rippling water and rippling abs

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rippling water and rippling abs

by sybris

Summary

Everyone learns about how fucking ripped Marinette Dupain-Cheng is.

Notes

this is a shitpost of a fic and im not ashamed

also buff!mari is my life. give me more buff!mari. pls. i need her to punch me in the face.
queen buff!marinette.

anyways its fuckin I am and im Tired but i wanted to get this out as soon as possible so here you have it. i dunno if this is fucking intelligible or not but i dont give a shit, you can enjoy it anyway

on that note, enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1

Now that the class thought about it, none of them knew what Marinette’s body was like.

They knew that she was short and reasonably flat chested, they knew she had blue eyes, dark hair, and pale skin, but none of them actually knew what her body looked like.

Most of them figured it would have to be somewhere along the lines of incredibly petite, considering the type of person Marinette was, as well as how small she appeared, but there were certain things about her body that were so noticeably changing they couldn’t actually ignore it no matter how hard they tried.

Like her thighs.

They’d never seen anything truly magnificent about her thighs; they were thighs, for heaven’s sake, of course they weren’t spectacular, but then they started getting… bigger.

Like, a lot bigger.

Like, easily crush a melon between them bigger.

And considering how each and every one of them had this image of Marinette always being this dainty, barely 5’2” little girl, this recent development was beyond surprising.

So even though they never really discussed it, it was definitely a silently mutual agreement to never actually comment on it.

Though it never really surprised anyone that Nino was the first to actually say something.

It was just annoying that Adrien got dragged into the conversation.

Adrien sighed, his hand wafting over the surface of the pool and creating ripples and waves as it went along. He watched each little ripple as it washed further and further away from him, watched as they eventually ended at Nino’s stomach.

He wasn’t sure why he’d agreed to come along. Even after Nino and Alya had started becoming friends – and then forcing Marinette and Adrien to become friends along with them – he still had this nagging feeling in the back of his head that he wasn’t actually welcome in the group.

Maybe that was just the fifteen years of homeschooling and permanent isolation talking, though.

Nino cast him a sideways glance that was riddled with worry and other emotions like that. His brow was furrowed, and his lips were pulled down into a frown, and for a second, Adrien felt even worse for thinking like that.

But it wasn’t his fault; he genuinely did want to be there. He liked hanging out with Alya and Nino and Marinette, and he’d always enjoyed swimming, so realistically, the only person Adrien felt he could blame was his father. His father, who had homeschooled him from the day he would’ve started public school. His father, who made sure to monitor his every move and ensured that Adrien couldn’t get out of anything.

His father, who was so controlling he was unbearable and the thought of spending as much time with him as he used to making his fists clench underwater.
“Hey man,” Nino called, drawing Adrien from his quickly intensifying thoughts. Adrien sent him a small smile, one he hoped was enough for him to pass as okay, but judging from the way Nino’s brow only furrowed further, Adrien guessed it didn’t work.

But Nino did try to smile back, which made Adrien’s smile a little more genuine-feeling.

“Are you excited to spend some time with the girls?” Nino continued, his face relaxing as he lifted a single eyebrow. “In a pool. With—“ he leaned closer to Adrien, cupped a hand around his mouth, and loudly whispered, “Sexy swimsuits, bro.”

Adrien only responded by splashing him. An action Nino readily responded to.

It was weird, though, because he was actually kind of excited about it. Not because of the swimsuits – okay, so a little because of the swimsuits. He was a teenage boy, could you really blame him? – but mostly because he loved spending time with his friends. The four of them had grown to be really close in the last few months and he cherished the rare moments he got to spend with all four of them at once.

Soft footsteps padded behind them, just as Adrien wrapped his arm around Nino’s neck and pulled him into a headlock. His legs were wrapped tightly around Nino’s waist, with his entire weight being thrown backwards as he tried to drag Nino underwater with him, but he glanced up at the footsteps. Two pairs, four feet, soft and making little splash noises once they hit the puddle-covered edge of the pool.

He felt Nino’s head lift along with his own. Nino let out a soft whistle.

“Damn, Alya,” he said, wiggling his eyebrows at Alya, who stood confidently before them. “You lookin’ sexy as fuck.”

Alya’s lips twisted into a grin, and she gave an exaggerated bow, sending her breasts jiggling in a way that seemed unfair for their pre-pubescent, hormonal bodies.

“Why thank you.” She straightened, tucking a thumb under one of her bikini top straps. “I bought this yesterday because it was on sale and I thought I looked cute in it.”

Her toes created ripples that Adrien couldn’t help but watch as she dipped her feet in. He watched them until they reached the other end of the pool, washing into a few people nearby, dragging the water they caught into the lane barrier behind them, and he stopped to stare at the lane barrier for a little longer, watching it bob up and down on the water’s surface.

He only turned back when his attention was caught by Nino urgently tapping him on the shoulder, his friend making almost incoherent groans and quiet calls of “dude, holy fuck, turn around” in his ear.

He wasn’t sure if his jaw dropping created ripples. He wasn’t sure of many things at that moment.

Because standing behind Alya, in all her apparently super ripped glory, was Marinette Dupain-Cheng.

Adrien felt an arm glide across his shoulders. Felt Nino’s cheek press into his own as they both gawked at Marinette’s six-pack of abs. At her thick, muscular thighs. Her biceps that easily trumped both of theirs combined. Her thick calves, her firm ass; everything about her was so perfect they couldn’t help but stare.

He barely even registered that Alya had giggled at their behaviour. Or that Marinette’s face reddened
at their staring.

All they knew was that Marinette could crush their heads between her thighs as though they were an empty, uncapped plastic bottle.

“Holy shit, Marinette,” Nino cried with about as much tact as a territorial animal, and Adrien cringed at both his volume and comment. “I had no idea you were fucking ripped!”

Marinette started at the comment. She took a cautious step back, her eyes flitting nervously to Alya for help, but Alya was too busy laughing her ass off at the tactlessness Nino possessed to be of any real help.

“Like, Mari, I’m not kidding,” Nino continued. He was making everything so much worse. “You could crush our fucking heads between your thighs.”

Marinette’s glancing at Alya became a little more rushed.

“You could cut metal with your abs, Mari, they’re that fucking sharp.”

She seemed to finally collect herself after that comment. Her stance became wider and more confident, exuding an aura that he could only describe as Ladybug, and her hands balling into loose fists at her sides. She straightened her back to make her barely 5’2” stature seem taller as she towered over them, her hips stealing their glances as she cocked one and placed a hand on it, and was it just Adrien, or was it really hot in here?

“Careful they don’t cut you, then, ‘ey, Nino?” Was all she said before she went to join the now howling Alya.

Slowly, Adrien turned his head so it was facing Nino a bit more, but he didn’t dare look away from Marinette.

“Dude,” he said, dropping his voice to a whisper. “She could kill both of us with her bare hands.”

He felt Nino nod, and he knew in that moment that they both thought the same thing.

*They wouldn’t complain one bit if she did.*
It had been more than a week since Adrien’s life-changing discovery at the pool and now he could no longer think properly.

Now he didn’t want to say that he couldn’t think straight, because he could, and was actively thinking straight, with the only thing that ever seemed to be on his mind being Marinette.

And while he certainly couldn’t complain about his current incessant train of thoughts, he was… confused.

Because on one hand, he still loved Ladybug. (Ladybug, who was sweet, kind, passionate, and playful, as well as one of the most beautiful girls he’d ever seen.)

But now he was feeling and thinking all these things about Marinette. (Marinette, who was sweet, kind, passionate, and playful, as well as the girl who turned his “Most Beautiful Girl” definition into a plural.)

So what could he do? He couldn’t love both of them, and he couldn’t just choose one. They were both so… miraculous in their own right, and he was beginning to love Marinette as much as he loves Ladybug, so what, just what, could he do?

He stared at the moon as though he was expecting it to respond.

“Penny for your thoughts?” Speak of the devil.

His side grew slightly warmer as Ladybug approached. It was a cool night, so he appreciated the comfort of her above-average body heat.

“Stuff?” His Lady said as she sat down, her legs dangling off the roof top. She patted the space next to her as an invitation – or rather demand – that he sit with her.

He sat.

“Do you wanna talk about it?” She dragged out the ‘o’s in ‘do’ and ‘you’ like she was singing, and Lord have mercy she was perfect.

He looked down at his hands. Dug the claws he gained as Chat Noir into his leather clad hands.

“Well,” he began, but his teeth clacked as he closed his mouth.

They sat in silence for a few seconds. He could feel her eyes on his face.

They burned.

He felt his eyebrows furrow and he sucked in a shaky breath. Should he tell her? He was already pretty damn open with his feelings towards her, but then again, this was Ladybug he was talking to. He may be Chat Noir at that exact moment but… sometimes his pride was too much.

“I’m just a little confused is all. Some stuff’s been happening recently with my group of friends and it’s just kinda…” he threw out some vague hand gestures. “Y’know.”

All she responded with was a soft little “oh.” She clicked her tongue on the roof of her mouth and made a few idle sounds, eventually dissolving into some mindless humming, and he absentmindedly thought it was adorable.

“Welp, I’m here if you ever wanna talk about it. Obviously it’s completely fine if you don’t but…” she trailed off. He appreciated the thought. He told her so.

They sat in silence for a few more moments.

… Maybe he was wrong to tell her even as much as he did. They hardly ever spoke about their private life in case of an accidental identity reveal, so why on Earth would he tell her that? He was an idiot. She was probably never going to speak to him again. He honestly should’ve repressed the feelings so she didn’t even notice – that’s what his father had always taught him, right? – but now here they were, stuck in an awkward silence, and it was all his fault-

A hand wrapped itself around his shoulders, and he was delicately pulled closer to Ladybug, who placed his head on her shoulder with intoxicating ease.

“I know we don’t talk about our private lives that much but I really do care about you.” Her words drilled into his soul. They were so soft, but they didn’t really help with his current situation.

Mostly because he only found himself falling more in love with her.

*Curse you, angsty teenage thoughts.*

“I just hope you’re okay, Chat.”

He could’ve cried. Good thing his eyes were glued to her… apparently… enormous thighs…

His gaze drifted further down. Were her calves always so toned, as well?
And now that he thought about it, he could very clearly feel her bicep as it rested across his shoulder.

He inhaled.

“Do you mind if I just lay down for a bit? I know we’re on patrol but I haven’t been getting enough sleep lately—“

He was cut off as Ladybug gently but firmly guided his head and shoulders from her shoulder to her extremely toned lap.

Woah.

“I’ll wake you up if anything happens,” she said oh-so-softly and oh-so-sweetly in his ear. “Take better care of yourself and get some rest.”

Chat hadn’t even realized how actually tired he was until this exact moment. Maybe it was her body heat, maybe it was her comforting and intoxicatingly muscular thighs, or maybe he really hadn’t been getting enough sleep with his current situation, but he found himself drifting off almost as soon as she placed his head on her lap.

Maybe he could love both Ladybug and Marinette.

Maybe that wasn’t a bad thing.

Chapter End Notes

aaaand yall know the drill. like comment and subscribe for more subpar content. my tumblr, which is still as shitty as always.

shoutout once again to the squad. yall are amazing.

anyways PEACE OUT SCRUBS *turns my hat around like ash ketchum and backflips out*
Adrien doesn't learn anything; instead, he contemplates human biology, and the dangers of Dumb Bitch Disease.

hEy GuYs it's been a Fat Minute lol sorry

at least it wasn't 2 years right?

d this is p short compared to the last ones, as i literally just wrote it and i wanna get it out there before i have time to think about the fact that my creative spark is literally being extinguished by the mass of mental illnesses i have la may ohhhhh

can you guys guess what time it is? because i can't seem to post a chapter of this fic without it being some ungodly time of morning for me. so thats fun

anyways im literally falling asleep bye love u

In retrospect, this many cold showers couldn’t be good for Adrien’s skin, but this much morning wood couldn’t have been good for his blood pressure.

… Or the future of the Agreste legacy.

The shower squealed lightly as he turned off the water. He could feel himself shivering, but he couldn’t help it; he needed to cool himself down a lot lately, ever since that damn epiphany he had about Ladybug - and Marinette, of course - that sent his pubescent teenage boy body into absolute madness.

Every morning it was the same. He’d wake up, sometimes needing to change his sheets (he shuddered just thinking about it), and then immediately sprint into the bathroom, red faced and sputtering like a school girl; and even in the privacy of his own home, these constant blows to his ego hit hard.

Adrien blindly reached for his towel. What was pissing him off most about this whole ‘waking up with a boner every morning for the past three weeks’ deal was that:

1. He never remembered his dreams, just the feeling that they were absolutely mindblowing.
2. He couldn’t help but feel as though there was something… missing from the dreams.

And yeah, he couldn’t remember what they were about a good ninety percent of the time, but there was always that nagging feeling that he was forgetting an extremely integral part of the dream; which then bled into his waking consciousness that had him feeling like he was forgetting a major aspect of
his life. All because of that damn Oblivio, too!

The towel was damp beneath his hands, but the heat from his face might as well be drying the damn thing.

It was so humiliating. Everything about it. He’d never… never had any of these sorts of experiences before. And who could be surprised? His father kept him as a recluse for a majority of his current life, and Adrien will bet his bottom-fucking-dollar that it never even remotely crossed Gabriel’s mind to give him The Talk, so yeah, he was a little inexperienced. But he couldn’t tell what was more humiliating:

The fact that he didn’t know this shit whatsoever, or the fact that when puberty did finally decide to spring itself on his state of being, it was in the most dramatic, on-brand, utterly bullshit way.

He never thought he’d be in this sort of situation; caught between two girls - two hot girls, with the most magnificent muscles to have ever muddied his young, male mind - getting morning wood every other day of the week, and still managing to maintain his duties as both Adrien Agreste and Chat Noir.

It was so ridiculous, he felt like the protagonist of some dumb kids’ TV show, or an anime, or something along those lines. A protagonist of the kind of story that had viewers on the edge of their seats, but for all the wrong reasons. He felt like God himself was teasing him, dangling a happy ending right in front of him, but instead of dangling a happy ending in front of him, God had just straight up fucking stabbed him with a double edged sword of bullshit.

… Maybe he should stop thinking so vulgarly. Would that help with the morning wood?

Adrien sighed, a shiver rippling through his body in an almost violent manner. A fair puddle had formed on the tiles at his feet. How long had he been standing there, contemplating the intricacies of his stupid, dumb, idiotic, magnificent, amazing love triangle? For once, he decided not to dwell, and quickly moved from the bathroom to his wardrobe.

He couldn’t help his mind from wandering. It was just… he loved Ladybug. With a burning passion. She was so sweet, so smart, so sensitive, and so fucking buff that he prayed every night to be crushed beneath her. Ladybug was so amazing and perfect that he, Adrien Agreste, would willingly give up everything in his life just for a chance to be bench-pressed by her.

Buuuut…. he loved Marinette. With an equally burning passion. She was so sweet, so smart, so sensitive, and apparently so fucking buff that he prayed every night to be crushed beneath her. He was beginning to discover that Marinette was so magnificent that everything he could possibly say about Ladybug he could also say about Marinette!

And the fact is, all he wanted was the Hannah Montana. The best of both worlds. To have his cake and eat it too… maybe even have two cakes...

... So much for the cold shower to cleanse the sin from his mind.
im so gay for buff mari she's making me lazy
School was becoming more and more torturous.

Not that it wasn’t already torturous, what with the Pool Discovery - as he and Nino had been secretly calling it - constantly weighing on his mind - and Marinette sat right behind him - every friggin’ day - but then the Rooftop Conversation happened and holy fuck, he was in deep shit.

Adrien could definitely feel the changes. He was more distracted in class, struggling to sleep some nights, but if he’s being honest, he wouldn’t change it for the world.

Because, by some kind of phenomenal act of God blessing him, he’d steadily become closer and closer to both Ladybug and Marinette.

He supposed the biggest change was in his demeanour. When he was around Marinette, he slipped into a more natural state of socialisation; for lack of better words, he channeled his inner Chat Noir when he spoke to her. He felt more comfortable being around her since the Pool Discovery. Sure, he was an incredibly awkward, head-over-heels in love, hormone ridden 16 year old boy, but everything since the Pool had just become so… easy.

Yeah, it was difficult in a lot of aspects - the morning wood, hormones kicking his ass, the general conflict within his mind of who he would choose and how he would choose and why he would choose - but when it came down to it, it was so easy. It was like a switch had flipped in his mind. He felt shy and giddy when he was around Marinette and Ladybug, but it was a euphoric state to be in. He was on cloud friggin’ nine every time Marinette smiled and laughed at something Alya said, or Ladybug first appeared to fight an akuma, or Marinette tapped his shoulder to get his attention, or Ladybug called his name to get his attention. It was all just so amazing for him to experience that he felt like he was experiencing something they did for the first time every time.

He sighed, resting his chin on his palm. He’d been trying to refocus on the board for the past five minutes.
The bell rang loudly. He’d never appreciated the phrase “saved by the bell” more in his entire life, because he swears if he had to stare at the board for any longer, he’d somehow find a way to turn the equations into images of Marinette and Ladybug.

The room sprang into movement. The rustling of papers filled his ears, forms passing in his peripherals as people exited the classroom, and Adrien diverted his useless attention span from the board to his things.

But something clicked within him.

It was a trickling realisation. It started in the back of his mind, a wriggling worm of knowledge trying to free itself. Adrien recognised the sensation, but couldn’t pinpoint how. It was genuinely as though something in the back of his mind was trying to break free; like something recorded in his subconscious was attempting to announce itself, a widget of information on the tip of his tongue.

And the sensation hit him so hard it actually felt physical. Maybe that’s what made him pause.

He’d only thought about it in passing, but looking back, he’d been getting this weird, constant tip of the tongue feeling ever since Oblivio. He understood how the akuma’s powers worked; he knew that they erased people’s memories, reducing them to empty husks, leaving absolutely no trace in their minds. Why else would the entire day be blank for him?

But suddenly, as he was moving to pack away his stuff, Adrien started thinking about how the subconscious works.

He’d only learnt about it briefly - again, just a simple conversation in passing - and the rest of his knowledge was simple context clues, but realistically, it would make sense that this tip of the tongue was his subconscious trying to remind him of the events of Oblivio that had been left blank for him, right?

He thought a little harder about that. Looking back, there was literally an entire day that was blank for him. Yes, the memories of before Oblivio had come back with Ladybug’s beautiful Miraculous Ladybug, but how long did it take them to fight Oblivio? How much time was completely erased from his memory? And, unfortunately, the blank was left blank, the only fill-in being that picture Alya had managed to sneak of he and Ladybug kissing (and God, the thought of that sent his mind into a very literal state of “!!!!!”).

Not to mention, this whole wriggling feeling was more prominent when he thought about Ladybug and Marinette. He felt like there was a connection between the three - the blank memories, Ladybug, and Marinette - that ultimately transcended beyond just simply being between the Ladybug and Marinette “I’m in love with two women who are amazing in all the same ways” connection he’d conjured in his mind.

Adrien’s mind drifted to the image Alya showed them. He, as Chat Noir, was kissing Ladybug. But who was Ladybug? Who was she actually? Was she someone he knew? Someone he knew personally? Someone he was really close with? A friend, an ally, or what if she was a random enemy of his? What if she was one of those crazy ‘Adrien stans’ as Alya called them?

The tip of the tongue feeling only got more prominent as his thoughts wandered, and as Nino tapped him on the shoulder to get his attention, he shook his head, settling for a life of disappointment.
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T

End Notes

yall know the drill, comment, like, send nice comments to my tumblr because i live for that shit and yall fuckin know it

shout out to the squad for inspiring this mess. you guys suck.

anyways peace out scrubs *slides on shades and backflips out of this shit*

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