

LOONEY TUNES+DUCKTALES ONESHOTS AND X READERS

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LOONEY TUNES+DUCKTALES ONESHOTS AND X READERS

by [bubbelpop2](#)

Summary

((Tmw when you're in a dead fandom that there's no content for so you're forced to make it yourself))

Reader is genderless unless specified otherwise, k?

Have fun. If anyone even frickin reads this.

"Valentimes?" Marvin martian x reader

Working for a toon company wasn't bad, in its own sense. Especially on Valentine's day, the month of which you had dubbed "the season of shenanigans" instead of February for multiple reasons.

The toons liked to play love-themed pranks this time of year, but the prank they decided to play on your cubicle neighbor was a bit too harsh for your taste, even if you had a dark sense of humor.

The short commander came in this morning to find a passive-aggressive holiday prank had been played on him, due to his recent promotion in the cartoon-violence-sfx department. Everyone in the office had received a valentine of some sort in their office cubby but him.

The situation was made even more awkward for you when you realized you happened to have received a bundle of flowers from a kind old lady on the street this morning (who you later learned was tweetie and sylvester's caretaker) and you were heavily debating yourself on giving them to him.

Why? Probably because you had a hopelessly intense infatuation with the shorter alien, leading an achingly sweet feeling in your chest whenever he didn't quite get the right impression of earth's culture. It was charming, in its own way. The way he acted differently, you mean.

Hopelessly strung along by your inner monologue, you failed to notice Marvin coming back from his lunch break until he sadly plunked himself in his office chair, startling you to look at him.

The depressing sight of your endearing martian compelled you to speak.

"Hey, Marvin?"

The commander incoherently mumbled and looked at you, silently questioning.

"I uhm.. I got something for you."

That wasn't a complete lie. Although you acquired the flowers as a gift, you did still have something for him.

"... Really?"

"Yeah! I uhm.. picked it up on my way to work."

There was a silent pause in the time you were digging through your duffel bag to grab the tulips and present them to him.

Marvin gingerly reached out and crinkled the plastic surrounding the flowers, before gently taking them with both hands. Marvin held them with great care, as if scared he would kill

them with the slightest pressure.

"I uhm.. wanted to tell you how great of a friend you've been since I've started working here.. and uh.. *yeah*."

You trailed off with a red face, embarrassment whirling through your chest and making your heart nearly jump out of your chest.

"Is this.. a courting gift?"

The question had frozen you where you were even though you felt incredibly hot at the moment. Marvin didn't seem to be fairing any better than you, a bright pink was flushed across the toon's face.

"Do you.. want it to be?"

The question came out as a cracked, obviously nervous statement. The affection that came with it was a whispering undertone, but was clearly heard all the same as the nerve in the short sentence.

Marvin set down the flowers on his desk and stared at them with an unreadable expression. He hopped down from his chair and stepped toward you. Standing at nearly the same height you were sitting,. It was quite awkward to have him above you, with you being used to his shortness, watching your face for any objection to his closeness.

The martian hoisted himself into your chair with his legs on either side of you, clenching your tie in his gloved hand, and leaned a centimeter from you. He hesitated and pulled back a bit before placing a gentle kiss. Marvin closed his eyes and pressed forward, pushing his warm, soft lips against yours lightly.

You placed a hand gently on the small of his back and rubbed gently, pressing yourself back against him shyly for a brief moment before breaking the kiss to look at him.

"I'll uh.. take that.. as a.. yes?"

"Affirmative, earthling."

You chuckled and hoped nobody saw you like this.

"Anemia" Scrooge mcduck x nonbinary dragon/human hybrid reader

Chapter Summary

idk just take it

Your huge form slumped lazily against the fluff of your makeshift pillow-blanket nest. You huffed and shifted to wedge yourself inbetween two cold pillows.

A familiar Scottish chide perked up behind you

"Y'know ye don't haf'ta stay al' cooped up in yer room like this."

And came your sarcastic dismissive reply; "I know I don't have to, I'm just tired. Y'know, from not eating red meat so I don't get arrested and stuff."

"Oh come on now, I'm sure anemia's never stopped anybody from getting a little fresh air every once and awhile."

You shuffle around and pick up the Scottish annoyance, and promptly turn back around and use him as a pillow.

"It has, and it will now. I'm tired."

Ignoring his protest, you rest your head on top of his and close your eyes.

"Oi! I'm a businessman not a bloody pettin' zoo!"

You respond by wrapping your scaly wings around him completely and pressing his back to you.

"You can't just go cuddlin' with meh all willy nilly! Are you even listening? Hello??- uhp!"

Scrooge quickly snaps his beak shut and he hears sleepy purring behind him. The scottzman sighs in defeat and relaxes into your grip.

"Good night, ya harpie."

"Booby trap backwards is party boob." Thyr'ahnee x nonbinary reader

Chapter Summary

reader gets super flustered with tiddies

Well you certainly didn't expect to be invited to a party like this-- not like you were complaining.

Being cornered in thyr'ahnee's bedroom as she talks about the "Heck of an earthling shindig" she's going to be throwing sounds like a normal situation to anyone.. who doesn't know her. Drawing more attention to the fact that you aren't metaphorically cornered, but literally cornered, the martian queen's barely-armor-covered bust is face-height

You're simply nodding in agreement to whatever you happened to catch of her one-sided conversation, desperately forcing your eyes to look anywhere but her chest.

"..Are you all right?"

You were so flustered you hadn't noticed she stopped talking.

You squeaked out a hardly audible 'fine' and settled on looking at her eyes.

"So you're coming, right?...I thought Marvin said the best way to bribe humans to attend something was to have food."

"Yeah! Yes. I'm goin' to uh the part-"

You coughed.

"Par-part-party."

Okay. Well that wasn't the most eloquent response you've ever managed to squeeze out of your sweaty and nervous body.

"Well! I'll see you there, then. Glad to have you."

Thyr'ahnee pats the side of your face and leaves you in a mumbling mess.

"... yes ma'am."

"Cured by a kiss" Daffy x nonbinary reader

"Well the thing about that act I'd I never get to finish it with Donald on the stage with me. We always end up fighting-"

Aaaand he'd lost your attention already. Your office crush Daffy was currently ranting over some act he'd been thrown into with Donald for 'who framed Roger rabbit'. You didn't catch much else of what he was talking about.

To be fair, you were listening earlier, but that was when he was talking about his ex-fiance queen thyr'ahnee.. but that was less of listening and more fuming in place that your co-worker hadn't told you about his love life till now.

Oh god that sounded possessive. He's not even your friend, of course he wouldn't-

"Dude?"

Your eyes, as you just noticed them staring at the ground in anger, snapped up to his face.

"You- uh- look a little spaced out there. We're you listening?"

"Nah dude you lost me awhile ago."

"I was so excited to tell you that story! And here you are not even listening to it. Desplicable. I'm hurt, I really am."

Daffy dramatically clutches his hand over his chest and falls over pretending to be dead.

You reply with an equally dead tone.

"Oh no. What have I done? Could I possibly have broken the great Daffy Duck's heart?"

You place a hand on your forehead and swoon.

"Oh woe is me. Whatever shall I do?"

You hear snickering coming for the duck laying on the ground.

"Perhaps a kiss will mend a broken heart!"

Daffy froze.

You get on your knees and decide the best course of action. How the fuck to kiss a duck. You could place it on the edge of his bill, where his mouth would be, or his cheek.. or neck..

You find yourself slowly leaning towards him while your inner monologue goes on.

And Daffy shoots up.

"ALRIGHT! OKAY. IM ALIVE. THERE'S NO NEED FOR THAT."

You stand up and start laughing.

"Jesus! At least take me on a date first before you pin me to the ground-"

Daffy stops dead in the middle of his sentence.

"Actually you know what that's not a bad idea."

What.

"What?"

"How would you, my handsomely beautiful co-worker, like to go on a date with me? Only to uh break the curse of a broken heart, of course."

"Oh, well, when you put it like that-"

You place a quick kiss on his feathery cheek.

"I'm gonna be takin' that as a yes."

Lena x reader

Chapter Summary

kissing another duck? in my fic? its more likely than you think. You're both around the same age

The brooding teen sits adjacent to you on the bed, with her legs crossed over your lap as she absentmindedly scrolls on her phone. Occasionally, she'll chuckle, and send you a meme, you'll react to it, and then you both go back to sitting in comfortable silence.

It's a love language, you figure. You both being too tired to meaningfully interact but still wanting to be in each others presence leading to this. Briefly your mind wanders to thoughts of the inherent desire to have telepathy being the cause of people texting when they're next to each other. That's pretty cool, you think, as you sink further into the pile of pillows and squishmallows. You blink vacantly at your phone as a flush creeps up your neck at the realization that you two have been willingly sharing a space and engaging in affectionate physical contact. *If people could be telepathic, you reason, you'd be really embarrassed right around now.*

You clear your throat, going back to scrolling on your phone for a small amount of time before placing one of your hands on her shin, and just leaving it there. Not moving it, just keeping your warm hand placed on her leg, below her knee. You avoid looking at her, you're not sure why, but you think you'd be flushing all the way down to your chest if she looked at you.

I don't know what it is, you think. She's just- scary. But in an embarrassing way? I mean, it's not like she tries to be, or anything, she's just sort of- edgy?

You stop your trail of thought as her leg slightly shifts around, giving you a heart attack. Oh shit- did you go too far? Maybe she doesn't wanna be touched right now. You start to retract your hand, the beginnings of an apology tumbling out of your mouth before her hand on yours stops you.

You freeze in place.

"It's okay." She says, putting it back.

Holy shit, holy fucking shit, oh my god, Jesus Christ. You think your heart is about to leap out of your chest and sock you in the face.

Then, she rearranges her whole body to shift on top of you, resting her face sideways on your chest. You can't think, you're so nervous. She's so warm.

Lena either doesn't notice your embarrassment, or doesn't care, because she shows no sign of acknowledgment. Meanwhile, you think you're about to pass out. You place down your phone, and turn off the screen, opting instead to stare at the ceiling as she shifts to get more comfortable.

"I think it's cute," She starts. You look at her, confused. "That you're embarrassed by affection and stuff."

"Ah," You reply, eloquently.

She giggles, placing a kiss against your neck. "I don't bite."

"Okay." You reply. You think your skull is about to crack from the pressure of your jaw muscles tensing.

Eventually, your heart stops hammering, and your breathing slows, allowing you to relax with the physical contact, happily laying there.

You hear soft snoring, and look down to see her eyes closed, and her phone tilted out of her hand. You smile, looking away bashfully. Eventually, you drift off too.

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