everything else.

She pauses, properly considers things for a good ten seconds before throwing it all away and nodding, certain about things just this once.

Gingerly she leans in and meets him halfway, relaxing into the kiss almost immediately. There's something about this that just feels right, and she can't help but sling her arms over his shoulders. He kisses gently, she notes, her waist delicately cradled in his hands.

But it's over too soon when he pulls away, eyes dilated as he gives her a once over. His breath fans across her face and it's too late now to hide her blush and it's a matter of time and heated glances before he presses his lips to hers again, this time almost trying to consume her whole.

There's something feral and primal in this kiss, and she can't help but let herself become enraptured
by it, melting away in his hands as his grip falls lower and rests on the curve of her hips. He kisses her deeply and she sighs through her nose, feeling like a traitor of some sort to the other boy still on her mind.

This time she pulls away so that her lungs can function properly again and she regards him with something different this time. There is lust in her eyes and she's pretty sure it's a mirror of his own. He lets out a guttural groan as she bites her lip and presses his face into the juncture between her neck and shoulder.

"Can I do something?" he murmurs the words into her skin and she can feel her pulse starting to thrum rapidly. She knows where this is going, so she nods until she realises he can't see her. "Yes."

He lifts his head from her shoulder and moves to set her down on the bed, fingertips cradling her neck and the small of her back. The look in his eyes is half carnal, but she can't put her finger on what the other half is. "Do you trust me?"

She raises an eyebrow. "Unfortunately."

He grins at her and attaches his lips to her again, the sudden movement making her grip onto his shoulders, all while his hands snake down her sides. They find the hem of her shirt and slide under the cotton, pushing the fabric up over her stomach, over her ribs.

The smooth leather running over her skin is almost gratifying, cold on her warm stomach. She can feel his hands land squarely on her breasts and they cup the supple flesh over her bra. To her surprise she doesn't shy away from his touch, instead pulling him closer to her, never once breaking away from him.

She lets him fiddle with the straps of her bra and lets out a small, affirmative moan when his hands freeze, waiting for her to let him take the undergarment off. She feels nimble fingers undoing the clasp and gasps as he tugs the cups up and away from her breasts. Without missing a beat he gently tugs at her shorts, fingers untangling the butterfly knot and dragging the fabric down her thighs.

He pulls away first.

"Chat." It's a breathy whine in the back of her throat, and her half shut eyes are saying more than her mouth is. Her gaze is smoldering, almost, and she goes to pull off her shirt and bra in one smooth motion. Her legs kick her shorts off and she can only be in awe of how quickly he's managed to undress her, one kiss being the catalyst to all of this. When she resettles all she can think about is the way he's looking at her, lips pink as he lets his gaze linger for far longer than necessary.

"Chat." She tries again, this time snapping him out of his stupor. He flinches and blinks, letting his tongue dart out to slide over his bottom lip. She pretends this movement doesn't make her shudder, doesn't make her think of what he has in store for her.

"Marinette." His voice is low and coarse, making her dizzy as he shifts his weight slightly. He lifts a hand to his mouth and bites the leather covering his index finger, eventually freeing the one digit from it's casing.

"Help me out here, will you?" He purrs the question and lifts his partially gloved hand towards her. She looks between him and his hand for a moment before lifting her own head and gently nipping at the leather. She looks at him while she does it, pulling the glove from his fingertips with her teeth while something flashes behind her eyes. At some point she manages to free his entire hand and he
pulls the glove off and tosses it to the side, revealing long, lithe fingers.

She can't quite believe that under all that black leather he was still human, still a mortal being under the influence of his kwami. When she's about to ask why he even wanted her to do that she feels his fingers trace over her through her underwear, making her gasp and look at him again.

The power in his eyes is dazzling, his desire for her almost overwhelming. Everything about him seems to darken, from how he looks at her to how he touches her. "Tell me if you need me to stop."

She's thunder-struck and nods compliantly as he says that, giving him free realm of her body. She bites down on her lip as he starts to nip at her skin, slowly marking her neck as his ungloved hand toys with her breast. It's odd to feel actual skin against her this time around, she thinks.

Her eyes flutter shut as he moves down at an agonizingly slow pace, attaching himself to her chest and sucking bruises into her skin. He leaves messes that she would look over later and brush her fingers over, shivering as they run over the sensitive splotches. He runs the tip of his tongue over a nipple and she leans into him, begging for more.

"Eager, aren't we?" He hums against her skin, letting go and moving further down her torso. She sucks in a breath but lets it go because she know what he's doing, the reason for him removing the glove becoming so clear to her now.

"Hurry up," she whines, fingertips eager to dig themselves into his scalp and curl around blond strands. She waits and waits, painstakingly enduring the pressure between her legs.

"Good things come to those who wait," he says with his nose pressed against the flat of her abdomen, slightly above where she wants his mouth to be. He pulls away from her enough to look her in the eye, an almost challenge dangling from his lips. "And those who wait often come."

She scowls, poking him gently with her foot. "Those who wait often end up unsatisfied."

"It's up to interpretation," he chuckles, ungloved hand sliding down her body, leaving trails of heat in it's wake. Absent-mindedly she wonders if this what catalysm feels like, being destroyed from the inside. His hand lands on her still covered hip, delicately slipping his fingers into the lace band. Deep down she knows this is just to make her feel better, just a favor to a friend mourning her unrequited love, but somehow there's still something else behind this, another motive she can't quite place.

"Tell me if I should stop," he says absently, hooking his clawed hand into the waistband as well. Slowly he tugs the lace off her hips and down her thighs, letting go so she can kick them off. Only then does it registers in her mind that she is fully naked in front of Chat, bare and needy before him. He sets his hands on her thighs and gently pries them open, exposing her completely.

"You're drenched, princess." The words sound filthy coming out his mouth, and her knees involuntarily close.

"Shut up, Chat," she breathes and his hands open her up again, one pinning a thigh to the sheets this time. He dips his head down to one side and all she can do is mewl softly as he kisses along her inner thighs, lips grazing over the skin like silk.

She whispers his name and covers her mouth with the back of her hand, a half-hearted attempt to shut herself up. She's going to wake everyone at this rate, but she's hoping and praying that she can keep quiet enough to avoid waking her parents. Meanwhile he latches on to the skin nearing her
center and sucks it into his mouth, turning the skin a dark purple.

She lifts her hand and opens her mouth as though to chide him for teasing her, but the fingers of his ungloved hand settle gently on her folds with a simple flick of his wrist, two fingers spreading her wide open. His gaze on her center is burning and she squirms as his thumb traces over the essence leaking from her, running back and forth to coat himself with her.

He drags his soaked digit over her again, this time in search of the bundle of nerves seated right at the top of her center. He knows he's found it when she whimpers something unintelligible, fingers scrabbling at the sheets. Slowly he lowers his head and captures the small bundle between his lips, making her cry out at the contact.

She can't stop the river of moans pouring out of her, body needing his touch like never before. He sucks on her clit gently before releasing it, only to run his tongue over the entirety of her, lapping at the wetness coating her folds. He almost drinks her in, coating his tongue with her and dragging it back over her.

With broad licks he tackles the entirety of her and goes slow on the sensitive nerves he had moved away from earlier, working on the flesh until she squirms and her fingers come to tangle themselves in his hair. She presses him closer to her, trying to keep his tongue on her just like that.

Gently he moves away and sharpens his tongue to a point, running in circles around her swollen clit. His eyes flick back to her face and she doesn't notice that his tongue has slowed slightly, jaw slack as she tries to endure all the pleasure running through her body.

"Chat — fuck, please." She doesn't recognize her voice anymore, too low and whiny to sound like the one she knows. He hums in response and she jumps at the vibrations that run through her as he does, melting under him. All she can think about is how it can't get any better than this, not at all, until he runs a finger over her and gently pushes it into her.

It's all it takes for her back to arch off the bed and a whine to shoot out her mouth, the sudden intrusion running over spots that make her dizzy with each passing moment. He watches her for a few moments before lowering his head again, wrapping his lips around her clit and sucking on it again.

She swears her eyes roll back and she's blinded by the feeling of being handled like this, left panting and shaking as he continues to destroy her completely.

He pumps his finger in and out of her methodically, smug when he hears her call his name. Truth be told she didn’t even know this would feel this good, especially when the feeling of cheating on another was lingering in the back of her mind.

She's so close now, so undeniably on the edge that her thighs clamp down on his head, trying to staunch the flow of pleasure to her body. It feels like flames are licking at the bottom of her spine and at the edges of the veins in her body, boiling her blood and reducing her to nothing.

To her surprise he's more perceptive than she thinks, instantly speeding up when she opens her mouth to blurt out how close she is. She curses him for that, as now his finger is plunging into her at rates that make her dissolve and the amount of suction on her clit is too good to handle. She knows it's time for her to fall when she feels the coil start snapping and her body start to go rigid.

She cries out his name over and over again, the feeling starting in her toes and rushing through her
like a current of electricity. First her legs tense up and then it hits her core, making her pulse sharply around his fingers. She tries to pull away because she’s too sensitive to be touched now, but the hand holding her down is firm and unwavering and all she can do is writhe.

Then it moves to her chest and all she can do is heave as the feeling ripples through her. Each breath sends her breasts high into the air, her abs tightening as she struggles to think straight, to even breathe. She jolts a little more as he eases his mouth on her, eventually fading into soft licks that send tiny slivers of pleasure through her veins.

She lets out a long exhale and relaxes her body, feeling like she was floating atop the world’s calmest sea. He pulls away from the juncture between her legs, chin slick with her essence as he moves to be level with her. Once his body is next to hers she turns her head to look at him and ducks when he tries to kiss her, giggling as he whines in protest. "I'm not too interested in tasting myself, Chat."

"But you taste good." He pouts and wipes at his glistening chin with the back of his hand, settling on smiling at her. There's a strange feeling of contentment and she welcomes it, too tired to care anymore. "I'm sure I do."

He laughs and she realizes she's naked and laughs despite herself. "Thanks," she says simply, "for all of that."

"Anything for you, princess," he says, before wincing as though something had been injured.

"..Chat?" She looks at him with confusion, eyes raking over him until she notices the very distinct mark of his cock straining against very tight black leather and how her knee was resting against it.

"Did.. did I do that?" She asks hesitantly, still confused as to how the fuck she, Marinette, a consistent mess under the guise of being a human being, could give Chat a boner that looked like it hurt.

He groans and sheepishly nods, making her flush deepen as he bites on his lip. "It's kind of hard not to when you’re moaning my name, princess."

"Oh." She pauses. She's never had this happen to her in real life before, but eventually she manages something. "Do you need me to help?"

His eyes shoot open and he shakes his head, breathing hard. "It's okay! I'll be fine. Eventually."

"But you made me come, so shouldn't I at least...?" She trails off halfway and his heart almost stops because she looks too fucking innocent to be suggesting something like that. He was supposed to be the dirty one, god dammit.

"No, it's fine!" He tries again. "I'll be fine, honest."

She looks at him doubtfully but drops it in the same second when exhaustion hits her and she realizes it'd probably be better if she got some sleep before processing what had just happened. She yawns, moving to kiss him chastely as thanks.

"I should get to bed. Thanks for that, Chat." He smiles and for the moment he forgets that there was another holding his heart hostage, that the other red clad girl was simply a figment of his imagination. He gets up, ignoring the boner straining against his suit and bows to her again.
Then he opens the trapdoor and vanishes into the night, while she pulls on her panties and goes to bed.

The feeling of betrayal dissipates.

Chapter End Notes

marinette, you oblivious fool

do i write what happens if chat had actually taken her up on her offer..... do i.....
Chapter Summary

He has a list of words associated with her, and innocent is no longer one of them.

Chapter Notes

boy howdy was this a bitch to write and edit but it's here!!
anyways the alternate name to this instalment is #ripplagg2k16 and i feel bad for putting him through this lmao
enjoy!

"But you made me come, so shouldn't I at least..?"

Fuck.

She hadn't seriously said that. not while naked and still heaving from what he had done between her legs. Definitely not after her knee had brushed against his rapidly hardening boner. He holds his eyes shut for a good moment, praying that this was some kind of wet dream. He counts one, two, three seconds before he opens his eyes again

Nope. He opens his eyes to her still naked by his side, still flushed and watching him carefully. His lungs momentarily stop and his heartbeat flatlines as he zones out, trying to calm his thoughts.

"Chat?"

She's too innocent for this, he thinks, but as the seconds tick by and the memories of her fill his brain he's forced to realise that sweet little Marinette was not so sweet after all. If she could kiss like that, god knows what she could be capable of.

A small shudder passes through him as the possibilities flash through his mind and the slow pulse of his cock starts to remind him that time is passing, and she wants a response.

"Well, princess, I wouldn't actually mind," he starts slowly, words falling off his tongue in a calculated manner. "Problem is, I don't think you can do much with this suit on."

His suit. The only obstacle standing in her way of his boner and whatever she has in mind for him. He starts to hope that she would understand and stop pressing further, but he realises there there would only be more pros than cons if he let her do as she wanted. She tilts her head to the side slightly and the look in her eyes is dangerous. "I could always just grind on you."

His cock jumps at the sound of grind and he has to remember to breathe again. The word sticks itself to his brain and all he can think about is her body on his, hips grinding over him until he came. He
tips his head back, groaning as he realises the very real and very serious consequence of coming in his suit.

"Fuck, I would love that." He's talking through gritted teeth, words slow like the sluggish flow of honey out of a bottle. "But I'm afraid my kwami wouldn't be too pleased with me."

He yells at himself for saying kwami. It’s not like she would even know what one was, so why did he even say it? She looks at him blankly, her question hanging in the air.

"A kwami is the thing that's making me Chat, basically," He says bluntly, cutting away as many details as he can. He’s already fucked it up once, he didn't want to fuck it up again. Something in her eyes clears and she nods slowly, eyes scrutinizing him carefully.

"In that case," she starts, eyes half lidded as she swings a leg over his torso. "Do you trust me?"

Her words are decadent and lax, clogging up his brain.

"Unfortunately." He mirrors her earlier response, mischief still gleaming in his eye as she puts her weight onto him, hands planted on his chest. He looks over her naked form appreciatively, mentally saving the image forever. Her lips twist up into a grin he's never seen before. "Good."

Then she leans forward and presses her lips to his, strands of her hair tickling his face as she leans over him. Almost instinctively his own hands go to her waist and hips, ungloved hand staking its claim on her ass.

She has her chest pressed against his now and the way her soft form is moulding to all of his hard crevices is mind numbing, something he knows he's going to mentally catalog. He can't stop his ungloved hand from traveling down the back of her thighs, surprised when his fingertips skid over trails of her essence.

He can't believe she's still dripping from their earlier escapades, but he forgets everything when she pulls away and looks at him, barely trying to hide the lust in her eyes.

"I've always wanted to do this," she says suddenly, and before he can reply she grasps the bell over his throat and slides it down. All he can do is gasp because the suit is supposed to be molded to his fucking skin, so how could she even..?

Slowly her hand guides the bell down until it reaches it's end at the end of his abdomen. He exhales and watches as she scrutinises the black leather for a moment, before letting go of the bell and undoing the belt he had been trying to remove for months.

"Damn." He 's stunned and she laughs quietly, throwing the ends of the belt to the side. "Why, cat got your tongue?"

He tries to glare at her but fails miserably. She giggles again and inspects the leather one last time, fingers uncovering an invisible zipper over what he could only assume she is after. The second she undoes the zipper completely she glances back up at him with an intensity that makes him shudder.

"Okay?" She asks, fingertips pulling apart the unzipped edges of his suit and momentarily returning to her spot on his torso, leaning over him again. He tries not to think about how he can feel how wet she still is this time, especially since she was sitting on bare skin instead of leather.
"Okay," he breathes and he watches her smile sink back onto her face again. Then she has her lips on his neck and he has to remind himself that he can't be seen with a hickey at all, unless he had a death wish and wanted to be pulled out of school immediately.

"Wait." He's breathing hard and whining at his rational side because he wants this so bad, but he pulls it together. She shrinks away from his neck and looks at him like a deer in headlights. "Too much?"

He smiles sadly and shakes his head. "I, uh," he tries, "can't be seen with hickeys."

"Oh." The relief in her eyes is instant. "Sorry."

He feels a little bad, but pulls her back to him, kissing her gently. "It's okay."

He pulls away and he can see the gears in her head turning, an idea forming behind her eyes. Tentatively she returns to her spot on his neck and kisses it gently, making him relax immediately. Just as he settles in to the hickey alternative he feels the warm wetness of her tongue dart out and trace a line along his jawline.

She marks a trail down his neck, over his adam's apple and spends a bit of time by his collarbones. She kisses each bone delicately, and he can't help but shiver as she blows cold air onto the wet trails. She's going to be the death of him, he knows it.

Slowly she moves down his chest and he can barely feel his pulse right now, mind in a haze watching her head dip lower and lower. At some point she reaches the end of his abdomen and gently tugs down the band of his pants low enough to reveal his black briefs and she lifts her head, eyes doe-like as her hands come to the black waistband.

"If visible hickeys aren't an option," she starts, fingertips dragging the fabric lower and lower down his hips. "then I'll just have to leave one somewhere else."

He can feel his heart pause and restart in the same second. At last she tugs the fabric down low enough that the base of his cock is exposed to her, likely pink from the rush of blood by now.

He waits for her to pull him out from beneath his briefs but jumps when he feels her lips pressed to an exposed sliver of skin, too close to his cock but too far from it at the same time.

He feels her lips close over the spot and suck it into her mouth, drawing blood to the surface of his skin. He muffles a groan by clamping his mouth shut tightly, as she lets go and marks another spot significantly closer to where he wants her to be. God, she's going to kill him.

She is so close to the base of his cock that it's making him anxious that he'll finish too fast when she finally gets to it. In his heart he knocks on wood, praying that he had more endurance than that.

She pulls away and sits with her thighs draped across his, her ass comfortably nestled in the space between his open legs. She pauses, draws in a breath and reaches for him, fingers settling over him in a gentleness that feels like bliss.

He sighs as she finally makes contact and chokes on his saliva as she pulls him out in one smooth motion, leaving him standing at full attention before her eyes. Her grip is almost perfect around him, gentle enough to avoid injury and firm enough to make him groan inaudibly.
She looks at him with something sparkling in her eyes and her lips twist into that wicked grin again. When he looks at her all he can think about is the obscene positioning of her before him, the mess between her legs covered up by his definitely not throbbing cock.

The image of having her in the same position with his cock disappearing into her as she rode him shamelessly haunts the back of his eyelids, a sight likely to be kept in his mind for months to come. He tries to regulate his breathing but fails miserably as her hand starts to slowly graze over him, body alive with bliss as he tries to burn this new sensation into his mind.

She watches him carefully as her hand makes tentative motions over his length, taking note of his every groan, shiver and exhale without missing a beat. He swears more than her, she notes, while he sweats up a storm under his too hot suit.

He wants out of this damn thing, so that he can be just as exposed as she is and just as vulnerable. But being naked means no transformation, and no chat means.. well, he doesn't want to think about what would happen then. All he does want to think about is the two of them fucking on every surface possible, with or without the suit.

He wants to feel her curves with both bare hands, devoid of gloves and leather. He wants to mark her with his mouth and his teeth, to start an endless conversation with her skin that left them both breathless. He wants her and, to be frank, he wants her now.

Her hand rises up his length to settle unhurriedly on the skin between the head of his cock and the skin before that, thumb escaping her fist to rub gentle circles onto the head. He exhales a little too loudly and in the middle of the silence he hears her giggle.

"And you said I was drenched." There's a certain mischief in her voice and his eyes dart towards her, watching as she wet her lips with her tongue. He’s leaking, and he blames it on her.

"Your fault," he says weakly as she leans over to her bedside table to grab a hair tie, looping her hair into a loose ponytail. With her hair back the devious intent in her eyes only multiplies, as her lips turn redder and redder because she keeps biting down on them.

"I know." She exhales the words and just like that her mouth has descended upon him, lips choosing to start at his base. She’s sucking gently on the side of his length, tongue darting out to trace mindless patterns over the skin.

He can't help the groan that escapes him, or the way that his head falls back to the sheets. His gloved hand is tightly coiled in a fist and he has to remind himself not to shred her lavender sheets to bits.

She releases the skin from the sweet confines of her mouth and takes her time to lick a stripe up the side of his cock, licking away the pre cum oozing from his tip. She kisses the head gently, finger tips still caressing his length. She lifts her eyes enough to meet his gaze, the blue of her irises filtering through her eyelashes.

He swears he's going to die there and then, overloaded by how innocent she looks doing such a filthy act. He watches as she takes the tip of him into her mouth, head tipping back as her tongue swirls gently around the sensitive flesh.

He wants to drown in this feeling right about now, groans of her name on the tip of his tongue. He takes back what he thought of her now, the word innocent being struck off from the list of words he associated with her.
His jawline hardens as she starts to take more of him into her mouth, a quarter of his length now covered in her spit. He is biting on the inside of his cheek, ungloved hand digging into her sheets because her mouth is fucking incredible.

It still feels like a wet dream to him as he watches her head bob up and down, pausing momentarily to pay special attention to one particular spot or to breathe for a moment. The warm heaven of her mouth is still unbelievable, still too good for him to process.

"Fuck," he curses, body stiffening as she doesn't stop. Her gaze meets his again and he sees the same fire burning within, the same fervor taking her over. She slows her pace, taking him deeper and deeper this time.

The pant of her name is reflexive and she knows this, never once breaking eye contact with him as she hollows her cheeks and applies an almost overwhelming amount of suction.

He is losing himself fast and he lets his head fall back again, eyelids shut as he tries not to think about how his right hand would never be the same again. One hand is still delicately moving over what she can't fit into her mouth and it's like the recipe of his kryptonite.

He figures it's only good manners to tell her how close he was so that she could ease off and let him take care of it, but when he opens his mouth to speak her name falls out instead of his words. She is moving over him rapidly now, determination fixed in her eyes.

"Too close." He manages two words and shudders as he feels her tongue swirl over him now, running over every ridge he has.

She makes a sound of affirmation with his cock still in her mouth, the vibrations making his toes curl inside his boots. He curses again and before he can stop himself his ungloved hand shoots out to tangle itself into her hair, fingers melting into the softness of her ponytail.

He freezes and lets go immediately, shooting an apologetic look her way. He doesn't expect her to cock an eyebrow and pull his hand back before he can fully retract it, placing it gently back on her hair.

He looks at her tentatively before sliding his hand back between her strands, slowly but surely pressing her further down onto him. He doesn't use too much pressure but he would be damned if he didn't want to be engulfed by her mouth completely.

He’s still throbbing and probably still leaking, breaths becoming heavier and heavier as she speeds up. He tries to take a deep breath but loses it in the same second when he sees her ass high in the air, along with the curve of her back, suddenly aware of her change in position.

He choking out her name again and his hips uncontrollably cant towards her face, the coil in him tightening and tightening. His eyes shut but it doesn't stop him from thinking about what it would be like plunging himself deep into her and watching her writhe and moan on his cock.

She gives him a knowing look and pulls away from him, this time using her lips to graze against his length. She finishes him off the same way she had started him off; lips sucking on the sensitive patch of skin where his tip met his shaft, tongue darting out to run over the area.

There are flashes of white in his vision now and he moans out her name this time, coil snapping as
she lets up. His eyes are shut as the lower half of his body goes rigid, hand still laced in her hair. He can barely control his hips from rising off the bed and thrusting in her general direction, surprised when the feeling of her mouth on him follows.

When his heartbeat stabilizes he opens his eyes to her withdrawing her hands from him, pulling back as a line of his cum follows her coated fingers. He flushes red and relaxes the hand tangled in her hair, breathing slowly as he watches her move.

He watches her tentatively lick the white mess off her hands, momentarily forgetting how to breathe as she does so. She wipes her mouth on the back of her hand, other hand pulling her hair free from its ties.

She shakes her head to let her hair fall down to her shoulders, now a disheveled mess. She raises her head to meet his eyes and giggles, making him realize he was, in fact, staring at her.

If he wasn't dead before, he certainly was now.

"Well?" She quips, crawling over to him. He blinks and looks her over, left speechless at the sight of her. The nails of his ungloved hand dig into his palm and he is reminded yet again that she is very much next to him and naked and unbelievably satisfied with her own handiwork.

He tries to get a few more breaths in, eyes taking a quick glance at his now limp cock resting against his abdomen. He is a mess of his own release and her saliva and in his head he tries to catalogue the events that had taken place but gives up as post-orgasm bliss takes him over.

"That was.." he starts, words slurred as he tries to pull his mind back together. ".good."

"Good?" She looks at him with false outrage, blinking at him with what he can no longer say is innocence. "I'm pretty sure my dick sucking skills are better than good."

He laughs. "The only reason why I'm not saying incredible is because you didn't help to clean up."

She arches an eyebrow and raises herself up on one arm.

"Why?" she asks, blinking coyly at him. "Did you want me to lick that up, too?"

The thought of her licking up whatever's left of his cum from his skin makes him groan again, the image painted in his mind almost too good to be true.

"You're disgusting." She says bluntly and moves to grab a couple sheets of tissue from her bedside, crawling back down to gently wipe up the white mess. She chucks the used paper into the bin by her bed and gently grabs hold of his cock again, kissing the head gently and tucking him back in place before pulling up his underwear.

"You are the worst." His voice is a strangled laugh and she laughs as she sees his head fall back to the bed, moving back up again.

"So are you," she answers, smiling.

"Can't really argue with that," He says, opening his eyes to meet hers. "But where did you learn how to suck dick like that?"
She smacks his arm lightly but laughs anyway.

"I have a friend who is very, uh, knowledgeable about these things." She avoids his gaze, cheeks turning pink again. In an instant he thinks of Alya and her knowing smile, about how the sex ed curriculum in school was basically useless with her around.

"Send my compliments to her, then," he says. He laughs mentally at his imaginary sight of Marinette pulling Alya away to the girl's bathroom, embarrassedly admitting that the redhead's blowjob tips had actually helped her out, for once.

She laughs but the sound dissipates into the air as soon as it comes, while she looks at him wistfully. There is a muted urgency behind all the blue and he raises an eyebrow because suddenly he is no longer exhausted. "What?"

"Well," she starts, fingertips crawling up his sides.

"I kind of.." She trails off, and he can see her flush return.

"I still want you." She says bluntly, and with the way she says want, rolling it between her lips, he knows exactly what she means.

The edges of his mouth curl into a grin she knows very well, and he makes a mental note to apologize to Plagg later.

Chapter End Notes

lmao @ myself for that ending but what can u do
just desserts

Chapter Summary

What a mess of souls they have become.

Chapter Notes

ah yes, the eventual Fuckening TM

as per usual, beta'd by harmony, enabled by my lack of self control, and here for you to enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

She knew that it would come to this eventually, but she didn't bank on that moment being now.

Still, her eyes roam over his partially undressed form and her teeth take to her bottom lip again, the urge to have him as exposed as she is surfacing. The thrum between her legs is starting again, and she knows only one thing will quieten it this time.

"I still want you," she blurts out and she doesn't realise how low her voice is, barely a whisper above the silence in her room. She's almost afraid to see his response, but when she lifts her eyes to meet his again she sees the grin on his face and relaxes.

"I want you too," he admits, eyes trained on hers. "But it's gonna take a little while before I get hard again."

She can hear the challenge behind his thinly veiled remark and her wheels in her head turn, plan formulating behind her irises.

"Well," she starts, almost deviously as her eyelids lower to regard him with something he knows too well. "We could always do this."

She swings her leg over his torso again and plants herself firmly on the 6 planes of muscle lining his abdomen. The smirk that dances across his face seems reflexive and she leans on him just a little bit more, arms on his chest pushing her breasts together.

She knows she looks like a goddess in his eyes, something undeniable when he looks back at her with eyes blown wide. Again his hands come to cup her curves and she revels in the hand slipping into the curve of her waist and the other firmly attaching itself to her ass, fingertips digging into the skin.

She gives in to the shiver that dances over her spine as she realises she can feel claws raking over the right side of her ass and the skin start to raise from his marks, but it only makes the fire in her burn brighter. She looks at him and feels his hands brand their prints into her skin, a claw or two lightly
pressing into her flesh. He bites his lip and she narrows her eyes, bringing herself closer to him.

"Are you going to kiss me or not?" Her question is almost a command, asked with a quirked eyebrow as his hands roam over her. She knows it's a redundant question, because *God*, what *wouldn't* he give to kiss her again, but she dangles it over him regardless, watching his eyes flick back to her lips.

When his hand shifts to her back to push her down onto him, she hides the surprise in her voice, muffling it with a loud exhale. Kissing him feels different this time, all teeth and ferocity but she doesn't care. His hands move from her back and shift from place to place, slipping into whatever crevices he could find.

It's only when he lets out a breathy groan does she realise that her hips had shifted back towards his now stirring cock, managing to seat themselves on his length. He pulls away and his head tips back, exposing the entirety of his neck to her.

"*Fuck,*" he says in a strangled whisper, because he can feel how warm she is through his underwear. A grin finds its way onto her face and she dips her head back down to kiss along the vein running down his neck, letting her hips find a slow pace over him.

"*Marinette.*" It's a broken whimper of her name and she feels power settle itself in her chest again, making her dart her tongue out to trace the relief of his throat. She is bold because it is ruining him, and she is relishing in how it feels to be a queen in her own right.

He makes a choking sound and she presses her teeth against his jugular, a move that was unlikely to leave a mark. The instant she moves away from his neck his head snaps forward and he captures her lips with his again, kissing her forcefully as his hands land on her hips.

Almost instinctively he guides her hips back and forth on his length, grinding her onto him as he feels himself return to peak hardness. The suit is still too hot over his skin and she is still nothing but soft curves and warm skin, the mere taste of her intoxicating him.

She lets her hands rake over the exposed portion of his chest and smiles as he shudders, only to take it back when his thumb traces her hip bone. She lets out a gasp as her clit runs over his length at a particularly delectable angle, making her hands cup his face as she kisses him deeper, somehow—

There is a sudden flash of green light and it's brightness can be seen even when her eyes are closed, making her wince. She pulls away at the same time he does and the start of a *what the fuck* falls short as she sees a black mass zip past her and rush to the lower part of her room.

Her heart drops into her stomach and she's almost afraid to turn back, to even look at him. There is a long moment of silence as they both sit in a half daze, afraid to see what's happened.

"*Marinette*?" he asks, voice uncertain and to her right. She pauses and swallows thickly, trying to mentally prepare herself for this moment.

*Chat Noir is no longer Chat Noir.*

*I am about to find out who he is.*

*What the fuck.*
Tentatively she swivels her head back towards the sound of her voice and freezes up again when she sees who it is. The first thought that comes to her is a reliable 'what the fuck', the same words that materialize between her teeth.

Her thought process is slow but effective.

First, the most obvious one: his miraculous had run out.

Second: he is still a blond haired boy, with the same green eyes and figure.

Third: he looks a little too much like a certain Adrien for her eyes to be playing tricks on her.

She blanks out, still frozen in place over him. She doesn't know how to feel, or to breathe, let alone what to think.

Her brain runs slowly, methodically.

Fourth: Chat Noir is also Adrien.

Fifth: she would die for Chat, and hence, by extension, Adrien.

Sixth: she was straddling the one she would die for, who had eaten her out, who's favor she had returned by blowing him, who was also Adrien.

"Adrien," she begins slowly, voice laced with uncertainty. "Adrien, what the fuck?"

"Surprise?" he tries, grin faltering as she starts to laugh in a way that sounds painful. She chokes on her breath and falls off him, rolling off to his side.

Her hands are covering her face and her laughter is starting to sound incredibly concerning, toeing the line between sobs and giggles.

*Adrien is Chat.*

*Chat is Adrien.*

These are the only two thoughts that bounce around her head, and she honestly can't help but smack herself for not seeing it sooner. She should have seen it when he was talking to her earlier, because the gentle kindness in his eyes was too familiar. She should have known.

She sneaks a glance at him through her fingers and *God,* she should have known. She hadn't expected sex hair to make him look so much like Chat, so undeniably unruly and unkempt. but she can't deny the truth.

The sounds she makes fade back to laughter and he delicately pulls her hands away from her face, uncertain as he waits for her to do something. Her face is only slightly red and she is smiling up at him, understanding shining in her eyes.

"Are you mad at me?" he asks timidly, hand reaching to cup her cheek because he doesn't know how badly he's fucked it all up. She shakes her head and the way she smiles up at him is all he needs to know that she's alright with this.
"No," she speaks softly and he's relieved.

Her voice trails off and suddenly she's straddling him again, her gaze dangerous. "Not really."

"I'm sorry?" He tries again, only to be quietened by her lips on his. Her kisses are softer than her words. "I'm kidding."

She kisses him again. "I'm just a little pissed off and a little shocked, but I'm not mad, I promise."

He grins at her sheepishly, but then the low throb at the bottom of his abdomen reminds him that they still had business to attend to.

"Do you still want this?" When he says this, she suddenly remembers the compromising position they're in and nods slowly, but uses her thighs to pin him down to the sheets. "If you make it up to me."

He cocks an eyebrow at her and she rephrases her words with a breathy laugh. "If you'll let me ride you."

"Oh." He breathes and laughs again. He pulls her down so that his face is level with hers and flashes her that devious grin of his. He kisses her once and pulls away, hands lazily settling on her hips. "If that's the case, anything you want, princess."

She smiles at him again and threads her fingers through his hair, taking him by surprise when she kisses him hard. Her fingers leave his scalp and make their way down his chest, raking themselves over his torso.

She is hungry for this, hungry to have him vulnerable under her. She pulls away and shifts herself over him, resting her arms on his chest as she properly looks him over this time.

He was wearing a t-shirt and sweatpants when he came over, but now both articles of clothing are barely on his body. His shirt had bunched up over his collarbones and his sweatpants had fallen to his knees, leaving a large portion of his skin exposed.

Her first thought is to rectify this and have him just as naked and vulnerable as she is, so she tugs at his shirt. He gets the signal and obediently pulls it off and slings it somewhere in the room. Instantly she sees the broadness of his shoulders and almost swoons, but not before she reminds herself of her end goal: to make him pay for all those years.

She lowers herself to him again and presses one more kiss to his mouth before shifting to his neck. There she repeats her pattern of small kisses along his throat, nipping gently at his pulse point. She hears him groan and smiles against his skin, finally feeling in control of things, for once.

She moves downwards and starts where his collarbone branches out, letting her lips ghost over his right shoulder and move slowly back to his clavicle. She bites the skin there gently and soothes the spot with her tongue, movements languid and lecherous.

"You're such a tease." His words are throaty and his grip on her skin tightens. *It's nice to see the roles being reversed,* she thinks, with him being a flustered mess and her being cool and collected.

"You're just impatient." She pretends she doesn't feel his nails start to dig into her hips and moves herself further down his body, lips pressed to his sternum. Her nails start to rake up and down his
sides, occasionally dipping down towards the band of his briefs again. Absent-mindedly she thinks of how the red of her nails contrasts so well with his skin, standing out as she lets each digit slide it’s way over the ridges of his abdomen.

She lifts herself to her knees and shuffles backwards, fingertips tugging at the sweatpants still slung around his knees. Almost immediately he sits up and reaches to push them off, encasing her between his arms as he does so. When he finally kicks the garment off he lets out a breath, eyes meeting hers as his body is pressed against hers.

He is looking at her in awe and she wants to shrink back because she doesn't know how to deal with this, but she swallows what she feels. The softness of her body melds perfectly with the hardness of his, leaving them both in silence as the feeling sears itself into their minds.

She breaks the spell first, colliding her lips with his again and pushing him backwards, landing with a soft thump. His hands hold on to her waist and his grip isn't as firm this time, instead cradling the curves with the tips of his fingers. She lets herself indulge in the kiss because she had been waiting long enough for that, *Goddammit*.

It's electric and mystifying and she can't really catch her breath afterwards because he leaves her lips tingling and her brain blank, thoughts wiped out by his mouth alone. He sits up again and shoves his underwear down his legs, robbing her of what would have been a slow tug of the black fabric down his hips.

He pulls her down with him and then her lips are swollen and pink and she barely remembers her end goal when she hears him murmur something into her neck. "Protection?"

She nods her head, falling out of her stupor enough to lean over to her bedside drawer. Deep within the compartment, under various lotions and sketchbooks, She locates the unopened pack of condoms with her fingers, fishing it out with a flourish. As she rips the box open he quirks an eyebrow at her, hair mussed and pupils dilated.

She gains enough composure that she rolls her eyes at him, taking a single foil wrapped packet before chucking the box back into the abyss of her bedside table. "Alya."

She remembers her birthday and how Alya had gotten the box for her as a gag gift, how she had attached a card with the words *just in case* written out in the redhead's best penmanship. back then she had blushed and admonished her friend furiously, but now she might actually need to thank her for her thoughtfulness.

He grins and laughs as her fingers nimbly rip the wrapper open, cautiously pulling away the latex barrier. She slides down his body again and sits between his thighs, fingertips fumbling with the latex.

With Alya's voice in the back of her mind she gently pinches the tip of the latex and rolls the rest down over him, remembering how her friend had unnecessarily demonstrated using a banana, much to her embarrassment. She pulls back once she thinks she has it on right, crawling back up his body again.

It's different when she moves back up, this time dragging her soaked folds over his covered length, sliding herself over him. They groan as they make contact with each other, something they had both been holding their breath for. She looks him in the eye again and lets her hand slip backwards to grip him, angling him just enough to let herself slide down on him.
That's all it takes for them to let out twin groans, hers a barely audible mewl while his are a drawn out groan. It's searing and hot and all she can think about is how warm he is inside her, while in his mind he screams at how hot and tight she is.

She falls forward slightly, hands instinctively pushing against his chest as her head falls forward, body trying to accommodate this new feeling. She was a virgin up til this point, yes, but she didn't expect him to stretch her out this much.

"Okay?" he asks, looking at her with alarm. He's so afraid he's hurt her that his arms are on standby to lift her off him, to take her away from danger.

She nods slowly, feeling her nerves burn for a moment before settling again. "I just need to go slow."

Then she starts moving her hips, slowly raising them so that he almost pops out of her but she slides back down before he can escape her. She does this a few more times until the faint feeling of pain disappears, now shifting the angle of her hips to experiment.

Almost immediately she finds a spot she's especially weak for when she angles her hips towards him, mouth letting go of a shaky moan as his tip runs over the patch of flesh. His eyes dart open and his hands move to lift her away but she shakes her head.

"It's fine," she says airily, and she starts a new rhythm, this time grinding slowly over him in an attempt to keep him concentrated where it felt the best. When her hips first complete the circle she hears his whimper of her name again. She repeats it, this time leaning forward to loop her arms around his neck and kissing him like he was the only thing that could fill her hunger.

She is riding him gently now, still too anxious that she herself would break if she went any harder, but with the way her body is begging and pleading for more, she can't help but accommodate.

She starts to move at a faster pace, hips swirling around in circles that start to make her dizzy. She swears when she feels his hands shamelessly land on her hips, guiding her movements. He kneads the flesh and she whimpers into his shoulder, almost incapacitated.

The battle between punishing him for toying with her heart and drowning herself in this bliss rages on inside her mind, in some corner that isn't blanketed by a haze. She should teasing the hell out of him because, truth be told, she was still upset with how things turned out, but instead she's going limp because all of her blood is rushing to her center and she is dying because it feels too good.

After a moment or two she manages to sit up, willpower miraculously making itself known. She inhales and exhales softly, before starting to ride him harder than she already was.

"Holy shit." His eyes never seem to leave her body as she moves, bottom lip trapped between his teeth. His hands on her hips just follow her own movements, letting her take free reign over him. He watches her like she's a goddess to be worshipped, entranced by how she moves in little circles before almost bouncing up and down on him.

Still, with each buck of her hips she lets out a strangled cry, slivers of her own pleasure slipping through. There were things that she didn't expect in this world: namely for her first time to be with Adrien, of all fucking people, or for it to feel this damn good.

She's on the verge of giving up and letting him take over for a bit, just so that she could properly
drown in all the pleasure like she was being engulfed by an ocean, but she holds out and grinds her hips for a few more seconds, praying that her willpower would keep her going.

It doesn’t.

She is crumbling as everything overtakes her and only one thought emerges from the haze that is her mind:

A loud, resonant *fuck it*.

She lets herself hunch over and her head dip forward, hand on his chest curling into fists and she struggles to even hold herself upright. Her lungs quake as she tries to take hold of the situation, hips uncontrollably continuing their persistent circles.

"Feeling alright there, princess?" He watches as she shudders with each passing moment. She looks up as though to refute him but closes her mouth when she sees how flushed he is. He's enjoying this just as much as she is, she thinks, as her breath comes out in tiny pants. "Shut up, Chat."

There seems to be a disconnect between his nerves and brain because his face changes from being screwed up in pleasure to that grin again, as though they were just bantering and his cock was not at all inside of her, no sir. "Who's Chat?"

Now she completely forgets that she was even going to give some portion of control over to him, stopping dead in her tracks and giving her worst glare to him. He laughs and eventually, she does too, lips cracking into a smile. She lets out her last laugh and leans forward, pressing herself against him again.

"Less talking, more fucking." She grinds herself against him and watches as he loses his words, speechless as she moves. She moans quietly into his skin as her clit grinds firmly against his pelvis, sending shocks up her spine.

It should be illegal to feel this good, she thinks, as her hips move on their own again and her clit is ground—yet again—against the hardness of his pelvis, while he runs over spots inside her that make her want to collapse. She pants and his head tips back, guttural groans escaping his perpetually open mouth.

His hands come to rest on her hips again and this time she gives him full control over her pace, letting him manipulate her body however he wanted. He guides her into a steady, rolling pace and her cries are definite indicators of how good it feels, supported by how breathless he is.

Slowly the spark in both of them starts to build up in the space behind their abdomens, beginning to burn brighter and brighter as their pace quickens and quickens. Already it is igniting the blood in their veins and boiling their blood, making their bodies warm with lust and euphoria.

He manages to slip one of his hands between their bodies and searches for her bundle of nerves again, knowing that she’s only a few moments away from her orgasm. He makes the best of the cramped space between them and presses his fingers to the tiny bulb, making her voice rise an octave. He starts to move the digits in figure eights and he sets off the orchestra in her throat, listening as nothing and everything falls out from between her lips.
Her last noise is a whimper of his name and she shakes as the spark within her turns into an inferno and sets every nerve she has alight. She is burning through everything now, orgasm engulfing and drowning her in its wake.

Her hips buck and he groans because suddenly she's tighter than before and the slickness between where they are connected only increases. He hears her cry out this time, his name falling from her lips as though she were possessed, and just like that, he is gone.

His moans join hers to form a cacophony of delirium, a fractional choir singing hymns to the heavens above. They are lucky her parents can sleep through anything, because they are too loud and they know it.

When the last sparks burn out and the flames extinguish they are left with a bliss that completely overrides their mental capabilities, making them both hazy eyed and sleepy. Even then, as he looks at her head lying limply on his chest, he can still form a coherent thought of kissing her.

With one hand he gently lifts her head up and tilts his face down to kiss her, letting his eyes shut as she melts into him. It feels like everything in the world is finally right, between all the pining and everything else.

When they finally separate she looks at him dreamily, lovestruck and delirious. As her senses restart like a forest coming alive after a frost she notes how sticky her body is, coated with sweat as she regulates her breathing. She makes a face and rolls off him, landing next to him.

He comes out of her and she mourns the feeling of emptiness as she lays there, body stuck in bliss and idleness. She hears him laugh and watches the light shift as he sits up and gets rid of the condom, tossing the now gross rubber into her bedside table. She makes a mental note to throw it away later, lest her mother find it when she cleaned her daughter's room.

She blinks and he is back beside her, another sated being on her sheets.

"So," he starts slowly, looking at her curiously.

"So," she repeats after him, eyes starting to feel heavy with sleep.

"Are you upset that it's me?" She shifts and her expression contorts into one of incredulousness.

"Are you seriously asking me if I'm upset that my partner in crime was also my crush?" Her voice is flat and she can see the gleam in his eyes, his hand coming up to make comforting strides over her side. She has a moment of internal panic when partner in crime slips out of her mouth, but for once she throws all her concerns to the wind.

His fingers freeze as they slide over her ribs. "Partner in crime?"

She cocks an eyebrow. "You mean you didn't know?"

He blinks and watches her face blur and refocus in his eyes. She tilts her head to the right and slowly the pieces are coming together, forming a disorganized patchwork in his mind.

She has the same eyes, the same nose, the same number of freckles marring the pale complexion of her cheeks.
She has the same attitude and hair, the same burning spark between her eyes.

Her lips were the same, still full and twisted into a half grin, albeit now swollen from kisses.

"Ladybug?" He says her name like a child seeing snow for the first time, a whisper of awe.

"Hi." She says, shyly as she instinctively shrinks away from his inspection of her face, while he's thunderstruck because why hadn't he looked closely before?

"Oh my god." He breathes and her face flushes an uncomfortable shade of red again, but she tries to hide her face behind her hands as he stares at her because holy shit has he been blind.

"You are Ladybug." He lets the words roll off his tongue slowly, each syllable starting to make sense because she is Ladybug and it is so right, one of the universe's mysteries finally making sense.

Slowly she nods but she can't see the huge smile that forms on his face.

Seconds pass and he knows something is wrong from how quiet she is. She peeks out from beneath her hands, moving a palm slightly so her words aren't completely muffled.

"Are you disappointed that it's me?" It's his turn to look at her incredulously, fingers brushing back strands of hair that stick to her forehead.

"You know everything I said hours ago still stands, right?" He pulls her closer to him, engulfing her in his frame. She presses her face into his skin and inhales the faint smell of cologne and sweat, foreign yet familiar.

"I thought you were just trying to comfort me." Her words are a muffled admission into his chest as he rubs circles into her back. Her hair is scattered over her face and under her neck, but she would hate to move.

"Well, I was," he says, "but I wasn't lying about it, either."

He presses a kiss to the top of her head.

"I still think you're one of the greatest people I know." He pauses, fingertips stroking through her hair. "And it's hard to find people like you."

She lets out a muffled groan into his shoulder. "Shut up."

Despite her annoyed tone he can feel her smile against his skin. "Well, I don't know anyone else who has a heart of gold and is also fucking incredible at riding dick."

She pulls herself away the best she can from his grip and he sees her smile reach far past her eyes, laughing as she bats at his arm. "Adrien."

He leans over to kiss her forehead again. "Marinette."

She melts, just a little bit.

"Chat."
"Ladybug."

They pause and look at each other, brains digesting the dissolving line between their identities and their words momentarily stop as they breathe. Then, she speaks.

"I hate you." There's a grin on his face and she laughs again.

"Love you too, princess." Her heart jumps, or perhaps it was just the sudden rush of blood to her face.

"I can't believe I had a crush on you." She covers her face with her hands again with a mock grimace, letting him trace circles into her hipbones.

"But you had a crush on me," he says in a singsong manner, mouth turning into his signature grin again.

"I can't believe I had sex with you," she says sarcastically, shaking her head.

"But you did and it was the best sex of my fucking life," he quips, pulling her against his chest again.

Soon their laughter fades into giggles that dissolve into a calm, sated silence, as they press themselves against each other.

"So, are you staying to cuddle me or what?" The question falls off her tongue so nonchalantly, and even she is surprised at how comfortable she is with him in such a short amount of time. He steals a glance at the clock by her bedside and settles back in next to her. "Yep."

She gets comfortable against his skin and feels his ribs expand and contract with each breath. "No photoshoots, nothing?"

"Dad's on a business trip, shoot postponed, piano, fencing and whatever else canceled on me," he says matter of factly, counting the items off his fingers. "I can stay for a while."

"Good." She listens to the steady thrumming of his heart and the room falls into a comfortable silence. Soon their exhaustion catches up with them and they find their breathing slowing, eyelids struggling to stay open.

"Marinette?" He whispers as they start to drift into half consciousness.

"Yes, Adrien?" Her eyelids are slowly closing but she listens out for him anyway.

"I love you," he murmurs into her hair and she feels her heart swell.

"I love you too," she says, only loud enough for him to hear.

As her eyes close the sun is rising, casting its golden light over the two as the strange but familiar feeling of home cements itself into their hearts.
and that wraps up this mess!! hope you enjoyed!! :)

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