

## Goddess of Fortune

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# Goddess of Fortune

by [sonytwolves](#)

## Summary

Blue eyes.

That's why she had to leave her family 5 years ago.

That's why she was going to die today.

## Notes

Hey all! This is my First FanFic! This will be a continuing Fic. This will have SMUT. And lots of it you Naughties! I hope you all like it! ( constructive criticism welcome!)

# The Sacrifice.

## The Sacrifice

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Blue eyes.

That's why she had to leave her family 5 years ago.

That's why she was going to die today.

Also, it doesn't help that the people of her world still believed in the nonsense that was a Virgin Sacrifice in the 21st century.

Marinette looked down at the red silk and lace that laid on her bed before her. She was meant to wear this today. She sighed and walked behind her room divider as her Maids joined her and pulled the dress up to her and helped her place her arms in the sleeves. It was soft on the inside with a cool cotton lining. It was a slim dress with  $\frac{3}{4}$  sleeves, the neckline was crew cut coming over her shoulders then dove dramatically down her back curving back up just above her lower back to the other side. Delicate lace the same color as the silk was covering the entirety of the dress just extending past the edges ever so slightly to overlay an inch of skin. The dress was floor length with two large pleatings on the front just below the hips. The back had more pleating to accentuate the curvature of her bottom.

She had spent weeks on this dress. She didn't want her parents spending money they didn't have for the day they would lose their Daughter. She had money saved up from when she was younger she asked them to give her and purchased the materials herself. Hand stitching the entirety of the dress.

Her maids seemed satisfied with the fit of the dress and set to work on her hair and Makeup. They pulled her Blue-black hair back into two intricate Braids that cupped her head.

Her makeup was light with a Deep red lipstick to match her dress.

Marinette stood in the Mirror taking one last look at herself. She was stunning. Her black hair shown blue in every setting which only complimented the Red hue of her dress. The last piece to her ensemble missing were two earrings that had been passed down from generation to generation of her family if they were ever “lucky” enough to be blessed with a Lady as a daughter. Marinette couldn't help but think how unlucky she was. Her companions felt Blessed and proud at being born as a lady. But they were raised with the knowledge of their Duty and sacrifice. Marinette wasn't.

Marinette was 13 when they took her from her Family to train in Paris.

Her parents tried desperately to keep her hidden from the world knowing what she was. They hoped they could Keep her hidden in a small secluded Town of Markerville in Canada until she was 18. People just aren't Born with Blue eyes.

You see Blue eyes are the mark of “the Lady of Fortune” who is said to become the bride of the God of Misfortune. The lady of Fortune balances out the God of misfortune so the world Stays out of Chaos. Whatever *that* meant. If a baby girl is born with blue eyes she is taken to be trained as a lady at the age of 1 to be prepared as a Gift for the god of Misfortune and sacrificed at the age of 18.

The last sacrifice happened over 31 years ago. People were convinced the God had been satisfied with the 7 Ladies they had sent to him. So when the first baby Girl was born with Blue eyes 18 years ago Families panicked and parents stopped trying for Children until Lady Chloé Bourgeois was a year old. Once the First Lady is born the other Baby girls follow suit within the year.

Lady Rose Lavillant was the only other reported child born with blue eyes to the world's knowledge. No one knew Marinette's mother Gave birth to her in secret on a late November night. No one besides her parents knew she existed. So when someone came by to survey the small canals of her town, they saw her, and immediately reported her to the Sacrificial Court. For Obvious Reasons.

Marinette didn't understand why the “god of misfortune” was so picky and couldn't just pick one already.

Marinette Liked Rose, she was a sweet girl who was soft-spoken and shy. She Blushed at the thought of marrying the God of Misfortune and Marinette was never really sure of Rose's feelings on the Subject.

Chloe on the other hand.. Being the first lady of fortune sacrifice she let her ego show. She felt that she was already the favorite of the Guides that were assigned to teach them. Her father was also the Leader of the Sacrificial Court. She was going to be the "Gods Favorite". Or at least that's what she repeated to everyone.

When Marinette was found and brought to the court of sacrifice to be trained Chloe stomped her foot on the ground, folded her arms, stuck her lip out looking Marinette up and down watching her trip over a small rug in the hall, then threw her hands up in the air in anger and Screamed " Ridiculous! Utterly Ridiculous!"

The maids joked Chloe's reaction was because of how gorgeous Marinette had been. Others said it was because such a lowly Girl was being brought in 12 years late for training. Chloe informed her that she was an embarrassment to the Sacrificial court.

Marinette simply didn't care. She didn't want to be here. Sacrificing her life for some God who hadn't made up his mind in 2000 years just did not sound like her cup of tea.

But here she was. Following behind her maid to meet up with Chloe and Rose to give their lives for some picky gods selfish desire. She could hear them talking as she approached about the jewelry pieces they were to be receiving soon. Marinette glance at their sacrificial gowns.

Chloe, Dressed in a Carolina Herrera Silk ball gown, The top was black with a plunging v-neck finished with cap sleeves, the shirt began mid waist, embellished with embroidered leaves down the yellow floor-length flared skirt. Her long straight blonde hair Styled in a simple ponytail with strands of hair acting as the tie to hold it all up. Marinette could see the layers of makeup on her face. Marionette couldn't hold back exasperated sighs knowing what Chloe spent on that gown. 'Why on earth spend that kind of money only to die in the dress' She thought to herself.

Rose's parents opted to purchase a gown for their Daughter as well. A light pink Ball gown, the sleeves began just at the edge of her shoulders and traveled tightly down to just past her elbow, Appliques beading flowed down the floral lace. Her Blonde hair trimmed short with some mousse to style it delicately on top her head her makeup was light with a pink shaded lipstick.

They saw Marinette approach and placed themselves in the formation with Chloe heading the Procession. Immediately Chloe stepped forward to signal the start of their death walk. They were supposed to walk a path from the house of Fortune following the seine to the Court of Sacrifice. It was a crumbling stone structure in the city. It had been the Court of Sacrifices for thousands of years and barely stood today. The house of Fortune meant for training the lady of Fortune crumbled after a fire burnt it down in 1915, so the House of Fortune was built closer to outskirts of the city when the last Sacrifice Births happened. Which meant they were given a ride to the Court.

‘Lucky me I get to take a Limo to my Death’

Marinette thought getting into the limo.

As they pulled up to the Crumbling Court Marinette saw her parents outside of the building close to the entrance. Her father, a larger man, was holding her mother in his arms. The look on her father's face was agonizing to see. Marinette wasn't sure how she would hold up inside. The limo took them around to the back and all three woman stepped out and walked inside.

Walking to the room she knew would be where she closed her eyes for the last time Marinette realized she was shaking. ‘Breathe’ she thought to herself as they rounded a corner to see her parents, waiting in front of the entrance to the sacrificial hall alongside Chloe's and Rose's Parents.

Marinette's mother had a small red and black box in her hand. Marinette placed herself in front of her parents doing her best not to reach out and hold them. He father opened the box and brought out the earrings, Marinette looked up. Her father was a big man and you could see the hurt in his eyes as he placed the earrings in his Daughters ears. The earrings were Red with Black spots. Marinette knew what was Required of her next. She bowed her head in thanks and asked: “ Who is my Kwami on my Journey?” Her mother Responded choking back Tears. “Tikki, the ladybug” Marinette knew this information already and had prepared her dress to match the earrings. She looked at her parents and knew that she had to speak up and say her line, she could feel herself panicking she screamed in her head ‘RUN... RUN!’.

After a few minutes, her father coughed to signify her line. She looked up at them realizing what running would do to her parents. She would still be sacrificed but her parents would come along with her. She was doing this so her parents could live on. 'Breathe..' She thanked her Parents for bringing her to the World and bestowing Luck to her. Then turned towards the door.

Marinette had a hard time not turning and holding her parents tightly. She keeps chanting to herself 'breathe.. just breathe' Marinette stared at the door as the Guards Prepared to open it 'wait I won't be Breathing in 5 minutes!' and panic washed over her face as she turned back to hold her parents and tell them both she loved them. They all fell to the ground holding each other and tears falling. Chloe's father stepped behind them after a few minutes and said "I'm sorry but the Ceremony must continue" He had a look of pain on his face. Marinette wasn't sure if it was from the ridiculous nature of Virgin sacrifices or the fact she was blubbering like a fool. She figured it was the latter.

The three girls walked across the large room down a decorated aisle as if this was a Wedding Ceremony, they walked up to the altar and took their places at the top. They lifted their heads. Marinette looked over to see Rose with a mad Blush on her face and Chloe's was unreadable. The cameras recording the Ceremony all trained on the three of them. Chloe was the first to recite her vows.

"I am a lady of Fortune and will Devote myself to you if you so desire God of Misfortune!" Chole then kneels, She pauses and Marinette can see her shaking. Marinette didn't think Chloe would look so scared. There is a pause in the room as they wait for the name to be spoken out loud. Marinette looks to Rose who gives her a concerned look. Before they have a chance to speak up Chloe yells "Pollen!" Marinette watches as a yellow light envelopes her. Chloe slowly falls to the ground. Marinette looks down and gasps, as she sees Chloe's face, is drained of color, her eyes are open, A look of terror across her face, she isn't Breathing.

Marinette's Eyes go wide and straight to Rose. She knows Rose is next. Rose blushes and it looks as if she is speaking. The next thing Marinette hears is "Flora!" Rose lights up in a Brilliant Pink and smiles, she turns her head to Marinette and says " It's okay Marinette" then falls gently down. She has a smile on he face, Rose isn't Breathing either.


Marinette panics, this is going to fast, she stutters out a few words. "I-I-I a-am a l-l-lady" No, she had to be brave. Rose was. She had to make sure her family saw her Going out in a blaze of Pride and no fear. She couldn't have them live their lives in sorrow any longer "OF FORTUNE AND WILL DEVOTE MYSELF TO YOU IF YOU SO DESIRE GOD OF MISFORTUNE! TIKKI!!"

The crowds Gaspd as a red Light flooded the Hall unlike any they had ever seen. The third Lady of Fortune Fell Delicately to the Ground. Her Earrings gone, the color of her cheeks drained and a look of determination Frozen on her face. The Ritual was over.

Marinette was Dead.



Marinette's Dress  
Dress

Chloe's dress

Chloe's Dress

Rose's Dress

Rose's



# Curves be Damned

## Chapter Summary

The sight he saw was almost Angelic. She was looking away from him, sitting on the edge of the large hot spring bath. Her legs were folded at her side, one hand held her ankle while the other rested on the edge of the bath holding her up. Her hair, Black, was down and longer than he had initially thought, flowing down to her bare mid back with light waves that caught the light from the large window she was staring out of that gave a deep blue shimmer to her hair. Her skin was light, she was thin, freckles dotted her shoulder, her curves seemed to be inviting him to her. Her breasts, perky and smooth with a small light pink nipple.

## Chapter Notes

This one was fun to write. It also my first try at writing Smut, so enjoy enjoy enjoy. It's only a little tease, I hope this chapter is good to you!

### Curves be Damned

Adrien Hated Sacrifices.

He hated watching beautiful women take their own lives as an offering to him. He hated that they were raised up being taught all the mannerisms of a lady and when they finally joined him in his kingdom they all treated him the same, bowing to him and calling him God of misfortune. Watching what they said and how they treated him. He knew his Duty was to marry one of the ladies sent his way. His father had made him very aware of his Duty. Save the world from the Chaos it had been in since his Existence. It was their destiny to let him. But try as he might they were all the same. Most of them were all reincarnations of former selves being reborn into a lady that might suit his taste better. But they were all raised the same.

He didn't want a servant, he wanted his equal. Because that is after all what their relationship was meant to be, Yin and yang. Two parts to one whole. Why was this so hard?

Today he would be meeting the next batch of vanilla. Adrien considered just ending the existence all together this time.

He looked past heaven's gate, he could see the lights flying towards it and knew they would be greeted soon by the Usher of Death who took their last Breath from them and guided them here. He would awaken their Kwami's. The streets were to be empty tonight.

"Plagg." A black Creature appeared at his side.

"What do ya want?" the small black creature said, feigning laying back with his small paw behind his head even though he was clearly Suspended in the Air.

"They're on their way, make sure the bedrooms are prepared." Adrien said as he tried to see the girls walk up the winding mountain from the Gate to see if he could spy their faces before they made it to his manor.

"One pair of your dirty socks and you got it" Plagg Smirked.

"I will never understand how you went from stinky cheese to my dirty socks Plagg!" He kept his eyes looking out the window wringing the small letter from his father between his palms.

"Well the one girl who made her own fragrance..." It was then that Adrien Turned his face to look at his Kwami. Plagg looked horrified and oddly disgusted scrunching his nose up in distaste.

"Oh god the smell... who was her families Kwami?" Adrien Returned with the same Horror evident in his face.

"Flora." it was at that moment Adrien understood his Kwami.

"Ah, well i see why you want my socks" Adrien sighed looking at the list that was now twisted and torn in his palms.

"So you gonna actually pick one this time?" Plagg flew up to his Master's face with a wide grin and one paw under his chin. He winked.

"You know i've been thinking about that, what if i didn't introduce myself to them today?" it was then that the Kwami's face dropped to a solemn look, no longer teasing Adrien with his winks and smirks.

"Why? What wrong with introducing yourself now?" Adrien said nothing as they stood in silence, Plagg was still, arms and legs hanging down with a curious look on his face waiting for his master to Speak.

"I want to feel them out before they put on their faces" It was Adriens turn to look solemn.  
"Bring me Servants Clothing after you make sure the rooms are being set up will you?"

"Two pairs of dirty Socks." Plagg's normal Teasing face was back. He snickered as he floated away from adrien.

"Deal"

Plagg phased through the wall towards the servants quarters and Adrien turned his head to look out across the city. His Manor sat on top of tall mountains in China overlooking the Bustling China cities below. It was a breathtaking sight. He had asked his father once why the Ladies of Fortune could not be delivered to China and brought to the palace rather than them losing their lives.

His father looked down at him as if he had asked the most ridiculous question and answering it was bothersome “Adrien, they must give up their mortal desires to be worthy enough to receive their powers and become a Goddess and pass Heaven's Gate”

No mortal can come into our City. No mortal can see it.

If he were to walk down the busy path with the many restaurants, homes and businesses you would think your in a normal Bustling City, besides the many spirits and demons doing their business, Then next thing you know you are passing under a large Red Gate and everything behind you has disappeared and you see nothing but a winding path up to a temple behind you and a bustling city of China in front with nothing but humans. Adrien supposed he liked being able to visit the city from time to time, but wished he could bring someone back on his lonely nights.

As Adrien looked down he saw three figures following Kwami's up the steps to his Fortress. They had their hands placed neatly in front of them each holding their own lantern their heads were drawn down. Adrien immediately Groaned. “yep they are all trained” he said to no one in particular. He was about to turn his head when he noticed one look up from the ground to catch herself from tripping. She seemed to panic before finally straightening herself out. He saw her eyes in that moment. Blue bell eyes. He suddenly felt very nervous and his heart was pounding loudly. ‘what's wrong with me? They have all had blue eyes.’

Her Kwami looked panicked when the girl tripped. She was red with black spots he didn't recognize. Her name was “Tikki” interesting name he thought. He saw Flora and hoped her Chosen wasn't an avid lover of making her own Perfumes. He was excited to see “Pollen” knowing Plagg had a friend in this group of Kwami's.

Plagg Flew in front of him then with the clothes means for servants. “Ohhhh, which one is causing your face to go all red, maybe this is the beginning of Sweet Love?” Plagg turned his head to look in the direction of the women and their Kwami and dropped the Clothing. Adrien snickered when he realized his Kwami seemed as flabbergasted as he was. “Tikki...” Plagg seemed shocked.

“You know that Kwami?” Adrien asked, Plagg looked lost, and hurt which made Adrien concerned for his friend.

“Yeah...” Adrien didn't want to push any further so he just left Plagg to stare as he made his exit to his room to change.

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Marinette was shocked, she remembers feeling Death overtake her as she fell to the ground then opened her eyes to green everywhere. A large gate behind them, two large posts held a

Beam, red with intricate gold patterns and Chinese characters wrapping around the entirety of it. The red a stark contrast to the Tree's surrounding them. It took her a moment before she realised she was standing in a city on a stone pathway. It was Large enough for vehicles to pass through. It was then she met a man who called himself "Master Fu" and awoke her "kwami". He was a short older man who wore a Traditional Hanfu. Then pointed then to follow the Path up the mountain.

It had been a good 10 minutes since then. She had suffered her way up the winding path wishing for the Limousine back. Tikki was a kind little creature so concerned over her well being. She was coming up on the section which were stairs into a gate, She saw final step and felt herself relax a little. 'Thank god'

She tripped.

She flung her arms forward and was able to right herself quickly as Tikki looked visibly distressed and worried.

"Marinette you idiot!! Your supposed to be a Lady of Fortune. That's the third time you have tripped coming up the stairs!" Chloe hissed.

"Chloe worry about yourself..." Rose whispered.

Chloe pointed her nose up in mockery then quickly righted herself back into the position she was trained to introduce herself to the God in. The quickly came upon the gate to the Manor, Tikki and the other Kwami's proceeded in beckoning for their Mistresses to follow. They walked past the gate into a large courtyard and saw a line of Servants on either side of them.

The doors closed behind them as they proceeded to the other side of the courtyard where they were greeted with a Man in a deep Purple Suit. A woman beside him with a tablet in her hand. Marinette thought she was sitting in a Business meeting. Marinette heard a humph beside her and Chloe began

"God of Misfortune. I am Lady Chloe and we are here to devote our entirety to you. " Chloe Curtsied while Marinette and Rose followed. Marinette's legs felt weak from the walk up a mountain so what was supposed to be a Curtsy looked more like a Tightrope walker trying to get her balance.

The man seemed agitated. He took a step forward. "While i appreciate your Introduction Lady Chloe, The god of Misfortune felt his presence wasn't necessary in greeting all of you. I am his Father, and have Come to greet you myself. Please do make yourselves comfortable. I am sure you all will have a chance to meet him at the Feast of Permanence tonight. " with that he clicked his heels turning away and walked off.

The woman with the tablet then took the lead in addressing them. She wore a black pantsuit and her dark hair pulled back into a simple bun. "I am nathalie and i Run this house and make sure it functions properly Pollen, You may take Lady Chloe to her Quarters to be bathed."

She turned to look at a servant to the right of her “Please ensure the cake of makeup is removed from her face and a more appropriate amount is used.”

Chloe’s Face turned red and she immediately looked at Marinette as if all of this had been her Fault. She folded her arms and stomped off, The Servant was following behind her nervously “Lady Chloe please wait for me you don't know where you're going”.

Nathalie then turned to Rose as if waiting for her to say something when she didn't Nathalie then asked quickly “ Well... what's your name?”

“Oh! I apologize! It’s Lady rose” Rose Blushed like mad.

“And your Kwami is Flora...?” she asked with her face back to the Tablet, Rose was about to speak up when Nathalie spoke again. “Flora i do hope you haven't brought another one who makes her own Perfumes.”

“I apologize, my lady, i wasn't even aware we would be coming again so, i haven't had time to do my research on my new Mistress,” The little pink Flora said.

“That’s what you said the last time Flora, Very well..” She paused and flung her finger toward another servant “Take her to her Quarters and bathe her as well, Just in case.”

Rose walked off looking a bit depressed as she followed her Servant to another section of the house. Marinette knew that Rose did indeed like to make her own Perfumes. She had never smelt any of them but had heard rumors from Staff at the house of Fortune of its effects. One maid had been unconscious for a few days after curiously spraying one on herself.

“Ahm”

Marinette realized she was Lost in her memories. “Oh-h hi I’m Ma- Ma- Marinette lady s-s-sorry - I MEAN, Lady Marinette.”

Nathalie Quirked an eyebrow up. “Tikki?”

“Yes Ma’am” Tikki Flew in front of Marinette to await directions.

“I haven't met you before, Welcome to the heavens” Nathalie seemed surprised and happy to meet a new Kwami. “Please follow this Servant up to your Quarters Lady Marinette” She turned to the Servant then, a girl who looked the same age as Marinette with Red Hair the color of a Fox, the ends of her long ponytail ended in a tip of White. “ Make sure the Lady is comfortable and ensure her needs are met and please touch up her makeup, she seems to be Exhausted from the climb.”

“I told you to send a car to fetch them this time.” The servant quipped.

“Alya, learn your place. This is not the time to argue with me about what should have been done” Nathalie spoke evenly. “ now go before I speak to your mother”

“Alright, Lady Marinette! Follow me!” She took long Strides with her hands behind her back

and Marinette could help but think how Confident this Girl looked. She walked into a hallway which was lined with servants “So... Excited to meet the God of Misfortune?”

Marinette Blinked then snorted. “Why on EARTH would I be excited to meet the reason I'm here in this place? I'm Dead, my family will never see me again. All thanks to some God who can't make up his damn mind!” Marinette was flinging her arms wildly animating how angry she was. “Then he had the nerve to not even be here when we all show up?!”

Alya's eyes were wide. After a few moments, her face exploded into laughter. “Girl, you are sure not like the rest of 'em!” She was laughing loud now and the servants surrounding them seemed to have a hard time keep straight faces. One, a young man with green eyes and a smirk on his face, couldn't hold still Marinette noticed. “We are going to get along great girl!

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Adrien wasn't sure what was going on, he felt drawn to Lady Marinette. He stood dutifully watching the girls being sent to their quarters acting as a Servant and decided to mesh with the servants being assigned to her Quarters. He was standing in the hall Listening to the conversation she was Having with Alya and overheard Lady Marinette all but say she hated him. He wasn't sure why but the pit of his stomach felt heavy at her words.

He wanted to speak with her more and explain himself. He felt so sure he could change her mind. He wanted to meet her before Dinner tonight. So after he saw Alya leave he snuck in the door to her room before it closed.

The sight he saw was almost Angelic. She was looking away from him, sitting on the edge of the large hot spring bath. Her legs were folded at her side, one hand held her ankle while the other rested on the the edge of the bath holding her up. Her hair, Black, was down and longer then he had initially thought, flowing down to her bare mid back with light waves that caught the light from the large window she was staring out of that gave a deep blue shimmer to her hair. Her skin was light, she was thin, freckles dotted her shoulder, her curves seemed to be inviting him to her. Her breasts, perky and smooth with a small light pink nipple.

He stepped forward to her wanting nothing more than to kiss the spot just below her chin in the nape of her neck, to feel the skin that was driving him to madness in a few short moments. He stopped after a few steps before realizing who he was pretending to be and what he had come to do. She hadn't noticed him yet. She seemed to be staring at a lantern in the garden outside the window that let in the light from the window. He stepped back to the door quietly, Opened it, then immediately shut it loudly so she turned to look at him.

He spoke up, his head bowed as was required of the servants. “My lady, I have come to assist you with preparing for the Feast, I wasn't aware you were asked to bathe.”

“I wasn't...” She brought her arms up to her chest to hide her breasts and Adrien wished she didn't. ”I... I needed to wash off the feeling of Death.”

Adrien stilled.

“I'm sorry” he caught himself blurting out.

She looked up at him confused. Her bluebell eyes “Your not the one who made this choice.” She stepped in the bath and Adrien walked over to her.

“My lady, let me assist you” he picked up a bathing sponge and some strawberry soap and lathered the sponge. She seemed taken aback by his offer but obliged. He placed the sponge on her back, he knew this wasn't something he needed to help her with but desperately wanted to touch her. He rubbed the sponge along her back gently taking in the small relief he received when a finger happened to graze her.

Soon he found himself massaging in the soap with one of his hands while the other used the sponge to keep scrubbing. She moaned as he worked knots out from her back. It wasn't sexual at all and yet he found himself feeling warm and wanting to hear more.

He asked her to sit up so he could clean her front side. She held her arms over her breast as before. He started on her front at her shoulders. Massaging soap into her shoulder bones down her arms and back up, he took great care in being gentle as he moved down her sides noticing small freckles painting her soft skin along her ribcage, feeling the soft curve that was so inviting earlier. He got to her hips, her legs were crossed and he wasn't sure he would be able to control himself his he saw the beauty that was also between them. So he chose to move back up her stomach, noticing how she was toned and yet still her skin bounced back softly to his massages. He moved up to the bottom of her breasts, soft, warm, smooth skin, softer than the rest had been. He didn't know a woman could feel this soft. He felt her tense up.

“My lady I will be gentle...” she relaxed and dropped her arms back to her side. Adrien waited to move forward. Taking a moment to look at the beauty that was her upper body, her head was turned down and away from his face, her face was unreadable, his fingers grazed her nipples. She moaned, so Adrien pressed more firmly, pinching her nipples between his fingers gently, this time making a point to get her to moan as she just did. She opened her mouth to moan louder, it was a breathy deep sound but this time her cheeks tinged pink.

He reached up w

He reached up with one hand grabbing her chin and pulled her to his lips, he kissed her for what felt like an eternity yet much too short, he licked her lip asking to be let in. She obliged, and she tasted amazing, sweet, his tongue found hers and massaged hers softly.

Before he had a chance to move further she pulled away. She quickly covered her breasts again.

“S-s-top” her shoulders were also pink now.

Adrien was screwed. She was beautiful. Her soft shy voice. The way she spoke her mind to all the servants. The fire in her eyes when she looked at his father.

She was miraculous.

He was an idiot.

She quickly got out of the bath and draped a bathrobe over herself and looked back to Adrien. "You need to go, I won't tell anyone what happened"

Her eyes started to swell with tears. "But my lad-"

"I CAN'T!" She swung her arms down. Her hands in fists "I can't be free to fall in love with anyone, I don't have the freedom to choose who I am to be with or to experiment. Just one person. One man is all I get to pick. I can't even play with the idea of being with you... I don't even know who you are!"

"I'm Adrien!" Adrien managed to sputtered out. But it didn't matter because lady Marinette wasn't done.

"I may have had that choice when I was 13 and innocent and wasn't taken away from my family to be with someone I know nothing about!" She turned away wiping her tears. "My mother and father will never see me again! As we speak they are in a procession with millions of people who have come to watch my body get placed in a tomb under the court of sacrifice! My body is separated from my family forever." She fell to her knees clutching the fabric of her robe. "I hate the god of misfortune, why did he have to be so picky" she was sobbing now. Adrien started to approach her but she flinched. "Please leave Adrien"

"As you wish my lady" he bowed and exited the room. His mind was blank as he rushed through the halls back to his quarters. As soon as he was behind the door of his room he sunk to the floor. His hands pressed up against the door and his back straight as a board.



“What the FUCK did i just do?!”

# Is this Love?

## Chapter 3

Marinette was pacing her room it had been a good 45 minutes, “What did i just do? A servant had come in to help me and asked to help me bathe, I said yes... HOW on earth did it turn into Kissing?! No wait, he kissed me... yeah.. wait.. I kissed back.. I never kissed a boy! And i kissed some Strange one?” Marinette was thinking out loud “I was in the room with him for a total of five minutes and i kissed him! What on earth is wrong with me?!”

Tikki was following her back and forth stopping periodically to fumble with her paws and bite her lips. “Marinette i real-” Marinette stopped in her tracks

“Oh no tikki, I kissed a man other than the God of misfortune!” She quickly walked over to the wardrobe “I need to make sure he doesn't tell anyone”

Marinette was looking through the clothing obviously not liking anything she found, as a knock came to her door, she paused, her heart beating out of her chest as she looked to tikki.

“Marinette im sure its just a servant come to help you dress.” Tikki placed a paw on Marinette's forehead to help ease her chosen.

Marinette put her face in both her palms before walking behind the dressing partition. “Come in.”

Alya opened the door followed by one other who was dressed in the same servant clothing as the stupid boy who has kissed her not an hour earlier. “Hey, so we will be your servants in waiting, were gonna help with all things to get you presentable, bathing, dressing, makeup, hair the works, girl.” The other person seemed to be shorter in stature with wide hips, she smiled and Greated marinette.

“Good evening Lady Marinette, I’m Mylene.” she curtsied.

“It a pleasure to meet you mylene I’m sure were gonna become good friends” Marinette bowed her head. “This is Tikki my Kwami.”

“Hello.. Lets get my chosen out of her robe and dressed shall we?” Both girls nodded and set to work.

Marinette was surprised as they quickly got to work fixing her hair and makeup back into the style she wore when she arrived, They picked up her previously discarded dress and held it up asking her to put it back on. She looked at the dress and wanted to throw it on the ground disgusted in it. Both Mylene and Alya noticed her waiver so Alya placed her hand on Marinette's back and gently spoke to her.

“This is the ceremony dress you selected for today's events. It must be placed back on for the ceremony to finish.” Alya held out the dress again for her to step into.

“Why?” Marinette asked.

“You died and came here wearing this, you must be as you came when you eat tonight at the Ceremony or Permanence, otherwise tomorrow you will not be here with us in this realm.” Alya explained. “Your makeup and hair is not significant but this dress holds power. It holds your death in its stitches and links you to your body and family, they hold you here in this realm.”

Marinette understood. She stepped into the dress as Alya and Mylene pulled it up onto her arms. She looked at it with a different perspective, yes she felt the death it held but it also kept her closer to her parents. She felt attachment to it now.

Besides she had other problems to deal with. A certain servant with Green eyes who She cant Get out of her mind.

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He was so screwed.

He kissed her.

She kissed him back.

She kicked him out.

She hated him.

It's all he could think about as he was looked over by his servants dressing him. He didn't know what to do, he had never felt so drawn to a woman before. Sure he kissed a few here and there just to see if he could ignite a spark with any of the women being brought to him but never felt the way he did when he kissed her.

The kiss he shared with her sent electricity through his body, need and desire to please her. He felt tenderness and longing for this girl. He was so drawn to her every move since she came and he had never felt this sure about a woman. The kiss left him with questions and confusion but he also felt Clarity. His indecisiveness on the women that were brought suddenly made sense the moment it happened. He knew that no one else would be able to captivate him. What is this?

But, he realized, he knew nothing of this girl. And she hated him. He just felt the pull towards her like the Gravity that pulls you down to Earth.

She must have felt it as well he reasoned, why else would she kiss me back?

“Master, you are ready”

Maybe i can get her to talk about the kiss at the ceremony. He thought.

“Master?”

No, i can't do that she doesn't know it was me.

Just then Plagg smacked his nose and pulled his eyelid open.

“Hey loverboy cat got your tongue?” Plagg snickered.

“Love, is that what this is?” Adrien whispered.

# Forbidden Fruit

## Chapter Summary

Does she love me?

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The Ceremony room was prepared earlier that day when the women arrived, It was simple enough for the servants to get it together being practiced from the many times this Ceremony was performed.

Marinette was standing outside the large doors that led to it. Inside was the God who stole her Freedom. Chloe and Rose were standing to her right, both dressed in their Gowns they had been wearing all day. Marinette didn't think she had ever seen Chloe without at least 3 layers of makeup plastered to her face and found herself thinking how beautiful Chloe was without it and that she should continue to wear less.

"I hope he is a kind Person," Rose said. Marinette doubted anyone as selfish as the God of misfortune could ever be anything but rude.

"I don't see why being kind has anything to do with it, he is the God of Misfortune. If you can't handle his destructive tendencies then why are you even here?" Chloe said looking at her nails. "You are so meek Rose, you're never going to get his attention if you keep acting scared."

Marinette couldn't help it, she snorted out a laugh.

Chloe snapped to Marinette. "and what do you think you're Laughing at..." Chloe Air quoted with her manicured hands "miss make your own Gown?" Chloe stepped toward Marinette. "No one is going think you're worthy, skipping out on your training for years, then having the nerve to show up suddenly. No one thinks you belong here Marinette."

Marinette clenched her fists, it's one thing for her to have to give up her life for her family, but for Chloe to think she wanted this makes her stomach turn. "I'm not interested in what you have to say about me Chloe, you can have the God of misfortune all to yourself"

Drums Started to sound from behind the doors. The girls turned their heads to attention waiting for the doors to open.

It was in a giant hall with red carpet, white walls with gold trim lining the room, pillars of pure gold in every corner. Large Beautiful paintings on the walls depicting the history of the Heavens and at one end of the room opposite of the main entrance sat a large black chair elevated onto a small stage, next to it sat a chair of equal size but more delicate with white

coloring. Signifying Yin and Yang, Good luck and Bad luck. God of Misfortune and the other for the Goddess of Fortune. They were veiled from view as servants closed them behind a separator that allowed you to see out but not in.

Marinette began to walk into the room, Chloe quickly sped up to get in front of the three positioning herself as a Leader, The room was filled with strangers whispering to each other looking quietly at the Ladies of Misfortune, some had on what Marinette could only describe as something straight out of a superhero comic book. Tight Spandex, leather, and tails. She saw her servant Alya in one Particularly interesting orange and white Spandex bodysuit with Twin tails like a Tuxedo. Some people in Plain black clothing, which is what signified the standard servant. Which meant it would be more difficult to find green eyed boy.

There was a place for them to kneel down onto in front of the Veil and Marinette sat on the far left side.

Marinette was searching for the servant who came into her bedroom earlier, he was nowhere to be found. That being said everyone had masks or some kind of Costume on. There was the sound of a door sliding on the other side of the Veil and A dark figure sat in the chair behind the Veil, his Features hidden.

The Drums Stopped. Tikki Appeared in front of Marinette Facing The Veil. Chloes and Roses Kwamis were positioned in front of their Masters as well. The Figure spoke.

“Good evening Ladies of Fortune and Welcome.” The voice was surprisingly Sweet. Marinette thought she recognized it but then Realized that she couldn't have, she has only been here 8 hours and has only met a few servants. “Placed in Front of you is what you have always referred to as the Forbidden Fruit.”

Marinette looked down at the Yellow Fruit Below her, small and Cut into fours.

“As a human, it extends your life a few hours, Here it makes you immortal and a Spirit grounded in this existence.” The Man opened the Veil in front of them, and Marinette felt her breath hitch. There stood a boy who looked to be the same age as her. Blond messy Hair, he had Cream colored skin, light pink cheeks. His face looked Strong, with Angular features but he still had the innocence of a boy in his eyes, which were Green, Surrounded by a black mask. He stood tall with Strong shoulders and stood with his hands on a silver staff.

“Leather catsuit...?” someone said out loud. It was a few moments before Marinette realized it was her own mouth that betrayed her. She thought she could hear Chloe’s mind screaming at her.

The Boy smirked at her. “Eat, Please.”

He Gestured to the Fruit. Marinette looked down at it and considered what it meant to Eat the fruit. ‘Permanence...’ she thought ‘trapped’ she looked up at the boy “What if I don't eat the Fruit?”

The blond Boy looked down at her from where he stood. “You will continue on from here to the afterlife, but you devoted yourself to the God of Misfortune, so i can’t say you won't

suffer.” His eyes were fixed on hers with a look of conflict.

Marinette understood what she was being told. She picked up the Fruit in her hands and took a bite. Chloe obviously upset over Marinette’s behavior quickly took a small bite herself. Rose followed. They all were instructed to stand.

“Allow me to introduce myself, I am the god of Misfortune I hope that one of you will be by my side soon as my wife and Equal.” He Looked down at the Ladies, smirked and took a step down to them. He walked up to Marinette and bowed to her. Then held his hand out to her “ I hope its not too much trouble to dance with me Purrincess”

Marinette’s bottom lip puckered out in defiance. “OF Course not, anything for you”. She wasn't going to hold back her disdain for this boy, She hoped her Sarcasm was evident. But apparently not. For he still held his hand out for her. She grabbed on and he led her to the Center of the room. He waved his hand and Music Started playing. He placed one of his hands on her back just above her waist, The other held her hand, He started to Lead her in a quick pace around the room.

“Soo... ” The god of misfortune spoke more nervous than before “You can call me Chat Noir” Marinette noticed he was Blushing from head to toe, She couldn't fathom why he was so shy about dancing with her. ‘Not like I’m your First.. This playboy’.

“Oh, well alright...Chat Noir” She was counting the seconds until the song was over and she could get out of his... well claws, but he seemed to want to converse with her.

“So... Marinette?” She nodded to acknowledge that was her name. “I love your dress, it suits you.”

“Thank you, I made it myself...” he paused.

“You made that? You’re amazing Princess” His eyes were staring at her Searching for some kind of Recognition. Recognition she could not give this Cat costume wearing God.

They danced for what felt like hours, Song after song and it continued. Each song he seemed to pull her closer to him. Marinette saw how Chloe was looking at her. She couldn't help but think this whole situation was Ironical. The one person who didn't want the attention of The God of Misfortune was the first person to garner his attention, and boy did she have his attention. She didn't think she had ever seen someone as red as he was dancing with her. He pulled her closer to him, his mouth so close she felt herself shiver from the sensation of his breathe traveling across her ear and neck.

“Do you understand that I’m having a difficult time with you looking so Mesmerizing?” he brought his Gloved finger up to her face and gently tucked some of her hair behind her ear. His Fingers trailing her neck until he found the small hairs at the nape of her neck and gently played with them. Marinette felt her heart quicken. “ I think I fell for you before I had the

chance to even speak to you, I saw you walking up here and felt instantly drawn to you. This is such a powerful feeling that I've never experienced before."

She stopped dancing, backing away from him. "You can't feel that for someone you know nothing about. I'm not going to fall for sweet words from a man who has had multiple women just handed to him and yet he keeps wanting more." As he was about to respond, much to Chat Noir's disappointment and Marinette's Relief, Chloe tapped Chat Noir's shoulder.

"May I have the next dance my lord?" she curtsied.

Chat Noir looked to Chloe and spoke "I apologize Lady Chloe, but I wish...."

"Thank you for the lovely night so far Chat Noir, But I am feeling ill and wish to go back to my room." Marinette took this Chance to get out of Chat Noir's embrace. She curtsied and Bowed. 'No way do I want to spend my night with him.'

Before he had the chance to respond she turned and walked quickly out of the room. The moment she closed the door behind her she Dashed. Her heart was beating Faster then it should, This is the man who took her from her family for his Selfish Desires. If he wanted her as his plaything he had another thing coming.

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She was Breathtaking, Chat Noir couldn't keep his eyes off her the moment he saw her as he stepped into his Veiled section. His father told him to stay there until dinner began but he couldn't see how the Candlelight in the room made her skin look or how it reflected off her dark hair. As he spoke, he saw her head turn down to the Permanence fruit. He wanted to see her expression but the Damn Veil was in the way. So he opened the Veil.

He saw the way her Chest expanded upward quickly, he heard her breathe hitch.. Then, surprisingly she spoke.

"Leather catsuit...?" She was staring at him. He felt his heart quicken knowing she was looking at him in his suit. That excited him. So when they started to dance he could feel his pants getting tighter and wanted to have her in his arms the rest of the night. He felt the need to touch her, have her closer to him. He inched closer to her until his body was almost pressing against hers. He could smell her intoxicating aroma and dared to touch her. He forgot he was in a room with others as they danced for over an hour.

She barely spoke to him that entire time. She had to be feeling this way as well he thought. How could one person feel this pull for another person so much and they not feel that same pull? She was meant to be his anyway! She had to feel it too.

When he finally got more than a few words from her they were interrupted by Chloe and Marinette promptly left.

"My lord..?" Chloe said.



Chat looked to her and took her hands, and Started to dance with her.

“My lord, I am Lady Chloe, I really feel like we will have a lot in common. You see my father is the mayor of paris and i was Raised Extremely Wealthy in the House of Fortune. My father brought in extra Teachers to Teach me Everything you needed from me... I mean Everything my lord.” he could barely see the blush on her face since he kept Glancing towards the doors Marinette Just ran out of. A few minutes more passed With Chole Speaking of her teaching, how she was the favorite. But Chat just couldn't seems to care or pay her any attention. That is until she Mentions Marinette. He stopped dancing.

“Wait.. what?” Chat was looking into her eyes this time.

“I said i'm a magnificent singer.” Chloe boasted.

“No, what did you say before about lady Marinette?” He was standing in front of her no longer holder her hands in his.

“oh, her. I was apologizing for her deplorable dancing. Really she is such a horrible person, I mean she didn't even begin her teachings until she was 13!” she brought her hand up to her face and started checking her nails “I'm surprised they didn't do a Virginity test on her before letting her train. Her family is just deplorable. Keeping her from training by hiding her in a small nobody cares town. She is just lucky she was rescued from her family and brought to be trained. Well, Not that it matters..” she snickered a nasaly laugh “she clearly isn't destined to be your chosen bride... Did you know her father is just a baker? I cannot even believe she was bestowed the eyes of luck... Wait, my lord where are you going?”

He was leaving the room. He had to find her and explain himself.

Chat was so dumb, just admitting to her his feelings right out of the gate. He heard the way she spoke about him to Alya, saw her tears in front of him. He had been so stupid to think she would instantly feel something for him when she saw him properly.

He couldn't help it. He saw her, he heard her voice and it just happened. Yes, she was beautiful. But she spoke with so much confidence and gusto about her opinions. The way she carried her head even when tripping. Or how she slipped up and said the first thought that came to her mind when she saw him. He was in love.

She didn't love him. In all the years of searching for the woman who would spend eternity with him he never once thought about the possibility of them not loving him back.

He needed to speak to her privately.

“Plagg claws off” a green light enveloped him and the black kwami came out of the ring on his right hand.

“Scared her off huh?” Plagg teased.

“Shut up plagg!” Adrien had his head down. “How am i ever going to win her over?”

“Talk to her, explain yourself. You have an eternity to make her swoon.” Plagg advised.

“Your right plagg i need to talk to her... i'll see you back in the room” Adrien turned to find where she had run off to.

It wasn't long before he found himself in front of her bedroom door. He stood outside pacing trying to figure out what to say to her for a half hour before he finally knocked.

To his surprise, it swung open and there she stood. In a knee-length, light pink, silk gown. She wasn't wearing a bra and he could see her erect nipples pressed up against the fabric.

She quickly pulled him in and shut her door. She quietly spoke before he had a chance too.

“What are you doing here?” She had been crying. It was obvious from the stained cheeks and puffy eyes. He was just so distracted by her beauty to have not noticed it. ‘How selfish am I?’ He thought to himself.

“I came to explain myself” he responded.

“You came to explain why you kissed me earlier? You don't need to explain. I..... I felt it too.” She dropped her hands. Which had been covering her upper form from view. “I feel so alone and like property..”

‘Wait she felt it too?’ He paused and gave her a look of longing. He saw a pink blush rise up her cheeks. He outstretched his hand and tucked that same hair behind her ear he had dared to touch while they danced earlier in the night, he cupped the nape of her neck in his hand as she looked down ashamed.

She stayed still. He dared to bring his other hand up to her cheek, rubbing his thumb gently across her blush. He brought her face up to his. Their lips inches apart. He desperately wanted to close the distance, He sought out her blue eyes. “You don't belong to anyone” he whispered.

She started to shed more tears. Then gently she closed the distance. Lips met. Gently, slowly she kissed him. Opening her mouth to then grab his lower lip in quiet soft kisses.

Adrien trailed his finger down her jaw line, to pull her chin closer to him. He trailed his fingers down her neck, across the top of her breasts, he could feel the soft supple way they responded to him and how the small peach hairs stood on end at his touch.

He kept trailing down the side of her breasts until he reached her waist where he pulled her body closer to himself, her pert nipples pressed against his loose white button down. The thin material of the two fabrics left nothing but want for the feel of her skin pressed up against his.

He licked her lips again. Asking to kiss her deeper. She responded, the feel of her tongue against his was electric and sent a surge of pleasure down his body. The kisses were slow, he kissed to comfort her. He kissed to show her his feelings, This electrifying connection he had for her.

She brought her hands up his chest to wrap her hands around his shirt collar and walked him towards her bed. The back of his knees touched the mattress and he fell backwards. She straddled him and continued her helpless soft kisses. Her hands came to the first button on his shirt. She slowly unbuttoned each one. Revealing the soft skin that lay beneath.

She stood back and looked at him for a moment. Adrien felt his heart race at what she could be thinking. She pulled her hands up to the thin strap that held her gown up, sliding them down her shoulders and off her arms. The gown dropped to her hip bundling up on Adrien's legs and her legs wrapped around his lower torso.

Adrien's eyes trailed her body, the way her breasts curved upward to her nipple, hard, and light pink. Like the color of her gown. Her hips came to a gentle curve. She took his hands in hers and brought them slowly up her side to cup her breasts. They were even softer than her skin. He pinched the Nipple and her Body responding caused her to grind his now hard member. She moaned and continued Grinding him slowly. He realized as his pants grew wet that she wasn't wearing anything below. She continued to grind him as he cupped and massaged her breasts. Her head was thrown back, moaning out in pleasure into the night.

He pulled her down to him, he had to feel her flesh pressed up against his. Her pert nipples grazed his skin slightly before pressing up against his chest. He pulled her down and kissed her. Her hair draping over their faces to give them their own little-secluded space within each other. She continued to grind. Adrien brought one hand down towards her wet sex and played around until he found that spot that made her legs tense up against him. He focused on that bundle of nerves as she continued to grind on him, her breathing getting more and more ragged, her moans getting louder against his mouth.

He felt her wet sex pounding against his hand, abruptly she sat up and threw her head back and moaned so loud it echoed across the large room. She tightened her legs around him. He felt her suddenly wet his hand more as she orgasmed and called out in ecstasy.

Slowly he removed his hand from her sex and placed it beside him. She sat on top of him for a moment with her head back and her arms keeping her held up as she leaned back. The room was dark with the only light coming from the moon shining in through the Large windows. Adrien was lying on the bed with all its silks and throws, his princess on top of him. The light from the moon was a blue hue bathing her entire form the same way she was bathed in her sweat. Her hair was stuck to her back from it and her skin seemed to glisten from it. Adrien Sat up to wrap his arms around her torso and clean her collarbone. She tasted like honeydew.

She ran her fingers through his hair letting his head rest on her shoulder as he cleaned her. He slowly kissed every space he could get too. She stayed silent. Her Started to rub her back as her Breath steadied. Adrien could tell she wasn't ready to go any farther, besides he didn't need her to. She was amazing and he knew he loved her already.

People would always tell him to just pick one. 'He would grow to love them' they would always say. But he couldn't bear to be unfair to these women. They already gave up their lives for him it, wouldn't be fair for him to make them live a Loveless existence until the end of time. He wanted love. Marinette felt the Pull he did. She must love him as well. He reasoned.

He felt Something drip onto his shoulder, her shoulders were shaking. "What's wrong..?" He whispered.

"What's going to happen to me now? What's going to happen to you? How will this work Between us?" she pushed off him and pulled up her gown. "What have I done! Chat Noir is going to be furious! What's going to happen to my parents?"

Wait.. she didn't know he was chat noir? Of course, she wouldn't.. he was wearing his Mask at the feast of Permanence. He hadn't Said a word to her about it. They had barely spoken since she arrived.. And he.. Took advantage of that. Twice now.

He felt sick.

"Marinette..." he paused, Should he tell her? Should he explain that he was, in fact, the God of Misfortune? He strongly wanted to lie and keep up the Facade that he wasn't the God of Misfortune. No, He needed to tell her if they were ever gonna have a real relationship, but before he had a chance to a sound came from the Hall and she grabbed his hands and shoved him towards the window.

"Get out of here hurry! Before someone see you!" He climbed out of the window and fell to the ground and she closed the window, his chance gone.

## Chapter End Notes

Sorry Guys, I kept getting distracted Writing this! but here it is in all its Glory! I wanted the first time to be sensual and romantic. I hope you like it!!

# Puuuurrfect Princess

## Chapter Summary

Can Chat Noir handle the heat?

## Chapter Notes

I gotta apologize. This is half of the chapter, I've been so Busy Re watching Oblivio for the past month that I have had a hard time Finishing it... That kiss in oblivio right? oooo I can't stop thinking about it. You know that the godlike Creators really wanted to make us adults question if this was a kids show or not. That Episode was purely for us 18+ .. Okay enough about Oblivio.. well.. maybe one more thing about Oblivio... Do you think their phones will show the call that was placed? My husband Clearly thinks I've gone mad anytime I watch any of Season 3... Okay.. Maybe I have... But can you blame me? Its got such a sweet story arc! I'm a 29-year-old mother obsessed with a show meant for 13-year-olds. Even my 6-year-old son thinks I'm a dork. Thankfully I have convinced him to Cosplay as Chat noir soon for me... His little sister will be in full Ladybug Attire... AHHHHHHHHH! I'm flipping out. I need more episodes.

## Chapter 5

Marinette shoved the stupid boy out the window. What was she doing acting like some Harlot? She was just supposed to talk to him. Make sure he didn't say anything to anyone about her escapades with him earlier in the day and move on. She hadn't ever kissed a boy until yesterday and had kissed him again, she had even gone so far as to do that... that.. with him. To top it off she wasn't allowed to, or that's what she thought anyway. But she couldn't help it, the moment she saw that look he gave her, she felt the need to have him close. What on earth was happening to her?

Marinette dropped to the ground with her legs on either side of her, grabbing her own hair and pulling it slightly. Tikki giggled as she saw Marriente with disheveled hair and a soft pink blush across her face. "What do I do Tikki?"

"I'm not sure Marinette, but you should stay away from that boy." Tikki placed her paw on Marinette's cheek and gave her a look of concern.

“Your right Tikki, I should stay away from him...”

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The next 3 weeks passed with Adrien trying and failing to visit Marinette as both Chat Noir and Adrien. The only interaction where he saw her face again was after the first night. He had knocked on her door with a single rose, a picnic basket and a bottle of Dom Perignon (champagne) and whispered “it's me, Adrien” She opened the door, eyes closed and sputtered out “w..w...we can't see each other anymore, I'm s-s-s-sorry” then just as quickly it was shut again.

He thought that maybe she had closed herself off to anyone but Chat. So he made his way to her room that night in his Chat noir Suit knocking and calling out to her “Puuuuurincess, I've come to sweep you off your Feet~!~” when she didn't respond he called out again “I've got some Mew-sic playing in the ballroom, I thought at Mew-nimum we could pick up where we left off.”

“BUG OFF” was the only response he got.

This continued every day since then. Him visiting as both Adrien and chat, he was just hoping she would cave into one of his persona's and let him into her heart. He only knew he was drawn to her and every time she was adamant and defiant against what she thought was his playboy persona and then sweet to him when she thought she was talking to Adrien made him fall further. Plagg kept telling him that he was obsessed, and needed to give the girl some space.

Adrien was having the most difficult time not being next to her. His anxiety was screaming that he just needed to be next to her. He realized that when he met her he felt something breathe life into him and when he didn't see her he felt like he was a shell as if she took a part of him with her. So much so that tonight he was masquerading as chat outside the manor just so he could catch a glimpse of her through her window before she went to bed. He was on the roof about to jump down into the courtyard of her section of the manor when he heard a screech.

“My Lord! I was hoping you'd come to visit me tonight!”

Chat noir Froze. There is only a golden nightgown, held together by a silk tie, stood Lady Chloe. How could he forget he had jumped through Lady' Chloe's courtyard to reach his princess. They were connected. This was the area all the Ladies were kept during their stay here.

“My lord, you don't have to jump from roof to roof just to visit me,” Chloe then instantly turned her head and blushed “I'm available to you whenever you have need.”

The double meaning flew past his head that Chloe hinted to.

Chat noir could feel his stomach turn. He knew he needed to explain why he was on her roof, but he could very well say he was about to go spy on his Princess, what if she outed him to

her? Then his chances of being with her would go flying out the window. He had to think fast.

Chat jumped down and walked over to Chloe, with his back turned to the wall that held his princess on the other side. He spoke up “ My Apologies Lady Chloe, I..” Before he continued Chloe draped her arms around his neck and whispered into his ear “don't apologize for being a man, her hand dropped to the single silk tie at her chest and pulled it loose. Her nightgown fell to the ground.

“My lord I'm all yours for the taking” she grabbed his belt and yanked down, exposing his chest. Quickly she pressed her breasts against him and pulled his head down to kiss him before he could quickly escape her arms. She landed the kiss right next to his lips.

Chat quickly yanked up his zipper and pulled Chloe's gown back to cover her.

“Lady Chloe..” He turned his eyes as she stood there with a smirk on her face. “As much as I \*ahem\* appreciate your affections. I can't say I have the same towards you. You have only just arrived here and I would feel it inappropriate to um.. accept your generous offer.” He then quickly turned in the opposite direction of where he was originally heading and jumped away.

He jumped from roof to roof down the mountain until he didn't recognize the area he was in any longer. He jumped down to the street and as soon as his feet touched the ground he could feel his Dinner coming up. He couldn't hold it down long enough to find a garbage can and ended up hurling onto the street. In all the years his father had been presenting him with sacrifices he had never been so repulsed by one. She wasn't hideous and he didn't know her personality well enough but she just made him so disgusted with her behavior.

His transformation dropped and he soon heard Plagg snickering behind him. “I gotta say if The little Redbug keeps denying you there's always another type of insect that could help.”

“Plagg stop your gonna make me sick again...” Plagg only snickered more. “Let's get home. I'm hoping I can catch my princess before she falls asleep.” with that they transformed and made his way back the way he came. It took longer than he had expected as he somehow got turned around but he was able to make it back to the manor just after midnight. He Started to make his way to where his princess was and stopped on his way to make sure Chloe's lights were off.

He quickly dropped down into Marinette's Courtyard manor and saw, like Chloe, her lights were off. But the large glass door that opened to the garden, with her large bath next to it was open, and he could see her laying on her bed. He silently walked into her room. She was asleep. But he already felt at ease being able to see her. His anxiety of being away from her eased up instantly. He took a few steps closer.

She laid in the bed, her legs sprawled out wide, arms above her head, mouth wide open, she wore soft cotton pajamas, shorts, and a t-shirt. He wasn't sure where she had gotten the outfit as his Father was strict about the clothing that was brought into the Manor, but boy did she look cute. He just wanted to climb in and hold her. Honestly what was stopping him? He was the God of Misfortune, He could do whatever he wanted and no one would be allowed to bat

an eye if they came in and found him here. Besides he wasn't gonna stay long. He would be gone before she woke up.

He crawled into bed with his princess and looked up at her sleeping face. She was so perfect, who could look so perfect sleeping but her. She was real. She wasn't trying to gain any favors. He caressed along her jawline and noticed a small scar just under her chin. It was small enough not to ever be noticeable unless you were as close as he was in that moment. He thought back to the moment he saw her for the first time, and how she almost tripped and wondered if she was always as clumsy as she was that day.

He giggled at the prospect of her being his Lady Luck and thought of how it fit absolutely perfect. After all, they were meant to be, Luck and bad luck, Yin and Yang, creation, and destruction. One could not exist without the other. She was always meant to be his and he was always meant to be hers. He believed that with his entire being. He just needed to convince her of that. When she finally gave him a moment to talk with her.

He heard her moan and shift, suddenly snaking her hand through his hair and pulling his head into her chest, and next thing he knew he was tangled up with her. She had her leg hanging over his body and held him firmly against her, his hands, which were once beside him were now awkwardly in between her crotch and his body. He could feel the heat from her radiating on his Gloved hands.

This was going to get difficult. He could already feel himself growing in his suit but couldn't de-transform as he was worried the light from his transformation would wake her. He just had to hope that she would let go, and soon. He laid there thinking of things other than the Perfect future goddess lying next time him for the next half hour to help ease his situation and before he realized it he was opening his eyes to the bright sun shining in the room and a Red Kwami Floating above his head with a smirk on her face.

"Well, what did the cat drag in?" she whispered fiercely.

"Heh... he..., maybe you can help me out of this situation then Fur-get that this eeepurr happened?" He smiled. Then looked back to Marinette. And jumped in shock.

She woke up.



# Chapter 6

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

### Chapter 6

It's not like she planned this.

I mean, what would you do if you find yourself in bed one morning next to a devilishly handsome Leather clad GOD in your bed...

Okay maybe don't answer that.

Somehow she was straddled on top of him... alone... in her bed... with a growing tent amassing between her thighs and rubbing her in a place she did not expect to be stimulated this early in the morning.

It was probably a good thing she had her sewing scissors next to her bed when she fell asleep last night as she now held the pointy end towards his throat.

"What are you doing in here!" She demanded.

"What are YOU doing princess?" He smirked at her, placing his hands on her thighs rubbing them gently.

The more she felt her cheeks flush the more she pressed the scissors into his skin.

"Okay! Okay!," he held his hands in defeat! "I just had to see you."

"Why?" She was still straddling him.

"Because I can't stop thinking about you. Not being near you is literally causing my skin to Ache." His smirk was gone, Replaced by what looked to Marinette like longing, but she didn't believe this Man had any need to see her, she was sure this was just him trying to gain another conquest on his long Rap sheet, especially considering what was still very much solid between her thighs. "I want you to be my Wife"

She paused. "Your wife..." She repressed the Urge to vomit. How dumb did he think she was... Is this what he told all of them?

"I already told you, I'm not interested in being one of your conquests." She put the scissors down on her nightstand, "Look, I'd appreciate it if you would just leave my room and leave me alone." She went to move off him when he flipped their positions.

She was now on her back, her legs spread wide and his hips were nuzzled up against her hips, both her hands were held above her head by one his Leather Clad hands. Despite the position, he was gentle and soft. She could feel the rise and fall of his breath against her chest and

suddenly was very aware of how toned his body was. Her heart was beating so fast she swore it was a jackhammer. Until she realized that it was his as well beating against her own.

“Princess, Give me a month.” He traced her jawline so gently, desperation in his piercing Green eyes. “Please give me a month. Come spend dinner with me every night. I’ll prove to you that your not some Conquest in my eyes.”

This stupid handsome Cat.

“I refuse.” She steeled her face to give off the impression she wouldn't budge on her decision.

“Why?” He looked at her.. His thumb had moved to her stubborn pursed lip tracing it. “Is it so hard to believe in love at first sight?”

“When you have been having virgin sacrifices sent to your doorstep for the last 2000 years it kinda is.” She smiled proudly. With a bit of “try me” laced in her tone.

He smirked.

“Don't be Jealous Princess, I was just waiting for you.” he leaned down and kissed her forehead. “I fell in love the moment you fell for me.” He smirked. “I don't think I’ve ever seen any of the Ladies literally Trip once they reached the top of the mountain.”

That did it. The color of her face was now remarkably similar to a tomato. Which only caused him to giggle with the mischievous smirk plastered on his stupidly handsome face. “Cat got your tongue M’lady?” he released her hands and flipped off her and her bed in a fluid movement. Extending his hand “One month. I’ll be here at 5:30 tonight.”

Reluctantly she Agreed.

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When he left, Marinette just laid on the bed for a time, her face red and her Breathing Ragged. She asked Tikki to leave her alone for a little while. Once Tikki left, Marinette let her thoughts wander.

“That Stupid, egotistical, no good...!”

The stupid cat Caused feelings to stir up deep in her gut that she couldn't shake, She remembered the way his leather suit felt pressed up against her thighs, the heat that they exuded, caused her insides to coil and for heat to travel down. She took off her Pants and felt her underwear near her sex.

Yep. Soaked through.

The stupid cat has her all worked up.

She wasn't exactly knowledgeable on how to handle this. Her hormone induced mind had led her to do things with another certain blond boy a few weeks back and she was positive it muddled her thoughts about him. It’s not like she had much experience with boys. In fact

between living in hiding with her parents and living in a facility that expected you to be a virgin sacrifice, her experience with the opposite sex was non-existent. That's why she so easily let that Servant touch her. That's why she had done those things with him. At least that's what she was telling herself every day when he came knocking begging to see her.

Maybe that was why the dumb cat wanted Virgins because they were easy to manipulate into his bed. Whatever happened here Marinette was determined to not let him in so easily. She was determined to stop this madness even if she had to marry the cat herself. Although spending eternity with someone like him was the last option. Maybe she could get him to fall for Rose or.. Ugh Chloe. Both were willing. That would stop this madness right? No more families losing their Children. No more virgin sacrifices.

So that's what she was going to do. She would spend time with the cat boy and talk up Chloe and Rose. She could do this. But first, she needed to steer him as far AWAY from her as possible. Maybe she could dress more childlike and that would throw him off. Not the best plan.. But the best one she had.

She jumped up and Started to go through her Clothing trying to find the most modest clothing she had in her arsenal of Designs. She ended up in a white shirt with floral patterns, Pink Capris, ballet flats and a black jacket. She liked it. It was a look that she would have worn in her preteens before she was taken to the house of Fortune for training.

Her look wasn't complete yet however. She knew she needed to look a bit more Childish so she did what any reasonable woman in her situation would do. She cut her long hair off and placed the shoulder length hair in two pigtails. In a way, it felt invigorating as she wasn't allowed to cut her hair since she came to live in the house of Fortune. But now she had no one controlling her. In fact, it was odd how much freedom they gave her once she arrived.

Each Lady of Fortune was given a card, much like a Credit card, that she could use down in the village below the Manor. But, each time they left they had to take a Personal Bodyguard and her Maid Alya and ride in a Town Car. Either way, it was fine since her Bodyguard apparently was a guy named Nino who was really nice. but when in public he wore a green outfit and mask and everyone called him Carapace.

With his help, she had purchased more fabric and materials to make an entire wardrobe to her taste. She hated the clothing presented to her as it was all gowns and dresses and skirts. If they were going to give her Freedom here then she was going to take advantage of it.

Alya had become a big help and she found herself becoming happier with her fate because she knew she had found Friends. But with all this freedom she still found herself lonely and missing her parents.

As the day wore on and her meeting with The God of Misfortune came close, she felt herself become more nervous. When the time finally came her determination was stronger than ever to convince him to marry someone and end this silliness that was the Sacrifice.

After that, she would go live with Alya until her parents could join her.

Alya had explained that when the God of Misfortune decides that you're not suitable to be his wife, then you would live in the village with the option to be a servant in his household as a Lady in waiting to any future Ladies that come. And that was what Alya was. But she explained that she could never have Married the God of Misfortune as she had fallen in love with Nino. Besides that, he never asked or paid her any attention. So when she asked to be set free he obliged and ever since she and Nino had been in love waiting for The God to find his Bride so she was free to marry.

Her eyes had changed colors that day. Signifying she was no longer bound to the lord of the house. Later when her mother had passed she was brought here and given the option to live with her daughter in the space between life and death for eternity with Alya. Alya's mother died just 5 years after Aly's offering. Her father was still alive and had moved on with another family.

It made Marinette Feel hopeful for the future.

She just needed to Convince the God of misfortune to marry Chloe. Easy Right? Just make him turned off by her while also Explaining the finer points of a Marriage with Chloe.

She wondered just how much time he had spent with Chloe, was he seeing her everyday? She paced her bedroom with her hands on her head when he knocked.

"I'm here to Sweep you off your Feet Puuurincess!" She opened the door and there he was, A simple rose in his hand. Fully Clad in his Leather catsuit that seemed to show every single betraying line in his toned body...

She felt herself Flush.

This was gonna be harder then she thought.

## Chapter End Notes

Next time, how will our Boy's date go? Will he win the girl? Will Marinette somehow convince him to marry the Very \*gag\* alluring Chloe? Or will our poor inexperienced Marinette Fall for the Boys Charms?

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