

50 (I Think) Shades of Adrien Agreste Challenge Answer

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by [Interrobang27](#)

Summary

Ok, my first post here, I decided to try my hand on a challenge, proposed by Ryuu_MastersPet.

Our hero Adrien Agreste faces every intimate situations imaginable - and ones I could never imagine before reading the prompts.

I am not sure this is exactly what is wanted, or if I will keep going after some chapters. Opinions more than welcomed

Notes

The author does not owns Miraculous: Adventures of Ladybug and Chat Noir.

Tale for entertainment purposes only - well, at least Adrien will be entertained.

English is not the author's first language, be aware.

Challenge meant to educate and increase safety on BDSM issues, but I will confess I am first and foremost a romantic, so I may deviate a bit. However, no matter what rows your boat, safety first, talk a lot with the other(s) significant one(s) before. AND after

Please enjoy, opinions more than welcomed

Chapter 1

1st Prompt. OTP fantasy: This means take your Miraculous Ladybug OTP-including Adrien Agreste in there-and write your ultimate sex fantasy. Doesn't matter what that fantasy is, it can have whips chains and vibrators, drugs, or simply be some sweet fluffy love making.

They don't know how it started. Maybe it was the very hot night when an akumatized villain kidnaped an Adrien in very skimpy pajamas. Maybe it was the time Ladybug found Adrien covered on the left-overs of a trash villain (actually, it was Chat Noir who was hit, he just de-transformed) and insisted to help him clean himself, and, at the hotel room, she saw him on his undies and he just blushed. Thing is, for some weeks, Ladybug was always around Agreste Manor around the time Adrien was about to change or shower; another weeks, and he was inviting her to enter. With Adrien in several stages of semi-dress/nakedness, they spent hours talking and cuddling. One night, Ladybug get bold and slowly stripped the model. Adrien didn't objected, it felt right to be naked for his lady. After some time of this ritual, she asked for him to always wait her wearing only his undies.

He blushed a little, but if that's what his lady likes, that's what she would have.

Both could not get enough of his play. Adrien feels he does something special to his lady, cuddling and helping her relax, and smile, oh her smile when she lowers his undies, the feeling of giving everything to her while she is in her full uniform...

And Ladybug can't get enough of Adrien body. Every time she feels it gives her more confidence to get close to him as Marinette, but Marinette could not convince him to do whatever she wants, so, after more of two years trying, she decided Marinette will be his friend, for now, and Ladybug would have fun.

One night, Adrien's very short blonde pubes called her attention. She ran her gloved hands over them.

"Your photoshoots require you to trim it down?"

Trying hard not to moan, he nodded,

"Yes, trim and shave the excess. The thing grows faster than my hair."

"Can I do it next time?"

It was the most useless question ever made on French language.

A couple of weeks later, an overexcited Adrien welcomed Ladybug. Near the room's chaise, a small table with an elegant shaving brush set, razor, scissors, comb, a bowl with water, several creams, towels, the work. Adrien was proud of himself, Ladybug would not need anything she brought on that bag of hers. After a quick lesson on how to use everything, he lied down on the chaise.

Ladybug wasted no time stripping Adrien of his boxer-briefs.

"Do you know back home I have more undies from you than panties?" They laughed, and she kissed the piece of cloth and let it dangle over Adrien's nose and mouth "But this one will be special. Well, let's do it. Try not to make a mess, right, Adrien?" Ladybug gave him a quick

peck on the forehead while gently caressing his balls.

“I... I will try. Promise” he said, dick pulsing in anticipation.

Ladybug got the comb and scissors, and started to work on the longer hairs. Adrien hissed. Her hands, his lady's hands, all over his penis area, the natural touch of the comb's wooden teeth massaging here and there, followed by the cold feeling of the scissor metal and her face, looking so close at his most private parts. Suddenly he felt her hand playfully slap his dick. He threw his head back on pure bliss.

“Adrien, this thing pulsing and bobbing is very distracting. I am trying to help you here.”

“C-can't... hnnng... help, m'lady.” All of sudden, the touch ceased. He looked down.

He could do nothing but watch Ladybug work on making the shaving cream foam, slowly, almost like in an oriental tea ceremony. She smiled, knowing she was bringing her friend to the edge.

She then started to spread the foam with the brush all over his crotch. Above his dick. Right side. Left side. She grinned and put one of his legs over her shoulder.

“Ladybug?” He felt her gloved hand moving his balls up, and the brush spreading cream on the area between his sack and his hole. He hissed and sank his teeth on a pillow, trying to control himself.

“Adrien, I think this guy here is sad for being left alone.” He couldn't answer, the feeling of the brush on his hole almost too much to process. Very lightly first, then suddenly Ladybug applied more force, twisting it and making some bristles invade him. Every hair on his body stood up, a jolt of electricity and pleasure hitting from his toes to the top of his head.

“Aaa-aaaaah, Ladybug!!”

“Sssshhhh, Adrien, you promised not to make a mess.” She lowered his leg and got the razor and started to shave.

For Adrien, it was bliss mixed with torture. Ladybug shaved with one hand, the other kept moving his penis out of the way.

“We're almost done. Can you close your eyes for me just for a minute?”

Doing so, Adrien felt some kind of cold gel on the area between his navel and penis. Strange. It was not one of his stuff, for sure. Ladybug's hands were pressing it against his skin. What could... wait, wait. It's...

“Aaaaaaaaaaaggh!!!”

The bikini wax being pulled quickly from him caused Adrien pain, bliss, and lose all his control. Spurt after spurt of hot liquid finally exploded from his dick, on an orgasm for the ages.

Ladybug watched amazed. She would not say it, but her friend was not the only one wet. She felt there was a lake inside her panties, and could not wait to get home and deal with it. For now, there's other issues to deal with.

“Naughty Adrien. You said you would not do it.”

“S-sorry, m'lady. Ouch-ouch.” A gloved hand grabbed him by the ear, dragging his naked body to the bathroom. There, she opened the usual drawer where she would find her bath cap, impermeable apron and kitchen gloves.

“Now I have to clean you!” She said, opening the shower.

Adrien smiled, feeling the water and rubbery hands all over his body. Anything for his lady.

Petite Mort

Chapter Summary

Adrien Agreste enjoys - in fact, enjoys a lot - the few hours of free time available on his schedule. This is the second story on the challenge, and my favorite so far. I promise, no violence whatsoever, just one petite mort.

Chapter Notes

- 1 - The author does not own or has any claims over Miraculous: Adventures of Ladybug and Chat Noir
- 2 - Second prompt of Ryuu_MastersPet challenge, and my favorite so far.
- 3 - One of the nicknames people in France give to an orgasm and/or the moment right after is "petite mort" - small death. I wrote the chapter around this fact
- 4 - Thanks for your reaction so far, please enjoy

2nd prompt. Loving Himself: Adrien masturbating and edging himself until he's too needy not to let himself cum.

Milan is a contradiction, Adrien thought, returning to his small studio. It's fashion season means working every waking hour, catwalk after photoshoot after boring sponsors cocktails, after more photos... but also, its sparse free time means freedom. With so many supermodels around, Adrien is just another pretty face, able to do mundane things like going to the market. Common folks on the street do not know how famous people miss the opportunity of simply walking down a supermarket aisle, eating a pizza, being able to walk three blocks without being asked for a selfie. That's why he bought the small apartment, instead of staying in hotels, like other models. Here, is home. Here, he is just another one.

He dropped the bags on his kitchen, and his companion was over him in no time.

"Hey, Adrien, what did you bring? Some new kind of Italian cheese? Tell me."

He scratched the kwami's head.

But Milan also means to be away from his Lady and from his friends with benefits, while his body kept the same urges.

"Easy, Plagg. I will make us dinner soon." He proceeded to unbutton his shirt.

"Hurry!"

"Plagg, I have three hours free until the Mercedes event. I don't intend to do anything in a hurry for the first time in the week." He dropped his jeans to the floor, stepping out of them.

"Say, how about an appetizer? With protein and calcium?"

“What kind of...” the mystic creature saw Adrien smirking and lowering the front of his underwear, revealing his still soft penis. “Oh, human kind.” He licked his lips “A poor second rate delicacy, but will do.”

Adrien chuckled, remembering his surprise years ago, to see his magic companion lick his cum out of his body. Plagg didn't lie on the explanation. It helps holder and kwami to bond, plus is very healthy for his kind. True enough, but he also liked it, and would never admit.

Adrien was now dropping his underwear, and let his naked body fall on the bed, basking in the light of a gentle end of afternoon sun.

He yawned and stretch his body a bit, enjoying the feeling of having nothing on between the sheet below and the sun above, a kind of freedom he could touch. Finally, he allowed his hand to meet his penis, very slowly at first. His fingers played with his foreskin, moving the sensitive part here and there, and used only a finger in a hook to stimulate his head, bringing it to full attention slowly. Running his open hand up and down it's length, he allowed his back to arch in pleasure while his other hand worked on his nipple.

Adrien brought his hard penis down the most he could, before letting it go and hitting his underbelly with a muffled sound. And again, moaning softly. Enough foreplay.

He grabbed his dick and started moving his fist up and down, his mind on some past encounters with Ladybug. Flirting with her as Chat Noir. Letting her use his naked body as Adrien. Ladybug. She was... she was everything he could want and more. Suddenly he stopped. He was already going too fast. Getting close, and this must last. He let his maleness alone for a minute or so, before reaching for the gel, applying it generously on his dick. The coldness of it brought him a new set of sensations. He pressed his hand on the basis of his dick, enjoying the feeling, that faint pleasure pressure, before starting to stroke again.

Lazily this time. Looking at the window, some roofs and buildings, the occasional bird. Up and down, up and down. There's nothing in the world but this peaceful Italian afternoon, the gently wind, his hands and his hard dick. He sighed in delight, keeping stroking, feeling every vein, the shape of the head, the length, like it was the first time. His other hand joined for a while, playing with the sensitive head and stretched down foreskin. Caressing his thigh. He was gaining speed again. He stopped, got on his knees on the bed, slapped himself on the butt, enjoying how the sudden loud sound filled in the apartment. Laying down again, he resumed the stroke, his mind back to Ladybug. This time, he allowed himself to speed up. His other hand on his lips, trying to simulate what? Her lips, that he felt only a few times? Her breasts, that he was still to see and feel? He stroked faster, his balls moving up and down with the movement. Quickly his other hand went to the area between the penis and the balls, trying to tickle the region, making him even more hard and horny until the tension on his body started to grow, the good feeling spread quickly through his genital area more and more until he climaxed.

Pause. The heavenliest of pauses. Seems even his heart decided to halt in name of peace. Petite mort, indeed. Heavily breathing on a smiling face. The feeling of the vertebral column leaving the body and fusing with the mattress, on a relaxing bliss. Arms resting motionless after a job well done. Very well done, thought Adrien. And a small tongue licking all over his belly.

“Next time, have some consideration of catching it on a glass, kid.”

Adrien made the supreme effort of raising his head and watch Plagg approach the head of his

penis, where a rope of cum dangled. He did not see the creature's eyes shine.

"For the record, this is disgusting." And gulped the rope, his little tongue all over Adrien's dick head, going to the slit and...

"Dinner will take a little longer, Plagg" Adrien said, as he felt the desire growing and started to stroke his penis again. The creature floated away, enjoying the show of his holder pleasuring himself.

"Hey, I am all for second servings."

Three way's that way

Chapter Summary

A threesome featuring Adrien, Nino and Sabrina. May or may not include a discussion about how they call the Royale with Cheese in the United States:D :D

Chapter Notes

1 - As usual, the author does not owns anything

2 - 3rd prompt of Ryuu_MasterPet: The Threesome with the Best Friend/Nino: Adrien has a sexy threesome with Nino Lahiffe and a character of your choosing or an OC.

3 – Sorry about that, but the moment I put Adrien and Nino together in a car, I could think of anything else but Jules and Vincent :D

4 - I will try to interlink the chapters. The situation between Chloé and Sabrina will appear later on.

5 - Please, enjoy. Opinions more than welcomed.

3rd Prompt. The Threesome with the Best Friend/Nino: Adrien has a sexy threesome with Nino Lahiffe and a character of your choosing or an OC.

Nino shooked his head on the passenger seat.

“The message you sent me yesterday said ‘Nino, are you up for a fun threesome tomorrow?’ but dude, what you are telling me does not sound fun, but a job for a shrink.”

“Nino, part of the whole ‘friend with benefits’ thing is the word ‘friends’.” Adrien though for a while. “And ‘benefits’, plural, not only sex.”

“That’s why I prefer ‘fuck buddies’.”

Adrien chuckled

“You can have any girl you want, you know that. And you are setting for someone with heavy glasses and funny nose.”

“I also can have any boy I want.” Said Adrien, leaving a significative silence in the air.

“That’s right, you... HEEYY!” Adrien almost had to stop, laughing so hard that was difficult to pay attention on the wheel.

“Aaaand both of you lack butts.”

“There’s nothing wrong with my butt!”

Ok, thought Adrien, how the insurance would write this, car collision due mad laughing?

“You never complained about my butt! Alya never com...”

“Nino, I love your butt. Just saying it’s not the plumpest thing around. We’re here.”

“Just to end this talk, later you’ll have to prove me you really love my butt.”

“My pleasure.”

They exited the car and entered the building.

“And I am still mad for you to call me for a threesome, with the perspective of nothing but a foot massage.”

“I left her apartment giving nothing but a foot – and shoulder – massage only once. Plus, foot massages can be very intimate, lead to other things.”

They entered the elevator

“Dude, Foot massages have nothing to do with sex. I give my mother foot massages. It’s not at the same ballpark as sex, it’s not the same league, it’s not even the same sport.”

“Maybe you are looking at it from the wrong angle.”

“Yeah? Imagine I call you, Adrien. We got each other naked, hard as rocks, and then I ask for a foot massage. After you finish, I ask you to leave. How is this sexy?”

“Here and there I can use my dick to rub your feet.”

Adrien noticed a small sparkle at Nino’s eyes, showing he liked the idea. However, in the name of pride, he offered a brilliant retort instead:

“Fuck you.”

Adrien giggled.

“Nino, don’t worry. She didn’t ask me to bring another person just for a foot massage. We’re here.”

Sabrina Raincomprix opened the door and practically collapsed on a hug over Adrien

“Adrien! You’re here. Thankyouthankyou.”

Their lips met, Sabrina in a rushed pace, hungry vampire trying to absorb everything the other has to offer at once, Adrien trying to ease her tongue and need with his. She finally let him go.

“I-I- sorry. Today was a very hard day, it was... Nino?”

“Hello, Sabrina”

“That’s... unexpected” she said, blushing “Please come in,”

“Are you disappointed?”

“No, no, Nino, please don’t think anything like that. just...” she was blushing even harder “It would be easier with... someone I don’t know.”

They went to the living room, Nino, without knowing what to do sat on a chair a but away.

Sabrina took the sofa with Adrien going behind her and proceeding to massage her shoulders.

Nino started to complain mentally ‘Oh, for the love of...’

“So, Sabrina, how was your day?”

Adrien’s question was whispered on her ear, and caused a dam to broke. Nino imagined working for Chloé was bad, but not close to what he was hearing. Half of those said in a tribunal would sent Chloé in for labor malpractices.

The other half was plain and pure abuse. But Nino noticed a change of pace.

The more she talked, the more Adrien’s massage was punctuated with kisses and licks on the neck and shoulders, and words of encouragement.

Sabrina's talk was also more and more punctuated with moans. The tears once flowing from her face seemed to evaporate on her blushing face.

"Beena, dudette, why don't you just stop working for her?"

"No, Nino, I can't. Chloé needs me, she can't handle all her responsibilities alone, I must..."

A kiss and blow on her ear broke her train of thoughts.

"Shhhh, all right, Sabrina, we are here. I am here. I will always be here for you."

His hands now traveled under her blouse, over her breasts, side, belly, navel, until, in a gentle move, the piece of clothing was lying on the floor.

"Sabrina, would you mind Nino taking over?" Adrien asked between neck licks.

She blushed even more, and her hands instinctively covered her bra, before nodding slowly.

"Just relax. And Nino, two things. Stand right here where I was."

"And?" Adrien was now at Sabrina's feet.

"Meet me in the middle."

"Got it, dude."

Sabrina let an "eeeeep" escape as she felt Nino's mouth on her shoulder, as Adrien's hands traveled up her legs, knee, thighs, waist until starting to so slowly removing her stockings.

Sabrina was overwhelmed. Nino's mouth, tongue and teeth – Adrien barely used teeth - all over her neck, collarbone and shoulders, while his hands gently explored every curve, weight and texture of her breasts. Meanwhile, Adrien's mouth and hands worked her feet and calves. She never felt that amount of emotions, never felt... so desired.

She came for the first time when, at same time, Nino freed her the bra and kissed her heft nipple and Adrien's tongue reached the back of her right knee. Tears, now of happiness.

Neither of them halt, neither of them seems to get tired. Oh, you think you are so might and important, Chloé, but you don't have these two worshipping you, do you? They keep going, getting closer to each other. Licks and tickles around her navel. Kisses on her thighs. Wearing only panties. So close. This is so...

"W-wait. Stop."

Nino and Adrien looked at her.

"This is fantastic, but... was supposed to be about you, Adrien."

"What's this about, dude?"

"Oh, last time Sabrina said she wanted to give me a big thank you and asked about my favorite position of all. And, you know, she can't do it with me."

"You mean... oh!"

"And she said she would like to watch me... us."

"Why didn't you say so in the first time, dude!" Nino took off his shirt quickly and went to Adrien.

"Huh..." Said Sabrina "should we go to the bed?"

Adrien got Sabrina in his arms, and marched to the bedroom, dropping her in the bed with the trio giggling a lot.

"So, how about we let our host more comfortable?" Nino fished with his teeth the side of Sabrina's panties, Adrien following suit on the other side, and both start to take out the last piece of lingerie, exposing her fully, making her shiver with the feeling of lace and the skin of two hot guys kneeling at her feet.

"Of course, she can't be the only one naked, right?" Adrien lowered Nino's jeans to the

ground,

Following by his being attacked by four hands, two still hesitant, two very used to the task. “Do you want to start, Sabrina?” Adrien offered, sitting on the bed so close to Nino, his legs over his, trembling a bit with the feeling of his and Nino’s genitals touching.

“W- what I should...”

“Get a drop of personal jelly, not much, and use on me.” She started to rub the product on Adrien’s dick “and on Nino.” She retracted her hands, blushing a bit. “No need to be shy, Sabrina.”

She gulped and applied the gel on the dark-skinned guy. Was this really happening? To her, of all people? Adrien got even closer to Nino, throwing his arms over his shoulders. “Slowly...” asked Adrien.

“I...I don’t know if...”

“Here, Beena.” Nino hold her hands and put then around both manliness. Waves of excitement invaded her as she started to stroke both together.

She looked at Adrien expression of pure bliss and increased the pace a bit.

“Uuuhhnn, you’re doing fine, Sabrina, thank you.”

“N-no, I am the one who...” she was surprised by a kiss from Adrien. Not wanting to be left behind, when they finished, Nino touched her chin, making her turn her head for his kiss. She barely let her lips and tongue leave Nino’s when Adrien mouth covered the darker skinned one.

“Hmmm, Sabrina, would you mind if we take over from here?”

She agreed and her hand went from their members right to her sex. Adrien and Nino stood on their knees and joined on a tight embrace, their rumps starting to move in the same rhythm, rubbing their dicks together, every movement sending jolts of pleasure through their bodies

“N-nino, wait. Sabrina, can you stand up?”

“Adrian, what...”

“Come on.”

She did, and Adrien used one arm to bring her even closer, and Nino understood. Sabrina screamed as two tongues started to explore her sex, Adrien and Nino fought for dominance on her slit, travelling every corner, touching the clit, rubbing her labia, invading her, savoring her juices, until she could not hold anymore and wave after wave of pleasure dominated every cell of her body on her second orgasm. It was too much for Adrien, too. Sabrina cries of pleasure, the feelings of the wonderful sandwich of belly, penis, penis, belly, he and Nino rocking faster and faster, his hands exploring each other butts, the heavenly pressure growing in his balls, his tongue still inside Sabrina, Nino’s dick rubbing faster, faster, he exploded in pleasure.

Nino followed after seconds.

Sabrina could not be happier. Two powerful orgasms, a hot guy on each arm, she wished to freeze that moment forever.

She was pondering on how she could thank both, and missed them exchanging looks. She almost jumped out of her skin when two tongues started to lick her underarms, and slowly following all her geography from there to her breasts. She cried and thanked every deity ever created.

Later

“I know how you feel about this, but remember, I will always have a job for you.”

“Hey, Lahiffe ToutSounds can also use someone like you. I can’t pay near as much as Adrien,

but our people are more chillaxed. And, free energy drinks.”

Sabrina could not stop smiling at the duo at her door.

“Thanks, guys, I will think about it. Maybe someday.”

They met in a three-way hug.

“Take care, Sabrina, don’t let her got you down. Until next time.”

Until next time. Those words were enough to almost make Sabrina come again.

Getting in the car, Nino was all smiles.

“Not bad in the end, huh, Nino?”

“Yes, that was great, but I am happy because, after badmouthing my butt, you said my dick is your favorite thing.”

“I said the position was my favorite, Nino.”

“And you called me to do it. Hence, lil’Nino’s the champ.”

Adrien groaned. It would be a loooong way back.

.x.x.X.x.x.

4. Hello Copycat: Because Copycat is a sexy villain...have him tease/bump uglies/fuck/toy with Adrien during the scene Adrien is chained up in Copycat’s lair.

Sorry, but I will have to skip that one. I could not write a believable Copycat. I tried to think about other sexually-dominant villain, just to discover i couldn't write Copycat NOR Raoul Silva. And just to re-write Bond and Silva's scene would not be fair to you. So... skipping. Thanks!

Two guys, one porn

Chapter Summary

5th prompt suggested by Ryuu_MastersPet.

Adrien spends some quality hours with Nino enjoying classics of the 7th Art, such as:

- Attack on Tits of Ann
- He was Fast and She is Furious
- Screwable Me 3

... and I would not be surprised if some of those actually exist. Please enjoy.

Chapter Notes

- 1 - As always, the author does not own anything, tale for entertainment purposes only
- 2 - This was fun to write. Please enjoy.
- 3 - opinions more than welcome.

5th prompt: Adrien and Nino watch Porn: Adrien and Nino watch porn together, and jack off in the same room. They can jack each other off, it can be Nino teaching sheltered Adrien about the wonderful world of porn, it can be two bros chilling before casually showing each other their fave pornos. Whatever you want. Fuck it. But they beat meat together.

..x..x..x..X..X..x..x..x

Nino went back and forward on Adrien's room mezzanine, shaking his head. Movies. Games. Books. But...

"Enough of the charade, dude. Where's the porn?"

"I don't have any."

"Aw, come on! Not even a Playboy? Come, show me the mags."

"Nino, I am a model. I see girls naked backstage all the time."

"...and?"

"Huh... and what?"

"What do you feel?"

"Well... nothing. Usually I am also changing clothes, in a hurry not to miss the next catwalk call."

"That's what I am telling you, double A. Porn is not work, porn is..." an idea lighted up Nino's face, and he got down in a flash "My folks and siblings are out of town. Get your toothbrush, we're having a sleepover at my place."

They stopped at a convenience store on their way. Soda. Snacks. Kleenex.

At Nino's house, he put everything in front of the sofa, adding some beer from the fridge. "Get comfy and ready, dude, I will introduce you to my stash." And went out of the room for a moment.

Adrien had no idea of what "getting comfy" meant so, after some hesitation, he took off his shoes.

He was somehow right, because Nino returned, arms full of DVDs and magazines, barefoot. And without pants.

"Dude, I said to get comfy."

Adrien did know what to say. Standing, his friend t-shirt looked like a very short dress, moving, it allow him a view of Nino's underwear.

"Huh... I think I am good."

"Hah! In ten minutes lil' Adrien will be screaming for help in those jeans. Now, from where we begin?"

Adrien checked some of the movies.

" 'The Theory of Inserting Everything'; 'Sexnado'; 'Attack on Tits of Ann'..." He gave Nino a questioning look.

"It's porn, rich boy, low your standards."

" 'He was Fast and She is Furious'; 'Aaah! Aaah! Land... Five'."

"That's a good one to start. Give me the disc."

"Shouldn't we start with the first four 'Aaah! Aaah! Lands'?"

"Dude, it's porn! You have a lot to learn."

He sat on an armchair, while Adrien remained on the sofa

Five minutes later, Adrien took a big gulp out of the beer, his eyes not leaving the screen for a second.

"Now that's the first great scene. The two girls start kissing each other, and move until the guy's junk is between their mouths."

"Hm-hum"

"Yeah, lick it good. See how their tongues touch. Wait some seconds and they will cut to they grabbing each other's asses... there. And you are finally grabbing your dick, Adrien. Give yourself some space before the next licking shot, it's too hot.

The model dared to look at his friend, grabbing his hard dick over his underwear. He sighed and thinking "when in Rome", opened and unzipped his trousers.

Only to see Nino removing his shirt.

"Nino!"

"Hey, not everyone gets a new wardrobe every season. I must keep my clothes clean, dude."

Adrien could not believe his friend was standing next to him only in his undies.

..and he though that too soon, as the piece of clothing was soon on the floor. Nino was now naked, openly masturbating in front of him.

What he said before came and hit him. Yes, he is used to see women – and men – with the most perfect faces and desirable bodies naked all the time. Heck, in some shows, things are so hectic backstage the other models are the only helping hand available. Adrien himself was opening and closing bras on his coworkers before he could properly shave. At these moments, what Adrien had in mind? Nothing. "Less than two minutes for her to model the strapless bride gown and this thing got stuck", maximum.

On the screen in front of him, things are different.

With his friend beside him, things are different.

The purpose is different. There's something in the air, there was something inside he forgot existed waking up, moving around.

"Check it out, dude, they will now sandwich the guy's dick between their tits." Turning his eyes to the screen, Adrien missed the mischievous grin on Nino was spotting.

Desire, maybe?

If so, desire for what? The things on screen? To be like Nino?

To be... with Nino?

And then he was hit in the face by Nino's undies.

"Hey!"

The darker-skinned boy could not stop laughing.

"What gives, Nino?"

"I am trying to show you a good time, double A, but you need to chillax."

"What do you expect me to do, wank along you?"

"Exactly." And gave his meat three good tugs as an example.

"Hah, hah, will not happen." His eyes went from his naked friend, the hand of his naked friend on his dick, and the action on the screen, the conflicting orders from his brain and the feeling of his body, the growing feelings on his body... "... but I will take off my trousers."

As the movie progressed, Adrien could not let his hand away from the front of his undies, but...

"You did not cum."

"Neither you."

"The idea is to get there together, dude. Maybe you need something different. Let's see how weird you are." Searching the movies, he found another DVD, showed to Adrien. The blonde noticed he was now sitting closer to him on the sofa, but strangely that does not seem to matter.

"Huh... 'Circus Sexy Secrets'?"

"The leading girl is a real-life contortionist, double A. Wait and see."

The opening scene grabbed Adrien in a flash. The guy on a suit, the girl on a wedding dress, getting in the room, kissing, caressing each other, removing their clothes in no hurry.

"The contortionist is the bride's sister, they will spend the honeymoon on the circus, blah, blah, this scene is boring, I will skip it."

"No!"

Nino noticed for the first time Adrien's hand up and down in front of his underwear.

"He... he seems to really like her. It's not only sex, it's... it's..."

Nino laughed.

"Romance! Here I am, naked, dick hard, surrounded by all kinds of perversion, and my buddy is romantic. That's rich!"

Adrien blushed but not let his hand rest. Nino went to his pile of DVD again. Adrien could not help it. His next three strokes honored his friend's butt.

"Right, Romeo, I found something vanilla for you. I think I watched this one just once, 'London Casanova 2010' It's the same actor who played the husband. It still has the two euros discount bin tag."

"Let's try it."

Nino was trying hard to... stay hard, but could not stand what he was seeing on his telly. The guy and girls sounded like the worst of all Shakesperean actors trying to pass as modern

Londoners. The French subtitles – who cares about what is said in porn, anyway? – sometimes were right over the actresses’ and actors’ good bits. And the sex scenes, the director must have a slow-motion fetish, because...

Adrien’s undies were around his thighs.

When it happened? When his buddy got the guts to openly jack off in front of him? He watched his hand travel his uncut dick, his breath gaining some speed, and decided to make another effort, working on his meat furiously at first, then watching his friend closely to match his pace. Adrien used only one hand, the other firmly grasping his undies, as for be able to hide quickly what he was doing.

Bashfully cute.

Adrien eyes went out of the screen for a second, just to notice his friend was not interested on the movie.

Nino was watching HIM.

Years later, Adrien will realize everything took but two-three seconds. But, at that time, felt like an eternity. The sudden realization of what he was doing. His friends’ eyes on him, on his hand, his hand stroking his penis, Nino’s hand doing the same, so close, his face burning in shame, his body suddenly not capable of move, the shame, the shame changing quickly to a wave of pleasure beginning in his balls and taking over his whole body, he could not stop it, Nino, his dick pulsing, releasing his seed, can’t breathe, the realization Nino was watching, so-so-so good. Nino increasing his pace, gasping, he could not stop watching, droplets of sweat shining over his body, his hand stroking, and finally the clear liquid erupting, so close to Adrien.

For a while, they stood there, not daring to move or say anything. Both enjoying the moment, their dicks semi-hard.

“So... how was it?”

“Nino, I... I... wow.”

“Told ya, dude.”

He got closer to Adrien, cleaning himself, and sitting so their knees and legs were touching. Options flew through Adrien’s head. Ask to go clean in the bathroom; quickly pull his undies up; make an excuse and go back home. His hands on his undies. He choose to stepped out of them, his heart racing with this decision, and stood there, wearing only his t-shirt, with his naked friend at his side. So wrong. So right at the same time.

“Want to sleep or you have it for another round?”

“Bring it on.”

“I will choose the movie this time, dude, or I will end up jerking off to ‘Notting Hill’ or something.”

“Hey, ‘Notting Hill’ is a great movie.”

“Figures.”

That was En-Lightning

Chapter Summary

Wasting my first wild card on Ryuu_MastersPet challenge. Instead of first experience, Adrien's fear of thunder

"I prefer Astraphobia, thank you."

Right, right, Adrien's astraphobia leads to something else.

And, between kisses and cuddles, some secrets do not last.

THAT WAS EN-LIGHTNING

Alternative to the 6th prompt: Thunder: Adrien is scared of thunder and lightning, until his lover of your choice makes love to him during a rain storm. Long slow and sweet. Gotta love that sensationalist love

.x.x.x.x.X.X.x.x.x

No puns. No flair moves. No waiting to bask in the glory of thankful citizens or press. Ladybug could not pinpoint what was wrong with Chat Noir during that Akuma fight. It was not only hurry, that she could tell.

One eye on the villain, another on the monster brewing above. Just three in the afternoon, all city street lights went on. The warm wind kept hitting his black uniform, twirling, shaping the disaster to come. Quick, milady.

"Bye-bye, little butterfly." A thunder seemed to celebrate the victory. "Miraculous Ladybug!" A sea of red cleaned and fixed everything the Akuma damaged, as always. Too bad it's the only thing it can fix, thought Chat Noir. Another thunder.

"Good job, kitten." She looked around, to find a curled black ball in the corner of the building. "Chat?"

"H-home. Must go home."

"Sure. We're done here. Are you all right?"

No, Chat reasoned, of course she could not take him there. Secret identities and all that. Be brave. He used his staff as a cane to gather strength to raise up to his feet. Plagg, Plagg is with him. No need to fear. What kind of material is this staff made off, anyway? Could it attract lightning?

Fear. She saw pure fear on his eyes, but could do nothing. She could not ask, follow, lend a hand. Nothing. Sometimes, secret identity is a burden too heavy to hold. Luckily she has a safe port to vent all her frustrations and then some. Go home, recharge Tikki with the best cookies, run to Adrien. She just hoped Chat has someone as wonderful – no, that's impossible – half as wonderful as Adrien.

Since he was a little boy, Adrien was shielded from everything. Inside the house, he had food, warmth, safety, education, and, for some time, the love of a mother. Only thunder and lightning entered without asking, filling his dominion with noises and flashes even with the lid complaining. No wall could keep them really away. That fascinated and terrified the child Adrien.

And there were thunders that day his father returned home alone.

Now he was shivering in the furthest away corner from the exterior walls of the room, waiting for it to stop. To stop terrorizing him. Thunder, lightning, invasion with no control. Running those few blocks to his house was one of the most terrifying things he has ever done. He was inside, now, but the thunder and lightning did not stay outside. They never do.

He saw Ladybug entering. He wanted to run to her, but a lightning made him coil. Here it comes, goodness, here it comes.

“Adrien? Where you...”

“Milady!” he tried to be brave, stand up. “I s-should be on my underwear, just a m-minute.”

She noticed he was shaking, trying to take his t-shirt off.

“Adrien...” she got close, when the thunder finally was heard, making the model jump on her arms.

“Adrien... are you afraid of...” she looked into his eyes. The same fear she saw minutes before. No, no, no, how could she be so blind? “thunder...”

Millions of things raced through her head, she barely saw him struggling with his trousers.

“You don’t need to do it...”

“I-I do, you like when I’m like so, I-I need you by my side...”

As if her automatic pilot was on, she helped him to his bed and slide the trousers away.

“Silly, I would be at your side even if you were dressed for an Arctic expedition.” She hugged him, immobile for a moment, then allowing her hand to travel the body clad only on yellow briefs. So many things making sense now. “But... you are afraid of thunder and lightning.” Like Chat, she thought.

He tried to smirk.

“Those who suffer from it, we prefer astraphobia, thank you very much.” Her heart, the sound of her heart always made him happy, but this time it’s also bumping faster.

“And you are allergic to feathers.” Like Chat.

“I am...”

“And you hurt your ankle facing Riposte.” Like Chat.

Alarms went out on Adrien’s head, louder even than the last thunder.

“That was so long ago I don’t remember” answered him, a bit too fast.

And he knows details about Chat he could not know.

A lightning struck, making him hide his face on her chest.

“I am here. Shhhhh, I am here” She hugged him even tighter, preparing for the sound.

Huge raindrops started to fall, heavy daggers hurting all Paris. The thunder came. Ladybug felt his arms tightening around her.

She lifted his chin and kissed his lips. Then she kissed his right hand and held it close to his eyes. The dull silver ring seemed to mock him.

“And you were never completely naked, were you?”

She gave his hand a series of quick kisses, to assure him everything’s fine

"I could dismiss all as coincidence, but I cannot forget your eyes, Kitten."

He was unable to answer. Unable even to pun. Just his heart, racing. He learned he lost his mother during a thunderstorm. He could not also lose... she cut his thoughts with a hug, the sensation of her uniform so comforting against his naked skin.

"I should have helped you before. Sorry."

"You... did not know."

"I do now, Chat."

She landed her hand on his undies. "Really scared, huh? I don't think you were ever this soft around me." She lowered the front of the briefs, both to study it for a moment, and to assure him nothing has changed. "It looks cute."

"I am scared for more reasons than the thunder, now."

"Me too" She paused for a while, re-adjusting his briefs. "I think... Adrien... there's three little words I waited so long for you to hear... I think now is time."

"Milady! I also lo..."

"Tikki, spots off."

"What?"

A red flash went on and, in front of Adrien, was a floating red kwami and

"Marinette?"

Another thunder was heard, failing to scare Adrien.

"Disappointed?"

"Milady... princess... quite the opposite." And hugged her. Sure, he knows it's the same person, but touching her, without the uniform... feels... different. The smell, gone is the slightly odd smell of metal, ozone, herbs on wet soil Plagg once resumed as smell of magic that masked everything beneath, replaced by a mix of shampoo, soap and fresh breads and sweets. He tried to act normal, but...

"You are ok?"

"I am. I am. I... just need to get used to the idea. I know nothing changed, mil... Marinette, but..."

"Yeah, I know. I am having trouble getting it on my mind, too. How about I prove to you I am still the same?"

"You don't need to. I know you..."

"I insist. For instance..." she pinned him in the bed, and kissed him, before turning him around and landing her hands on his briefs. "My favorite view of Paris is the same."

He chuckled, but could not help feel a whole new set of sensations, as her bare hands start to slide down his undies. The same way Ladybug did, well, maybe shaking a bit more, but the feel of her skin... so new, so...

She started kneading his butt cheeks, enjoying the firmness of it, the smooth legs, everything.

"Sometimes I envy Nino." She said, spreading his cheeks apart and enjoying the view.

"The... uuuhnnn... vibrator is in the same pla..."

"I know, I know, but it's not the same thing, is it?" and kissed the back of his balls, making him moan loudly. The lips are the same, but her hands... "let me guess, growing, so not as cute anymore?"

Adrien smiled. Why should he be the only one confused?

"You always found it purrrrrfect, milady."

Marinette paused for a moment. Adrien. Chat. Adrien. Chat. Sweet and willingly. Annoying.

Adrien. Chat. Would do anything she wants. Wild Card. Adrien. Chat. Romantic sub. Gentlemanly bandit. Does not compute. She was brought back by his laugh.

She rolled him on his back.

“So, you want to mess with my head, huh? Not happening.” She laid upside down next to him and grabbed his growing dick. “I think I will rename it ‘kitten’.”

She felt a hand hesitantly touching her shoe. Looking down, Adrien was making the largest puppy eyes she ever saw.

“Yes, unlike our uniforms, civilian clothes do come off. But you don’t want to be a naughty boy, do you?”

“N-no...” he gulped. The view of Marinette, a fully clothed Marinette, so close to him sent a new wave of sensations through his naked body.

“Although I don’t want to stain your bed. You may remove my shoes.”

As he did so slowly, it was Marinette turn to feel so many new sensations. Her Adrien. Chat. So willing to follow exactly...

Her socks were quickly removed, and she felt a tongue work on her soles.

“Adrien – aaah-ahh – Stop, naughty Adrien, I didn’t ask you to...”

“No, you didn’t.” he lightly bite her toe, before working with the tongue again.

“You said you did not want to be a-ah-ah-ah naughty boy.”

“I don’t.” he let her leg rest on the bed and stood over her on all fours. “But a cat does not follow orders, right?”

They kissed, slowly at first, then letting their tongues explore each other as it was the first time.

His hand caressing her hair, losing the perennial pigtails, hers travelling all his back, his rump, finding their way to his hole, making gentle circles around it.

The flash of a lightning invaded the room, making their bodies shine. He did not mind it. Their lips were now all over each other faces, cheek, ear, jawbone, on a feverish braille decoding so long overdue.

She took off her shirt. For months Chat fantasized about the bra Ladybug would wear. Sassy? Full of lace? A powerful black and red one? Maybe a practical sport one? In front of him, a pale pink one, with laces only here and there, a rose chain stitched near one of the straps. Candid. He would never expect that.

“How about this, for a change?” she managed to ask, between kisses, Adrien’s hands unbuttoning and unzipping her trousers. “I take off my clothes...” She touched the head of his organ, playing with it, making it go side-to-side. “and you wear something here. You have some protection around, don’t you?”

“Sure.” He got up and went to his chest-of-drawers “My father’s brand always sponsors safe sex initiatives and events. I receive those for free.” He took one out of the wrapping and returned to his lady. Beyond spoken agreements, he started to lower her jeans, as she unravels the latex piece on his dick.

She was only on her lingerie now, his lips and tongues again on her chin, neck, shoulders, his hands unfastening her bra, the piece being discarded on the floor.

Adrien let her lay down the bed for a moment, his eyes not believing in what’s in front of him.

“I will have to dispute your opinion on what’s the best view of Paris, Marinette.”
She giggled.

This is perfection, thought Adrien. Just the perfect size for his hand to cover, explore. He hovered his hands over then, never making actual contact, enjoying her reaction, her moan and giggles, as her nipples came to full attention. He lowered his mouth to inches of one breast, letting it feel his breath, without touching. The same with the other.

“A-Adrien...”

Then he moved right to her navel, kissing and licking it, like a kitten exploring every inch of her belly, then ribcage.

Only then he allowed his fingers to massage, featherlike, the area between the breasts.

“Darn it, Adrien, s-stop teasing.” Marinette hands were moving like crazy, her brain giving conflicting orders. Take off your panties, please yourself, you’re so close, no, let Chat do it, Adrien, your kitten now, you should be in control, it feels soooooo good.

His fingers started circling her breasts, getting closer and closer to the nipples, she can’t take it anymore, her feet finishing kicking out her panties, her urge growing, she is getting closer, his hand is getting closer to her nipples.

He pinched one of the nipples.

Waves of pleasure invaded Marinette’s body.

Adrien almost came, too. He just gave Marinette an orgasm. His Lady. He was making his lady happy, what else there is in the world? Was that a thunder? Does it matter? He was pleasing his lady.

He noticed her panties were gone, tried not to be hypnotized by the dark triangle, looking so fluffy and warm.

Marinette, regaining control of her body and mind, pinned him on the bed.

“You better make me feel that again, Chaton.”

“Anything for my Lady.”

They kissed, her body over his, their sexes in search of one another, hands and lips competing to give more to the other than are receiving, tears flowing from both faces as Adrien entered her essence. A thunder was heard. Both found fitting.

Somewhere above, two kwamis were watching the scene with interest.

“Finally.” Said Tikki “Their love is complete. Sure, they will have much more obstacles ahead, but this was meant to be. Dangerous? Yes, but so fulfilling, so pure, so... I don’t think I ever be tired of human emotions, you know? Even more when they give themselves to each other so completely. Adrien and Marinette will grow, Chat Noir and Ladybug will be capable of even more wonders than before. What do you say, Plagg?”

“I am calling dibs on the cum inside that condom.”

“Plagg!!”

The House Adrien Build

Chapter Summary

Marinette dominates Adrien. Includes submission, pain, humiliation, bonds, orgasm denial and apartment cleaning. Specially apartment cleaning.

Chapter Notes

7th prompt suggested by Ryuu_MastersPet. I did some research here, as I wanted to show domination but not necessarily, pain. Hopefully I made justice to the followers of such Power Play.

I am specially worried about my attempt on safety and care descriptions. Your opinion on what I am mistaken is more needed than ever, so I can correct. Thank you in advance

AS always, the author does not own nor has any claims over the characters and situations of Miraculous: Adventures of Ladybug and Chat Noir.

7. Kitty Noir the Sweet Sub: Adrien subs for a character/OC of your choice and loves it. MUST INCLUDE: Sub-Space and aftercare. No safewords should be needed during this scene.

x.x.x.x.X.X.X.x.x.x.x

It could not start in a more innocent way. Lunch of Friday, Marinette very happy about moving to her first apartment. Sure, there's lots of cleaning and hammering to be done. Adrien said he would be happy to help, no photoshoots or anything scheduled for Saturday. She said it would be very helpful to have a friend helping.

"Although..." Adrien could almost see the cogs working on her head, and a lewd smile to appear. "You can help me as a friend, and I will be very happy, or..." sitting across her, he felt her foot touching him between his legs. "We could try something more... exciting." Adrien mind tried to be rational. That's a restaurant. They're in public, for goodness sake. He is a fashion icon, heir to... it feels good. It's Marinette, Ladybug, his lady. Erase all the former.

"What are you thinking, milady?"

"Oh, something simple. Rules are: one, you follow my every command tomorrow; two, you only speak to answer when spoken to."

"That would include..."

"See rule one and two."

He looked at her, amazed with her bossy attitude and face... that did not last 10 seconds.

“Sorry, Adrien...” she laughed “we’re not playing yet but could not let that pass.”

“Yes, yes, very funny. Very well, I think I am game.”

Next, they spent some time arranging the do’s and don’ts. In hindsight, Adrien thought, those should have included “don’t call me at four in the morning.”

Because his phone rang four in the morning.

“Go there. Now. Key’s inside the fire hose box.”

“Marinette?”

But she had already hang up.

Part of him got a little worried if this the start of their play. The part between his legs had a very different opinion.

Arriving there, he found the apartment bare, but to a broom, mop and some cleaning products, a note hanging from the broom. He recognized Marinette’s handwriting:

“1 – Strip to your underwear

2 – Clean the floor*

3 – Don’t touch yourself

4 – 7:00, wait for me on your knees.”

Turning the note over, he noticed the asterisk meant a very detailed instruction on what product to use where, with floor should not be wet, only swept, be careful with... Adrien laughed, already taking off his clothes. Those instructions clash a bit with the bossy orders the other side, but first-time home owners are always the same.

Despite his wealthy upbringing and absence of lessons from his father, Adrien made a point to learn to fend and mend for himself, so he had some experience with brooms, other than the curling one. And it was a small apartment. Even so, he was quite tired after the task. He looked at his phone, more than half hour for her to arrive. Hard to wait when he was so excited for what the day will bring, and when he is in a place that still has no TV, radio, book or magazine. Not even a place to sit, to tell the truth. He tried to get comfy against a wall and started to toy with his phone, his mind not registering 10% of what his eyes saw. What Marinette was planning?

6:50, Marinette entered the garage.

6:55, Adrien got on his knees near the front door.

7:00, his mind was racing and his dick already pulsing in anticipation.

7:05, his position was starting to get quite uncomfortable.

7:06, Marinette did not know what else to do: she turned on and off the car radio once again, started drumming on the wheel, bite her fingers, noticed her hand was between her legs against her will once more, turned on the radio again. And off. Whoever invented those games forgot to say they can be more painful to the dom.

7:08, Adrien chuckled, moving his knees here and there, trying to ease the pain. Of course making him wait would be Marinette’s first move.

7:08, that’s it, the heck with the ‘wait 15 minutes’ plan, Marinette practically raced to the elevator. Took deep breaths. She must stay calm. Adrien depends on her doing everything right.

7:09, she opened the door. Both faces lighted up with a big smile, Marinette quickly hiding hers.

“Dress up. Quick. There’s lots of things in the car to bring up.”

Adrien did so, blushing when noticed she was leaning against the open front door. Any passing floor neighbor would have quite a view of him half-dressed.

It took both of them three trips to bring everything up, declaring a pause for the duration. After all, a mistress and her sub would never carry a heavy box together (“How did you put this in the car in the first place?” “Ladybug.” “Ah. Smart.” “Got a lecture on responsibility from Tikki, however”), nor a sub would stop to autograph a fashion magazine for a neighbor. Marinette decided right there that particular woman was the most unlikeable inhabitant of the whole building.

Adrien put the last box down and stretched with a content sigh.

“Why are you still dressed?”

She grabbed him by the ear and positioned him right in the line of sight of the still open front door. He blushed a deep red.

“Undies only. Now!” The game was on.

He did as quick as possible, while Marinette set up a foldable chair, and finally closed the door. She sat on the chair and patted her lap.

“Here! Now. Butt up”

Adrien laid down on her lap, bracing himself. The spanking came, punctuating her phrase, the thin layer of cloth doing nothing to protect him.

“Who” slap “said” slap “you” slap “could” slap “wear” slap “clothes” slap “on” slap “my” slap “apartment?” slap slap SLAP.

“Ouch! Ouch! S-sorry, ma’am.”

“Stand up. Give me your undies.”

He did so, feeling an urge to rub his behind, but knowing better to wait a permission to so.

“Here, I have other clothes for you.”

She took an apron from one of the bags, and put it around his neck, going behind him and tying it around his waist. Marinette then spent some precious moments enjoying the view of Adrien Agreste naked on an apron, the front of it showing an obscene and pulsing tent. She took a deep sigh and shook her head. “Who came up with the stupid ‘no photos’ rule yesterday?”

Adrien smirked. “Ma’am. I think it was you, ma’am.”

She sat and patted her lap again.

“And” slap “you” slap “can” slap “not” slap “be” slap “a” slap “smart-ass” slap “either!” slap “Did” slap “I” slap “made” slap “myself” slap “clear?”

“Ouch! Crystal, ma’am, sorry, ma’am.”

“Good. Find out the Coffee Machine and powder, make me some. I will be right back.”

Adrien watched as she got all his clothes and disappeared through the door with them.

She took a lot longer than Adrien imagined, but she barely opened the door and he was already filling the mug he found with coffee.

She took two sips.

“Acceptable, but I think I want some cream.”

Adrien dashed to the boxes, to look for...

“Are you dense? Come here.”

He got close, not understanding what she...

“Well? Raise your apron.”

Oh, that cream. He did so, dick already leaking in anticipation.

She gave his penis three good strokes, watching the changes on Adrien's expression.

And another one. Adrien felt pure bliss, he was so close to...

"On second thought, I changed my mind. I can't risk stain the floor. I'll drink pure, you can low your apron."

Adrien's brain was dominated by a blue screen of death. He could do nothing but watch as Marinette finished her coffee.

"You can have some water, boy."

Good, it will help his took his mind out of his dick. He went to the kitchen cabinet, where he already put some glasses and whatnots he found during...

"From here."

She opened a small bottle of water and emptied its contend on a dog bowl in front of her.

Awkwardly, he got on his all fours and started to lick/lap the liquid.

"Look at me."

Marinette did not know how she did not reach the orgasm right there. Those green eyes, the tongue, kneeled at her disposal, looking at her, wanting so many things... she pushed the bowl away from her and returned to the chair. Adrien stood motionless for a second, before going to the bowl again.

"Useless boy. Why do you think I pushed the bowl?"

Adrien thought for a while. If she wanted him to drink no more, she would just... oooh...

He returned to the bowl, this time with his back towards her. He knew in this position, in all fours, he was showing her his butt, balls, hole, everything. And he didn't mind. His body was hers. He was there to do what she wants.

"Open your legs more. T-that's it."

Marinette had to use all his power and keep repeating in her mind it's a play for both to enjoy to avoid dropping her trousers and pleasuring herself to the so needed orgasm right there.

Focus, Marinette, focus.

"Enough. Clean everything and get ready."

Get ready? These words seemed printed on Adrien's brain, his heart racing accordingly. Re finished washing the mug and bowl and went to Marinette. She circled him slowly and squeezed his butt check, causing his dick to leak again.

"Ready to do something no man has ever done before?"

"Y-yes, ma'am."

"Good." She took something out of a box with yellow and blue markings. "Here, read the instructions."

After some time, Marinette was pleased to see her new writing desk. The house lacks everything, but she already has a place to work. Time to test it.

"Lay down, here, boy." Without understanding, he obeyed, feeling her hands hitting his butt again

Slap slap slap "what took" slap "you" slap "so long?" slap "The box" slap "says" slap slap "less than 30 minutes" slap slap.

The pain, the shame, the hormones filling Adrien's body like crazy, he has no idea of how much he can take.

"S-sorry, m-ma'am"

"I brought some cloth from home. Let's get them in the car."

Adrien blushed, looked down to his apron, and the big lump on his apron. Marinette took

away his other clothes. How...

"Of course, boy, I have other clothing for you here. We can't show around what's only mine." She slowly stripped him of the apron, making him stand completely naked. From one of her bags, she produced a t-shirt. Taking a deep breath, she started to reason. That's ok, Marinette, you can do this without climaxing. You are in control.

Adrien thought he was already used to be bare next to Marinette, but this is something different. He feels really exposed and, at the same time, so glad to please his lady...heavens, she is taking off her trousers!

Adrien did not know what to do. Look away? The only thing he can not do is touch his penis, but, Marinette, panties of Marinette, naked thighs and knees of Marinette.

"You are such a pervert, aren't you?" she stood there looking straight at him, he could not take his eyes out of her panties, full of black lace on legs and waist, the rest seemed silk with a pattern of ladybugs.

"Y-yes, ma'am, I am" The whole thing seemed to be a number too big for her, but it's soooo sexy... She was removing them! Her panties were on the ground. Tears start to flow on Adrien's face, he needs to come right now. He watched as she got another pair from the bag, Her rump, her flower, she was putting it on like he was not there, and fastened back her trousers.

She then got the discarded panties and no no no no no no no yes

Giving the quantity of blood that was making Adrien's face burning deep red as well as making his dick pulse and leak like crazy, it was a wonder his heart had any left to work with.

"Lift your foot."

Adrien felt his whole body went short circuit. Panties that just now were in her body, full of lace, she was wearing them. The only thing in his mind is the need to pleasure his lady. He felt the lingerie being pushed up his legs.

"You will not stain my panties, will you?"

"Ma'am...I don't know."

"Will you be brave? For me?"

He took some time to remind his body of the need of breathing, before nodding.

"Yes, ma'am"

She smiled and continued to push the panties up. Are then really damp or it's just Adrien's imagination? Now the challenge for both. Marinette tried to adjust his balls and penis inside the lingerie, while he tried to not come. In the end, the head was sticking out, but was the best they could do. She used her cell camera as a mirror.

"Look how pretty you are."

Adrien's teeth dug on his arm, in a tentative to deny the coming storm inside.

"Alas, the others can't see it." And put on him a plain black t-shirt, a couple numbers too big, so it goes almost up half of Adrien's tights. Flip-flops finished the look.

"Well, let's get the cloth."

Both were blushing and with their hearts racing.

Inside the elevator, she took a bolder step

"Don't think about the panties."

"No, ma'am."

That, of course, created the opposite effect, and Adrien dick start to pulse, risking escape from the tight lingerie.

"The ones I was wearing minutes ago."

"No, ma'am." Said in a deeper tone Adrien.

“The ones that were just over my pussy and now are over your...”

“Permission to say ‘go to hell, ma’am’, ma’am.”

Marinette giggled and they stepped out into the garage.

Mercifully, they only crossed with another neighbor on their way back, when a roll of cloth further shielded Adrien.

Inside the apartment, Adrien allowed himself to breathe again, as Marinette stripped him of the shirt.

“Aaaaaagh”

And cupped his balls, as forcing the panties to get even more in contact with them.

“I think you can keep my panties a bit more. You like them, don’t you?”

“I do, ma’am”

Her hand squeezed lightly his jewels

“You do what?”

Tears were running from his face.

“I like wearing your panties, ma’am”

“Good. Help me with those.”

Some of the cloth was thrown over the top of the bedroom door, other, tied around its door handle.

Marinette shook her head, closing the door. It’s all so improvised chances are Adrien will fall nose first on the floor or over herself, making the whole thing go from erotic to slapstick comedy.

“Take off the panties, now.” She watched as he stepped out of the lacy thing. She extended her hand “you can give them back to me, or throw them on that corner, if you want to take them home to use later.”

Adrien threw the piece in the corner.

Marinette realized this gesture alone is material for many sleepless nights pleasuring herself.

“Perv. Knee. Right here.”

She proceeded to wrap the cloth from over the door and from the door handle on his arms, making them spread, forearms dangling. Technically, this should keep him from moving forward. Of course, it’s just wrapped, Marinette thought. All Adrien need to do is stop leaning forward and relax against the door to everything come loose, but she did not have the time to become a knot expert. Better safe than sorry.

“Despite everything, you earned your reward” She stood in front of him and took off her trousers. Part if he wanted to do this in a slow, sensual way, but here he was playing the dom. She technically did not care for him (yeah, right...), so she stripped in a very nonchalant way.

Adrien’s dick was really hurting now, his whole body a cauldron of endorphin and adrenaline. Marinette’s bare legs again, she is getting close, the cloth restraining his movements, he needs release, he needs release so much, Marinette’s getting close.

“Smell it.” Her panties-covered crotch but centimeters from his face, he forced his neck in her direction, allowing her smell to fill his nose and all his being, mixing with everything he was feeling, causing his dick to leak more pre-cum. She gave half a step back and removed her panties, her secret temple dominating his view, every hair, every detail of her labia. Tears

start flowing from his face.

She walked away. He could hear her voice in the kitchen, and some noises, but his state did not allowed him to make sense of much. All he cares is his lady, his lady who was walking back

“Lick.”

She just leaned forward, so Adrien’s tongue barely managed to make contact with her treasure. She leaned back. And took half step forward. Adrien’s tongue felt the geography of her inner labia, savoring every centimeter, feasting on her juices, the heck with the discomfort, the hurting knees, the bonds, his ever more aching penis, he was pleasing his lady. That’s above everything, as more pleasuring feelings dominated his body. She took a step back. No, she can’t do that, please, Ma’am, and forward, Adrien’s tongue now searching for the holiest pearl, he wants to be good for her soooo much.

Marinette’s plan was to keep going back and forward for a while, but the moment Adrien’s tongue hit her clitoris, he lost all her control. Waves of orgasm, endless orgasm peaking once, twice, the strength ran away from her legs, grab Adrien’s shoulder for support, stop licking, god, keep licking, yes, yes.

She managed to walk away from him, after getting grasp again of her breath and whole body, to be sincere.

“That was acceptable.” She said, glad understatement is not a crime, or that one would be a capital offense. She unwrapped Adrien’s right arm. “I allow you to come.”

His hand did not have to work much. Few strokes and he was overwhelmed by a powerful orgasm, sending him past Neverland, Shangri-La and Oz. He collapsed to all fours, breathing heavily.

“Playtime’s over, Adrien.” He heard after his breath returned to normal. Marinette was giving lots of small kisses on his forehead. “Thankyou thankyou thankyou. You’re the best” while coaching him to a camping mattress and covering him with a blanket. “How... how are you feeling?”

“Marinette... I feel... great. That was... one of the best feelings I felt on... You’re fantastic!”

“No, it was all you, kitten. You made me very happy.”

Some continuous noise was heard from the kitchen. A blender.

“We’re making you a fruit smoothie. You need something nutritious.”

“We?” soon, a glass full of a pink, thick fluid float to Adrien, held by a pair of black and red creatures. “Oh, that we. Thanks, guys.”

Marinette stroke his hair, while he drank some.

“What I did to deserve you?”

“I can say the same, milady.”

“Ah, I was almost forgetting.” She got a pile of neatly folded clothes. I pressed then a bit too quick, but here they are.”

“What if I don’t want to wear then right now?”

She rubbed her nose against his, giggling.

“Adrien, my naughty Adrien.” And took a step back and picked up her phone. “Right, who’s for pizza?”

“Lots of cheese, girl.”

“Of course, Plagg, who else?”

Some minutes later, they were enjoying some pizza, leaning against each other, Marinette enjoying the warmth of Adrien’s naked skin, he having a great time feeling all the different textures of her clothes, while browsing some décor magazines, with some magical creatures on their shoulders.

“Oh, oh, get the larger fridge, you need space to store cheese.”

“Plagg, we’re not moving in.”

“But we’ll visit often, right?”

“I like that bed, Marinette.”

“I think it’s queen sized, Tikki. Will not fit the room.”

Now and then, her hand leaves the pages to give Adrien’s dick some strokes.

If there’s another definition of happiness, none of them are aware of. Nor care.

Swiss and I Miss

Chapter Summary

Another alternative prompt. This one deals with the friendship between Adrien and Nino. Based on the song "Count on me" , by Bruno Mars. And talk about aged characters: They are 40+ y.o. here. The + depends on how much you like a 3rd character. Warning: Adrien stays dressed during the whole chapter.
"Great, there goes the readership"

Chapter Notes

I mentioned I was trying to interlock the tales. This is going to end being a bit like Pulp Fiction, with the stories going back and forth. But, if there's someone interested, including the next chapter, the rough chronological order is:

- 1 – Ch. 4 – Two Guys, One Porn – way before the others
- 2 – Ch. 1 – titleless
- 3 – Ch. 2 – Petite Mort
- 4 – Ch. 5 – That was En-Lightning
- 5 – Ch. 6 – The House Adrien Build – there's probably less than a month between 5 and 6
- 6 – Ch. 8 – Safe and Unsound
- 7 – Ch. 3 – Three Way's That Way
- 8 – Ch. 7 – Swiss and I Miss - Way after the others (40+ y.o. Characters)

I enjoyed this one. I think it...

"But there's no sex."

No, the idea is to focus on the rich relationship of Nino and Adrien...

"No sex."

Well, down the road, the next chapters, the boys will have some hot moments, but...

"Not even a naked Adrien."

I put then on a winter scenario, so it would be unli...

"Not even a handjob."

Just read, ok? I think it will be worth it.

SWISS AND I MISS

8. Count on Me: Adrien and Nino have a beautiful friendship. Listen to Count on Me by Bruno Mars and write a fic surrounding their friendship inspired by that song.

x.x.x.x.X.X.X.x.x.x.x.

“I found him, Marinette.”

“Thank goodness. Tell me where, I will be there in a flash.”

“No, no need, I think I got this”

The bar clearly has seen better days. The same goes to most of its patrons. Adrien went to the table where Nino was surrounded by a collection of empty glasses and looking deeply at a full one.

“Nino...”

He looked at Adrien for a minute, before shouting.

“Ladies and Gentlemen, we have another celebrity at you fine Gin Joint!” and took the contents of the glass in one go. “That’s right. Allow me, the great, the last known guardian to make the introductions.”

“Nino... calm down... please” said him in a low voice.

“Me, me, the one who stores the most powerful devices ever to exist in this old earth, each one capable to wonders beyond your wildest dreams. Hey, you!” He shouted to a bar patron

“You look strong. Want the Ram Miraculous? And your girlfriend there? Maybe she wants to be the new Peacock.”

“Nino... let’s take some air.”

“Me, who have all this power in my hands, I am proud to present the Embodiment of Destruction himself!”

“Nino...”

But the other man was already raising his right hand.

“This hand here, Ladies and Gentlemen! This hand caused the Eiffel Tower to collapse! The same with the Burj Al Arab, including the island under it! – That was a messy adventure, huh, Adrien?”

“I think we should...”

“Now, let me tell a funny story. Prepare to laugh your asses off. With all this power...”

“Nino, don’t do this to yourself.”

His answer was to raise his voice even more. “With all this power, Ladies and Gentlemen – with all this wonderful, miraculous power” tears began to roll freely from his face “She... she is still gone. Huh? How about that? Greatest joke or... or...” And collapsed on the table, crying.

Adrien took his phone.

“Change of plans, M’Lady. I want a few things from you. First, to handle things at the company for a week or so...yes... I think it’s the best option. Second, please, make me a bag with some winter clothes, go to their, sorry, his apartment and get some of his clothes, too. I am taking him to the cottage... no, no, I can handle it... yes, documents... oh, and another thing. Bring them. Yes, I need both.”

And helping his friend to his feet, they wobbled out of the bar.

Nino woke up to the smell of hot coffee, his head hurting like mad. The pain seemed to double when he felt the sun hit his face.

“Want me to close the curtains? Too much light?”

“Please...” Only then he noticed. “A-adrien? Where I am?”

“Shhhh, easy. He put a steaming mug on his hand. “Here, have something warm. What do you remember?”

“A... a bar... you getting in... talking about some Lydia girl... something moving...”

Adrien chuckled.

“LyRia, Nino, Lyria. The train to Geneva. We’re at the cottage.”

Years ago, his friends called it “Adrien’s Swiss Cottage”. As in “Adrien, it would be ok if we could spend a weekend at your Swiss Cottage somewhere next month?” After a while, it evolved to simply “the cottage”, “we’ll be at the cottage this weekend, ok?”, like a club for very few members. Adrien and Marinette didn’t mind losing the de facto propriety of the house, quite the opposite.

“Oh.” He paused “I was so drunk I don’t remember travelling three hours by train plus two by car?”

Adrien nodded.

“**One** hour to get you in and out the car;

Two hours driving;

Three hours on the train;

You slept the whole way.”

“Well, since the ‘where’ is out of the way... Why am I here?”

“I felt we should spend some time alone. You know.”

“No, I don’t. If this is your idea of some kind of intervention...”

“No, it’s my idea of a trip with a friend. Just that.”

“I don’t approve your actions.” Nino raised his eyes to focus on his friend’s face “Nor your beard.”

“Too bad. You’re likely to get in contact with both.”

“Too soon, Adrien, too soon. Speaking of with...today is...?”

After learning the date, he sighed.

“I missed another contract, didn’t I?”

“Sabrina, Ella and Etta are taking care of things for you, don’t worry.”

“The twins are handling this better than me. And my kids. What kind of stupid moron I am...”

“The kids are with us. Enjoying the time with their ‘cousin’, no worries. No one is blaming you, Nino.”

“I should be there for them. Instead...”

He took some sips of the coffee, gave back the mug to Adrien.

“I am still not feeling well. Let me sleep some, and you will take me back to Paris.”

Later, after having some chicken soup practically forced down him.

“Sparring?”

“Yes, take the dust out of the old bones.”

“I don’t think I feel like it, Adrien”

“Chickening, Nino?”

“Remind me of our MMA tally. How many times you beat me? I seem to remember the number begins with ‘Z’ or something...”

“I was about to suggest fencing.”

“Har-de-har, you know I never hold a sword.”

“Right. So, MMA and fencing are out. There must be a way to even things out. And there are no neighbors nearby, so, why restrain ourselves?”

Adrien took a ring out of his pocket and put on his finger, causing a green and black flash to fill the room.

Plagg gave his tiny body a good stretch.

“Finally. Hey, Adrien, long time no see, kid.” He turned to the other human, his smile dropped “Greetings, Nino. Sorry about your loss.”

He just nodded, as Adrien put a small box over the table, and opened the lid, revealing the turtle bracelet.

“What do you say?”

“Really not in the mood.”

“For the old times sake?”

“Things are not like the old times and never will be again. That’s the problem.” He paused.

“Plus, the last thing I need is a lecture from Wayzz.”

“Pheh! Wayzz, like every teen, thinks he knows everything. Just don’t listen.”

“Teen?” both former holders look at Plagg.

“And I am being generous. Tikki is Creation. She is part of the the Big Bang itself. When the first subatomic particle of the newly created universe ceased to be, I became. Wayzz is Care for Other Humans. Humans! The first being I tried to help in this planet was not even a Homo Sapiens yet.”

“Gimme that. I will say to him I am relinquishing my guardian role.”

As Nino fastened the bracelet, it was time for a creature to emerge from a light green flash.

“Master Lahiffe. Honorable Adrien Agreste. Oh. And you.”

“Ha-ha-ha, don’t try to get smart, Wayzz, stay right the way you are.” Answered Plagg “Take the dust out of your shield and come and get it.”

“You mean... fight? Master Lahiffe, I protest. This is not even close to the responsible use of a Miraculous.”

“Yeah, Wayzz, you know both will have your shell kicked unto next week.” Teased Plagg.

“On the other hand, tactical training is always welcomed. Transform, Master.”

“Not interested. And Wayzz, I give up. Find another Guardian.”

Three distinct voices reached Nino’s ears at the same time. Nino slammed his hand down to be heard.

“**Four** beings at this table;

Three don’t know what I am feeling”

“Don’t you dare to talk with us kwamis about losing...”

“**Two** are not even human! Here’s what we’ll do. 10 minutes of this silly fight and you, Wayzz, out of my life. Forever! You, Adrien, take me back to Paris and just let me be. You, Plagg... no, we’re actually cool.” The black kwami stuck out his tongue at the other two.

“Deal?”

“Deal. Plagg, Claws out!”

“Wayzz, transform me.”

While black mystical leather covered Adrien’s body, the turtle kwami just stood there.

“Master Lahiffe... if this is our last time...”

“You spend more than a decade complaining about my chosen phrase.”

“And within reason. But it’s so you, I...”

Nino sighed.

“Wayzz, let’s get mean and green.”

“Thank you, but it’s still aawwwwwfuuull...”

The kwami was sucked into the bracelet, completing the transformation

Chat Noir and Carapace met on the cottage hall/living room, its furniture dragged out the way, the only space big enough and high enough to handle then two holders.

“So”, asked Carapace, “what are the rules?”

“No.”

“My favorite kind. Hope you paid the place’s insuran-”

A punch on the stomach cut the Turtle one phrase short. Falling, he managed to lock Chat’s leg between his, causing him to fall. Without missing a second, Carapace grabbed Chat’s hair and was about to crush his face on the ground, when he was hit on the chin by a growing magic staff.

Both took some distance and smiled. That was going to be good.

Chat Noir breathed heavily, adrenaline and endorphins soaking his organism. He lost the notion of time. Hopefully, he thought, Carapace is feeling the same, so I can put my plan in practice.

Covering his face, he launched himself on the window, smashing it, and ran, his footprints marking the fresh snow. Carapace followed into the cold swiss night.

“You know you are only giving me more space for my force fields, right?”

Carapace halted when he saw his mistake. Better saying, he saw barely a thing.

“Oh, crap”

“That’s right. Very smart fighting a cat outside. At nighttime.”

Raise shields, run back insi... Something hit Carapace hard before he could react. And again. His only chance was to take him far from these trees he uses to catapult himself and block the moonlight.

Chat’s next attack met a force shield, with intentionally grew on a certain edge, sending him flying dozens of meters away into an open area. Carapace ran into him. The light of the moon, reflected in the snow, would even the game enough.

They kept fighting downhill.

For a moment, Carapace thought he lost Chat, until hearing him.

“Plagg, claws in.”

And seeing a lantern being turned on.

He approached Adrien who was leaning against a boulder, while Plagg was enjoying some cheese.

“Pause? Let Wayzz rest a little.”

“Wayzz, transform back. What’s the game, Agreste?”

“You know, Nino, since I was a kid, my father always complained about this rock. He used to say that, without it, we would be able to ski all the way to the village down there.” he pointed to the few lights visible down the mountain. And continued. “Now, the geography makes almost impossible for a tractor to get to this point, and local laws forbade the use of dynamite.” He scratched Plagg’s chin. “Ready, buddy?” He nodded as Adrien took out his ring and offered it to Nino.

“What?”

“Consider it a little experience. Give me your bracelet, I will take care of Wayzz for you.”

“What’s the purpose?”

“Plagg’s always saying he’s one of the strongest Kwamis. Before leaving the miraculous scene, I thought you could tell me if that’s so, since you’re used to another one.”

“Ridiculous, but if this will take you out of my hair...” He put the ring on. “Plagg, claws

out.”

It was like nothing Nino ever felt. The rush of power almost knocked him out, filling his body with something so warm, so comfy and, at same time, so dark compared to Wayzz.

“A-Adrien... this is... wow. How do you cope?”

He shrugged and got away from the boulder. “Remember something about the bar, yesterday?”

“No, not much. Is this going anywhere?”

“You were talking about a frustration.” Adrien arranged his friend’s position, so Nino kept staring at the large rock. “About having all this power...”

Nino clenched his teeth and closed his hands on a fist.

“Can you feel it? It’s ok to feel it.”

“I... I... it’s...”

“Unfair? A sick joke, as you said back there?”

Nino felt the darkness growing inside him.

“What this whole situa-”

“**CATACLYSM!!!**”

Nino did not touch the boulder. He punched it, with everything he was feeling. The powerless sensation, the rage, the funeral, the loneliness, each one of those transformed in thousands of the smallest pebbles right in front of his and Adrien’s eyes, and followed it with the highest, most desperate scream. After that, he was breathing like he just ran two marathons.

“Feeling better?”

The answer was a hug.

“T-try not to leave me too, Adrien. Please. Please.”

He hugged back his friend, who was still wearing the Chat Noir uniform.

“I don’t intend to go anywhere, Nino.”

They hugged tighter, as the contact could ease the pain.

“I miss Alya. I miss her so much...”

“Ahem.”

Both looked annoyed to Wayzz.

“I hate to interrupt the moment, but I’d like to point out to a situation that may require your attention” he showed some pebbles running down the hill, mixing with snow, getting together...

“I believe it’s the beginning of a phenomena known as...”

“Avalanche! Ow, shit.” Both ran to try and stop it, Adrien fastening the turtle bracelet on his wrist.

“Wayzz, shield me!”

“See, Master Lahiffe? That’s a good phraaaaaaa...”

The power of the miraculous made then capable of matching the snow speed, but...

“How does this staff work?” Shouted Nino.

“How does this shield work?” Answered Adrien.

After some struggle, they managed to cave ditches, knock out some trees and create enough barriers to stop the avalanche. Soon, the only thing sliding down the snow was their bodies. Stopping at the mountain feet, they laid there for a moment, as ready to make snow angels. One of then chuckled. The other followed.

Soon they were laughing like madmen.

The ring on Nino’s hand beeped as the last light went off and he was transformed back.

Adrien followed suit.

“So, an oversight on my plan.” Adrien hugged himself, trying to get warm “I should have a coat on before transforming.” Both were wearing plain trousers, shirts and light sweaters, clothing to stay home. They looked ahead.

“About five kilometers to the village, Agreste. Do you have in you for a quick jog?”

They arrived at the small hotel panting heavily.

“Monsieur Agreste!” came the owner, the official gossip of the region, a woman Adrien jokingly calls “Flying Saucer” – according to him, she was shorty, fatty and no one believes her. “What happened? What are you doing here at this time, dressed like that? Come, come, near the fire. Serge! Bring some blankets.”

“Thanks, madam de la Croix. It’s the result of a... silly bet.”

“Cheh, you are no longer a kid, Monsieur Agreste. Must take care.”

“You’re right. Do you have a room for us?”

“We have plenty, it’s not the season yet”

While Adrien talked with the hotelier, Nino went to check the gaming and recreation area of the hotel – that is, the old pool table a few steps from the check-in area – and started hitting balls lazily.

“You play better than that, Nino.”

“Used to. I think I need to learn.”

“Learn to play?”

“That and ... everything else... to live without her.”

“Yes, that you need.” Adrien pointed to a corner of the cue ball, where Nino’s stick should hit. He did, and it made the color ball go straight to the pocket. “But you don’t need to do it alone. I am here for you. I always will be.”

After some rounds of pool and hot cocoa, sometimes talking about everything under the sun, sometimes being silent together, they went to their room.

“Do you want the bed closer to the window or the bathroom, Nino?”

“Adrien...”

Their eyes met.

“Hug me, dude. Just hug me.”

They did and stood as one for minutes. Slowly, their lips met, beyond desire, beyond sensuality, beyond carnal bodies.

Soul to soul.

Safe and Unsound

Chapter Summary

... And that's comedy. At least, an attempt to.

Bonus, I finally wrote my Adrien-less OTP.

Hopefully, the nice folks on BDSM community can take a joke.

Chapter Notes

My new favorite chapter from Ryuu_MastersPet Challenge

Thanks a lot for your readership and opinions on the past chapters. you guys made my day.

It will take a few days for the next chapters, for me to deliver the babies. No, wait, that's not I meant!

9th prompt. OH THE CRACK: Please just make me laugh. The plot you need to convey in this crackpot is simple. Chloe Bourgeois wants in Adrien's pants...Everyone wants into Adrien's pants. Even Adrien. Only Adrien wins.

x.x.x.X.X.X.x.x.x.

“Safeword?” Chloé stopped kissing and nibbling Adrien’s neck “We don’t need that, Adrikeens.”

He pressed his hand on his lips, showing traces of blood from the assault she called a kiss.

“You can’t blame me.” She grabbed him and threw him on the luxurious bed of the hotel room. “I’m waiting years for this.”

Adrien looked away. If he can say it in a convincingly way, the heck with modeling and fashion, hello Monte Carlo and professional poker.

“And you want me to” he gulped “enjoy and keep coming back, right? So, safeword. Better, safe phrase.”

“Oh, Adrikeens, I knew you would see things my way. Right, what do you suggest?”

““There’s a cockroach in this room’.”

Adrien never knew Chloé could ran so fast.

Unfortunately, she caught him on the hotel lobby, and dragged him back to her room.

“You’re going nowhere, Adriekens. And no more cruel jokes.”

“Right, I am sorry. New safe word is”

Adrien watched his step, looking disgusted at the floor, then at Chloé, who was pale and green at the same time.

“Too bad, hotel carpets are expensive. I see you are in no condition of anything romantic. I will ask for a doctor.”

“A” deep breath “A-drikeens. H-how could you su-suggest...”

“What? ‘Naked Donald Trump’?”

“BLUUUUEEEEEERGGHHHHH!!!”

It was not common for Adrien receive two calls from Kim the same day. Even less common was the second one being late night, asking for his presence right away.

He barely pressed the buzzer, when the door was abruptly open by a Kim with only jockstrap and a mad face on. He dragged Adrien to his and Max’s room.

“You broke him, you fix him. Strip. Now!”

Adrien looked at something trembling under layers of bedsheets he imagined was Max.

“I don’t follow.”

“I called you earlier on with a question.”

“Yes, you said the excess of sex with Max was hurting your training routine, I told you what I did with Chloé... wait. What kind of safe word you suggested Max?”

Kim whispered something at Adrien’s ear.

“‘Flat Earth Soci’...” Adrien’s both hands tried to shut his mouth, but was too late, a heavy cry was heard under the sheets.

“Now you’ve done it!” He pushed the model closer to the impromptu cocoon. “Look, Maxy, it’s Adrien” Kim raised Adrien’s shirt, exposing his abs. “You find him hot – pants off, Agreste – right? He’s here for you, honeybunny.”

“Wait, wait... Max is still a geek, right?” Adrien whispered something to Kim. The large guy raised an eyebrow, but decided to try. He sat in the bed.

“Huh... honeybunny... How about we just forget that one... our new safe word is...” he gulped “Ni!”

Like a jack-in-the-box, a beaming (and naked) Max jumped out of the bedsheets, and started running a finger on Kim’s chest, the other hand on his own dick.

“I understand... and what do you expect me to do with my herring here?”

Adrien tiptoed out of the room quickly. He certainly did not want to hear Kim’s answer.

Ladybug almost could not stop laughing at Adrien’s tale. He smiled and got the book that was lying on his chest, hoping to finish the chapter. A red gloved hand put it down.

“Did you saw Chloé after that?”

“No...”

“Too bad. I would pay to see her face.”

Adrien chuckled and raised his book again, but it was flatted down between his and Ladybug’s body. She approached her lips from his in a very seductive way.

“Do you know what you deserve for being so smart?”

“Safeword’s ‘broadcloth’.”

Adrien looked around his bedroom, no one to be seen. He smiled, took a sip of his tea and finally got back to his reading.

END

Adrien took the eyes out of the pages and looked straight at you.

“Chapter’s over, reader. Nope, not anything explicit.”

He returned to his book.

“Sure, I can give you a show” he sighed, putting the book down and starting to unbutton his pajama top. “Safeword’s ‘Net Neutrali

Change Diapers and Oil

Chapter Summary

Adrien don't know what to expect now he's expecting. Then again, who would know? Male pregnancy, sharknado-level science, jealousy, too many people wanting to be the father.

As always, the author does not own nor has any claim over Miraculous: Adventures of Ladybug and Chat Noir.

Chapter Notes

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

10th prompt. A Baby?: Adrien is somehow experiencing male pregnancy. I know the prompt is very crack, but take it seriously. Imagine how worried Adrien would be? Who's the other father? How's he handling this? Is this common in the Alternate Universe this happened in? Can you answer all these questions?

x.x.x.X.X.X.x.x.x.

CHANGE DIAPERS AND OIL

Marinette entered Adrien's house without understanding. He was beyond tense for a week or so and, no matter how much she asked, he refused to answer. And Max and Kim were already there. They are good friends, but not that close. What was that all about?

"Patience, princess. Wait Nino to arrive, so I need to talk only once. If I can bring myself to talk that much."

The DJ finally arrived. Adrien asked for him to sit on sofa, himself between him and Marinette, holding the hand of both. Max sat on the chair in front, Kim resting on its arm.

"Dude, what's going on? Why could I not bring Alya? You are making me nervous."

"Marinette, get your phone, call me. Little mister P. will pick up, I need him to listen to this, too."

She did and put the phone on the table, speaker on.

On another room of the house, Plagg was all ears, listening to the phone. He wanted to be there, with Adrien, but Max and Kim could not know about him.

"So... Mr. P... he had our share of adventures, or what? You thought me a lot, little one.

Nino, you know we're more than friends, more than lovers, more than bros. Marinette, my true beloved, my friend and companion for life, I... I just learned that I...

"We can break the news for you, Adrien."

"No, I need to do this. I need to be truthful with these three. I am... I am... pregnant.

To say hell broke loose was an understatement.

"One question at a time, please!"

Marinette and Nino said in unisonous:

“How?”

“I can answer that. About 35 years ago, the first researches on what we call today chromosome W, at the University of”

“Max, dude, no offence, we can get these details later. How did this happen to Adrien?”

“Genetic stuff. Some guys get preggers. Adrien’s one. Very, very rare. The end.” Resumed didactically Kim.

“Allow me to expand. With Adrien, there’s 357 cases known in the word. Of course, the number of individuals carrying the chromosome W can be a lot higher. When not active, the proto-uterus is about the size of a pea, and it’s very easily ignored or missed on regular exams.

And for a pregnancy to develop, several prerequisites must be filled, so most people live their life without knowing of having this particular condition.” Added Max.

Marinette and Nino were on a challenge of who could hug/comfort Adrien more.

“Prerequisites...?”

“First, to have homosexual anal intercourse. This already excludes a high percentage of male population. In fact, should exclude more.” Said Max, giving Kim an icy look. The athlete was soon only interested on the floor of the house. “Secondly, it is needed several of these interactions in a 24-hour period, as the first one or two just stimulate the proto-uterus, making it increase in size and be receptive. Scientists are not 100% sure but speculate the proto-uterus carries one single mature egg always, so ovulation’s not a problem. During the next intercourses, the seed of the unfaithful son of a dishonest lady has increasingly chances of inseminate the other male.”

“Max, honeybunny, we already talked...”

“And, finally, the proto-uterus does not react with every sperm. Just like blood or transplants, both must be compatible during these sex marathons that hardly happen in their own houses, with their lawful partners.”

Nino’s emotions were all over the chart. Learning Adrien was pregnant, 90% of him panicked, 10% were jumping of joy. Now, he is enraged, sad... jealous?

“So... Kim is the... fa... uh... other person?”

“Yeah... that would be... me.” The athlete blushed in embarrassment. “And we both daydreamed about Adrien, Max. We always said we would if we could, remember?”

“With the other’s knowledge and consent. Was not the case.”

Marinette raised her hand.

“Please... you two... save all that for therapy later.” She turned to Adrien “What... what now?”

“I don’t know. You can ask me all night long and I still will not know.”

Max choose his next words carefully.

“It would be a loss to science, Adrien, but the process can be interrupt at this point.”

Adrien let his head hit the back of sofa, hands over his face.

“It’s an option, isn’t it?”

“Keep in mind that, no matter your choice, you’ll need to see a specialist. And we cannot guarantee their secret.”

“Are you kidding, genius boy? Adrien Agreste, supermodel, heir to one of the most valuable fashion brands on Europe. He got pages on gossip magazines when a paparazzi caught him parking his car. Parking the darn car. Did you expected to keep this secret?”

“I did, Nino.” Answered Adrien.

“Adrien... that’s unrealistic.” Marinette was stroking his hair.

“Very. Adrien was more than lucky he talked with Kim during one of their jogs about strong stomachaches and other symptoms, before talking to a doctor. Since one of my hobbies is to research strange medical conditions...”

Max felt four pairs of eyes on him.

“I guarantee it’s stimulating and relaxing.”

Nobody stopped giving him the looks.

“Moving on, it was very fortunate of Adrien to talk with Kim before seeing a doctor. I convinced him to take a pregnancy test, and here we are.”

“So, nobody knows about it out of this room. And Pl...Mr. P.”

“Still, there’s a chance we try and talk with the higher levels of government, in exchange of letting them study Adrien, he would get into a witness program, you know, like spy stuff.

Max and I talked, we would be happy to adopt the kid after, and”

Adrien felt Nino’s and Marinette’s arms over his stomach, as shielding him.

“Never. Adrien’s baby.”

“Our – Alya will kill me – baby.”

“Make it the baby of the four of us”, came Plagg’s voice from the phone.

Adrien didn’t know if he felt grateful or even more pressured.

“Guys... thanks, but we need to think this over. Carefully.”

“And I am sure, as the father, I have my rights.”

Nino stood up.

“You have the right to shut your...”

“Nino! Kim! That’s enough!” Marinette was between the two men. “Look, fighting will not get us anywhere. We need to...”

Looking back, she noticed someone was missing.

“Adrien!”

She dashed upstairs, just to hear “...claws out”, and see a window open.

Chat Noir landed at the Ile aux Cygnes, sat down and start throwing pebbles at the Seine.

“Plagg, claws in.” and, after a while “That’s quite a situation, huh, lil’buddy?”

“If it helps any, I still didn’t need to adjust the uniform size.”

Adrien chuckled.

“Seems everyone expects something from this... everyone but me.” He looked up, at the sculpture of Liberty Enlightening the World, positioned so she faces her sister, in New York City. “I could run away. If I was anonymous. Even that is denied to me.” He threw another pebble. “Funny thing is, the other day I was talking with my lady about my desire to be a father. Having our little kitten or bugaboo. Now... am I even a man, Plagg?”

“Kid...”

He was not listening, thoughts flying everywhere. Pregnant. He got some money saved, and there’s income as member of the border at Agreste Company, but most comes from his modelling. Used to. Pregnant. How he could take care of a child? How the child would be delivered? Max’s good, but he’s no medical doctor. In fact, how many medical doctors in the world could... Only about 300 individuals like him. He will not be able to keep this secret. Maybe... how these babies would come to the world naturally, after all? Scenes from the movie Alien dominated his mind. Focus, Agreste, this is going nowhere.

Meanwhile, four people stood motionless at Adrien’s house. Nino raised his sleeve, showing Marinette a bracelet with a turtle design and whispering.

“You know Ladybug and Carapace weapons can track him in a second, right? Why wait...”

“Because we’re failing him.” And in a voice everyone could hear. “We’re not listening to him. Let’s fix that first.”

“Let’s start with the fact Max and I are not the enemy.”

“Indeed. If we passed that impression, we apologize.”

“It’s just... one day I was worried to make to the Olympic team by day and having a good time with my honeybunny by night, the other... Life’s weird, huh?”

“Right, dudes, we’re in the same boat. We all have a friend in need.”

“Very well. Now... Adrien. Ideas?” Asked Marinette.

“Support him, whatever he decides.”

“That goes without saying, dude. Let’s hear him instead of throwing ideas. Max, do you know when the baby is due?”

“I don’t have a clue. A female would be on her 3rd month, but in male pregnancy, the fetus enters in stasis for weeks, while the uterus finishes developing. I’d say early to middle second month. But don’t quote me on that in any thesis.”

“Anyway, Marinette, girl, you know you have all the support from me and Alya, right? Anything you two need...”

“That goes to us, too.”

“Yes, I know, I am not worried about that... only about Adrien.”

“Don’t be, milady.”

“Adrien!”

It was a miracle the model was not knocked out by four people hugging him.

“Adrien, we...”

“I know, folks.” And pointed to the phone still working on the table. “So... let’s talk? Max, when you said one egg...”

“Chromosome W gives male an uterus, not ovaries, so, most likely, you will not pass through this again.”

“Fantastic. So, milady, would you really be behind me no matter what I choose? Even if it’s the most stupid decision?”

“What you decide is not stupid, Adrien. It’s your life.”

“I thought and re-thought so many things... it’s decided. I will have this baby. And raise him or her with my lady... and the help of all of you. How’s that government secret thing works, again?”

During the following months, Marinette, Nino, Kim, Max and Alya took turns travelling to an undisclosed area in Germany.

But to the day of delivery. At that date, they were all around, waiting. So many things can go wrong. C-section, anesthesia, the fact Adrien is a male, for pete’s sake. Until a cry is heard and all rushed to the bedroom where Adrien was holding a healthy baby with blue skin.

“I will call him ‘Markov’.”

The baby’s propeller spun happily.

Kim jumped out of the bed with all the noise, just to see his lover already leaving the room.

“What’s with the alarms, honeybunny?”

“Something interfering with Markov’s system.” He rushed to the robot, on the next room.

“Markov, friend, situation report.”

The lens on the robot quickly focused on his creator and friend, and his lover, standing at the door. He was at his recharging night deck, at Max's house. Of course, where else he could be? A German hospital? Just to check, he moved a bit, listening to metal against metal. It would be very illogical to be anything else. Even more, a human baby result of a male pregnancy. Still, 49.3 seconds ago...

"I... I... think I had a momentary malfunction. All components normal, now."

"Describe it."

"Lack of previous experience or online description of similar malfunctions on high-end machines, sorry."

"Don't mind the manuals, describe with your own words."

Markov's program started to try and match words with the experience. A spontaneous generation of a fictional movie, so real it made him simulate reactions akin the emotions of anxiety and fear. The movie, although non-sensical, seemed to reflect his doubts about Lê Chiên Kim moving in and his place on the new family. Match found online. Description 90% similar of a dr...

Improbability alert. 404 simulation suggested.

"Cannot perform task. Lacks description in human language."

"Did I tell you how sexy you are under the blue-ish light of a computer?" Markov could not help but noticed his friends' body react at Kim's praise. But he made a gesture to the other man, while keeping his attention on the robot.

"Very well, buddy, I will run through the data first thing in the morning. Try to rest."

"I will be fine, Max. Good night. Oh, just a thing." Max stopped. It was not common for the robot to have requests. "All those pornographic doctored movies and photo montages, the ones with Adrien Agreste face superimposed to the real actors... would you mind deleting them from my hard drive?"

"Not at all. Now that I have Kim... not at all."

"Thanks. And, for the record... Robots do not dream of electric sheep."

Max would ask something but as his robotic friend shut down his systems. After a few seconds, he activated himself again, and spent hours pondering if his new ability of dreaming would bring him a step closer to humanity.

Chapter End Notes

I am with AutumnAlchemist here, writing Adrien with child is hard. I think the next chapter, about a more regular pregnancy, is more enjoyable.

Anyway, thanks a lot for your readership.

Baby Show(er)

Chapter Summary

Alya has a lot to say about her pregnancy. Luckily, Adrien is there to hear and help with her cravings.

Chapter Notes

That was very fun to write. Short, light and sweet. Hope you enjoy.

... and the girls of this 50verse are becoming something else, huh?

1. A Normal Baby: One of Adrien's female friends or girlfriend-you can pick which character or an OC-is pregnant. He's there for them.

BABY SHOW(ER)

Adrien waited as Alya munched on popcorn, sat on the armchair in front of him, choosing her words.

"I mean, I am a liberated, empowered woman. I was sure I could handle a pregnancy."

"Hm-hrm"

"Nino and I planned it all. For me to return to work one month before the election, subtract four months of maternity leave, then take out nine months, we arrived at the date we should try. It also would give you and Marinette plenty of time to work on the Agreste Infant line." She said, with a wink.

"Even if our marketeers say no, Marinette is already at work. You'll have an exclusive line."

"I now, and I am thankful, Adrien. I had all planned to work up to my late 8th month, but... Heck, I should have suspected. My mon had twins. Of course something like that could happen."

"Hmmm."

"Now all the planning went to the trash can. Practically all the bills will be doubled, even our apartment. We bought it thinking about a family of three, not four."

"Aaahhh... I think for a year or so you can live here without problem."

"But the biggest hurdle is not that, Adrien. Is my own body betraying me. I am feeling awful. I wake up tired. My bladder is so out of control, I am peeing so much I need to be always near a bathroom, so, goodbye spending hours in an interview or even traveling for an event."

"Hhhmm... That's a problem."

"Thank goodness I am not feeling nausea and morning sickness... yet". She showed him a popcorn. "But the pregnancy cravings are already here. Obviously."

"O-obviously."

“I could start working on the book about Chloé scandal, but... do I really want – or need – the lawyers and pressure of her and her whole political party right now?”

“No, it’s just more... more stress.”

“Exactly. Those people are powerful. I don’t want to think what they can do to a small company like Lahiffe ToutSounds. And my husband does not deserve it.”

“Aah, Nino! He’s, he’s the best.”

“Yes, he is. I am giving Marinette a run for her money when it comes to the sweetest husband around. And he is working so hard now that my income will decrease... and still has the time to deal with a woman pregnant of twins.”

“Blog. Handle... Agreste Fashion...blog.”

“Adrien, please. We didn’t call you here to ask for help.”

“Right, Alya, so let him do what he’s here for. Dude!” Nino’s mouth finally left Adrien’s dick, swallowing a rope of saliva that was connecting both “Less talking with my wife, more sucking.”

“Your husband can also be a jerk, you know?” Said Adrien, before giving Nino’s length two bottom-to-top licks.

“On his defense, my craving was to see you two on a hot 69. Can’t say no to a pregnant woman wish, right?” She said, one hand on the popcorn, the other traveling inside her panties, enjoying the sight of the two naked guys on the sofa in front of her, their mouths playing with each other cock and balls. “So, he’s right. Sorry interrupting you guys, get busy.”

Adrien smiled before welcoming Nino’s dick into his mouth.

MMA = Male-on-Male Action

Chapter Summary

Adrien and Nino have a bit of MMA training and...

Funny, I didn't know of a MMA move that required tongues interlocking.

Anyway, Nino is teaching Adrien some moves as they took the octagon and...

Huh, guys, Reebok invested a fortune providing all the fighters with gear. Please, wear it. In fact, wear something!

Nino then showed how to perform a Rear Naked Choke...

Well, at least the "Rear" and "Naked" part.

Chapter Notes

That one required a bit of research on MMA. Hope all of you like it.

- As always, the author does not own anything related to Miraculous: Adventures of Ladybug and Chat Noir

- After "Gorizilla", I will have to write mega-fanboy Wayhem somewhere...

- Please enjoy, Opinions more than welcomed

Replacement for the 12th prompt: MMA is Great: Nino and Adrien get into MMA or Mixed Martial Arts and this ends in them having volatile, sweaty sex after one of them pins the other..

MMA = Male-on-Male Action

x.x.x.X.X.X.x.x.x

The place smelled sweat, blood and cheap cleaning products. Several men punching bags, shadow fighting, stretching, one doing laps on the small space, some sparring.

“Adrien. Dude, you came.”

Nino stopped hitting the special gloves of an older guy to greet your friend.

“You finally decided to try it. This is Aboubacar, the friend of my folks who owns the place.”

“Pleased to meet you, Adrien. Everybody calls me Buba.”

After some pleasantries, Buba left to deal with other students, making sure Nino could show

Adrien the ropes.

The blonde catch Buba talking to some athletes and pointing to him. Certainly a variation of “nobody hit that model face, he sues me and I’m done.”

“Come, I will get you a gym shirt and we’ll start.”

“So... it’s here where you work.”

“Part time, just to make some extra money, when DJ jigs are hard to come by.”

After everything’s set, they found an empty spot. Adrien felt some eyes on him. Of course they wanted to see the rich boy get it. Well...

“Let me show you some grapples.”

Nino launched himself to his friend, who just dodged, making the darker boy fall. And again. And a third time.

“Hey, instructor Lahiffe, you said your friend was a newbie.” Mocked one of the people training at the gym.

“Dude!”

Adrien shrugged. “Fencing. Lacrosse.” He gave a few steps before striking a pose and turning around quickly “Even modeling.” And moonlighting as a cat hero, but that Nino could not know.

“Well, Your Nimbleness, will you agree to let me hold you?”

“Sure.”

“Relax your body so you don’t get hurt. Don’t worry, inside the octagon I know what I am doing. This is called a Double Leg Takedown.”

Adrien felt Nino’s shoulder hit his chest, at the same time one of his hands grabbed the back of his knee, the other on his hips on the other side. He then twisted his body, taking Adrien’s body with him. The next thing Adrien knew, he was on the floor, Nino between his legs, his head near his chest.

“Let’s try again, step-by-step. First, I am using my hands to open your guard and, at the same time, launching me forward. This is important. Don’t lower your head too much. You do it and the other guy can punch you, or have your neck on a triangle. Aim for the chest, right under his armpit. Your goal is to hear his heart.”

They lost the count of how many grabbing and falling they did that afternoon, as well as the time. Now and then, the tackles became to last more, and they seemed to be lost on each other eyes. Until the owner brought them back to reality.

“Ok, folks, 20 minutes to 8, time to close shop. Everybody storing the equipment and hitting the showers. Nino, make sure everything is in order and close it. I will do the sales report.”

“Can do, Buba.” And, to Adrien “How about a private match, afterwards? The kind reeeeeeally private, dude.” And winked.

After the owner left – giving an odd look to Nino and Adrien, but deciding not to bother, they rushed to put real fighting gear.

“Do you know how to wear a protection cup, Adrien?”

“Fencing. No one wants a sword ending their chances of fatherhood.”

Nino watched, licking his lips as his friend got on the boxer-briefs gear. He chose the more common, baggy shorts. They entered the place’s octagon.

“You look hot on these.”

“So do you, Nino”

The DJ laughed and started to play announcer

“In the blue corner, making his debut in the octagon, from Paris, France, the Model of Bliss

that Looks Like This, Adrien... 'Adroit Agressioooooon' Agreste!
...and in the red corner, from Paris, France by the way of Morocco-"

"You were born here."

"Details, it makes me more exotic – by the way of Morocco, the Sound of Pain; The Nobility of Moroccan Kickboxing; The Judge of Jiu-Jitsu; The Party Maker; The Legends' Bubble Blower; EU MMA OG DJ..."

"Nino 'Humble' Lahiffe." Cut Adrien, causing both to laugh.

"Right, winner takes the loser."

"Nino, I know the very basics of a grand total of three moves. Moves you just showed me."

"Sucks to be you."

Adrien shrugged.

"Have it your way."

Nino launched himself to the model, who just dodge. And again.

"You can't do it forever, you know."

Adrien just smiled.

Nino launched himself again, just to see Adrien stepping aside, and feel the palm of his hand firmly on his chin, pushing backwards and making him lose balance and fall. Before he could understand, Adrien's knee was on his chest.

"Ooooffff... Dude!"

"Remember Gorilla, my bodyguard? He showed me some krav magá techniques, for my protection."

"Protect this!" And grabbed the leg over him, applying a leglock.

"AAAGH! That hurts." He was about to tap, when Nino let him go.

"Oh, no, not yet. As they say, one can't enter the paradise without suffering." He slapped Adrien's butt. "I will enter paradise soon, but first you will do a bit of the other for hiding that krav magá thing from me."

Nino stood up quickly, as Adrien tried to do the same, he found his neck on an arm triangle, forcing him down again.

Nino was soon with both legs firmly around Adrien waist, his arms...

"Ouch. What kind of strike is pinching the other nipples?"

"The hot-hot-hot kind." And blew right on Adrien's ear canal, causing his body to goosebump.

They were both stiffening, Nino's hands keep playing with Adrien's nipples. He tried to force the other guys legs out of his waist, move here and there, but only managed to turn his body so one was facing each other.

The match quickly changed from the octagon to their mouths, with their tongues fighting for submission.

"Enough". Nino said, moving his legs "I showed you a waist leglock, now you try it."

As he did it, Nino, with difficulty, manage to stand up and smash the model body against the wire wall. Again their tongues assumed the main role, this time with Adrien caressing Nino's back, as he hold the blonde by his buttocks, his legs still around the DJ's waist. Adrien's left arm started to caress in an odd angle the left side of Nino's neck, while his right arm...

"Dude, are you trying to front choke me?"

Adrien just opened a shy smile, and tried to close the triangle quickly. Nino just twisted his body and made the model's back hit the floor hard, disarming the movement.

"Explain. Now."

"Nino, you're inviting me for more than a month. I have internet to search and eyes to see. You really expected me to show up without a card upon my sleeve?"

“Sly boy. That’s what I like on you. Tell me, did your research show how to escape” he twisted the other’s arm in a painful way “a kimura?”

“AAAAhhhh” Adrien could not help but tap very quickly and insistently. Nino let the arm go and went to another kiss, before raising his head and smiling in a predatory way.

“Now I take what’s mine.” Nino grabbed Adrien’s short and slide then down, in the same pace getting ride of the protector and jockstrap. Adrien’s dick was quickly growing, making Nino chuckle.

“Ladybug is right. It should be a crime for you to go around dressed.”

Adrien laughed.

“I pay my bills by showing off clothes. Now you two are forbidding me to work.”

“Why not?” Nino went down, licking Adrien’s left nut, basking himself in the smell of the manliness and sweat of the area. “We would gladly pay your bills for you be always ready for us. Me.” He licked the other ball. “Ladybug.” He let the ball rest on his stuck out tongue.

“Maybe Alya”. He kissed Adrien’s dick near the sack, unable of get away from the scent.

“Wayhem.” Licked all the way down to his lower nut. “Kim and Max.” with some difficulty, he got rid of his shorts and jockstrap, giving his rock hard penis the needed space.

“S-so, what this would make me? A... ahhh, soooo good... personal gigolo?”

“Sabrina...” he kept licking the sack, lost on the smell, texture, sweat. “... how about the stay-home partner of a really large family? Who else? Nathaniel... Ah, sure, Marinette.”

“I am not sure she likes me that waaaaaaaaAAAAGH!” Nino’s tongue was darting on the area between Adrien’s dick and balls.

“Dude? Are you serious? How can you not... nevermind, fuck now, beat some sense on you later.” He left Adrien’s body, and grabbed the lubricant just outside the octagon, coating two fingers with it.

“Want me to turn around?”

“And miss your face? Are you kidding me?”

“I am surrounded by pervers... uuunh...” Nino’s shoulders were now supporting Adrien’s legs, as his fingers start probing around the model’s hole. “Som...someone’s in a hurry.”

“Dude, you should know by now. Want slow and gentle? Go to the girls or Nathaniel.” And introduced a finger on Adrien’s secret place. “Want amazing sex? The Ninozard is your man.”

Adrien tried to relax, allowing his friend to pass the ring, and shrived as a second finger was shoved, stretching him. Nino got more lube and coated his friend love spot with it. Adrien’s heart was racing, making him sweat even more, adding to the scents on the octagon mat.

Nino started to stroke Adrien’s pulsing member, while pushing deeper inside the model

“Let’s see... I think you got a secret somewhere around...” he found Adrien’s prostate, and tickled it “... here!”

“Aaaaaahhhhhgh!” Adrien screamed and moaned on the powerful orgasm that took over his body, cum blasting out of his dick, matting his whole torso. Nino got some of it and coated his own member with it, the clear-white product of Adrien now over his own sex, making him even more aroused.

“The commercial stuff works fine, but this is better. And sexier.”

“Point made, the perversi...” Adrien took a deep breath as he felt the head of Nino’s dick touch his hole.

“Knock-knock-knockin’ on Heaven’s Door” crooned Nino, before pushing it in.

“Jerk... uuuuuuhhhhhh” Adrien tried to relax and welcome his friend, the sensation of fulfillment, pleasure and pain taking over all his senses.

Nino was also trying to control himself. His member, invading the tight, warm cave of his friend almost had a mind of his own. Faster. Deeper. With a decided thrust, he obeyed, his balls slapping on Adrien's body.

Adrien gasped, beyond any vocalization, as his own dick started to grow again.

Nino waited a few seconds, before moving his hips back and forth.

"Are... are you ok, dude?"

"F-faster."

"You got it, nakama. Gear second!"

"Jerk... and nerd."

"You like it. Turn around, Adrien."

The model got on all fours, twisting a bit Nino's member, still buried inside him. The DJ, gifted with more control and a perfect view of his friend's butt and ass, started to increase the pace.

He tried to not think about what was happening. He was inside an octagon, the same place he is used to see full of people at the other side of the mesh wire watching, so close to doing it on a public place, balls deep on the most amazing piece of ass he ever experienced, pleasuring and being pleased by his best friend. He increased the pace. He wants this to last, to be forever inside Adrien, but also wants to cum now. Faster. His and Adrian were now moaning in the same pace, the pressure growing on Nino's gonads, becoming jolts of electricity as he climaxes.

Both let their arms and legs gave up, collapsing in their sides, Nino's belly still in contact with Adrien's back. He embraced the model, refusing to let his limping member to leave paradise.

"Love you, dude." He whispered

"Love you too, Nino"

More seconds passed, both basking in the afterglow, Nino licking Adrien's ear and playing with his nipples, as the model's hand tried to reach for his hole. Soon both were stiffening again.

"Time to show you a couple more of MMA moves, Adrien. Lie on your back."

"Awww..."

"Now let me show you a submission move you can't escape."

Nino gave Adrien's cock a few strokes, making sure it was hard, before passing a leg over the blonde's body.

"Nino, this can hurt..."

But the darker guy was already coaching his friend's length to his hole.

"How many times I have to say that to you, Agreste? Inside the octagon, I know what I am ... hnnng... doing."

Adrien gasped as he felt the tip of his dick entering Nino, the feeling of the warm flesh engulfing him so tightly.

"... and here we go." Taking a deep breath, he lowered himself at once on Adrien's length, who barely suppressed a scream of surprise and pleasure, the feeling of being all the way inside his friend, Nino's balls suddenly slapping against his lower belly.

"Aaahh, Nino!"

"Fuck, yes!"

They just stood there for a moment, Nino leaning back a bit, his arms behind his legs, enjoying the sensation of fullness his friend was providing. With his fingers, he raised a bit his ballsack, so Adrien could see his dick all the way in.

“Oh, goodness.”

Nino started to slowly go up and down, riding Adrien.

“I am not.... Hung... seeing you trying to escape, Adrien. I think I... mmmff... will have to make you tap.” And increased his pace.

“Dream on.” Adrien hands found his friend’s dick and started to stroke at the same pace.

“First...huuh... one to cum loses.”

“Nino, I think... oooh, Nino... at any... result... we both win.”

Small Waltz

Chapter Summary

I was supposed to write a chapter around a song that represents sex to me, but I choose to deviate a bit from this, and chose the song that translate, for me, the concept of "love", Plus, there's not much tales around mature characters, so...
Hope you like it, it's one of my favorite songs of all time

Chapter Notes

- Lyrics and translation at the end
- No, it's not spanish, it's brazilian portuguese.
- this takes part about 10 years or more after "Swiss and I Miss"
- together with "Safe and Un-sound", this is my favorite chapter, so far
- opinions more than welcome. Really, should I keep going?

Prompt 13. Pick a Song that represents Sex: Pick a song that represents sex for you (I'll be using Closer by 9 Inch Nails) and write a sex scene surrounding this song.

x.x.x.X.X.X.x.x.x

Small Waltz (<https://youtu.be/QuUNiufJABg>)

They finally parked in the garage, Adrien thought. He loved Marinette more than anything, but when she is mad, she is the worst backseat driver. After dozens of "step on it", "you have time on that yellow", her hand pressing the horn and countless "that's it, let me drive", they're safe home.

"... we were just saying a high-end French brand should have at least some items made in France. Why couldn't that darn board understand that? And that Carrighan, remind me from where we hired her? The darkest pit of Hell?"

"Accenture and, before that, LSE. Close enough." Adrien answered, remembering the fame of the London School of Economics.

"Well, does she need to spend almost half an hour making a case for a 3% of economy? 3%? I'd say we look for another CFO."

Adrien suddenly looked at the woman talking in front of him. Long gone were the pigtails and dark hair, replaced by a short, stylish cut and a mid-brown color. The glasses, that once stayed on only when she was drawing or analyzing fabrics, now are more and more permanent on her face, framing the blue eyes, the same blue eyes that made him fall in love in the first place.

“Problem is, she has half of the board on her hand. Even more since we could not get our proposals across. I am sorry to say that, dear, but you didn’t convince even me on your case for Agreste Sportif.”

He looked at the mirror at the house’s vestibule. Suddenly, the blonde hair is matted in white. Suddenly, there’s some marks on the corner of his green eyes. Suddenly, there’s a grey round beard where a chin used to be. Suddenly, he’s only modeling for liquors and high-end cars. Not even sport ones. He kept looking at her. Still his lady.

“I know we agreed on let the CEO and Chief of Design and Products matters outside home, but”

She got him looking at her. Looking so deeply, eyes full of... she blushed. She does not know exactly why, but she blushed.

“Do you want to go out?”

“Adrien, we just had a 4-hour meeting. A disastrous 4-hour meeting.”

“It’s a nice evening. Let’s go out.”

“You’re crazy, you know that?”

They shared a quick peck. Years be darned, the heck with tiredness, stress, the world. He’s still Adrien. Still her Chat, now and forever.

“I will still vote for the sale of Agreste Sportif brand next week.”

“Is that a yes?”

“I will get ready.” She rushed inside.

“And I will warn Marvin” Adrien said, going up to the room of their teenager son.

She walked in the closet, choosing a low-neck evening dress. It smelled wood, fabric, immobility. For how long it was there, waiting for the opportunity of being used? For how long she denied herself that?

Adrien gasped. His lady going down the stairs, so pretty, so beautiful, why are both losing their time with business, numbers, contracts, after all? He offered her his arm. She took it, and they just stood there, as it was the first time.

It could very well be the first time.

“So... where are we going?” she asked, entering the car.

Adrien just smiled.

Nothing.

And at same time, everything.

The whole universe flowing through his head and soul, in order, without being stopped by any thought, ego, desire. Until.

“They’re here. Ouch!”

A wooden ruler hit Nino hard in the head, hold by a floating green mystical being.

“Master Lahiffe, how many times I have to say? Focus.”

“But Wayzz, I sensed Marinette and Adrien’s presence.”

“You did? If that’s so, it’s a huge step on your personal improvement. Congratulations.”

Soon, the buzz was heard. Wayzz let the ruler hit Nino again.

“Hey! What’s that for?”

“They were too close. You should have sensed them form far away.”

The three friends hugged and talked for a bit.

“But it’s not lonely for you with Nina and Alex studying abroad?”

“Sometimes.” With a corner of the eye, he saw the ruler being raised “But I have Wayzz, and now I have time to improve my role as the Guardian.”

“Well, I don’t need to say you’re always welcome in our house” Marinette blushed a bit “and in our bed, Nino.”

“That would be...ouch!” Nino rubbed his head, a stern Wayzz getting the ruler ready again.

“Sorry, guys, enlightenment stuff, no sex or fooling around. But what can I do for you?”

“We’re having a night on the town, and decided to take the scenic route, you know?”

“Are you sure? You’re not exactly kids anymore.”

Adrien took off his coat and flexed his arm.

“Nino, we’re better now than we were on our 20’s. Check these muscles.”

He opened a large smile.

“Don’t mind if I...”

“Ouch!”

The ruler this time hit Adrien’s head.

“No tempting the Guardian, either.” Warned Wayzz.

“Very well, hope you have fun.” And he went to a vault, getting a pair of earrings and a ring out of it.

Flashes of light and shouts of joy soon filled the ambient

“Marinette!”

“Hi, Tikki.”

“Adrien, my kitten.”

“Hey, Plagg.”

“Marinette, let me look at you. You look great! I love the hair.”

“Thanks, Tikki.”

“Hey, kid, do you have any cheese? Being inactive makes me very hungry.”

Adrien chuckled and gave him the piece of cheese he brought.

“And a cookie for Tikki, too” he said. “Are you guys ready for some action?”

“Always.”

“Tikki – not so form fitting, please – spots on.”

“Plagg, claws out.”

Nino and Wayzz watched as the pair launched themselves on the Paris Sky. The kwami looked at the eyes of his Holder.

“About the whole sex thing, Master Lahiffe.”

“Yes, Wayzz?”

“There are exceptions for true love, now and then.”

He was about to smile, when he felt the ruler again.

“Ouch.”

“After one reaches certain level at meditation. From the beginning, empty your mind.”

Powerful yoyo line and staff propelled the couple through the night. Laughing, holding hands midair, exchanging quick – and dangerous – pecks, until landing in the top of Arc de Triomphe for some rest and the unique view of the city.

“Plagg, claws in.”

“Tikki, spots off.”

Adrien and Marinette hugged, heart to heart, enjoying their closeness and the breathtaking view. She started to hum something.

“What’s that, milady?”

“The song that was playing in our first dance. At Chloé’s, remember?”

He took off his coat, as they started to move slowly at the beat.

“I was under a villain control, my memories of the day are fuzzy. I remember searching for the teddy bear... I think... you made some... pastry, right?”

“Macaron.”

He nodded.

“And I remember... Alya – was it Alya?”

Marinette nodded, and keep dancing.

“She... made us dance closer... like...” he embraced her even tighter. “Like so.”

For them, it looked the whole surroundings gotten brighter at that moment, the City of Lights become even more clear to embrace the dance.

“We were so silly at that time. Specially me. Months I could be with you, still, I didn’t saw...”

“Shhhhhh, kitten...” she spoke, but right after decided to use her mouth to shut him up, tongues dancing together, being sucked, exploring each other, as they tried to fuse in one, gently at first, then eagerly, hungrily, as to make for every moment they were apart. Hands moving, grabbing every inch of each other back, butts and back or the head, wrinkling fabric, raising dress, getting inside trousers, their mouths barely leaving each other.

After a while, Adrien’s tongue dared to explore Marinette chin, neck, collarbone, enticing loud moans from her.

Slowly, they lied down, Adrien started to take out his clothes.

“What are you doing?”

“We have this old rule about what I should wear in our get-togethers, remember?”

“Adrien, we are on top of the Arc de Triomphe.”

Wearing only his underwear, he went over her, shutting her argument with a tender kiss.

“Because you’re the biggest triumph of my life.”

And he kissed her all over her body, raising her dress slowly, and fishing for her underpants, letting the lingerie slide out of her body inch by inch.

She melted in place. So what if his – and hers, too – body is not exactly what it used to be?

There’s no years, no corporate shenanigans, no nothing but the tongue of the sweetest guy in the world approaching her love triangle.

No matter if her legs texture was not what they used to be. No matter a few hours ago – and a few hours from now – he will be on the helm of a large company, hundreds of employees, making him responsible for hundreds of families having money to eat, pay the bills, have fun, live in the next months. There’s only now.

Still her Chat.

Still his Lady.

If the world leaders could see and feel this moment, they thought, there would be no more arguments, no more wars. They would understand

And the world would be in peace.

Valsinha, by Chico Buarque and Vinicius de Moraes, sung by Martinho da Vila.

<https://youtu.be/QuUNiufJABg>

Um dia ele chegou tão diferente – One day he arrived so unlikely

Do seu jeito de sempre chegar – The way he used to arrive

Olhou-a de um jeito muito mais quente – Looked at her in a more lewd way

Do que sempre costumava olhar – Than the way he used to look.
E não maldisse a vida tanto – And he didn't complain about his life
Quanto era seu jeito de sempre falar – As it was his way of always talk
E nem deixou-a só num canto – Nor he let her alone in a corner
E pra seu grande espanto, convidou-a pra rodar – And, for her astonishment, he invited her out

Aí ela se fez bonita – Then, she made herself pretty
Como a muito tempo não queria ousar – As for so long, she didn't dare to
O seu vestido decotado – her low-cut dress
Cheirando a guardado de tanto esperar – smelling like the wardrobe, for waiting so long.
Depois os dois deram-se os braços – Later both held hands
Como a muito tempo não se usava dar – In the old-fashioned way
E cheios de ternura e graça – And full of tenderness and cuteness
Foram para a praça e começaram a se abraçar – Went down the square and started to hug.

E ali dançaram tanta dança – And there, they danced so many dances
Que a vizinhança toda despertou – That the whole neighborhood woke up
E foi tanta felicidade – And there was so many happiness
Que toda cidade se iluminou – That the whole city lightened up
E foram tantos beijos loucos – And there were so many crazy kisses
Tantos gritos roucos como não se ouvia mais- So many hoarse screams like it was no long heard
Que o mundo compreendeu – That the world understood
E o dia amanheceu em paz – And the day dawned in peace

E foram tantos beijos loucos
Tantos gritos roucos como não se ouvia mais
Que o mundo compreendeu
E o dia amanheceu em paz

Birthday Suit

Chapter Summary

Adrien sends Wayhem a quite unique birthday gift.

Chapter Notes

- 1 - another chapter for Ryuu_MastersPet challenge
- 2 - Right, electricity is needed to power the camera and computer. So, there.
- 3 - Probably it will take longer for the next prompt. Or I will decide to wrap things up, I don't know yet.
- 4 - Opinions more than welcomed

14th prompt. Return to Loving Himself-Electric Boogaloo: OH YES! I cannot get enough of Adrien giving himself a little love. Make it sexy! And if you want to include some electricity play because the name of the prompt... Feel Free.

x.x.x.X.X.X.x.x.x
BIRTHDAY SUIT
x.x.x.X.X.X.x.x.x

The buzz went off before seven in the morning at Wayhem's. Fighting his desire to remain in bed, he opened the door to find a breakfast basket. Fruits. Pastries. Juice. A bag of gourmet coffee powder. A half-bottle of white wine. Even some flowers.

Someone knew it was his birthday, but there was not a card. He looked here and there, and finally found a pen drive. Curious, he grabbed a croissant and the orange juice from the basket and went to his computer.

His room once competed with Marinette's in number of Adrien's posters, but since they became friends, it changed. The generic ads and clothing modeling photos were replaced by ones of them together eating, at an amusement park, being friends.

Taking a bite from the tasty bread, he put the pen-drive on the computer, to see it contained only a video. He opened it.

"Hi, Wayhem, happy birthday."

The dark-haired lad almost felt from his chair. In the computer, there was Adrien, reclining on a bed, with the same basket he just received in front of him. Shirtless. Without trousers. The basket blocking the view of the bits Wayhem was dreaming about for so long. He started the video again.

"Hi, Wayhem, happy birthday." Adrien pick up an apple from the basket, giving it a big bite, letting its juice run down his chin and chest. Chewing in the apple for what seemed an

eternity, before smiling to the camera.

“Hope you like my gift.” Adrien moved the basket away, showing his semi-hard dick to the camera. Reaching to the basket, he got the small wine bottle and started to rub it against his dick, making it harder.

Wayhem paused the video and rushed to get the bottle, rubbing it on his face all the way back to the video. He rewinded a bit.

“...my gift.”

Adrien, his friend, his fuel for many lonely self-explorations, showing him his uncut dick, shaved almost completely, just a patch of golden hair crowing the growing member, the sweetest pair of balls under it.

And grabbing the bottle. The same bottle on his hands, travelling all over the genitals, rubbing it until his dick was fully hard and pulsing.

The model then turned around, sliding the bottle neck on his crack, up and down between his bubbly ass cheeks. Wayhem was licking the neck of the same bottle with lust, letting a moan of pleasure when on he video, one hand of the model spread the cheeks apart, and the other let the cork wrap touch his puckered treasure.

Slowly, Adrien made the bottle travel back to his balls, then dick, rubbing some more before putting it back on the basket.

He then fished a hotel-sized strawberry jelly from the basket, opened it and got some on his finger.

“I will save the rest for later”

The finger then smeared the jelly on his dick, letting it run slowly by its length, before scooping most of it with the finger and taking to his mouth. Cleaning the rest with a tissue, Adrien finally started to stroke himself, slowly, with only one hand, allowing the camera to get an unobstructed movement of his balls too.

Wayhem could only take so much, his pajama pants on the ground, stroking himself with abandon.

At the screen, Adrien’s hand that was not busy with his member was travelling his body, his thighs, belly, chest, neck, caressing himself. His hand then started to go the other way, circling his nipple, going down, invading his navel as the model increased the pace.

He then raised his butt, his hand looking for his hole, making circles around it, as Adrien started to moan a bit.

To Wayhem disappointment, his hand left his hidden treasure as the blonde relaxed his legs, letting his rump rest on the bed again, and went to cup his balls, the pace increasing more and more. Soon, his breathing became more irregular, his face reflecting pure bliss, and suddenly his hands left his pulsing dick. Adrien wanted Wayhem to see everything, his maleness in full, every hard pulse expelling a wave of cum, as Adrien bit his lower lip, overwhelmed by the pleasure.

The dark-haired lad had to use all his willpower not to lick the screen, as he could touch that delicious member that was beginning to deflate.

Adrien squeezed his penis, extracting a last dollop of cum, getting it on his finger and sucked it, letting his finger on his mouth for some seconds, in a fake innocent expression.

“That was fun. See you soon.”

The image froze, signaling the end of the video.

“No, no, I will see you again now, hottest stuff.” And pressed the replay button. “Hi, Adrien, what do you have for me?” He said, as the video started.

“Hi, Wayhem, happy birthday.”

“We’ll see about that. Show me your goods, you naughty you.”

A buzz was heard at the door.

“Aaaargh, if it’s a salesperson, help them God!” he paused the video and kissed the screen.

“Just a minute, love...” he fished his pajama pants and a jeans of the floor, trying to hide his proteting hard member the best he could.

He almost took the door out of it’s hinges, giving the fury he opened it

“What?!”

“Hi, Wayhem.”

His jaw dropped, and he felt his heart stop, as Adrien was standing here, the very small pot of half-used strawberry jelly on his hand.

“Forgot to put this on the basket.” He slowly moved it to the front of his trousers. “Wanna taste it now?”

Wayhen answer was to jump and hug Adrien the tighter he could.

Best. Birthday. Ever.

They wank me... they wank me not...

Chapter Summary

An akuma with the power over flora menaces Paris. Some are under hallucinogenic flowers... others under poisonous ones... and whaddaya know, Adrien gets the aphrodisiac one. What a shock!

Chapter Notes

Very busy right now, but I have some chapters done or half done, out of order. I think I will post those in the coming weeks, and call up the curtain on this. For instance, I skipped the sexshop one, but may bring myself to finish it. Thanks a lot for your readership and kind words. I discovered writing smut is way harder than I thought, but if I managed to entertain some, it was worth it.

16th prompt idea: Sex Pollen: I have never written sex pollen into a story. I don't imagine everyone has... Stretch your writing skills. Impress me. Adrien/whoever you want, because Adrien got hit with sex pollen and man does the boner hurt. MUST INCLUDE: Explicit consent, Adrien crying because he needs to cum.

x.x.x.x.x.XXXXXXXXXX.x.x.x.x.x.x

They wank me... they wank me not...

x.x.x.x.x.XXXXXXXXXX.x.x..x.x.x.x.x

Adrien could barely stand there, his eyes starting to water as another powerful light was thrown right into them.

"Patience, Adrien, you know 90% of the success of a fragrance comes from the right package and marketing. The bottle of 'Adrien Vert' must be the same green of your eyes, or the connection is lost."

"Well, that's what Photoshop is for."

"Your father demands authenticity, and I think we got it. Now, it's just a matter of asking Pantone the exclusivity of this tone in perfums, and trademark it for..."

"Right, right, may I go now?"

"No, now we must decide on the right tone of dark blue for the 'Adrien Nuit' version, it must compliment your hair and skin tone..."

"Sheesh!"

"Patience, Adrien. This line is very important for Gabriel Fragrances." Said Nathalie, always busy with her cell phone.

"I will say. 'Adrien Original', 'A by Adrien', 'Adrien Soleil', 'Adrien 18'..."

“And ‘Adrien Signature’, your little friendly project.” She pointed at the two non-employees working at drawing computers nearby.

“The idea of ‘Signature’ was to have good artists designing the box. And Nathaniel and Marinette are the best artists I know.”

“If that’s so, I will squeeze in your schedule some visits to art galleries.”

“Nathalie, that’s...”

“You! Adrien Agreste!”

A woman in despair rushed to the model.

“You! You can tell your father his people are making a mistake! I can’t be fired.” She shoved a strange flower under Adrien nose “This, this can revolutionize the industry if I can finish the...”

A man in security uniform put his hand firmly on her shoulder

“Ruedo, you were asked to clean your table and leave the premises.”

“It’s professor Ruedo, you neanderthal. And I still... don’t touch me. This is violence! Stop pushing me. I will denounce...”

Soon she was gone.

“What was that?”

Nathalie sighed

“Remember the smuggling semi-scandal I had to deal last month?”

Adrien nodded.

“The internal investigation pointed to her. Apollina Ruedo. She bribed her way to stealing several exotic and endangered species from African and Asiatic countries. Like that one.”

She pointed to the flower Adrien was still holding. “Some NGO found out, we bought their silence with huge donations and the promise we would make this case an example. Now I can call those eco-vultures, tell them we got the culprit and take this problem out of my mind. Be right back.”

Unfortunately, Apollina Ruedo’s despair caught the attention of a man in dark mask and purple suit, on a secret lair somewhere else.

“Ah, a professional with so much greed she forgot all about ethics and corporate responsibility.” Holding a white butterfly in his hands, he infused it with power, making it dark purple “The perfect agent. Go, my little Akuma, and evilize her. Not that she needs help.”

Soon, Agreste Perfumes as in chaos. Some people chased by vines, other became vines and other kind of flora, some seem locked in a hallucinogenic trip, others throwing up everything on their stomachs and then some, ...

“Akuma”, someone shouted, before turning into an oak “we’re under Akuma aaaaaaahhh!”

Adrien noticed too late the flower he was still holding was glowing.

“Adrien, get ride of that flower now!”

Who was that? Marinette? Nathaniel? Some of the marketing guys? It was becoming hard to hear, as a heat wave took over Adrien body. Some parts more than others.

“I... I... it burns... I need...”

In the mess surrounding the place, Nathaniel did not know how he got the sense of taking his friend to the bathroom. He tried to wet his handkerchief, but Adrien was splashing more and more water on his face, over and over, faster and faster, trying to get ride of the burning sensation that was getting more concentrated between his legs.

“Adrien? Are you all right?”

Now, that’s what a zombie must feel, rationalized Adrien with one of his last independent

thoughts. But instead of brains, he was desperately craving for

“Sex...”

“Huh... Adrien? What did you say?”

Nathaniel was dumbstruck. There was his friend, heir to the place they are in, role model and all, dropping his trousers and beating his meat in front of him with abandon.

“Adrien?” both are blushing madly.

“S-sorry, Nath, I-I can’t... The flower...need to... do this...”

Part of Nathaniel wanted to stay right there. How long has he dreamed of having Adrien model for him, and maybe something more.

“I will... give you some space.” Just opening the door, the sounds of fight and destruction got higher, forcing the ginger lad to close the door. “On second thought, I will just look to that wall.”

After some minutes, he heard a heavy sob. Turning around, he was surprised on seeing a completely naked Adrien, tears running over his face, still wanking at a desperate pace.

“I... can’t. I think...I need help.”

“H-help?”

“Another person. I think... another person must do it. It...hurts. It’s hurting a lot. Please, Nath...”

“I... I...”

A heavy cry stopped any rational thought on Nathaniel’s mind.

“Right, will do it.”

The situation was almost too much for Nathaniel to find it sexy. His friend was obviously suffering, outside the bathroom there’s only trouble and destruction. It would not be any different from a first aid procedure, right? Or a CPR?

Nathaniel grabbed Adrien penis, thinking he could be very clinical about it. Just stroke, pump and down, don’t care about the sexy moans from the model, nor how smooth and silky everything was. Adrien certainly shaves, not that it would matter to Nathaniel. He is just stroking. Stroking the wonderfully warm penis of Adrien, his hand so close of that sweet ball sack, looking straight to that tasty head and slit, everything on his palm, he was touching another person so intimately but, of course, this was a mere humanitarian aid, he was not enjoying the intimacy.

It was then that Ladybug opened the door. Nathaniel instinctively gave Adrien stronger tug that made him wince in pain.

“Ladybug, I-i can explain”

“Don’t stop.” Begged Adrien.

“Don’t mind, Nathaniel, is it? Adrien is not the only one hit by a sex flower around. I was just checking if everyone is safe. Don’t leave this bathroom.”

Nathaniel blushed and kept going, Ladybug was about to leave, but could not take his eyes out of the body of her Adrien, tensing, raising his hips. Nathaniel was rewarded with four, five, six spurts of Adrien love cream. He tried to keep the “not caring” instance, but his own penis was hurting inside his trousers, begging for release. But, even with the powerful discharge, Adrien was still hard.

“Need... more.”

Nathaniel wrapped his hand again on the now wet dick.

“N-no, more.”

“huh...”

“Nathaniel, I think I got what Adrien want.” Ladybug went. “Guess I need to say we are

dating for some time, now.” She knelt between the blonde one bare legs. “So, please don’t find this weird.” She lowered her head, licking Adrien’s length, and proceeding to kiss his balls.

Nathaniel, still kneeling next to his naked friend, though for a while he was the one struck by the sex flower. There is no other way to explain the scene in front of him. Ladybug, protector of Paris, giving head to one of the most famous models of the new generation, and his friend. His own penis hard as it could be, everything together making him unable to move, no matter the orders his brain try to give. Be a gentleman. Ladybug tongue circling Adrien’s dick slit. Give then privacy. A red glove with polka dots massaging his balls. Look at the wall, darn it. Adrien’s length disappearing inside her mouth.

Adrien pointed to his own mouth. Ladybug raised her head.

“Need a kiss, Adrien?”

Dominated by the flower, he was unable to vocalize. He just grabbed Nath’s crotch, watery puppy eyes meeting his.

Every single fiber in his body stood up, his face turning more red than his hair.

“You can’t ask that, Adrien. Nathaniel already did more...”

“I... I can try, Ladybug”

Blushing, trembling, he used what was left of his body control to unzip and, trying to shield himself from the hero, approached his rock hard member from his akumatized friend.

Just to feel his lips around him, his soft tongue working on his head and slit.

This is like CPR. Nathaniel tried to reason. It would not count as the first time... well, depending of the definition, this is not even considered “sex”, right? First time someone else made him climax? What will not take long, as Adrien was almost sucking the life out of him. At the other side, Ladybug was torn. She could but glance at what Adrien was doing, in order to not embarrass Nathaniel even more. And she must be fast, there are other citizens suffering and she should not focus only on Adrien. Still, the sensation of sucking Adrien, her Adrien, her naked Adrien practically in public was making her close to the edge, too. She started to fantasize about Chat Noir braking into that bathroom. Hhmmm, the face the kitten would make...

Alas, service before pleasure. Hearing some incoherent noises coming from Nathaniel, she decided she could not wait any longer. She raised one of his legs and entered him, her finger quite used to tickle Adrien’s prostate.

Since the first time he discovered his penis was not only used for pee, Nathaniel was not dominated for such pleasure wave. His whole body dominated by the pleasure and shame, something on his head telling him he must warn Adrien, something he could not listen as his dick could not hold anymore and let spurt after spurt invade his friend mouth and throat.

Ladybug was on a similar situation, Adrien’s maleness so familiar to her, but not the quantity of fluid leaving him. She let the dick go, and watched Adrien’s dick let out more four jets of thick liquid.

As his breath returned to normal, it was like Adrien was waking from a weird dream.

Suddenly, he found himself naked, on his father perfume company bathroom, along his lady and Nathaniel, who was quickly adjusting his trousers. He felt his face burn, his hands quickly covering between his legs. Ladybug laughed.

“A bit late for that, Adrien. I will take Nathaniel to a safe place while you dress up.”

All we could do is nod.

Once alone, he looked on his pile of clothes for Plagg.
“Come on, buddy, Ladybug need us. Plagg, claws out.”

After defeating the akumatized ex-employee, Chat Noir rushed to his home, de-transforming just to find himself stark naked.

“Oh, great, I forgot my clothes there.”

“You are really ruining things for me, you know, kid? I used to make fun of Trixx, for having Don Juan as a holder for a while, but you lately...”

“I was under an akuma, you know that,”

“Yeah, yeah, every time you see your ‘friends with benefits’ there’s an akuma to blame.”

The dark kwami looked at the window and rushed to hide.

“Adrien.”

“Oh, hi, Ladybug.”

“How are you? Any will effect of the Akuma? I went looking for you, but...”

“Yeah... my... huh... bodyguard found me and brought me home.” He quickly changed subject, open his arms, fully displaying his body to her. “As you can see, I thought you would come by to clean me up...”

She smirked

“I like the idea. To the shower, dirty boy.”

She went straight to the shower cap and impermeable apron and gloves Adrien bought her, so she would not get wet.

“So, what do you remember?” Ladybug got the shower head in one hand and soap in the other, washing every part of the model body, Adrien sighting in the delight of the situation.

“Only bits and pieces, really.”

“Too bad, it was really hot. Tell me how far your memory goes.”

“Nathaniel taking me to the bathroom, things started to... get really painful and uncomfortable, my mind being overtaken by...”

He finished telling what he knew, she filled the blanks while drying him of, then carrying him, bridal-style, to his bed.

“There’s two good things and one bad about this adventure. Good things, you are all right, not harmed. And two, I now know being with you in public is super hot.”

Adrien laughed.

“No, serious, I will have to find a way to get you naked out there,”

“If that’s the good thing, I don’t want to hear the bad.”

Ladybug dropped him on the bed and raised one of his legs.

“The bad thing is, your love hole didn’t saw much action.” Ladybug gave it a quick peck. “I like seeing it wet from another guy. For now, we’ll have to improvise.”

Adrien felt the unique warm sensation of needing to pleasure his lady, of knowing his body was hers.

“For now...” she reached a drawer and took out some lube and her strap-on, the one he chose just for her, adjusting the black belt, the red plastic tube pointing forward to its target. “For now, tell me what you want.”

“I want you, milady.” He shivered, feeling the gloved fingers coated with lube on his secret place, probing the entrance, while she leaned to kiss him.

“You want what, my naughty Adrien?”

“I want you to take me.”

His whole body shrived in anticipation. Despite the akuma, any day with his lady is a great day.

It's What's Inside that Matters

Chapter Summary

I think sex-shop workers have a deep knowledge of how many excuses a human mind can come up with. Adrien ends up in one, in his defense, his idea was to buy a defraculator, but some other items available also found their way to his home.

Ops, wrong show

Chapter Notes

I decided to give the sex-shop prompt another change, and somehow it got out of hand. It's long, but, like they say, it's not the size that matters. Please, enjoy.

15th Prompt - Won't You Take Me To-FUNKY TOWN: Sex toy shopping trip. Adrien finds himself in a sex shop, I don't care how, and he ends up getting himself a few things. Goes home and either uses them on himself or his lover or his lover uses them on him. His lover can be whatever character you want, or an OC.

X.X

It's What's Inside that Matters

X.X

Monique laughed internally. Another one of these who enter her shop looking like a spy from old comics and cartoons. Hat, sunglasses, only thing missing was the trenchcoat with lapels up. She greeted the customer, getting the expected answer.

“Uh... hi. I... uh...”

“I will make it easier for you. Option 1 – you thought our tickling accessories look like cat toys, and decided to take one, and want to see if we have other things your pet may like; option two, you just want to use the bathroom but, since you’re here, won’t hurt to browse, just for curiosity sake; option three, the folks choose you to buy a dildo as a gag gift for a friend; option four, you are a student making a paper about the social aspects of sexual construct on our city, and need samples.”

“Huh... I think... I will try and ask for what I really need.”

“That would make my job simpler, thank you.”

Adrien blushed

“Well... first...”

Adrien left the cab carrying much more than he intended, but Monique was a good salesperson. Thank goodness the shop had the sense of packing everything in plain, brown bags with no identification whatsoever. Because, to his surprise, Nino was waiting at his door.

“Hey, dude.”

“Nino? What are you doing here?”

“Did you forget, Adrien? The four-way date later on. We said we would game and I would get ready here, since they are fumigating my place.”

“Ah, right.”

“I could spend the time at Alya’s, but she will be busy with Sabrina. She’s all excited to play matchmaker.”

“Well, let’s get in, and serve you the first beating of the day.”

“Dream on, Agreste.”

They talked freely, and Adrien forgot about the contents of his purchase, letting the bags on a corner of his bedroom. After a few rounds of videogames, the talk went

“I still don’t think this date will work.”

“Adrien, you still don’t believe Marinette likes you? After everything we talked at the dojo?”

“Well, maybe. She is cute, smart and talented and all, but... Sabrina and Wayhem? I know she needs someone, but Alya paired them just because I said his body is like mine.”

Nino paused the game and abruptly raised Adrien’s shirt.

“Dude, are you kidding?” he started to fondle and twist Adrien’s nipples. “Nobody has a body like yours. Nobody.”

“Ah... uuugh.. it’s almost time for the date... how about we shower together?”

“Can’t, dude. Alya wants to have fun all night, so she forbade me to fool around with you, sorry.” And went to Adrien’s mouth, sharing a quick kiss.

“Your loss.” A shirtless Adrien dropped his trousers.

“Well, if later, the eight of us decide on a little orgy, maybe.” He slapped Adrien’s butt.

“Sorry, Nino. Eight of us? Will not happen.” He removed his socks “You and Alya are game, sure; Max and Kim would only accept if I’m there too, to be over me like hyenas; Sabrina and Wayhem will meet tonight for the first time, so hardly they would agree; and me and Marinette, well... I enjoy a lot her company, but we never got this close... not on those intimate aspects.” He dropped his undies, marching naked to the bathroom, leaving the door open.

“So, you would not fuck her?”

“Nino!” He made a pause, letting the water run on his body. “Marinette’s too sweet to have sex with. I am more than willing to make love with her, however, and it takes time.”

“Ugh. Those phrases make me want to throw up.” Said Nino, starting to take off his clothes, too, and running a hand on his face. “We kissed. Do you think I need a shave?”

“No, you’re fine. And again, your loss. One day I will convince you to spend hours cuddling, instead of being just mr. Kiss-kiss-bang-bang.”

“You and Alya are crazy for my kiss-kiss-bang-bang.”

“Let me tell you about this famous river in Egypt...”

“Dude!”

“I’m just pulling your leg, Nino. Of course you’re a great lover, just...”

“Nice purchases, dude!”

Adrien froze, as Nino’s entered the bathroom with one of the boxes he just purchased.

“Dude, you have a harem, and still buys those?”

“Ah...” he blushed “it’s not a big deal, I travel a lot, and huh, I bought Ladybug a thing or two... and I don’t have a harem.”

“Oh, no?”

“No. In fact, if I slept with half the people the gossipers said I...”

“How do you know Wayhem has a body like yours?”

“I, huh...”

“Slut.” He opened a box, while Adrien dried himself, his dick growing with the talk.

“Prostate massager, huh?”

He blushed.

“With remote. Want to test it?”

“Nino!”

“As you said it, you may return home alone from this date, so how about having some fun during dinner? It says it’s barely noticeable.” Nino pushed a button on the device and on the remote. The thing stood motionless on his hand. “Not working, dude.”

“Need to charge first.”

Nino fished the cable from the box and plugged it in.

“Very well, let’s charge while I shower.”

Adrien shrugged and went to his toiletries.

“I swear you got more things there than most girls I know.”

Adrien just tried to smile brushing his teeth.

Nino went out of the shower and right to the sex toy.

“What will you wear, Nino?”

“My sports jacket – my only sports jacket, dude, no need to worry about options.”

“No, no, cologne.”

“Ah, the one Alya bought me at L’Occitane.”

“Thank you – I was sure all the guys would use ‘Adrien Nuit’. I like the patronage, but – hey!” Nino was spreading some gel on the device. “You are obsessed with it. Let me get you a condom and you try it.”

“No way, Agreste, these things are worse than toothbrush and vinyls. You don’t share, you don’t lend, they don’t leave your house without you.”

Adrien sighed.

“Give me that.”

He stepped out the underwear he just put on and started to insert the massager, under Nino closer inspection.

“Ain’t it too thin?”

“About the same as your dick.”

“Ha-ha-ha, veeeery funny.”

Adrien took a deep breath and he felt the sex toy all the way in, its basis sitting anatomically on his butt. He took the remote, pressed the button of a pre-set mode, and right away the “minus” sign, lowering its movement. Adrien let a low moan escape.

“It... certainly works.”

“I can see.” Nino answered, watching Adrien’s penis come quickly to a full erection, his own dick reacting the same way to the show in front of him.

Turning it off, Adrien ripped the top of the box “Here, save the name, buy yourself one.” He was about to remove it, when.

“Can you walk with it?”

Adrien gave a few steps.

“It’s a bit strange, but one can be get used to it quickly.” And removed it, founding Nino’s

balls on the way. "Let's get dressed before Alya gets mad with me."

Nino smirked.

"And we'll have time for another game."

"Sure, why not?"

With their suits on, Nino passed a control to Adrien.

"How about a little wager, dude?"

"If it involves that massager, the answer is 'no'."

"Come, Adrien. If I win, you use it during dinner. And I keep the remote"

"Hmm... no, this is a stupid bet."

"If you win, you get my ass."

"I have it anyway."

"Right, what do you want?"

"You are putting possible public humiliation on the table, guess it's just fair to bet the same."

"Ooooookay, and that would be...?"

Adrien smirked.

"I am thinking about it. Let's start."

Adrien and Nino focused in the game. Adrien thought how his move needs to be perfect.

Wait... wait... both lives are low, but not low enough...wait... now!

"You will ask for some Alya panties and wear them."

"What?!"

As expected, Nino looked away from the screen for a moment, just enough for Adrien press some buttons that made the dread words be heard

"Finish him!"

"What? Nonononono, Adrien, not fair!" Adrien was laughing so much he almost missed the combo.

"Adrien wins" he laughed, speaking alongside the game "Fatality."

"You cheated, dude. Better 2 out of three!"

"That's not the bet, Nino, but I am game. Just because you're so fun to play with it. And you will wait until one of the guys go to the bathroom, and follow, allowing him to see your new fashion sense."

"You should have saved this part for the second game."

"What, do what you were expecting? Never"

Desperate times demand desperate moves, Nino thought, quickly dropping his trousers and undies, stroking himself hard and sitting very close to Adrien.

"Try to focus now, dude."

"Piece of cake."

"Round One" came from the game.

Third round, both so close on the bar of energy, Adrien could not even say if Nino was still hard, so focused he was in...

Something wet on his ear.

Adrien noticed, too late, he overlooked the fact Nino's fighter was crouching/defending for a bit too long, and his reaction to his tongue was more than enough to his dark skinned friend to return the knock-out.

"Nino wins" mocked him "Double bluff fatality. Shame on you, dude, all that time in Monte Carlo and you don't know what a misdirection is?" he smirked, pulling up and fastening his pants. "Did you really though showing you my dick was my move? Ppffffff..."

“I go to Monte Carlo to work, not to gamble.”

“It shows.”

Each one sat on an opposite arm chair, ready for the decision.

“Round One”

“Did I tell you about my birthday gift to Wayhem? I turned on the camera, got na..”

Oh, no, thought Nino, no distractions.

“Can it wait? I want to tell you about this horror movie, the one they get the scalpel and...”

So, Nino wants to change arousal for disgust, though Adrien. Two can play this game.

“I got this model work on China. Do you know the food they sell in the markets there?”

“Do you know Alya has a video of Ladybug and Chat Noir making out? Your lady is cheating on you, blonde.”

Right, Adrien thought. If he didn’t know for certain that was a lie, it would be below the belt.

“Speaking of Ladybug videos, did you see the strap-on on the bag you got the massager?

That I bought for her. Now, that would be a video.”

It took a fraction of seconds to Nino realize he should not have fell on the psychological trap, he turned his head just to hear some noises from the telly and the menacing “Round Two” phrase.

“That’s it!” said Nino. “No talking, no touching.”

“Fine by me.”

But Nino did make a noise, and it’s result soon hit Adrien nose, making him wince and relaxing a hand from the control in a reflex to close his nose, just enough to receive a devastating combo.

“Nice, Nino, how old are you?”

“All’s fair in war and love, dude.”

“Final Round.”

The two friends tried to divide their focus, one eye on the game, the other on each other, and started the round with all seriousness it demanded. The game went on pretty evenly until Adrien managed to lock Nino in one end of stage and...

The door was open.

“Adrien.”

“Nathalie.” Said the model, suddenly remembering his sinful purchases were still to be hidden, and his secretary could see then. But worst, that gave Nino the opportunity to deliver the final blow.

“Will you need the chauffeur for your date tonight, or may I send him home?”

“Finish him!”

Nino was so desperately holding his laugh that he could not pull the combo. Adrien fighter went down with a week punch.

“I will drive my car, Nathalie.” Said him, dropping his head in frustration.

“Right, I will see the Jaguar is ready.” And closed the door, the code for Nino to jump and stand on the chair, doing the worst victory dance.

“Ah-ha. Nino! Nino! Who will walk weird tonight? Not me. Ah-ham-Ah-ham. In your face, Agreste! Or should I say in your butt?”

“Real mature, Lahiffe. Let’s get this done already.” After hiding everything on his closet, Adrien got the massager.

“Where are you going, dude?”

“Bathroom, to put this on.”

“Uh, nope, you could just tape it to your leg, do it in front of me, no cheating.”

The model could not help but drop his trousers and underwear right there, with Nino of course humming a strip-tease song and, in a deep breath, inserting the toy on himself, mumbling “traitor” to his dick that went from soft to semi-erect. After adjusting it to be the most comfortable possible, he pulled up his clothing again, and twisting to look worried at a full-length mirror. Sure it disappeared on his dressing trousers, but for Adrien any wrinkle was like a neon billboard pointing to his hole with “Here be lewd sex toy” flashing in bold colors. He put his jacket, hoping its length would further cover his shame. And his front too, as his traitor penis found the situation very arousing.

“Ok, let’s meet the others.”

“Remote, Adrien.”

“Sorry, Nino, there’s no way you’ll assault my prostate while I am driving. I will give it to you at the restaurant.”

“I will not use it in the car, scots’ honour.”

He did, however, use it in the hallway, causing Adrien to gasp and bend some.

“It’s working.”

On their way there, they tried to talk about several things, trying to avoid the elephant in the room. Getting at the restaurant, everybody was there but Alya and Sabrina. Of course, the first one to run and greet them was...

“Hey, Adrien, you’re here. You look sharp.”

“Thank you, WayHEEEEEEEEM.” Adrien burned Nino with his eyes. It would be a loooooong night.

Adrien went to talk to Marinette, as the late girls arrive. With the corner of his eye, he saw Nino showing the remote to Alya, and her giggling some. He tried to focus on Marinette.

“How did you managed to finish all three outfits for tonight in such a small amount of time?”

“Almost four, really. I did Max’s vest and helped him choose the shirt.”

“You are really a...” a wave of stimulus hit his body, as the device started to vibrate again.

They waved with a devious smile. He could feel them pressing the button to increase the speed. “mmmazing. Let’s enter?”

As they passed by, Alya could not help but point to Adrien bulge.

“Hi, Adrien.” And whispered “Is there a sex toy in your butt, or are you happy to see us?”

The model felt his cheeks burn, as the couple decreased the pace and turned it out. For a bit.

After a few small talk made Adrien almost forget his predicament, the champagne arrived, and everyone filled his glasses. And Adrien started to fill the tingly device again.

Nino got up and everyone did the same, one hand raising the glass, other on his pocket, and only Adrien and Alya knew why.

“A toast. So moments like this will happen again.”

Not in your lifetime, thought Adrien, as the pace of the device picked up.

“A toast for friendship, that may have began innocent and pure at school...”

I will not drop that champagne. I will not give him that pleasure.

“...developed into something more with me and Alya, and Kim and Max...”

Nino must pressed the button to change programs, now the massager pulsed and vibrated on a different pattern. Adrien now did not know what to expect from the devilish machine. Nino noticed as his glass started to shake.

“... as well as developed other bonds, right Adrien?”

“A bond you will not get... close of for the next month.” Said Adrien between teeth, his breath becoming erratic. He can’t stay still anymore. He can’t hold no more. How long can

Nino make this toast?

“So a toast for what we have now. And what the future may bring...”

Adrien grabbed the table with his other hand.

Nino was looking at him.

“A toast for the life, no matter how HARD it becomes, no matter the SURPRIZES...”

And pressed the change sequel program again. Adrien threw his head back, not caring what the others would think.

“We will all get a HAPPY ENDING.”

The happy ending I am thinking now, thought Adrien, is my hands around your neck, Nino.

“So, arriba, abajo, al centro.”

Nino pressed the “up” button several times,

“Adentro!”

It made Adrien lose it. He still managed to put his glass on the table, and use his hand to half close/half be beaten, avoiding moaning in front of his friends, as the orgasm came, jet after jet of hot liquid matting his undies and trousers. In a restaurant. In front of all his friends and several strangers. Breathing heavily, he downed the champagne in one go before feeling his legs weakening and needing to seat. Thankfully, he felt the device came to a halt. He started to pay attention to several voices around the table.

“What’s wrong, Adrien?”

“Are you all right?”

“F-fine. I guess... I am just a bit tired.”

“You are working too much, Adrien.”

“I think so, Wayhem, and there are things that do not help.” He said, looking at Nino

“You know it, dude. All work and no joy make you a dull boy.”

“As far as I am concerned, you will be a dull Nino for some time.”

“Am I missing something?”

“Sorry, Marinette, let’s not ruin this dinner.”

“So” Kim tried to change the subject “Who’s up for dancing, after this?”

“I think it’s a great idea.” Answered Nino, holding Alya’s hand. “How about you, Marinette? Adrien? Are you up to shake your booty?”

“Nino, fun is one thing, but help me God... Let’s just enjoy the rest of the evening, ok?”

With his attention directed to Nino, Adrien missed Marinette dropping her face, all kind of thoughts invading her mind. That’s it. Adrien do not want to dance with her. He does not want to be with her. Why should he? He got Ladybug. But how she could enjoy now their time together knowing...

“Marinette?”

Alya voice brought her back to reality.

“Huh?”

“Adrien asked your opinion.” The model looked at his plate. He was ruining the night for one of the sweetest persons he knows, and for what? A childish bet?

“No, it’s all right, I know this is not one of my best moments, sorry.” And suddenly clenched his teeth and fist, as the device came to life again, its pleasing movements mixing with the sensitiveness and pain running on his stiffening dick.

“I... think you are too busy, Adrien. Sorry dragging you to this. I think I will go.”

“To the toilet. With me!” Urged Alya, grabbing her friends arm, as Nino said something like

“Hope we can change your mood, dude.”

Inside the ladies bathroom, Marinette did not wait to let the tears flow freely on her face.

“Alya, he does not like me! He does not want to dance, he makes disgusting faces as...”

“It’s a sex toy!”

“What?”

“Well, our wonderfully mature Nino and Adrien...”

Meanwhile, Adrien also got up.

“Where are you going, dude?”

“Bathroom, to take this thing off.”

“Oh, no, you don’t. That was not the bet. Grow a pair, Agreste.”

“And you grow up, Nino. Can’t you see how upset Marinette is? We’re ruining her night and she does not deserve it.”

At the bathroom, the model damping his handkerchief in water and marched to a stall.

Dropping his trousers, he did not know what to do first. Clean the mess the best he could or remove the darn thing from his ass. Since his undies and trousers can’t get more ruined than they are, he opted for the later, sighting in relief as the device leaved his sore back. For a fraction of second, the trash can look inviting.

“Nah, you are a fun little thing, deserves another chance. When I am alone.” And pocketed it. Now, the matter is get cleaned the best I can, thought Adrien, rubbing the handkerchief on his penis.

Soon, he was back to the table. Moments later, a much more relaxed – however blushing a lot – Marinette returned, just to find the overall mood a bit sore, despite some efforts to make things better here and there.

Alya sat down giving her boyfriend a warning.

“Nino, don’t you have something to say to everyone?”

“Ah... right. Dudes, I was playing a prank on Adrien that maybe went too far. Sorry if I upset any of you.”

“Let bygones be bygones, Nino. Until I find a way to get even.”

The rest of the dinner went smoother, with the good friends enjoying being with each other.

“So, anyone for finishing the night somewhere? Dancing? A Bar?” asked Kim.

“Normally, I would remind you of your due physical responsibility with your sponsors and supporters, but the evening enjoyment is at a high level, so I agree.”

“Let me translate that, Max said I must train early in the morning, but he’s up for more fun.” Everyone laughed.

“Well, we’re at a walking distance of Rue Saint Denis.”, said Nino.

“That’s actually not a bad idea. Local-brewed beer at The Frog, anyone?” invited Adrien.

“I was thinking more in terms of the Lovehotel...” the blush in some of his friends’ face showed Adrien was right. Not everyone would be up to it.

“That’s a great idea, Nino.” Said Alya. “Our friends just need to be convinced.”

She went and passed one arm around the neck of each Max and Kim.

“Would you gentlemen be so kind to get out of your comfort zone and give me a good time, since Nino is obviously out of the picture for the time being?”

“Alya! Dudette! No fair.”

“Alya, I must warn you my experience on carnal interactions with the fairer sex is null. However...”

“Sure, we’ll do it – ouch!” Kim felt Max feet kicking his ankle “It’s a friend in need,

honeybunny.”

“Affirmative, and I have no qualms about it. But you agreed too fast, Kim.”

“Enjoy the doghouse, Nino. How about the four of you?”

“I think I will go home. I had enough emotions for a day.” Said Marinette.

Sabrina and Wilhem looked away, rubbed their necks, and mumbled some disconnected words that, together, meant “we’re not sure about having sex with other, but we’ll be naked in a second if Adrien comes with us.”

“Sorry folks, I will drive Marinette home.”

Adrien, her naughty Adrien giving up sex? For her? Marinette tried to argue, but the concept was burning on her mind. Relax, she said to herself, don’t get impressed.

They decided to walk a few blocks before entering the car.

“All things considerate, how about we agree this does not count as our first date?” Adrien asked, both his and hers faces burned, remembering the first part of the date.

“It would be just another one I strik...” Marinette covered her mouth, before realizing she already talked too much

“What do you mean?”

Marinette could just answer “nothing”, but her relationship with him (rather, Ladybug’s) gave her some courage.

“That time we danced at Chloé’s hotel. Going to the movies to see your mother picture. And so many other times...”

“Oh.”

They kept silence for what seemed an eternity.

“I think I own you a lot for being a fool for all those years. So, how about a real first date? Tomorrow, at lunch?”

“Why?”

“I beg your pardon?”

Even Marinette was not sure why she was asking that. It was a date with Adrien, without masks or anything.

“You have more than enough partners. And, if rumors are true, one serious relationship with Ladybug. Why go out with me?”

“Since the way we met, you’ve been impressing me. You are sweet and strong. Clever and still can look so vulnerable. One of the most intelligent people I know, still so innocent. I don’t know if you are a prey or a predator, if you are Diana or Aphrodite. I just know I like your company very much. I feel... I can be myself at your side.” He sighed “Now, about the rest...I really don’t know. Why don’t we have our first date, go slowly and see where it takes us?”

“I am not sure I like the perspective of being just another performer in your show.” She blushed. From where did this come? As Ladybug, her hand once guided the model’s dick into Kagami’s pussy, and one of her most treasured possessions is a series of photos of Adrien and Luka kissing. “But I enjoy your company a lot, Adrien. So, tomorrow lunch it is.”

“Great. I pick you up twelve o’clock?”

They approached his car. Ladybug felt a strange sensation. Maybe it’s the emotion of the date. No, it’s something else, she thought, as he held the door for her to enter.

“Nice car. A Jaguar, is it?”

He smiled, getting in it and starting to drive.

“Yes. A black Jaguar.”

The feeling hit her again. Was she overlooking something? Never mind. She was too happy for anything else that night.

The Cat's Meow

Chapter Summary

Marinette's new kink is to dress Adrien as... a cat. And she takes her new pet to see some friends. Also, Plagg is now unemployed.

Right, more two or three chapters and I am done. Spoilers, I liked this one, but the next is one of my favorites

Chapter Notes

If someone is interested, the Chronological order of those chapters would be:

- 1 – Ch. 4 – Two Guys, One Porn – way before the others
- 2 – Ch. 1 – titleless
- 3 – Ch. 11 – MMA = Male-on-Male Action.
- 4 – Ch. 2 – Petite Mort
- 5 – Ch. 13 – Birthday Suit
- 6 – Ch. 14 – They Wank me... They Wank me Not...
- 7 - Ch. 17 - Let me Brief You
- 8 – Ch. 15 – It's What's Inside that Matters
- 9 – Ch. 5 – That was En-Lightning
- 10 – Ch. 6 – The House Adrien Build – there's probably less than a month between 5 and 6
- 11 – Ch. 8 – Safe and Unsound
- 12 – Ch. 3 – Three Way's That Way
- 13 – Ch. 9 – Change Diapers and Oil
- 14 – Ch.16 – The Cat's Meow
- 15 – Ch. 10 – Baby Show(er)
- 16 – Ch. 7 – Swiss and I Miss - Way after the others (40+ y.o. Characters)
- 17 – Ch. 12 – Small Waltz – Add another 15-20 years after the previous chapter

18th Prompt - Pet Play: Adrien/whoever you want, Adrien is his partners kitten for the day and gets to wear a cute belled collar, kitty ears, a tail. Sex can happen, it is not a requirement.

x.x.X.X.X.X.x.x.

The Cat's Meow

x.x.X.X.X.X.x.x.

Adrien felt a shrive on the front of his trousers, as he saw the bags Marinette was carrying. The same brown shade, without any name or mark. But he knows it's the same sex-shop where he bought her strap on and that darn prostate massager. In her back, a large backpack containing heavens know what.

He asked about it.

"Oh, something to wear. Do not think about it."

Easier said than done.

Once they got inside his house, he let Marinette take out his shirt, shoes and socks, like always.

"I am guessing white." She said, before unzipping his trousers and revealing red boxer-briefs with thin orange pinstripe.

"Red. You are really naughty, aren't you?"

He giggled.

The evening was almost uneventful. A light salad for dinner – model and all – videogames, watching series, with Marinette now and then pinching his butt, snapping the waistband of his underwear, cupping his balls through the fabric. The usual for them. But Adrien could not stop thinking about what Marinette could have purchased at the shop.

But it would not take long now, though Adrien. Her hand went inside his undies, complaining a bit.

"Don't get hard, Adrien, I like playing with the foreskin."

"Not easy, Princess."

"Never mind, how about a quick patrol?"

"Awww..."

"It will be worth it, I promise."

"Fine. You'll be owning me one."

"But you will not get out dressing like that."

"Of course not, I will be wearing Chat's uniform."

"Yes, you will."

She went to the shopping bag, extracting some cat ears from there, and putting them on his head.

"That was the closest yellow I found."

"Ah... you bought something for **me** to wear..."

"Expecting something else?" She put on his hands some padded, a bit oversized gloves. He tried to flex his fingers, without much success.

"To tell the truth, yes. Some sexy lingerie for you, or..."

"Aaaww, sorry to disappoint my kitten. I was thinking in some roleplay. Once we transform back, can you be my kitty? For real?"

"Do you mean, acting like a cat?"

"On all fours, meowing, purring, everything."

He showed a large grim.

"Your saucy ideas have no limit, milady."

"Yes or no? We'll spend the weekend together anyway, just..."

"Meow."

She covered his face with quick kisses, while improvising over 'I'm too sexy' song

"I'm not good enough to my cat/Good enough to my cat/Po-pussy/Po-pussycat"

"Yes, you are. You are more than I ever dreamed."

Next, she got a belt with a tail attached.

"Be glad I resist the temptation of getting a butt plug tail."

“Thanks... I guess.”

Getting a marker, she drew some whiskers on his face.

“Hey, Plagg, I am stealing your job.”

The black kwami had a laugh fit, adding things like “you sure got the part of making his staff grow” and other jokes.

She then started to slide on him black stockings, the kind that go just above the knees, sending Adrien a new set of sensations. Her hands, the fabric of the stockings, the unique silky tightening it provided; His lady was so good for him. Finally, she grabbed the last piece from the bag: a collar with a bell and a tag with “belongs to Marinette” engraved.

“You sure went all in on this, Princess.”

“Is the tag incorrect?”

He gave a quick peck on her lips.

“Not at all.”

She fastened it, a wave of pride, excitement and love running through her body. Playfully she made the bell ring, resisting the urge of giving him a kiss so deep it would double a tonsil exam. Marinette then kneeled in front of him, hands on his undies.

“Your choice, Adrien. How far do you want to go on our little adventure?”

“I don’t know. What’s in your mind?”

“Now... that would be telling.” She giggled. “Speaking of with, remember our safe words?”

“Your’s ‘camembert’.”

“I resent that!” said Plagg

“Mine’s ‘miraculous Ladybug’.”

“Good. So, do you want to be without undies from the beginning, or just later on?”

“In for a penny, in for a pound, I guess.”

“I love you so much, my kitten...” Marinette began to slide down Adrien’s underwear, both hearts racing, hers on what she planned, his on not knowing what lies ahead, increasing the sense of exposure and nakedness his lady was providing. Once he stepped out his last normal piece of clothing, she folded it along his t-shirt and jeans, put on her backpack. “All set, let’s protect the city.”

“Plagg, claws out!”

“It won’t be such a chaaaan...” the kwami said before getting sucked by Adrien’s ring.

“Tiki, spots on!”

Both wanted this patrol to be over as quick as it can, but Ladybug knows better. She must let her kitty wait. Tease him. Delay his pleasure a bit. Problem is, everything he was feeling, she felt double.

Finally, she decided to call it a night.

Soon, two superheroes were landing on a parking lot, desert but for a van. Sitting on the hood, Chat Noir saw the figures of Alya and Nino.

Ladybug made sure to land on a shadowed area, almost 50 meters away from their friends.

“We are still to de-transform, Chat. We can just go home, it’s your call.” She lowered her head.

Adrien mind raced, his dick hurting, confined on the tight uniform. She wants to revert to their civilians there? That means he would be bare in public, walking all the way to their friends with nothing on. These days, there’s cameras everywhere. There’s night joggers and cyclists. There’s the Police of Paris. There’s... He felt his penis pulsing in anticipation. More than that, he looked at his lady. She wanted this, she wanted it so badly...

Slowly, he lowered himself to all fours. This way, rationalized Chat, his genitals would at

least be a bit more hidden from the start.

“Plagg...” his face was burning deep red. “Plagg, c-claws in.”

Ladybug face beamed with pride. He was in it. “Tikki, spots off.”

Marinette quickly scratched under Adrien’s chin.

“Good kitty. Good, good, kitty. Come on.”

Adrien blushed more and more as he walked awkwardly on his knees and hands, feeling his balls move freely, so exposed, his penis pulsing, leaking and occasionally bumping into his belly. He felt like a word from Marinette would be enough for him to come.

They got closer to his friends, to notice two small creatures floating by.

“Plagg will hear about this from you to the end of times, right?” Asked Wayzz, the Turtle kwami. Trixx, the Fox, just smiled. Wayzz shook his head. “You are a mean one, Trixx.”

Nino and Alya were obviously on the game, Adrien thought, as they greeted Marinette, and just then looked at him.

“So, this is the kitten you found?” asked Alya, scratching Adrien’s hair. “He’s so cute.”

Adrien was not sure how he managed to ignore how fully exposed he was and got into the role, rubbing quickly his head on her thigh.

“Hey, pussy.” Said Nino, winning a censoring look from Adrien. Wait, he was a cat, right?

“Ouch! Dude!” Nino was waving the hand Adrien just bit. Both girls censored... him.

“Cut the ‘dude’ thing, Nino.”

“Focus on the play.”

“But Adri... the cat bit me.”

Adrien would be having fun, if he was not conscious of his nakedness. In fact, he was feeling more than naked. The gloves, ears and stockings gave him the eerie inverted feeling, to have what normally no one cares to cover concealed, shielded, while his butt, love hole, penis and balls are hit by the night air, and an occasional hand caressing his rump. It was almost too much to handle. He did the only thing he could, pretending scratch the van.

“It’s getting late. Should we go on?” asked Marinette.,

Nino opened the back of the van, And Marinette coached Adrien in, dropping her backpack there too. The car light allowed their friends to see Adrien body in detail, Alya feeling a jolt of excitement and some wetness between her legs, Nino’s dick growing to full attention in a flash.

Unenthusiastically, they closed the back door and got to the front of the car. Alya driving, Nino on the passenger seat, Marinette on the back seat with Adrien peaking his head to be petted from the cargo area, enjoying the feeling of exposure, of belonging so intimately to his lady.

After a quick trip, they got to the building of Alya and Nino’s apartment. Luckily, it had a cargo lift, not used to anyone, that allowed them to get home exposing Adrien less.

“So... let’s wait until the kitten gets used with the space.”

Now, Adrien was in their apartment lots of times, in every conceivable way, from all four of them as heroes, to fooling around with Nino. But never like this. Forcing himself, he crawled around, feeling the air on his exposed back, pretending to sniff the furniture. He caught a glimpse of Marinette removing something out of her backpack.

“I brought him here because you probably understand a lot about animals, your father working at the zoo and all, Alya.”

“Glad to help. Let’s start with grooming.”

Marinette helped him to the sofa, his head on her lap, his legs curled Alya’s, his penis sadly

rubbing the sofa seat between both. He saw two soft hair brushes, almost at the level of the ones for toddlers, and both girls started to work, Marinette on his head, Alya on his butt and legs.

“Long strokes, to take all the dead fur.”

Adrien could not hold himself. Somehow, he managed to change his pure bliss moan into a purr. Marinette almost jumped on surprise, as she felt Adrien chest vibrating. He closed his eyes, lost on the pure feelings both girls were giving him, and on everything he was giving Marinette and his friends.

“Now let’s do the same on the belly.”

He helped the girls to turn him around, not caring anymore, so what if his penis was rock hard and leaking, if his belly was stained with pre-cum, his lady was liking, his lady was having the special evening for their friends, he was liking. He heard Alya giggle a bit and made an effort to not follow. Instead, he bent his arms in the most cat-like way he could. Marinette stroke his hair and whispered.

“You’re the best kitten.”

Both girls got busy with the brushes again.

“Such pretty kitten.” Said Alya “Look at this belly, so lean and cute. Don’t you think, Nino?”

“I am looking at something else. So, Marinette, when you will have him fixed?”

Adrien looked at Nino and hissed, trying to hit him with a paw. The trio of friends laughed.

“Do you really want me to, Nino?”

His eyes were glued on his friend’s genitals, on Alya’s brushing so close to them.

“Not in a million years.”

“Well, don’t let my father hear that, but I also think there’s exceptions to the rule.” And started to brush his balls, left to right, left to right. It took Adrien all his will not to break character.

Marinette laughed, and got some yarn out of her backpack, and started to cover one of Alya’s room pillows with it. When it was done, she showed to Adrien, and threw it on the floor.

The model smiled and got down the sofa, after the impromptu ball.

At the floor, on all fours, he “tested” the ball, hitting it with one of his gloved hands. Looking at Marinette, he tried to jump over it, slap it so it rolls to the other corner of the room, running in all fours after it...

Sneaking a peak to his friends now and then, he enjoyed the sight of three hands going now and then to their respective crotches. Everybody was having a good time.

Later, Marinette got a fluffy duvet, blankets and made along her friends an improvised cat bed on the floor of their extra bedroom. Adrien jumped on it and pretended to knead it, showing his happiness. Nino unzipped his trousers.

“I would give the cat some cream, but Alya wants it all.”

“Well, the cat sure is fit enough to have all cream he wants, but, aw, good night, Marinette, I can’t handle it anymore. Let’s go to our room, Nino. Now!”

Marinette would giggle, but she was not in a better condition. Super wet between her legs, and the fact Adrien was rubbing his face on hers, looking down she saw he was rock hard, what certainly did not help.

“Rules, kitten, you are excused from the cat role to go to the bathroom or if you need something from the kitchen, no need to ask me. And if you feel cramps and needs to stretch or a massage, just say the safe word, right?”

“Meow.”

She got their vibrator and removed her trousers and panties.

“And cats do not masturba... oh, goodness.”

Adrien started to lick his arm, slowly, in the most sensual way he could. Marinette turned on the device quick, inserting it on her secret, as Adrien started to lick his thigh near his knee. The machine pulsing, her Adrien giving her the show of her life, the lewd noises coming from Nino and Alya’s room. Soon her hand halted the intimate massage she was giving herself, and her face became a mask of pleasure, a scream of ecstasy being muffled, becoming a moan.

She collapsed in the bed scratching Adrien’s hair.

“Good kitten.”

Add a not so comfortable place to sleep to the fact he was the only one whose energy was not drained by sex and orgasms, and it’s easy to understand why Adrien was the first to get up the morning after. He stretched happily and, after enjoying the view of his lady sleeping, he went to the bathroom. Now, taking off the cat gloves is easy, when one can use their teeth to help. He opened a drawer, to find the zipped plastic bag with toothbrush, soap and shampoo marked “Adrien”. He could not help but realize the collection of similar bags grew since his last sleepover. To the expected “Marinette” and “Sabrina”, they added “Juleka + Rose” and “Nath”. He giggled. His friends are becoming a wild and tight bunch.

After taking care of business, he put one paw glove back on, but could not help with the second, and he would not wake up his lady. Well, he grinned, he was a cat, right?

Nino was abruptly awakened by a cat paw on his face, as Adrien threw himself between him and Alya, the closest he could do to walking over his friend face.

Alya woke up with a smile, fishing for her glasses, as Adrien presented the paw just halfway his hand.

“Awww, the kitty wants to sleep with us.” She said, getting his glove in place.

“Kitty? This cat is a spawn from the darkest pit of hell!”

Adrien, on the most catlike position he could, choke on laugh, trying hard to stay as a cat.

“Come on, Nino, can’t you see how cute he is?” Alya was stroking Adrien’s hair, who just closed his eyes and enjoyed the feeling. Soon, he felt another hand on his rump. Nino was patting it, playing with his fake tail, searching for his – so exposed – balls.

“Yes, the cutest thing. Still...”

“He must be hungry. Remember your offer, Nino? Go get a saucer on the kitchen.”

Adrien smiled noticing with the stockings and all cat things he was the most dressed person on that bedroom. While Nino was away, he studied Alya’s body. A fake petite, if was ever one. Marinette developed into a tall hourglass figure, breasts just big enough to fill his hands, kilometers of legs and arms for him to lick and savor. Alya, on the other hand, was not much taller than she was in their student days, but nature was much more generous, giving her a pear shape, full of curves, large hips, generous butt, full, heavy boobs so close to Adrien face. Everywhere a handful of sensual female flesh, a fact Nino liked to throw on Adrien and other guys now and then.

Well, Adrien was a cat, right?

He approached Alya, rubbing his head on her torso, his blonde soft hair massaging her underboobs.

“K-kitten...!”

He got bolder, his head lifting slowly her left breast, rubbing do gently, moving close to the sensitive areola. Alya straightened up, threw her arms back, given full access to the pleasuring pet. “Good kitten. D-don’t stop.”

Adrien moved to the right breast, feeling on his head the weight of her sexiest flesh, no talking, no nothing, just serving his friends.

Nino returned, and Adrien amped his performance, raising up his butt into the air, teasing his other friend. Nino swallowed dry.

“Hm, give us space, kitten.”

Alya maneuvered Nino between her and Adrien, both kneeling on the mattress, the blonde in all fours, her boobs rubbing his darker-skinned back, one hand holding the semi-hard, rapidly growing penis of her boyfriend, other holding the saucer in front of it, Adrien enjoying the show, a bit disappointed for not being able to talk or help licking Nino’s balls.

After a couple of minutes, Nino’s body began to tense and matted the saucer with a few spurts of hot, clear white-ish liquid. They offered it to Adrien.

“Here, kitty, kitty”

Waves of pleasure invaded the three bodies, as Adrien licked his friends’ semen, savoring the taste, his green eyes locked in the couple a few centimeters from him, his tongue getting to the last droplet his friends produced for him. He then started to lick his arm.

“This is too much. Get here, Nino” Alya spread her legs, offering herself.

“Alya, luv, I just...”

She grabbed him by the ears and shoved his face right over her love triangle.

“Your tongue is fine!”

Adrien used the moment to leave the room. Cats have their own agenda, after all. Even if no one knows what it is.

Moments later, Marinette woke up with sounds from the other room.

“Oh, my, Alya and Nino are still at it?” looking down, she saw Adrien curled on his cat bed.

“Mmmorning, kitty.” She said, rubbing his ear.

“Meow.” He rubbed his head on her arm.

“We will just wait for them to finish this sex ultramarathon and go home, right?”

Adrien thought about saying his safe word and laugh for five minutes.

An hour later, with the breakfast waiting on the table, Marinette coached Adrien to the sofa again and started to remove one of his stockings, rolling it down so slowly, giving him a new set of feeling of freedom and exposure.

“I still think we should give him at least one orgasm as a thank you.” said Alya

“He messed with me, but I would give him a go on our three holes.” Said Nino, to with Alya nodded enthusiastically. “Five, if he has it for the mouths, too.”

Marinette finished freeing Adrien’s foot.

“Thanks, guys, but we have plans for the day. How about you finish with the costume? Just let the collar to me.”

Still unable to speak or react, Adrien experienced another level of... hard to say of what, to put in words the joy of being used by his lady and pleasuring his friends.

Stockings and gloves off, Alya worked on his belt, praising how cute and sexy he is lying down, she could see the curve on the end of his ribs, and the firm muscles of his belly. After Nino removed his ears, he stood there, with just his collar on, his length pulsing, begging for release.

“Here” Marinette put Adrien’s boxer-briefs on Alya’s hand. “You two put this on him.”

“Aaaaaawwww”

“Mari, girl, are you sure?” Nino looked at his naked friend. “Dude really needs...”

“Yes, I am sure.”

Alya finished inhaling deeply the smell of the underwear, before giving one leg to Nino, and

both began to make the cloth travel up the blonde's legs, until they reach...

"Marinette... we're besties. Come on." Asked Alya.

She was stroking Adrien's hair.

"What do you think, kitty, a peck? Yes, a quick peck from both will not hurt."

Alya kissed the side of Adrien's length but Nino planted his lips on the pulsing head, covering the leaking slit and...

"Hey, hey, Nino, this is not a quick peck" both girls pushed him away. A tear ran through Adrien's face. His friend wanted to help, but all he accomplished was to bring him closer to an orgasm and have it denied. Sighting, he raised his rump so Marinette could finish putting the underwear on place.

And then she planted the sweetest kiss on his forehead.

"I will remove the collar and playtime's over, kitten." She gave the bell a last jingle, before unfastening it.

"Good morning, Adrien."

"Good Morning, Princess."

And both lips fused on a long-awaited kiss.

"I can't tell how happy you made the three of us, Adrien. And how proud I am of you." She hugged him and stroke his hair. "I love you, I love you, I love you."

"That goes for us, too, Adrien."

"Want to rest some, or can you go to the table with us?"

"Can I have a make-up remover? I think I still got whiskers on..."

After working quickly with the product and the disk of cotton – in fact, so fast and so perfectly Alya was jealous – Adrien put his t-shirt and trousers on and the four had a friendly breakfast.

Until Adrien and Marinette got out of the cab.

"WHAT?"

Back on Alya's and Nino's, they were get frisky again.

"So... how about some pet play of our own?"

"I fancy the idea, Alya. I mean, 'woof-woof'."

"No, you are a turtle, remember" she showed him a green corset. "I got your carapace right here."

"Let me get it straight, Marinette... you buying a cat costume... dragging me bare naked through the city... exposing me to our friends..."

"Oh, too bad, it won't close" Alya took the corset out of her boyfriend body. "Guess no pet play for us."

"Come, Alya, can't you adjust it?"

"No, the only way is..."

"All that was just to put Nino on a diet?!?"

"No, no, not just that, Adrien. I was planning this for a long time, and when Alya said she was getting worried about Nino putting some weight... well, things clicked. We just found another reason for our sexy..."

"I don't know if I laugh or I get mad."

"You had fun, right? And you made us all so... so overjoyed... and..." she gave him an

unopened bag from the sex shop. "It's not over yet."

Opening it, he removed the shortest, more see-through nightgown he ever saw – or, better saying, he barely saw. He opened a large smile

"Was this made by the dressers of 'Emperor's New Clothes'?"

"Let's find out, shall we?" she got the piece of clothing and marched to the closet with a lewd smile.

Lunchtime, Nino flinched looking at the few green leaves on his plate.

"Do I need to even eat like a turtle?"

"No. And we also don't need to have fun as..."

Sighting, he pushed the greens to his mouth.

Marinette and Adrien were still in their bedroom.

Let me Brief You

Chapter Summary

19th prompt - Chastity Time: Adrien has been a naughty kitty and gets punished. Adrien/whoever you want.

ATTENTION: This chapter deals with forced chastity situations. What follows is an excerpt, so you will know what lies ahead:

Ladybug finally returned and got close to him, showing a device with a metallic cylindric object attached. It was polished, all shine and well crafted, but once it was attached firmly in its intended place... Adrien heart skipped a beat.

“You are not serious...”

YOU’VE BEING WARNED. READER’S DISCRETION IS ADVISED.

Chapter Notes

1 - Ryuu_MastersPet said to enjoy Adrien stripping a lot. So, RMP, this one is specially for you :p

2 - It will take a while for the next chapter be up. If it will be. I liked this one so much It could be a good end for the series.

3 - Opinions on this particular one more than welcomed

x.x.x.X.X.X.X.x.x.x

LET ME BRIEF YOU

x.x.x.X.X.X.X.x.x.x

Ladybug was spinning Adrien’s underwear on her finger

“So... After almost a week planning something special for us, I found out you went and spent a night with someone else.”

“It was... an accident.” The model tried to win her over with a cute smile. “J. J. was on the city and...”

“What did I ask you Monday?”

“For me to avoid sex until Friday. But...”

She petted lightly his penis.

“But lil’ Adrien here decided to get frisky.”

“Heh... sorry.”

“Turn around, Adrien. And lean on your bed”

“Are you going to spank me?”

He felt her hands on his butt.

“No, I will say goodbye to the best view of Paris” And parted his cheeks, exposing his hole.

“M’lady, I...” a moan cut his answer, as Ladybug keep kneading his butt cheeks. “we can... reach an – aaaaahhnn – agreement.”

She sighed. The firm rump, the smooth legs, the back of his balls... she could never get enough of it. But what needs to be done, needs to be done. Trying to keep her mind focused, she marched to his closet, returning right away.

“Look, Ladybug, can we talk about this?”

“Raise your arms, Adrien.”

“I said I was sorry... come on.”

“Raise your arms, Adrien!”

He did so, and Ladybug slide an undershirt on his torso.

“Can we be reasonable about that?”

“Lie down on the bed.”

With no other option, he followed the order and watched as she started to fit a dress sock on his right foot.

“Look, Ladybug, you make mistakes, too. It’s no reason to get...”

And on his left one.

“We can start again. A week without sex, no problem.”

She was going to the closet and back again.

“Since this shirt has your monogram, I think you like it very much.”

“I...do, but the point is...”

“So I suggest you don’t struggle.”

He pushed his arms back, making it easier for her to put it on him.

“See? I am cooperating. I can do whatever you say. Let’s just end this...”

She was buttoning the last button, right over his dick, his semihard dick, with the lovely skin still covering the... she forced herself to ignore it. Then she went to the other button. And the following. And the other one, closing the shirt up to near his neck.

“Good. You had your fun. Now, can we talk about this?”

She was inside the closet for too long.

“Ladybug?”

Ladybug finally returned and got close to him, showing a device with a metallic cylindric object attached. It was polished, all shine and well crafted, but once it was attached firmly in its intended place... Adrien heart skipped a beat.

“You are not serious...”

And a second one just like the first.

“Cufflinks, Ladybug? Right, hahah, I got it, you are disappointed, I got the message, I am sorry.”

But she was trying to adjust the darn things to his shirt. Adrien pressed the cuff holes together.

She smiled and finished fastening the left one.

“See? I am even helping you. What evidence more you need I am being sincere on my...”

She fastened the right one and showed him a shopping bag.

“Recognize this brand?”

“Yes, it’s a popular department store. What does this...”

She removed something from it. Brown, with the most tasteless green and blue tartan pattern Adrien ever saw.

“And this is the ugliest boxers I could find there.”

“Right, right, now I understand how you really feel. I am deeply sorry, ok? If you want, I will not see J.J. ever again.” She raised one of his feet, putting the boxers leg on. “Ladybug, you know I don’t like boxers” And did the same with the other foot. “Right, right, J. J., I will not even see him on TV, right? Just say it and I will stop watching the Winter Olympics entirely.” She raised the boxers up to his thighs.

“And the Summer ones. Can we please, please talk about...”

She gave Adrien’s dick head a chaste peck, adding mentally “Hope to see you again soon, cute one”

“hhhhhnnn, M’Lady, I...”

“Raise your rump, Adrien”

“Look, this is going too far.”

“I will not say it again”

He did so, and she finished putting the boxers in place, before returning to the closet.

“I said I am sorry, what else...” She appeared again, with a heavy hanger on hand. “My God, you got my suit with vest.”

She started to put his trousers on.

“Can’t we just pretend this never happened?”

“Get up.” The quiet sound of the trousers’ zipper going up was one of the saddest ones Adrien heard in some time.

“Every couple has this kind of problem, right? Solving them is a part of a normal, healthy relationship.”

She brought the leather belt to his eye level, made it make a “SNAP” sound before moving to his back and start to put it into place.

“That is, healthy if we talk about it”

She finished fastening it. Since she was behind him, finishing fastening the belt meant Ladybug was hugging him and very tempted to continue like so but sighed and pushed him back to the bed.

“Remember you told me how you disappointed Chat Noir years ago? He made you all that scenery with candles and rose petals...” Ladybug was now kneeling in front of him, head down.

“Sorry, Ladybug, if I that memory is painful for you...”

She practically hammered a shiny black loafer down his right foot.

“Aaagh. Ouch-ouch. Chat Noir years ago was way more mature than you today, you know?”

She looked at him, left foot only halfway inside the shoe.

“How do you know?”

“huh... what?”

“About his reaction. How do you know?”

Panic was suddenly mixed with all the feelings around Adrien at that moment.

“You... told me.”

“I did?” she halted for a while, searching on her memories, until finally shrugging and finishing with the shoe. “Get up.” She said, getting the vest.

“You know the silence treatment is for toddlers and little kids, right?”

She finished buttoning up the vest.

“Really, I don’t know what to say other than I am really sorry and feeling miserable for disappointing you and where the blazes did you got a pocket watch with chain?!?”

“Father of a friend.”

After some struggle, she fixed it on place and stormed back to the closet and returned shortly

showing three pieces of cloth to Adrien.

“Come on, Ladybug, enough is enough.”

“Want to wear the one I bought at that store?”

“The red one!”

She raised up the shirt collar and closed the last button, before putting the red tie around his neck

“Ok, let’s try this. I will make two requests, you choose with one to answer. You can either, one, stop this punishment and talk to me. Or two...”

She looked at him, waiting.

He smirked.

“Windsor.”

Ladybug tried to suppress a giggle. “You’ll have the only knot I know, smart-ass.”

“You are not playing fair.”

She finished adjusting the tie, straightened the collar again and hold the coat to his back. He put it on.

“Right, Adrien, now we’ll talk. Silly blondie, I don’t mind you meeting with J.J. I just don’t want you meeting with anyone in our time, right? Now... It will take me some time to get everything ready again. Meanwhile... will you sleep with, fuck, have sex, make love with anyone next week?

“No, I will not. First, you’re the only person I really make love with.”

“Awww...” she gave him an eskimo kiss, rubbing their noses together.

“As for the other options, I’ve learned my lesson. No intimacy whatsoever for a week”

“Not even with yourself.”

“Aw, please, M’Lady...”

“Until next Friday. Hands off your dick.”

He sighed. “Deal...”

She got a red pocket square with back polka dots, like her outfit, and put on his breast pocket.

“This will remind you of this talk. And what will you wear each time I visit you for the next... two weeks?”

“Two weeks? Ladybug!”

“If I don’t like the answer, I will just stop coming.”

He sighed.

“This... kind of clothes?”

“Good.”

She got close and landed a peck on his cheek.

“You are a good boy, just a bit naughty sometimes.”

She grabbed the silky cloth around his neck and untied it. It was enough for Adrien’s dick grow to full attention.

“You got me curious. Show me a Windsor.”

Speedo Limit

Chapter Summary

Adrien & co. work in america, earning they money one piece of cloth at a time. Stripper Adrien. And yes, they keep their hats on.

Chapter Notes

Most difficult chapter so far. Lots of research and re-writting:

- Luka cameo as a shy stripper: cut
- Adrien talking with his strip teacher:cut
- Adrien working on a private party, much more daring than the regular strip: cut
- Adrien "chef" routine (think his body + whipped cream) : cut

I was going to work on this a bit more, but i hope this can cheer people around.

All the best.

21th prompt: Naughty Adrien: Have I mentioned I really love Stripper Adrien? I'd love to see him having run away to America and slumming it with Nino and Nathaniel, working as a stripper and loving the attention.

Two hours before the show, it was time for the role-call. That was something that the floor manager would never forgive you. Miss the call, you're out of the show, maybe out of job. That was one of the best houses of its kind, and he intended to keep that way. So, bartenders, waiters, DJ, bouncers, performers, everybody was lined up and listening up. This was one of the two times when Manoel Whitaker seems to grow and become the most imposing figure of all. The other is when he puts on the wig and clothes of Martha Wayne-Kent, the famous Drag Queen MC of the place.

"Busy night ahead, two bachelorette parties, one divorcee celebration. Everybody on the floor, please, don't let one get close to another. We need everybody to have fun. Also, don't forget the Triple Threat Energy Drink contest is still valid, and we still can get the prize for being one of the places that sell more the stuff. Push it to everybody. Now, the show." Twelve young guys, all with good bodies and better faces, stood in attention.

"Josh, Nathaniel, you're my escorts during my show. After that, we'll start with the stage setting routine, so everybody on your tight jeans, t-shirt and hard hats. Martin, the solo is yours. Next, Carl and the cowboy act."

“Traditioooooon” some sang, mockingly.

“Hey, I can wet more panties with my cowboy than your fancy...”

“Boys, attention. After that, Josh and Edmond, well done, you convinced me. I am green lightning the debut your paramedic routine. Brad, Polynesian act. Ca-re-ful. In doubt, just. Don’t. Do. It.”

“You worry too much, Whitaker.”

“You will be handling and spitting fire surrounded by dozens of women holding alcohol. And once you set the alarm sprinklers out. We like getting our patrons wet, but not like so.”

The others laughed.

“Hey, I am the Great Brad of Fire. I am the reason most of those girls come here in the first place.”

“Yeah, yeah, keep telling yourself that. Jonathan, pizza delivery. Avery, tuxedo.”

“Aw, I was training so hard on my Army routine.”

“I know, but we need variety. Josh and Martin, gardeners. Todd, rock star. Sidney, boxer. Final act, Adrien, Nathaniel and Nino, cops and robber.”

“Surprise, surprise. The foreign legion closing the show again.”

Nino laughed.

“What can we say? Girls love our je ne sais quoi.”

“Send home” Whitaker raised his voice “The send home act is the traditional sailor routine for everybody, solo-ing for more than 90 seconds means a fine, everybody got it?”

Sidney got out of stage on all fours, wearing the skimpiest speedo and holding the boxer gloves in his mouth.

Once backstage, he went straight for a bottle of water

“I warmed them for you, euro-gang.”

“Yeah, yeah, tell the floor team to get the ‘slippery when wet’ signs ready to put all over the floor, because here we go.” Nino patted Adrien on the back “Go get them, tiger.”

The set got completely dark. The idea was for it to be silent, too, but whistles and catcalls made this impossible. For scenario, a window frame suspended by cables. Then it started. Sounds of keys, wooden being broken. Suddenly, a single spot light focused on Adrien, wearing tight black leather trousers, a striped shirt, domino mask and a shiny crowbar in hands. He started to pretend to work on the window, moving his hips while doing it. An orchestra version of Smooth Criminal starts to play.

Adrien felt to his knees, hands up holding the crowbar, one end working in the fake window, the other he brings slowly to his mouth, and kisses it sensually. He moves in all fours down to the narrow part of the stage, where patrons hands can touch him from each side. He moved quickly, on the tempo of the music, getting close to one and another, flirting playfully with them. Arriving at the larger, circular area in the end of the catwalk, the music slows a bit, he grabbed a woman from the audience (actually, a plant), making her step on the stage, held her hand and made her grab his butt cheek hard, as the others cheered and made more catcalls. With full theatrics, he gets close, as for a kiss, and removes her necklace before making her step down. From now on, only real Patrons. He looked around for the ones with a large, colorful sticker on their clothes. They are the ones celebrating something – wedding, divorce, birthday, whatever, and have the priority, but everyone must have fun.

Without stop dancing, Adrien went down to his knees and grabbed one hand, kissing it romantically, before arching his body and positioning in front of his pants. He played with a couple more girls, before going back to the “window”.

A sound of breaking glass is heard. Adrien froze, as the stage is taken by the sound of an alarm and red and blue spotlights run quickly over the stage, the patrons, everywhere.

The song changed to Bad Boys from Inner Circle.

Adrien took a step back so Nino and Nathaniel took the center of stage wearing police uniforms. The former had white accents on his, the later, red. Good cop, bad cop.

They also danced a bit playing with the patrons, inviting one up the stage for a pat down – made more with their hips against her legs than their hands. They made her step down and turned their attention to Adrien.

Music changed to Police on My Back, by The Clash.

They pretended to chase Adrien in the large part of stage, Nathaniel with a baton on his hands, Nino only making gestures.

The darker skinned lad pretended to have Adrien on a neck hold, as the ginger one ripped the stage-prop shirt out of him.

Both Nino and Nathaniel ran their hands over Adrien's body, until, in an over-theatrical movement, he gets one of the "pistols" from their belts, and pretended to run away, stepping down from the stage, and running between the tables, stopping here and there, inviting the patrons to run their hands over his torso. He identified one girl who was more willing, and asked her to stand up.

Right on the cue, the music changed to Psycho Killer.

Adrien went behind her, gently thrusting his hips, rubbing the gun on her body, gently blowing on her ear.

Meanwhile, Nino and Nathaniel "surrounded" Adrien. In a hidden move, the blonde unfastened some buttons on his pants, and asked another girl on the audience to hold firmly on its waist. As the cops pulled him, she ended with the stage trousers on her hands, as Adrien was now only on a skimpy orange speedo and shoes. Nathaniel took him to the back of the stage, as Nino selected another girl on the tables, and brought her to the stage. Beatles' "Tell me what you see" started to play.

Nino got a chair with a huge "Witness" wrote in the back, and let the girl sit there. They got clipboards and simulated taking notes, Nino doing a few lap dance moves on her, Nathaniel "forcing" her head next to his crotch.

Nino returned, taking out his shirt slowly, taking her hand and putting it over his nipple, coaching her doing circular movements.

Nathaniel took off his shirt behind her, and, swirling to her front, took his belt slowly, and made it crack a loud slap sound on the floor a good distance from her, but enough to make her let an "eeeeep" out.

Nino gently took her out of stage, as Nathaniel started to scout for another "witness", one wearing trousers.

The ginger sat her on the chair and got his belt on the back of her head, forcing it forward and making their faces closer. He then stood up her legs between his, and coached her hand on his rump.

Nino now was getting rid of the belt with gun, baton and other props, as well as the real belt, and opening the fly of his trousers right in front of the "witness".

He then went to the girls on the verge of the stage, starting to slide down his trousers, falling on his knees and taking then out with some sensual moves on the floor, showing his shiny blue speedo. On his all fours, he approached the girl on the stage, spreading her legs, and simulating some moves with his head inches from her crotch. Then in a flash he stood firmly

on his knees, her legs now on his shoulders, making her slide some on the chair to a even more sensual stance. Another small surprise that, if did not make her come there, made her very close. Helping her to her feet, he made her get out of stage, as Nathaniel took the next girl. He made her sit, legs closed, and gave her a lap dance, opening his trousers zippers while doing it. Asking her to stand up, he climbed on the chair, and motioned the girl to slid his trousers down, revealing also a bright blue speedo. He and Nino helped her down the stage.

Finally they brought back Adrien, now barefeet, playing with an orange towel with a big number printed on. Stripped Me Naked, by John Lee Hooker, started to play.

The regulars started to shout as Nino got in front of the “prisoner”, hands on the side of his orange speedo, and start to lower it down, in a sensual way, very slowly, with the music, while Nathaniel pretends to lock Adrien’s head up, playing with the police baton around his face. The last piece of clothing on Adrien’s body kept getting lower on his legs, Nino making sure to use his body, then, as he lowers himself, only his head to hide Adrien’s dick from view. The DJ then gave a coy look at the audience, fished the towel from the floor and gave it to Adrien, who hold it with one hand, right over his privates.

He then turned back, Nino and Nat holding each other an end of the towel, making a curtain blocking his front, but leaving his bare butt completely exposed. Adrien danced, the rush of Adrenaline of being so exposed, pleasing so many girls, running his hands sensually through his body, shaking his tush. Time to make the place’s roof hit the International Space Station. Adrien grabbed his towel hiding his dick once more, as Nino went to his front to give support. Nathaniel then raised his open hand, as Madonna’s Hanky Panky started to play. He then slapped one of Adrien’s butt cheek. And again. Some girls on the audience started to count. Three. Four. It’s a delicate balance. It must get red enough for the audience to see but leave no mark for the next show. Five. Six. Seven. Nath tried to select the right party girl. Once they selected a MMA fighter by mistake and the result was not good for poor Adrien. Finally he invited one to the stage and, under incredible noise from the other patrons, slapped Adrien’s butt. Eight. Nine. Ten. Under applause, she got down, as Adrien danced a bit more, fully showing his red behind. This was Adrien’s favorite part of the routine. Exposed. Spanked. Being nothing more than eye candy for so many girls. Used. Once he was so turned on that lost his professionalism had an orgasm at this part. Luckily, he came over Nino and not one of the patrons, so scandal averted. Or they avoid having to do a cum shot every routine, they were not sure.

Then Nino and Nathaniel helped Adrien to tie the towel around his waist, covering everything between the waist and his knee. Dancing Cheek to Cheek started playing. Time to Nino and Nath coach another party girl to stage, making she dance with Adrien, who opened the towel, the guest body hiding everything from view, and got closer, rubbing his cock and balls on her leg. The girls were practically throwing themselves on the stage as the second one was chosen for the same dance.

The trio then went to the larger stage area, behind a translucent screen, so the girls could see them stripping the rest of their costumes – in Adrien’s case, just dropping the towel – and putting on some thick, resistant silver thongs, and an extra tight belt a bit above then. Brad joined then wearing the same, as the Martha Wayne-Kent went to the microphone and told it was time for thanking the boys. Money Makes the World go Around started to play, inviting girls to tip the performers. Most put the bills on an almost decent way, but there’s always the ones who used the moment for an extra feel or grapping what they shouldn’t. Finally, the four exited the stage under thunderous applause and catcalls.

Backstage, Adrien laughed, taking one note out of his thong.

“Eight shows in a row, at least one 50 dollar bill each, two more and I am off the cleaning bathroom duty on our apartment.” He said, putting the bills on the pot it would be split by all the performers later.

“Yeah, yeah, you’re a freaking sexy machine, Adrien, now change fast.”

Nathaniel and Nino were already drying the sweat of their bodies the best they could, stripping the thongs and putting on white boxer-briefs and t-shirts, both of a thin, cheap material, and round sailor’s caps.

The twelve performers of the show gathered for the finale, everyone wearing the same “sailor” uniform, performing a choreographed dance under, with no imagination whatsoever, “In the Navy” by Village People, before grabbing one of the water bottles or buckets available and doing a farewell solo performance.

“Let’s hear it” Martha Wayne-Kent called “for the grey charm of the Cowboy Carl!”

And so each one was called, until

“I don’t think I need my lawyer. The Good Cop, Nino.”

Nino got an icy small water bottle and danced to the small circular stage in the end of the catwalk. After teasing the patrons a bit, he ripped his t-shirt open slowly, throwing the rags to the audience and grabbing the water bottle. He rubbed it in front of his boxer-briefs, making them get just slighter see-through in certain areas, then he gave the bottle to a patron, who wasted no time in rubbing the bottle just over his genitals, before Nino got it back and taking two gulps of it and pouring the rest over his head, shaking it so it rained over the closer girls.

“You can use that baton on me all day long, honey. The Bad Cop, Nathaniel.”

Nino stopped in the middle of the catwalk, making way to Nathaniel, carrying a large bottle, and following him, to help the ginger on his number.

Nino grabbed Nathaniel’s shirt hem and stood motionless as he raised his arms and started to low his body, getting himself out of the shirt, and not the other way around. Nino gave him the shirt, before getting back to his place. Nathaniel started to dance with it, rubbing the shirt on his torso and moving it between his legs, before throwing it to the audience. He then grabbed the bottle of water, turned his back to the audience, and let the liquid run freely on his shoulders, scapula, column, drenching the back of his boxer-briefs and revealing every curve and detail of his butt, the line between cheeks, almost the color, everything.

“I know he stole lots of hearts tonight. Our beloved Burglar, Adrien.”

Adrien went to the circular stage, a small bottle with him. He called another girl up, gave her the bottle and got to his knees, raising his shirt and pointing to his navel, bucking up his hips as the liquid hit the spot. Thanking the girl, he danced some before getting in his knees again and arching his back, as Nino and Nathaniel approached, each one with a large bottle, and poured it all over Adrien’s t-shirt and boxer-briefs, drenching the front of both to the point nothing was left to the imagination. The cherry on top that brought the house down was when he quickly kissed Nino’s and Nat’s dicks through their undies.

One of the perks of the main attraction in the house is an exclusive bathroom, with a shower big enough for the trio. There, they relax from the intense work with many hand and blow jobs under the warm water.

Or, in days like this, rubbing vigorously Nino’s body.

“We said now and again ‘no glitter’. What are you thinking?” Adrien asked, working with a sponge on his friend torso.

“I was looking for an angelical undertone. Good cop and all that, dude.”

“It will take forever to remove everything.” Said Nathaniel, on his knees, scrubbing with a

brush Nino's thighs.

"Complaining about the view, Red?"

The ginger boy smiled, both of his friends' genitals, dripping water, on his eye level.

"The view? Not at all. The needless work? Sure."

"Dudes, relax." Nino reached for Adrien's dick, giving it a few gentle strokes. "All in a day's work."

"Trying to transfer the problem, making us full of glitter, too? Not going to work."

Nino quickly twisted his body, so his balls were now touching Nat's nose.

"Well... maybe it will work a bit."

Intermission

Chapter Summary

Just a small "thank-you" for all your readership. It's being a interesting ride, and your reaction to it made me very happy. Unfortunately, I am busy right now, and writing these takes a time I no longer have at my disposal.

So, again, thanks for everything.

... and hope to see you all in a couple of months, for season two

INTERMISSION

MAKING OF AND PRODUCTION TAKES

Neat Don, Writer

It all began with a project for a Xiaolin Showdown, that was supposed to show a developing relationship. I met with the rest of the crew, with the question: we keep the sex on the tale or make it clean? In the end, our company never did anything explicit before, so we took the challenge.

John K., Producer

I was all "really? Really?" We rated a project "M" on fanfiction due to some double entendre. And the most lewd thing we featured to that point was a kiss on the collarbone. And that was the cause of another "M" rating.

Applejack, My Little Pony

Ah can attest that. That company invited me for ah work, they said it involved a "romantic scene". It ended up being me and the stallion looking deeply at each other and promising to write every day. And they want to make porn? That's a tornado of mess waiting to happen.

Phil, Director

The Xiaolin script was good, but I was afraid our lack of experience would ruin the tale. So I had the idea of inviting some characters we worked with in the past, for some short, daring tales. And the Adrien Challenge made everything easier. We could do it without even needing to develop a plot, everything was ready.

Marinette, Miraculous Ladybug

Sure, it was a shock. We worked with this company before, most small projects, I don't know if any broke the five digits viewership on Fanfiction. Nice people, me and Adrien like working with them because, to that point, they invited us to comedies and light action projects. It's almost like resting from the deep emotions and extenuating action scenes

required from other companies. So, when they approached and asked us to research into BDSM and Clothed Female, Naked Male kinks for a project we were “WHAT?”

CHAPTER 1

Phil, Director

We decided to start what we thought would be a simple way. No exteriors, Just Adrien room, simple scene. To warm up, we decided to shoot several non-sex segments from other chapters that would happen in the same location. Big mistake. We were shooting for six hours before the start working on Chapter 1

Adrien, Miraculous Ladybug

Right, if you don't believe me, go ask Steve Carell. Waxing is the. Worst. Thing. Ever.

John K., Producer.

We started with the shaving scene because made sense. We first get the long hair and later, the short hair intro scene. But the short hair scene required, well, short hair. And with the waxing, Adrien ended up with a big bald spot just over his... we had to stop recording every naked Adrien scene in a work about naked Adrien until his carpet get back in shape.

PETIT MORT

John K., Producer

Surprisingly expensive to make. Have you ever tried put the whole crew that produces a fanfiction inside one of these studio apartments? It can't be done. So we had to build a scenario, and get a bigger apartment just for the sequence Adrien looked through the window.

Phil, Director

Do you know the translation of “peaceful evening sun and light”? It's “winter”! My compliments for Adrien standing naked in the cold for the whole thing.

THREE WAY'S THAT WAY

“Hmmm, Sabrina, would you mind if we take over from here?”

She agreed and her hand went from their members right to her sex. Adrien and Nino stood on their knees and joined on a tight embrace, their rumps starting to move in the same rhythm, rubbing their dicks together, every movement sending jolts of pleasure through their bodies

“N-nino, wait. Sabrina, can you stand up?”

“Adrien, what...”

“Come on.”

She did, and Adrien used one arm to bring her even closer, and Nino understood. Sabrina screamed as two tongues started to explore her sex, Adrien and Nino fought for dominance on her slit, until she lost her balance and caused the trio to fall on the floor.

“Oh, my, sorry, guys, sorry. Are you all right?”

Nino and Adrien could not answer, in the middle of a hard laugh fit.

DIRECTOR: Cut.

ASSISTANT: Three Way's That Way, Sabrina Bedroom, take two

“Hmmm, Sabrina, would you mind if we pppffffittt”

Adrien broke on a laughter that spread to the others like fire

“Sorry, folks, sorry.”

DIRECTOR: (also laughing) Cut. Right, let's focus, everyone

ASSISTANT: Three Way's That Way, Sabrina Bedroom, take four

Adrien sighed

"Sabrina, would you mind if we take over from here?"

"Shuuuu-sure" she giggled and turned away, but it was too late. Everyone was laughing again

DIRECTOR: Cut! Guys! Guys!

ASSISTANT: Three Way's That Way, Sabrina Bedroom, take -

"You are doing this on purpose, so we keep rubbing our dicks, right?"

DIRECTOR: Nino! Cut!

ASSISTANT: Three Way's That Way, Sabrina Bedroom, take eleven...

"Hmmm, Sabrina, would you mind if we take over from here?"

She agreed and her hand went from their members right to her sex. Adrien and Nino stood on their knees and joined in a tight embrace, their rumps starting to move in the same rhythm, rubbing their dicks together, every movement sending jolts of pleasure through their bodies

"N-nino, wait. Sabrina, can you stand up?"

"Adrien, what..."

"Come on."

She started to do so, as Nino's body suddenly tensed

"S-sorry, folks, I-i..."

As he climaxed, his hot liquid landed on Adrien and Sabrina.

DIRECTOR: That does it, let's give up this *beeeeeeeep* scene for today. Can you three please focus so we can try recording the cuddling scene, so this day is not a complete *beeeeeeeep* disaster? Please and thank you. Un*beeeeeeeep*believable

THAT WAS EN-LIGHTNING

Adrien

We took part in hundreds, hundreds of reveal fics. Just take a quick browse. Some are full of emotions, a handful are funny, a lot involve me or she being wounded, more than a few are masterpieces in setting and dialogue... but I have to say, a reveal while she is looking straight at my bare butt is quite unique.

Marinette

And what a pretty butt it is.

SWISS AND I MISS

John K, Producer

So, we needed make-up that aged Adrien and Nino to their mid-forties, that could stand a completely wild fight, and stay in place both near fireplaces and while they were rolling in the snow, all that while showing both faces in detail in the most emotion-filled chapter. It took us almost a week to find the desired effect. Still, during the hotel scene, once Adrien almost drank his fake mustache with his hot cocoa.

Nino

In most of the other chapters, I play the comic relief, so making this one was a joy and a challenge. I am very happy with the result.

THE CAT'S MEOW

Neat Don, Writer

I would rather let it more clear chronologically how Adrien give himself to Marinette. At this point, she can ask him practically anything, and he will do it. And she will be asking a lot on the next chapters.

John K, producer

Right, that one was hot. Every time we stop recording, the production crew rushed to the bathroom, or some empty room.

xxxxxx

YOU'LL SEE NEXT SEASON

Ivan, Mylène, Rose, Juleka, Luka and Wayhem wave. They are all in business casual clothing and cocktail dresses, but to Wayhem, who wears just a towel around his waist.

“Hello, readers, Luka here, and we know what you are thinking.”

Mylène giggled.

“You are looking at Ivan and wondering if everything is proportional.”

“No, that’s not what they are thinking. But now that you mention it...”

“They want to know why Wayhem is wearing a towel.” Came Rose

“Knowing this audience, they want to know when Wayhem will drop the towel”

“Juleka!” complained together Wayhem and Rose.

“No, no” said Luka “They were wondering when would we show up. Well, we’re all here for a very special chapter, with lots of exciting situations. So, see you all in season two.

xxx

Marinette was working on a batter at a kitchen.

“Oh, hi there.” She showed the batter “I am making a Galette des Rois, Cake of the Kings, a traditional dish served in France at the First of January holiday. Later, a coin or a small figure is put in the batter and whoever gets it on their slice is king/queen for a day. Me, Adrien, Nino, Alya and a couple of special guests will share this cake. Who will be the ruler, who will be the servants? You will have to wait the Holidays Chapter and see.

xxxx

Adrien and Marinette, in formal attire, walked around a semi-dark office.

“This is where Nino works.” Started Marinette. “It’s empty at this time of the night.”

Adrien shows a pair of fluffy pink circles, linked by a metal chain.

“Those are fuzzy handcuffs.”

Adrien put a chair in the middle of the office.

“And this is a chair.”

Adrien approached the chair as he was going to sit, until the couple reached for the shadows, pulling in Nino and placing him in the chair.

“And this is Nino.”

Adrien was behind Nino, lowering his head to be next his, and showing him the handcuffs

“And we’re working on a very special chapter, right?”

“Dude! You’re scary.”

“But for that, you’ll have to wait for season two.”

xxxx

“Greetings.” A floating small robot waved “It’s me, Markov, and in this chapter I record a very stimulating scene for humans involving a very special couple. I can’t tell you more, but I have another message for you.”

At the screen that doubles his eyes, a small, green, diaper-wearing creature appeared

“Hello. You can call me Non-Enrique, from Trollhunters. What am I doing here? There is a cross-over chapter, you know. And... I am not in it.” He got a cell phone “Hey! You are my agent. How come I am never where the hot action is? I want to be invited to – What do you mean, ‘minor’? I am hundreds of years...”

xxxx

See you folks soon

Took some time to celebrate

Chapter Summary

Adrien Agreste took a holiday, took some time to celebrate, just one day out of his busy life, it was, it was so nice... hm, you know, someone could make a song out of this. Adrien and co. gave New Year's, Easter and Bastille Day (French Version of July 4th) an unique twist.

Chapter Notes

So, how are you folks? How's going, RMP? back with the holliday challenge, hope it's ok if I used some other dates - Halloween in France? Really? Really?.

Thanks for waiting, and I hope you enjoy this chapter

23th prompt by Ryuu_MastersPet . Sex Through the Holidays: What does Adrien's sex life look like between Holiday Photoshoots and Hero-ing as Cat Noir? MUST INCLUDE: Christmas, New Years, and Halloween. You can interchange them for whatever holiday you celebrate during that time instead, but I just needed to set the timeline you're working with. I celebrate Yule and the Fall Harvest personally-but you can do whatever you want.

...x.x.x.x.X.X.X.X.X.X.x.x.x.x...

TOOK SOME TIME TO CELEBRATE

...x.x.x.x.X.X.X.X.X.X.x.x.x.x...

JANUARY, 1ST

.....

The small apartment was full, but Alya and Nino decided they wanted to spend their first new year living together with a special brunch for their friends. Marinette was invited a couple hours earlier, so she could make the Galette du Rois. Knowing how sneaky she and Adrien could be, and with Marinette thinking the same about Alya and Nino, they decided to make this double-blind. Alya watched close as she puts the batter on the cake pan. To this point, Nino is forbidden to get near the kitchen. Then the girls would exit the kitchen, Nino would come in and hide the small ceramic figurine on the cake. He would exit, say "ready" and lock himself on the bathroom, avoiding any message being passed to Alya. Finally, they made a small "Russian Roulette" thing, spinning the pan. Finally, after it was done, Alya watched closely as Marinette decorated it, making sure there's no hidden signal on the sprinkles if the dark-haired girl saw, somehow, the prize. Finally, as the other guests were arriving, the paper crown was put on top.

Nino and Alya sat on their kitchen stool, Adrien, Marinette, Rose and Juleka using the

normal chairs. The table was more than full, but somehow the six friends managed to fit food, plates, glasses and tons of joy around. Finally, the dessert came.

“Right” Nino hold the cake server “Who will do the honors?”

“You do, Nino. It’s your house.”

“And as the owner, I will be scientific about my choice.” He began to point to the guests “eenie-meenie-miney-mo...”

Finally, Juleka was chosen, and she carefully served a slice for each guest.

They ate carefully, in excited silence, until Alya’s jaw made a dead stop, the signal she just chewed something hard. With care, she took the figure out of her mouth.

“We have our queen!” Shouted Marinette.

“Boo! Rigged!” some of the other guests playfully complained.

After finishing eating the cake and playing more, Alya asked everyone’s attention.

“My first decree is, the boys clean the table and do the dishes while the girls enjoy some wine.”

“Of course, that would be your first decree.” Teased Nino.

After half an hour, they returned to the living room.

“All ready, your majesty.” Nino said, going to fill a glass for his own.

“Not so fast, servant. Royal decree, you and Adrien strip each other.”

Marinette giggled, Nino frowned.

“I like the way you think, Alya.”

“Luv, is this another way to ask me to reform the heating system?”

“Come on, Nino. It’s the queen’s order.” Said Adrien, pulling up his friend sweater. Without option, he raised his arms, allowing the fabric to be removed from him, and proceed to take out Adrien’s jacket. Approaching for a kiss, the model asked the DJ to raise his leg. Adrien grabbed Nino’s thigh sensually, travelling his hand slowly all the length, until reaching the feet and removing his shoe and sock. A gentle touch made Nino change the foot, and Adrien bared it.

“Even we find this hot” Said Rose, giggling. It was the clue for Adrien to sit – practically lie down – between her and Juleka, raising his feet, pressing them against Nino’s belly. He wasted no time removing the shoes and socks, as Adrien slide his feet to the front of the DJ’s pants, rubbing them. Rose and Juleka joined the fun, rubbing the blonde’s nipples through his shirt. Nino spread Adrien’s leg open, opening and removing his belt and proceeding to unbutton his shirt. Adrien stood up, went behind Nino and started to rub his torso, opening and removing the DJ’s shirt, opening his belt, button and slowly unzipping his jeans. He then moved closer to Alya and Marinette, as Nino opened his dress trousers and let them hit the floor, revealing his pinstriped black briefs. Adrien then playfully grabbed his arm and “threw” him over Rose and Juleka, removing Nino’s jeans and revealing the gray boxers with a obvious tent in front, that made Nino blush a lot.

“Enough.” Said Alya. “My next command is, well...” she hugged one of Adrien’s thigh, close to the underwear “...depends of an okay from Nino, Marinette and Adrien.”

“Oh, go ahead, girl.” Said Marinette.

“Consider it a late Christmas gift, loving dove.” Smiled Nino.

“You’re the boss today.” Agreed Adrien

She grabbed Adrien’s hand and went to her and Nino’s bedroom.

“Another decree, Nino, stay dressed as you are and entertain our guests for half an hour. We still have condoms, right?”

“Make it 45 minutes” completed Adrien.

“Eeeehh, don’t forget she’s my wife. Don’t push it.” He then looked at the three women

sitting near him, getting conscious of his state, and turned red on the face again “So... you girls want to play Draw and Guess? Blackjack? Anything but strip poker?”

--

In the room, Adrien wasted no time in getting Alya to her lingerie, while she made him naked. Lying her down in the bed, his tongue started exploring her ear, travelling slowly through all her neck, from near her chin to the shoulder curve, alternating licks and kisses, lick, kiss, lick, lick, kiss, lick, kiss, kiss, kiss, lick, a lack of patter that kept her on her toes as he gets closer and closer to her other ear, where he finished the worship with a tender bite.

“Close your eyes.” He asked. She obeyed, waiting for him to free her generous breasts from her bra, starting to feel a tingle between her legs.

She then felt his tongue on her navel, caressing the area around it, its walls, pushing it inside her bellybutton the furthest he could. It was enough for her panties to get wet of desire. She felt his breath, oh so close of the damp thin fabric, making her so close to the edge.

Adrien then bit her left toe, and she came for the first time.

He noticed Alya’s body tense, and bathed her feet in kisses, before allowing his hands to travel upwards, massaging her full, delicious thigh, his hands on the outside, then inside. She could not wait and started foundling her breasts over the lingerie.

“Want some attention up there? You can open your eyes.” She sat in the bed, allowing his hands to travel her back, opening the clasps and releasing her bosoms.

“Those are beautiful” said Adrien, basking on her view. “Much more of a handful I am used to”

“Then get your hands busy, model boy.”

“Just my hands?” Alya felt the warmth of Adrien’s penis making circles around one of her nipples, making her gasp in surprise.

“Naughty Adrien...”

“If you want me to be...” he chuckled, hovering his hands half a millimeter over her breasts, making her nipples hard at the mention of contact, before his thumbs start to circle her areolas, making Alya so excited she almost forgot to breath.

Adrien then returned to kiss her navel, this time his hands sliding out her panties, his lips and tongue starting to travel all the way to her love triangle at the speed of the coming ice age, inch by inch.

Until he finally made contact with her treasure, and start to slow lick every fold.

--

At the living room, the videogame was not going well. Juleka and Rose rather kiss than pay attention on the screen, Nino was too conscious of his semi-nakedness to concentrate and Marinette found no challenge in playing practically alone.

Then everybody heard Alya’s scream of pleasure, and four pairs of eyes turned to the bedroom door.

“Huh... Marinette... should we stop your husband and my wife before they have a too happy new year?”

“We agreed to it, Nino, let’s not change the rules of the game just because...”

Alya screamed even louder. Marinette dropped the controller.

“Where do you keep the spare key?”

.....

EASTER

.....

Adrien laughed

“You... don’t want to try it, Adrien?”

“No, I am just thinking, Marinette... you are the most talented, intelligent, beautiful person I know... but also very creative in your kinky. What did I do to deserve such wonderful, naughty girl?”

“It goes double for you, dear...” they kissed quickly in the lips once, twice. “No, no, stop, or we don’t get to the end of it.”

“Right, let’s do it”

“You’re up for everything?”

“Go for it.”

He raised his arms, as she let a delighted “squee” out and slide out his t-shirt, letting her hands travel his naked torso afterwards. He sat on the table she prepared and let her take out his tennis shoes and socks.

He got up and shrived and blushed a little as her tongue explored his bellybutton, before working on his belt and jeans zipper, dropping then on the floor. Adrien stepped out of them, and Marinette slowly stripped him out of his last piece of clothing, admiring the full body of the model for a while. With a smile, she gestured for him to lay down on the table.

“Careful, princess.”

“I always am” she answered, as her hand started to travel from a warm water bowl to his ballsack, making sure to moist every millimeter of it, feeling his balls, while lil’ Adrien grew to attention.

After that, she got the shaving gel. Adrien giggled at the contact with the new substance.

“Cold...”

Marinette laughed

“You are a superhero. You can handle it.”

“Seems that you’re the one handling things...”

She laughed more, as finished covering his nuts area with the white foam, before wetting the body grooming razor on the water and start carefully shaving her boyfriend balls, stretching the skin carefully, causing him to moan here and there.

“Hm, my kitten likes this” she said, trying to hide the fact she was grinding her legs together, convinced a bit more of that and even her jeans would be damp. She finished making Adrien balls totally smooth, and finished applying some antiseptic. Now the hardest part, wait an hour or so. Netflix and videogames made nothing to speed up the clock, as both were too excited for the rest of the game. For Marinette, specially, to remain clothed next to an Adrien with a so freshly smooth...

Finally.

“Right, Adrien, I think you sit on the table.” She said, getting the rest of her tools for the job. He complied, letting his jewels dangle on the edge. She got warm water again, washing every part of Adrien’s manhood.

“Ready, my bunny for the day?” she asked.

“I think you’re the one doing the easter bunny job.” He held his breath in anticipation as she reached for the chocolate syrup beyond the several condiments and food dies on the table. Holding his right ball, she spread the chocolate on a saucer and, with a brush, started to cover every space of it. Her hand, the brush, the feeling of belonging and being used by his lady, all that mixed inside Adrien making him hard as rock. She then got the vanilla syrup and “painted” a white line in the middle.

Then she got condensed milk and let it flow on his left gonad, quickly spreading crushed peanut over it. She snapped a quick selfie before rushing to the left ball, letting it rest on her tongue for a while, before sucking it to her mouth. Tears started to run through Adrien’s face, as he felt the warmth of Marinette’s mouth, the texture of the peanuts, her tongue exploring

his more delicate place.

She let go once the egg was clean, and went to the other, this time her tongue working more roughly on the more adherent chocolate. Adrien was whimpering of pleasure, using every ounce of his will not to touch himself to the release he desired.

“Best... Easter eggs... ever. Lie down” She ordered, and he followed, as she made him feel around his navel the cold jar of cherry sauce She then proceed to spread the red, cold liquid and pieces of fruit over his smooth sack, before inviting it again, one ball at a time, to her mouth. Cold. Warm. Cold. Warm. Cherries. Adrien was biting his hand, almost unable to control himself over the mix of pleasure and torture his lady put him in.

After a couple more toppings, she looked at him, breathless, got the vanilla tube and quickly drew on his penis a circle with two ovals on the top.

“There you go, a bunny.” She was so desperate she almost did not managed to open her jeans and revel her soaking wet panties, also quickly on the way to the floor. “And here’s the rabbit hole. Quick, Adrien, I can’t wait any longer.”

“You and me both, Princess.” He said, hugging her tight.

It was the happiest easter for both.

.....
JUN, 14 - BASTILLE DAY
.....

Gounod, Debussy, Ravel, the ones everybody knows. Tailleferre and Françaix, for personal taste. Jarre, that both disliked, but is a good way to close the show. And so went two and half hours of “French Composers Interpreted by Piano and Guitar”. Adrien was happy. The tiny theatre was filled most with their friends and fashion media and celebrities and few members of the local music scene. Enough to make one or two photos of them in their Agreste suits appear in the media, the excuse for his father sponsor the piece. The show ended 16:00 sharp, so everybody could go see the real good attractions of Bastille Day but was enough for Adrien. He never claimed to be a virtuoso on piano, his job there was just follow Luka. He was the real talented one, testing his hand on the clasicals, just for the fun of it.

After the show, on their way to the dressing room, Adrien whispered something on Luka’s ear. He blushed but nodded.

They mingled with their friends a bit there, until

“Ok, let’s meet at the cafe at 5:40, so we’ll have plenty of time to find a good place for the fireworks.”

“Deal.” Said Adrien. “Hm, Nathaniel, could you wait a bit? We want to talk with you.”

After the three lads were alone on the dressing room.

“So, what’s this all about?”

Luka messed with Adrien’s hair.

“I am blue, Adrien is white... almost, we were lacking the red for our personal fireworks.”

“What do you...” Adrien’s lips met his, answering his question. “Right. These fireworks.”

Adrien was already kissing Luka, before returning to the ginger guy, allowing them to interlock tongues on a kiss that doubled a tonsil exam.

“Quick, enfants de la patrie.” Said Luka, removing his tie and shirt. “The others are waiting for us.”

A pile of clothes formed in the ground, as the trio rushed to get naked, Adrien in the middle, turning his head to one side and another, alternately tongue-wrestling Luka and Nathaniel.

“Kiss me, Nat.” Asked Luka. The ginger one approached his mouth to the taller guy’s. “No,

not like this.” Luka pressed Adrien against a wall, and made gesture for Nat to kneel like himself.

Nathaniel understood, and kneel, and his lips started to look for Luka’s, with Adrien’s hard penis between both mouths. Adrien felt his legs tremble, the feeling of both lips and tongues on his length, hitting random spots , the side, the head, as they search for each other.

Adrien could not wait more and slide down the floor, Luka gaining dominance over his dick. Nathaniel, not wanting to let his mouth idle, engulfed Luka’s penis, as Adrien, finally lying on the floor, reached for the ginger’s, closing the sexy triangle of mouths sucking, hands fondling balls or fingers probing holes.

After a minute or so, Luka broke contact.

“This is great, but I’ve been daydreaming about your ass, Adrien. I even brought lube.”

“And I here thinking this was my idea.” Said Adrien, giving Nathaniel’s length a final lick.

“Are you game, Nath?”

“Game for what? What are you thinking?”

Moments later, the ginger was moaning loudly, as Adrien’s and Luka’s tongues took turns on his hole, getting him ready and willing. Next, the model’s penis was coated in lube, as well as his entrance.

Adrien went slowly at the tight space, knowing Nathaniel was not so used to it.

“Relax...” said him, licking sensually Nath’s ear. Meanwhile, Luka was using the lubricant on his own penis.

Nathaniel took a deep breath, accepting Adrien with pain and pleasure.

“Let’s bend down a bit” said Adrien, offering himself to Luka.

The blonde had to brace himself, overwhelmed by the sensations, his dick engulfed by Nath’s tight cave, his own hole full with Luka’s, it was almost too much.

They needed some time to get in synchrony, Adrien doing the most of the rocking movement, burying himself on Luka to fill Nath’s space, having his prostate hit, feeling the heavenly tightness over his dick, prostate, dick, while his hands searched for the ginger’s member, jerking him off on the same pace, it did not take long for him to speed up, stimulated by the feelings and the moans of both partners, the pressure starting on his balls, taking over his whole body on a orgasm that made his sight went dark and, for a while, made him see sparkles.

Best Bastille Day fireworks of all.

What do you Ink You're Doing?

Chapter Summary

Tattoos, the symbol of individuality and rebellion that... everybody has nowadays. Bank managers. Soccer mons. Fanfiction writers, guilty as charged.

At any rate, hope you all enjoy, and thanks a lot for your readership and kudos. You folks are the best.

Chapter Notes

Tattoos. One of my several frustrations:

"Ah, you will fly for the first time? Get ready, you will feel this, that, ..."

Lies. I felt nothing.

"Ah, you will get a tattoo? Get ready, it will hurt, you will feel this, that,..."

Lies. I felt nothing.

"Ah, you want to try that intimate act? Get ready, it will hurt, you will feel this, that,..."

...true. Woe is me.

Let's see how Adrien fares, shall we?

x.x.x.x.x.X.X.X.x.x.x.x.x.

What do you Ink You're Doing?

x.x.x.x.x.X.X.X.x.x.x.x.x.

Adrien Gets a Tattoo: OH HOW I LOVE SOME INK! I have a tattoo personally, and by the third hour of sitting in the chair with the needle gun... I was as close to sub-space as anyone ever has gotten me in my whole life. Let's see how Adrien would handle getting a tattoo.

x.x.x.x.x.X.X.X.X.

There were lots of fights over naming the WhatsApp group "No, Nino, we're not naming it 'Adrien Fuckers'." "Well, 'Lovingly Friends' made me feel inside a My Little Pony cartoon". In the end, "F. Dupont Friends and Benefits" won. And became quite used

Adrien: I have my first tattoo appointment next week

DJ Nino: Yeah, get a tramp stamp for me.

Wayhem: Noooo, no needle near your butt. It would be like defacing the Mona Lisa.

Marinette: Nino, Wayhem, don't forget he is MY fiancé.

DJ Nino: I am not jealous. * laughing emoji *

Alya: But I am, Nino.

DJ Nino: Aw, Alya, lovedove...
Wayhem: Sorry, Marinette. But his butt is great as it is.
Sabrina R: Would it not interfere with your work, Adrien?
Alya: Don't loveydoove me.
Markov: I have a sticker near my battery plug.
Alya: and Wayhem, agreed.
Adrien: Sabrina, there's a market for heavily tattooed models.
Marinette: Wayhem, yes, it is. And it's mine.
Adrien: And I will make only one tattoo on a place easy to hide.
Wayhem: No ink near your dick, either.
Adrien: Wayhem!
DJ Nino: yes, save that for a prince albert.
Adrien: Nino!
Alya: actually, Adrien, that's a good idea.
Marinette: Alya!
Sabrina R: No way, I don't want to taste metal

Every member of the chat "saw" the shy Sabrina blush after sending that, and start to pick on her:

Marinette: Sabrina! Tsk, tsk
Wayhem: Sabrina!
DJ Nino: lol, shame on ya, Sabrina.
Alya: It's always the quiet ones. Go, Bina!
DJ Nino: Only Adrien and I can taste metal when we're with you?
Marinette: * surprised emoji *
Wayhem: * surprised emoji *
Markov: * surprised emoji *
Sabrina R.: Nino! I don't have any piercing anywhere
DJ Nino: pics or folks won't believe
Adrien: * laughing emoji * , you should know by now, Sabrina, we are surrounded by perverts. Well, good night, lost ones.
DJ Nino: don't forget. Tramp stamp!
DJ Nino: and prince albert.
Marinette: he's no longer at his phone, Nino.
Markov: Once I asked Max for a hot rod flame paintjob.
Sabrina R.: *laughing emoji * It would have looked cute, Markov.
DJ Nino: folks are waiting the nudes, Sabrina.

The Tattoo artist talked with Adrien for almost an hour, answering his doubts, fears and general questions, tweaked the details on the design, a very traditional Japanese carp with the background made by Nathaniel, the aftercare, the placement.

"That's the spot Just... some say ribs is the the most painful place for a tattoo. Is that right?"

"Well, some places hurt more than others, and it varies from client to client, but the general rule is, the less meat between the skin and the bone, greater the pain. So, some places hurt a lot, but that's not the case of the ribs."

"It's not?"

“No. Some places hurt a lot. Ribs hurt like hell.”

Laughs, more talk, the appointment was marked for two weeks from there.

Those weeks were a torture for Adrien. He talked with his inked friends. Juleka said doing the rose on her shoulder made her feel peaceful. Luka said making his full back hurt, some of the five sessions more than others, but not as much as people say. Kim made an inventory of his several inks, finishing with him dropping his pants to show the one in the left leg.

“And this one I did to cover the scars from the accident and surgery after Alp d’Huez Triathlon, two years ago. The biomechanic skull is Max, the winged one represents me, and the cog with the smiley is Markov. Touch it, you can feel the scars’ texture.”

“Oh, I see.” Adrien said, as his fingers ran through several bumps, lines and marks on his friend’s leg. He looked up to see Kim fidgeting with his undies.

“I did another one for Max near my...”

“I have to go.”

Just another tattooed person to ask.

“You know I was in lots of pain. I even cried.” Said Marinette, while Adrien was holding her ankle with the almost microscopic ladybug tattooed, the matching black cat on the other leg postponed until she gets courageous again.

Right, those did not help. He would have to feel for himself.

At the agreed day, Adrien went to the tattoo shop.

His nose was assaulted by the strong smell of hospital. The bright light seemed to make the colours of the several tattoo images on the wall pop even more. Take of shirt, a bit of cold. Smoothness of shaving soap on the area. Blade. Stiffness of paper being placed on him, transferring the image. Is this the place, it is, perfect, lay down. His hand feeling the different textures of the stretcher. Cloth-like disposable sheet. A bit of plastic under it, crinkling. Sturdy, dependable leather under all. Smell of leather and hospital. Ready? Ready.

A very small line, so you know how it is. Not bad. All right? All right.

Adrien soon realized a small line didn’t translate what he was feeling. his brain registered the pressure, the pain in one spot, the relieve of the pain leaving that place, all while several other points of pain appeared. The cycle repeating time after time, just with small intervals to clean the ink and blood. And again. The pain, the adrenaline pumping his body, a sheet of emotions Adrien never felt before. Clench teeth, the pain, the non-stopping buzz of the machine, the visual turmoil of colours on the wall, the smell of hospital and leather, the relieve of absence of pain in some areas, tears running his face.

And surprisingly, an erection.

Pain, adrenaline, every one of his senses overwhelmed on a different way, the anticipation of more pain, and somehow Adrien body managed to turn on it’s libido. Or maybe due to that? The buzz, the pain, he is not able to really think or concentrate. The pain going up so slowly on his side, a fraction of an inch each time, breathe, don’t forget to breathe, the chemical smells, his heart pumping faster, hormones on the head and on the cock, an overdose of sensations, uncomfortable sensations, but it hurts, oh it hurts soooooo good.

The pain.

And the indescribable feeling of his absence. The nothing. No buzz. No needle. “We’re done.” The hormone levels on Adrien body slowly going down, taking him to a state similar of post-sex bliss. The coldness of the disinfectant, cleaner, protection, stiffness of plastic, the artist talking.

Adrien barely listens. His body urges him to rush to Marinette, to her lips, her body. Now. He obeys.

It's in The Song

Chapter Summary

Another chapter inspired by a song - the 3rd one. This time, I decided to be literal. If it's on "Sex on Fire" by Kings of Leon, is in the tale. Line by line. It was challenging to fit everything, but I liked the result a lot.

Chapter Notes

After reading this, I'd suggest you open another window with the lyrics to "Sex on Fire", and follow both together. As I already said it, the tale follows the song line by line, and in the same order. Hopefully it's as entertaining to read as it was to write. What do you think?

xxxxxxx

Also, time to skip several prompts, since they deal with too serious subjects, and I feel more like just entertaining these days.

See you folks soon, again, thanks for your readership and opinion.

25th prompt - AND YOUUUU! YOUR SEX IS ON FIRE: Sex is On Fire by Kings of Leon is a great song. Listen to it, write whatever this song inspires you to write. But it has to be, Adrien Agreste-centric.

x.x.X.X.X.x.x.X.X.

It's in The Song

x.x.X.X.X.x.x.X.X.

Alya felt an out-of-this-world orgasm starting to form, as Adrien's tongue worshiped her right breast, Nino nibbled on her left, and Marinette slowly lowered her panties, her head getting closer and closer to her dark triangle.

And everything went dark. Really, everything.

"Citizens of Paris! I am the Watcher and..."

"Aaaaaaargh!" cried Alya "I am going to kill Hawkmoth!"

Minutes later, the heroes were laying down a roof of a distant arrondissement of Paris, trying to flank the Watcher, an amateur astronomer frustrated over the light pollution of the city. Hawkmoth's akuma gave her the power to turn off every light on the city, as well as transform the citizens on binoculars, bezels and other instruments, scanning everything around. They let Rena Rouge on a building and were slowly crawling to another to set the ambush, Chat Noir, as the only one with nocturnal vision, in front, Carapace at his right,

Ladybug at his left.

Chat used his hands to make his companions halt. Several akumatized citizens who could sense them ahead. They must wait.

Of course, it would not be so simple.

In order to be guided while crawling, Ladybug was holding his leg and Carapace, his belt/tail. For a moment, Chat wondered if the duo could really not see, as, at the same time, Carapace hand leaved his belt and searched for the black-clad hero leg, and Ladybug's fingers started to travel up his thigh.

They must have made a surprised face when their hands met over Chat Noir's butt. The cat hero tried to focus on the obstacles ahead, as his wanton companions grabbed his cheeks, pulling, massaging them over his uniform. He covered his mouth so no sound or moan could escape. Kiddie play is one thing, but that was dangerous. There are enemies talking below, while the hands kept working on his butt, trying to find his hole under the uniform, He would have a serious, serious talk with both after... yeah, that's the spot. No, Chat, focus.

Chat swapped both hands and signaled for the trio to keep moving. He would like to wait a bit more, but Rena Rouge was counting the minutes to act. To advance crawling was not easy when his companions gave him an erection, his dick trapped on the tight trousers, grinding against the roof and his lower belly, the feeling of his temperature raising.

It was a true miracle they got to the ambush place unnoticed. Chat felt a hand, unsure if Ladybug's or Carapace's going to his butt again, slapped it before feeling too hot and horny to fight.

Rena's Rouge illusion hit right in time, creating multiple points of light, disorientating the Watcher and his akumatized army.

.

After a hard fight, Watcher was defeated.

.

The day was dawning when Nino parked the small rent car in front of the dark alley. The other three heroes jumped in. The DJ laughed at them. Alya on her panties, Adrien on his briefs, Marinette wearing only the oldest of the t-shirts. De-transforming, they noticed they should have wasted a few more minutes getting dressed before jumping into action. But who could imagine this akuma would take them so far from their homes? Nino, who was lucky enough to pull up his trousers with still his wallet on before calling on Wayzz, was chosen to find a transport on a discreet way. The Car Rental clerk was not happy to let a barefoot man wearing only trousers and a wrinkled girl shirt to have a car, but the card and I.D. were good.

"Give me my shirt back, Nino."

He looked at Alya and smirked.

"Why? Maybe I want all Paris to see my girls' tits."

"Nino..."

He laughed and gave her the clothing back. At the back seat, the action was the opposite, as Marinette was freeing Adrien from his undies, making them fly through the window.

"Oh-ho-ho, a show early in the morning."

"Keep your eyes on the road and your hands on the wheel, Nino." Censored Alya, sad for not having her phone to record Marinette's mouth licking and kissing Adrien's length, going slowly to the head, her tongue pressing his slit, her hands spreading his legs the maximum she could on the small space of the car, looking for his loving hole.

Alya sighed. The model's eyes closed, his lips open, so kissable, looking for more air, one of his hands grasping the car seat so strongly, the colour running away from it, as his body was taken over by a powerful orgasm. It was like the whole car was shaking, rattling with the

feelings invading Adrien's being.

Marinette lean over Adrien, kissing him and letting him taste his own cum. She then reached for Alya on the front seat and, with difficulty, let some hot liquid into her mouth. At the first red light, Alya fused her lips with Nino's, letting him also taste Adrien.

"Breakfast from the champion" the blonde laughed.

With some engineering to get clothes for each one to get out the car, they started to get ready to face the day.

"Too bad we have to work." Said Marinette.

"Yeah, we should be able to stay together forever." Completed Alya

"Well, forever is a bit difficult for us guys" began Nino.

"But there's always tonight. We can finish that 'project' from before the akuma." Smirked Adrien.

"Deal."

After working hours, the four friends met, not caring about how tired or hungry they were, their experiences of the day, anything. They went right away from each other body, on a mission to make the next person feel the best possible, finding unexplored points of pleasure, mixing sweat, saliva and nectar from four genitals, until finally, consumed in happiness, they felt sleep on each other arms.

I Did Not Jacuzzi Her. I Did Not

Chapter Summary

Fluffy and cudley does it. In fact, professional cuddling is a thing now. \$80 an hour in N.Y., to have someone caress and talk to you. Luckily, Adrien and Marinette don't need that.

Chapter Notes

Funny how language works. "Cuddling" does not translate in portuguese; "cafuné" has no ecquivalent in english. But both are soooooooooo good.

28th prompt. Fluff and Stuff 2.0: The last prompt was really dark so let's lighten it back up. Cuddles, ice cream, cookies, sprinkles, marshmallows, make it cute and sweet and as always... Adrien centric.

o.o.o.o.o.O.O.O.o.o.o.o.o
I Did Not Jacuzzi Her. I Did Not
o.o.o.o.o.O.O.O.o.o.o.o.o

Marinette blew some bubbles over a giggling Tikki, her back nicely nested over Adrien's torso, the water jets of the jacuzzi working wonders on her tired body.
"In the end, the akumatized villain was a dude, a 60 years old doll collector. Can you believe it?"
"I think they call them 'action figures', princess." He answered, reaching the shampoo and starting to work on her dark hair, his hands now and then slipping to her shoulder, slowly massaging her.
"Adrien, he was turning the citizens of Paris in anime dolls with huge eyes and even bigger..." she made a gesture over her chest. "Well, never mind. You said you had a lot to tell since you lost the crying game. Tell me."

The crying game was pretty simple. When under an akuma attack, Adrien, Alya and Nino would get into a hand game, Marinette/Ladybug excluded, being the only one who could defeat the villain. Each one shows either one or two fingers, the one unmatched is excused from hero duty to something worst. Handling Noah and Linus, Alya's and Nino's twin babies.

"The boys are angels. Helps Alya brought a worn t-shirt, so they were always close to their mother's scent. Linus' a bit moody taking the bottle, but other than that, no problem with them."

The black kwami got into the talk

“You know, Mari girl, human babies are not that bad if you forget the occasional foul smell.”

“Define ‘irony’, you cheese glutton. Wait... you, too?”

“What?”

Adrien chuckled “And, after a while, your father showed up.”

“Dad?”

“Yes, wanted your opinion on a new recipe, and praised my baby handling skills. Said I would be a great father. Not exactly subtle. But I kiiiiind agree with him.”

“Not again...”

Adrien was scratching lightly her ear with his teeth and tongue

“We can entertain the idea.”

“Easy for you to say, you would not be the one carrying another body for nine months. You remember how miserable Alya felt.”

“Hm-hum. And how happy she was after.”

“The akumas...”

“I can pierce my ears to become the new Ladybug, Plagg can train Luka or Wayhem to be a new Chat. They’re good guys.”

“Whoever has less prejudice against cheese, kid.”

Marinette rolled her body on the large bathtub. That made, for a moment, her butt to raise over the bubbles, two perfect round mounts of pale, firm flesh. Plagg and Tikki laughed.

Adjusting herself over Adrien’s body, Marinette started.

“So, you want me to go through months of pain here...” she tugged and twisted one of Adrien’s nipples, the model bite his lips. “After months of discomfort here” she rubbed his belly. She slide a hand down. “And I like those balls too much to simulate the delivery pain.”

“I am glad. They are also important for the process.” Chuckled Adrien.

“Let’s talk again about that after all the end-of-year fuzz, ok?” she said, nesting herself for a hug from Adrien.

“April, then? January to march are the fashion weeks, you know.”

“I do. Too well, in fact. I am missing you already.”

Between quick pecks on her lips, Adrien suggested.

“Want to come with me to Tokio? I think I have a lighter schedule there.”

Plagg raised an eyebrow. Humans. Even soaked in water, they are so hormonal. Better do something quick, before they start with the love-lovey again.

“Cannonball!” he shouted, and a droplet of water raised over the bubbles as Plagg’s small body hit the water.

The two humans and remaining kwami laughed. Life was good.

Oh, Hi, Marc

Chapter Summary

Adrien remember his reclused past. And the show keeps adding interesting characters I have the duty to ruin the reputation of. I wonder if this qualifies as one of the first 50 fictions with Marc Anciel on it...

Please enjoy.

29th prompt - Alright, let's be real...Adrien was raised in isolation: I want to see Adrien struggling to come out of his shell with whoever you want to pair him up with. This doesn't have to be depressing, in fact if you can write this without angst I'll be impressed... But Adrien was raised alone, in a mansion, by people his father hired to take care of him. He would struggle to communicate and probably is really self-conscious despite being a supermodel.

xoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxo

Oh, Hi, Marc

xoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxo

Adrien studied the visitor for some time, before smiling.

"Are you sure you need my help?"

"Yes, the character is a daughter of a noble family, and they rose her in reclusion, to protect her from the world and common folks. You had some similar experiences, so..."

"So, you are making a princess out of me." Adrien jokingly batted his eyes

Marc Anciel blushed "Duchess... I mean, no, not at all, I am just doing a laboratory for the novel! And she is most likely the killer, nothing like you."

"And now, with this spoiler, you just lost a reader for your second book."

"Darn, that means 10% of the sales."

Both laughed. Adrien looked at Marc, probably the one who changed the most from the College Françoise Dupont days. His hair is now close shaved, making his big green eyes stand even more under the thick dark eyebrows. Around the delicate mouth, a goatee tries to hide his feminine features. But the dark choker is still around the neck, as well as the black nail polish. And, of course, the extreme shyness and social awkwardness were still there, the way he pushed his chair closer to the wall and kept studying his shoes.

"But I asked because, well, you too had an enclosed life."

"Because I choose so. Kind of. It's from my personality. Unlike you."

"Ah, I see."

"So, huh... if you want to... help me...?"

Adrien stood up.

“Mom.”

“...hm?”

“In the name of safety, my parents always kept me inside. I have few but precious memories of going outside. I remember parks, and so. Playing with other kids were easy, run, hide, you're it, kick a ball. Easy and fun. But other than that... talk, for instance, was difficult, because the other kids I knew were from books and TV. Nothing like the real boys and girls.” He made a pause.

“And Chloé, of course.”

“Having Chloé as your only friend does not help. Not at all.”

“Marc! She is not that bad.”

The writer raised an eyebrow.

“Moving on, I never felt bad, sad or lonely. My mother was in my world, and she was my world. Until that day, of course.”

“I can imagine how hard it was...”

“Yes, yes, it was then that I really felt... alone. Natalie, she tried, still tries, her best, but she has a corporate soul, you know? Just like my father asked, she filled my days with activities and... nothing else.” He chuckled “It requires talent to transform a game of hopscotch in a lesson about walking the catwalk, and she managed it. That I will recognize.”

“I didn't know you worked since that early.”

“Sure. Check my professional website, you will find photos of the box of some kiddie table game with my face on it. Or come to my room, I still have a mini foosball table with me on the side pretending a goal on it is worth the World Cup.”

Adrien saw Marc blushing.

“Relax, it's an invitation to my room, not my bed.”

He felt Marc relaxing a bit, and added:

“I will leave your virginity between you and Nathaniel”

Marc face became tomato-red. Adrien swallowed a laugh. Timing is indeed everything.

“Although Nino says it is the ultimate pick-up line... or a way to remain alone at a party: ‘hey, do you know my first time was with a Paris supermodel?’ It depends on the way you deliver it. If you want to be able to say it...”

Adrien noticed it was time to drop it, before Marc fainted on the floor.

“Kidding. Breath, Marc.”

Adrien barely heard the other whisper a “on this subject”, before Marc's voice raised a bit

“N-nath says you are quite... liberal. This is not... characteristic of such... upbringing.”

“I was not always like that. Ask Nino about how weird I felt when he introduced me to his porn stash.”

More blushing.

“I mean, I could legally drive, and it was my first time seeing porn.”

The voice again dropped, as every word was carried with shame

“R-really shielded from the world. I see.”

“Do you mind me asking how in the world you wrote that sex scene on the first book?”

Marc tapped his forehead “Fiction” And made a large gesture meaning Adrien's office and beyond. “Reality.”

Adrien started to sing, his fingers mimicking a piano on the table

“Is this the real life? Is this just fantasy?/ Caught in a landslide/ No escape from reality... for quite a time, this was the only non-classical music I knew and was allowed to play on piano.”

A sigh “I really felt like the poor boy of the song at the time. Dead afraid of gaining weight, of having a zit on my face, after all, on my understanding, the only people who liked me were

the ones on fashion industry, the only reason my father liked me was I was able to model.”

“How did you handle that?”

“Ah. It was an interesting story.”

Nobody was happier on that photoshoot than Adrien. It had nothing to do with the background – a pop up amusement park on a shopping center – oh, no. It was the first time in more than a week he would get out of the manor. See things other than the walls of his bedroom, the walled garden. So what if it is a closet space? It has no roof, allowing him to bask in the sunlight between shots.

Chantal Giou was there, a girl Adrien worked before, whose large smile was a magnet for every camera. And a dark-skinned boy he didn’t know. Somehow, Breno Mfigo became the aggregator of the kids. Made the shy Adrien open up, laugh, have fun between a shot and another. And, while he and Adrien were changing clothes...

“Let’s run away.”

“What?”

“After the last shots. Let’s grab Chantal and enjoy the shopping and park.”

And then the viewers of the shopping were granted with a unique view. Three pretty kids, dressed in clothes full of tags and duct tape in the back making the fit perfect running through the stores, buying ice-cream just to start moving quickly when the people of the shot found them. It was less of an hour of this impromptu game of tag, but minutes where Adrien tasted freedom and happiness again after a long time.

Three months later, Adrien was smiling from ear to ear. A two-day shot at the Plage de L’Isle-Adam, the river beach one hour from Paris. With Breno.

A couple of days later, they met at the casting office. Breno and Adrien laughed a lot remembering the adventures at the shopping, and making tons of plans. Escaping from the hotel. Invading bars and pools. Running to the...

“Ok, boys, casting interview, alphabetic order. Adrien and Breno, first.” The assistant opened the door to the room with the photographer and the responsible for the brand. The models gave but two steps inside.

“Breno Mfigo, did you had a growth spurt?”

“I...”

“Won’t fit the clothes, can’t use you. Adrien’s fine. Next.”

Later on, alone on his room, Adrien tried to process what happened. In the end, no matter how dedicated he was to the job, how he made an effort to be liked by the photographers, and crew, and... If he suddenly didn’t fit in the clothes, he would be sent home. It was that simple.

“... it was not the best way to realize no one really likes you in this business. You’re just another cog in the machine.”

“And what did you do?”

“Well, I thought, if I could not find the love and care in the people around me and in fashion, I would try the other option: try to be a normal kid. One day, I rebelled against it all, sent my info to a public school and ran away home to have classes there. The rest is history.”

“You got a nice head. Lots of kids on your place rebel on a more destructive way.”

“Indeed. Sometimes I wonder what my life would be like if I didn’t had the courage to try and go to school at that particular day. More than that, if I was not at the gates at that

particular minute.”

Marc made a double take. Did Adrien just opened a drawer and winked?

Inside the drawer, Plagg smiled, remembering the encounter with Master Fu that make Adrien his holder. The blond kept going.

“Yes, my life would be certainly boring. Less smelly, but boring.”

Plagg raised an eyebrow, but chuckled. At the other side of the table, Marc made an effort to understand the meaning of Adrien’s words.

C__me a River

Chapter Summary

The prompt said "Milking time", so get ready for some calm farming, waking up with the sun, tending cows and goats,...
Oh... wait...

Chapter Notes

This is prompt 31. It was not easy to get the guys and gals minimally in character. This is the first kink of this challenge that... well, does not rock my boat at all. But let's see what you guys think

31th prompt - Milking Time: I really enjoy seeing a sweet subby boy get his balls milked dry until he squirms and cries... Let's see Adrien be that subby boy.

Oh, and thanks for the positive reactions.

X.X.X.X.X.X.X.X

C__Me a River

X.X.X.X.X.X.X.X

Monopoly, a bottle of wine (and some cans of soft drink, as Nino lost the draw to drive him and Alya home) and four friends laughing and spending a night together. Nothing could be more innocent than that. Until Marinette brought that episode.

"Oh, yes, tell about the invite we received last week, Adrien"

"For that swing party? Yes, we did."

"Wow, these really exist?" Alya seemed shocked.

"Maybe it's material for a investigative paper."

"Maybe, Marinette."

"Now, as a good reporter, I am sure you are curious about Nino's lack of reaction... as well as Adrien's, last week."

"Hey, you're right. Explain."

The DJ shrugged

"Those are not unheard of in the showbiz. Far from it, to tell the truth. There's a reason for the 'sex, drugs and rock'n'roll' motto."

"And now the question is, our favorite DJ and model, do they just hear of them or...?"

Nino could feel Alya's eyes burning him with curiosity.

"Nino..."

"It was a gig, Alya. Just that."

“Nino!”

“Paid well.”

“Mister Nino Lahiffe!”

“I was working. Nothing happened. But I am not going to lie. I was also curious, ok?”

“Adrien said something similar. I think the excuse he used was about needing to establish contacts with important fashion figures.”

“And it’s absolutely truth.”

“Now, let’s see if their answers keep matching. What’s the next logical question, Alya?”

“Why do you hide that from me?”

Nino sighed.

“It’s not the thing a girl like you would...”

“Ah-ha! Exactly the same answer as Adrien’s” said Marinette.

“Adrien!” Alya complained “Marinette dragged you wearing a pantless cat costume through Paris. Not her thing?”

“We’re friends. We’re almost a foursome, and not two couples. Now, lots of people, a party environment is different, you girls would be uncomfortable.”

“Good way to put it, Adrien.” Said Nino. “I agree.”

Alya got up

“Now listen, you both sexist...”

“Alya.” Said Marinette “Let it be. It’s not worth to ruin our night. Besides, there’s advantages on a cold dish.”

“Marinette even made me sign a I.O.U. over that. Go figure.” Chuckled Adrien.

“You girls are overreacting. It’s just something some artists...”

“Enough, Nino. Changing subjects.” And the matter died there.

Months later, there was a reason to celebrate, and Marinette and Adrien arranged everything for that weekend.

But Friday came and, while others enjoyed the manor Ball Room, Nino, Alya, Marinette, Adrien, Wayzz, Trixx, Tikki and Plagg celebrate on a small room.

“To Nino, the new Guardian.”

Cheers, talk, quick memories.

“Better return to the main party.” Said Marinette “Adrien and I are the hosts, after all.”

“And I have a DJ table to tend.”

“Have fun, the four of you” said Adrien to the kwamis. He followed Marinette. That meeting was more than strange. She choose the guests carefully, and made a point of not having the usual cattering to help. In fact, she made a point to not having any employee around. No need, she said, it’s just us and a handful of old, close friends. Even more strange, she put a “buffet closed” sign on the food table.

They made some small talk with their friends for some minutes, until Marinette gave Adrien a deep kiss, their tongues doing the most erotic dance for some seconds.

“Remember that I.O.U., Adrien?”

“What I.O...” after searching his memory, helped with the lewd eyes of Marinette “Ooooh, that.” He smirked “Of course, milady. After the party, I will be your servant.”

“How about now?”

“Huh?”

“It is a party... but is also a get-together of the two of us.”

He shrugged, not understanding.

“It means” she said “you are way overdressed”

Medicine lost the opportunity to study the first blood traffic jam on a human, as Adrien’s blood could not decide if the priority was run to his cheeks, reddening his face, or go down to his penis.

“Marinette!”

“What?” She removed his jacket, throwing it at a sofa. “You did stay on your undies in front of strangers, now want to play shy for your friends?”

“That was work. I was modeling. This is...” she took out his belt. He wanted to stop her, but something inside him was enjoying the attention.

“It’s your call, Adrien. I can collect the IOU another day.”

He laughed

“You really want this, don’t you? It’s about that swing party thing?”

“Maaaaaaaaybe...”

“You’re full of surprises, my Lady”

“Alya helped. Are you in?”

“I don’t know...”

“Buuuuuuut... my naughty Adrien already slept with everybody here, right?” she said, unbuttoning his shirt, feeling his heart race.

“N-no... Myléne... Ivan... Juleka...Rose...Marc...”

“Talking about Myléne and Ivan...”

The couple appeared when Adrien’s shirt was almost entirely opened.

“So... are Adrien suffering from a very localized heat wave or you two indeed were keeping us away from the fun things?” asked Myléne

“We are not sure yet.” Marinette brought the two sides of his shirt together, before opening again, exposing his chest “What will it be, Adrien?”

What will be? He learned that he should not doubt Marinette when it comes to think about intimate games. Goes double with Alya on the boat. Then again, what she could do on that environment? Of course, she would show some restraint, both would have some fun – and their guests, too – and the afterparty would be unforgettable.

“Well, you have that I.O.U.” he blushed a bit. “bring it on.”

Marinette smiled and finished unbuttoning his shirt, while explaining.

“Myléne... Ivan... sorry. We never excluded you on purpose.”

“Truth is, more than often those things just... happen. We don’t plan it. And we’re not together that often.” Finished Adrien.

“That’s a mistake we want to change. We don’t even know how open you are to... well, how open you are.” She said, taking off his shirt.

Adrien had no time to feel exposed, as him and Marinette felt, at the same time, one massive hand in each’s rump. Both suppressed a surprised yelp.

“Ah, we can be pretty rock’n’roll.” Said Ivan.

“I am sure you can.” Marinette removed his hand from her dress. Adrien was about to do the same, when the brunette stopped him:

“Be a good guest, Adrien.”

He made a poor attempt of a bad-humored “grumpf”, starting to feel overwhelmed by Ivan’s hand on his butt, Marinette’s hands getting down on his leg, slowly, starting to fidget with his shoe.

“Want to help me with the other leg, Myléne?”

Now there were one pair of hands on each of his legs, caressing him over his trousers, and a rougher hand on his behind. Adrien tried not to moan with all his might, as the girls stripped

him of his shoes and socks.

“Thanks, folks.” Said Marinette. “We can enjoy ourselves later, now I have an announcement to make. Wayhem.” The self-proclaimed Adrien’s #1 fan stopped.

“Hi Marinette. Looking stunning, Adrien.”

The model rubbed the back of his neck, thanking Wayhem

“Later. Get his clothes to our room, willya?” Marinette coughed. “May I have the attention of all, please?”

Every head turned to Marinette, and to Adrien. Even used to model swimsuits, pajamas and, yes, even underwear as his lady pointed out, he could not help but feel a bit exposed, only on his trousers. She kept going

“We don’t need reason to be together and enjoy each other, but today is a special day to Nino.”

Adrien and Nino’s heart skip a bit. What she about to reveal everything? The secret, the kwamis, the double life, the...

“His ‘DJ’ing for Charity event was a success.”

They took a deep breath in relief, Alya and Marinette having a good laugh inside.

“And” Marinette kept going “We’ll help it even more tonight. We’re having a secret auction on... Adrien’s trousers.” Applause. Catcalls. His cheeks started to redden a bit. No reason to question the IOU... yet. But somewhere on his mind a yellow light went off. She showed some envelopes.

“Everyone gets an envelope, mark their name and put at least 50 euros inside, and deposit on our official auction bid sorter” She showed a regular office paper bin, making everybody laugh. “Let’s see who wants this fine item more.”

While everyone was at it – with some feeling the material of the clothing they were bidding on, making Adrien turned on again – Marinette rushed to Alya.

“I don’t know if I can do it.”

“Mari girl, you are doing great. I will be there to help you. It’s our opportunity to one-up the boys, right?”

“Yeah... right.”

“Want me to finish the auction?”

“Please”

Alya got the bin, thanked in Nino’s name, asked if people want to go by value or plain luck, so everyone’s has the same chance, luck won. She got one envelope

“Alix!”

Cheers, Adrien was not sure what to do, how the girls want him to...

“Come and take your prize, girl”

Ah. Adrien sighed, but decided to play along, opening his arms and allowing the athletic woman an easy access. He would not expect she would start by giving his jewels a firm tug. Before opening the button and unzipping him, revealing his light blue boxer-briefs.

“And now, for a model from the newest Agreste undies collection” Alya laughed, as Alix finish removing Adrien’s trousers. “Can’t wait for the next bid” she said, slapping his butt.

“Well, let’s have fun, folks, party’s just warming up.”

Adrien had no time to mingle, as the same heavy hand of before slapped his now more exposed butt, the thin layer of cloth doing not much to protect his back or his decency in the front. After some talk with Ivan and Mylène, who shyly felt his arousal a bit, came Nathaniel, who asked his help to teach a tomato-red Marc how to describe a real butt. Adrien never felt a hand on him shaking so much like Marc’s. Well, that was kind of fun, and was making more and more pent up for some time alone with Marinette... Marinette who kept talking

with Alya, who got closer to him twice, and ran away. Finally, the duo got closer.

“Hum, Adrien, can you help with the buffet?”

He didn't understand. Go to the table, get food, eat. What's there to help? But he went along and followed Marinette to the table, positioned next to a column in the large room.

“Second chance, hot stuff. Are you ok with me using that IOU?”

“Aren't you using already?” Turning his head, he saw Alya saying something to Nino, who became obviously uncomfortable. Adrien noticed he shouldn't have taken his eyes off Marinette, who was pressing his back against the column and using their fuzzy handcuffs to lock his wrists there.

“What?”

“Uncomfortable already? Ready to retire what you said about girls and wild parties?”

“Now I am double glad we changed the marble for wood.” Adrien moved his back a bit against the column. “This is cozy. I can even scratch my back.”

“Playing hard, huh? We'll see about that.” She approached and licked his ear, whispering “You can always use your safeword. Trust me, but you can always stop, right?”

Adrien saw she was shaking a bit. She went to the cake, in the middle of the buffet, and got the knife.

She took a deep breath and returned to Adrien.

“Hey, everyone.” She shouted, before stretching Adrien's undies and using the knife to slice it's side open. “Buffet's open!” The model watched in horror as the only piece of clothing he was wearing fell to the floor, the exposure, the inability to use his hands to hide himself making his obscenely hard in a flash. He heard the cheers around the party, but some guests, like himself, were not sure about what was going to happen. Nino was the first to get close to him.

“Hey, dude.”

Hey, dude? Hey, dude?! Wasn't Nino aware of his situation?

“...hey.”

“So you know it's all the girls' idea.”

“I figured”

“Mind if I get something for the kwamis?”

“S-sure.” He pointed with his chin to the table. “We have - Aaaaaah!”

The DJ was stroking Adrien's dick, the other hand holding a plastic cup to collect his seed.

“Our little creatures have a peculiar taste, huh?”

Adrien was so turned on that it just took less than ten strokes or so to reach a powerful climax.

“Thanks, dude.” And getting closer, he whispered at his ear, while cupping his balls “I may return to get something for me.”

Adrien could not answer. Naked. Chained. Surrounded by his friends. And now even more exposed, if that was possible. Worst, the whole situation made his dick, head still wet, refuse to go down.

The unique smell of coffee hit his nostrils, bringing some comfort to the pure humiliation he was feeling.

“Good coffee.”

Adrien identified Sabrina's voice behind him. Yes, it is. He was adamant to live a simple life, to avoid wasting money on frivolities, but could not help but indulge in the best gourmet coffee available.

“I bet it's even better with cream.” It was Alya answering. “Let's get some.”

Before Adrien knew, Alya was jerking him off, her and Sabrina's coffee cups near his dick. He was about to complain, to say something.

"So, Nino was talking me about that new project, is it that good?"

"Yes, Alya, I could not believe seeing the numbers. The soda company want us..."

They were not even looking at him. The realization hit hard. He was not supposed to take care of the buffet, he was part of it.

"...working with a design company so the winning cans actually play the tune..."

Alya kept stroking him like he was a machine. Not talking to him. Not even looking at him.

"...and I could not believe Chloé's speech. Will anyone support all that?"

Adrien could not help but moan and, at each vocalization, Alya increased the pace.

"I worked for her long enough to know she has the right people behind, unfortunately. Yes, she will get lots of votes. Enough to be elected? Heavens help France."

"A-Alya... please..."

"Oh, I think here it comes."

Against everything Adrien was feeling, his climax built again, and spurt after spurt landed on the girls' coffee.

"You were right. Way better. And how about the investigation on her political party?"

"Indeed. Well, thing is..."

Adrien was panting deeply

"Missing your daily protein intake is really detrimental to your training routine."

"Yeah... sorry, honeybunny, I didn't want to get us late for this party."

Kim and Max. Give me some time, guys, Adrien was about to complain, but Max did not cease his talking.

"Fortunately, seems there's a dispenser right here. Have some."

"Do I have to use a glass?"

"Truly, It's a bit unsanitary other way..." Kim got a small bottle of water from the table and start to wash Adrien's cock with it. The coldness, the bubbles, added another layer to his pleasure torture.

"G-guys, I am starting to get really sensitive..."

But Kim was already on his knees, lips engulfing Adrien's cock head, tongue teasing the slit before engulfing more and more of the length, until his nose was closer to his shaven pubic area. While Kim enjoyed the mix of smells, soap, sweat, musk, cologne, Adrien was aware of how he was being watched, completely exposed and chained, and tried not to make eye contact with anyone. He felt Max's smaller hands caressing, handling his balls.

"One can speed the process handling well the dispenser's parts. Of course, there's an express discharge button inside, but it's hard to access it now."

Adrien bit his lips hard, closing his eyes even harder. The pain on his penis mixed with the mouth, the tongue, the hands on his balls, tears start to appear on the corner of his eyes.

"G-guys..."

Betraying all the shame he felt, his body climaxed another time. He did not produce much for Kim to drink.

As the duo walked away, he felt a water bottle being pressed against his lips.

Opening his eyes, the figure of Wayhem slowly got into focus.

"Hey, handsome."

"...hey."

"Marinette sent me to take care of you, making sure you're fine."

Adrien nodded, thankful. Nino used to laugh, saying Adrien is the only sub with a sub of his own. Namely, Wayhem.

“She also asks if you are feeling more disconformable and awkward than a girl, and if you have a safeword for her.”

He took a deep breath. There’s no much more left in him, but he was adamant to have the upper hand.

“Tell her no deal”

He felt Wayhem’s arm around his neck, and a peck being planted on his forehead.

“Oh, Adrien, I don’t know if you’re brave or stupid.” He then noticed Wayhem unbuttoning his shirt, and that shirt over a pair of Agreste’s brand undies was the only thing he was wearing.

“I am also supposed to give you visual stimuli.”

Adrien opened his mouth as Wayhem started to dance for him in a lewd way... and felt a firm tug on his penis, making him see stars.

“I can’t allow Kim to have an enhancement drink without going after it myself, right?”

Alix.

Few droplets tinted the glass Alix was holding in front of his penis, his whole crotch area a block of pain, the shame of being touched by a hand that never touched him before. As she leaved, Wayhem produced an ottoman, Adrien slide on it. From nowhere, Markov floated by. Sure, thought Adrien. A machine. Bring it on.

“I want to give you a quick check-up, Adrien.” His claw pulled his eyelid done, and flashed a light on his eye “Feeling like fainting? Do you know today’s date?” Adrien answered and, for good measure, translated it to English, Italian and Mandarin. Markov produced an oximeter, slide it on one of his fingers. “Breath normally”. Two or three more questions, and the robot declared Adrien was fine.

“But this does not mean he can go on, right?” asked Wayhem, hugging Adrien again.

“Human body, specially at his age and condition, is surprisingly resilient.” He floated away.

“But I would avoid to over-use the now exposed anal area.”

Both Adrien and Wayhem noticed too late the disadvantage of him being seated, as Ivan approached, zipper open revealing a huge member, one hand adjusting the provided condom, the other lifting one of Adrien’s leg.

“So, we have a lot to catch up, huh?”

Wayhem grabbed the impressive girth just in time.

“Eh, no way you are putting that monster on Adrien.” He let his underwear to hit the floor.

“My mouth or my butt, choose.”

“Ride his face, hun.” Said Myréle, getting close. Adrien wanted to look away from the erotic display in front of him, Wayhem bravely taking the mouthful Ivan had to offer, and myréle lifting her dress and starting to finger her triangle, soooo close to Adrien.

She then kneeled down and took the model’s sore member on her mouth.

Adrien was now crying freely as, after climaxing inside Myréle’s mouth, another strange for his love, Alya got close, without giving him one moment to breath, condom and lotion covering two fingers on her hand, and started to play with his hole. Marinette also got close, his face a mix of fear and pride.

The reporter’s fingers invaded Adrien’s tunnel, found his prostate and after more tickling than she expected, she watched as he let a loud sob and his dick twitched,

And nothing came out.

Marinette quickly opened the handcuffs, making Adrien collapse on all fours.

“Oh, love, I’m sorry, I’m sorry. Maybe we went too far, but at least you have to change your opinion on those parties, right?”

“N-no.”

“I am feeling bad for you, Adrien, but I am sure less ashamed, uncomfortable or awkward than you. Please...”

He tried hard to stand, but all he managed was to stay on his knees. Then he did the last thing she expected.

Adrien smirked. A toothy grin, eyes shining in anticipation

“N...Nino.” He called

The DJ approached and put something on Adrien’s hand. Something small.

A box.

He opened it, letting the light shine on it’s contents.

“Marinette Dupain-Chang, will you marry me?”

Marinette heart stopped, The sounds of cheer were heard. She was not able to breath. She was... beyond uncomfortable. Beyond shame. Her mind went short-circuit. She...

The girls lost.

Alya was strangling Nino with her eyes. The DJ could not stop laughing.

“Come, loveydove. Do you think we would not find strange the way you two set-up the party? Two... four can play this game.”

She barely heard Marinette whisper an “yes” full of passion – and a pinch of defeat. There was only one thing left for Alya to do.

“She said yes! Everybody, this is a wild party, get going. Put something romantic to play, Nino. Other than Juleka with Luka, everything else is a fair game. Nobody belongs to nobody. Whooooooooo!”

Can you come cross-over?

Chapter Summary

Ladybug convinces Adrien to meet a few friends. A few very interesting friends. A big cross-over. In fact, they will cross over, under, in and out...

Chapter Notes

The prompt asked for a crossover and took longer than I thought.

CROSSOVER TIME: Let's have Miraculous Ladybug Crossover with another of your favorite shows/fandoms. Adrien is confused and tired but people need saving and he is Chat Noir. Examples: Miraculous Ladybug crossover with Supernatural, Miraculous Ladybug crossover with Steven Universe, Miraculous Ladybug crossover with Percy Jackson series

X.X.X.X.X.X.X.X.X.X.X.X.X.X.X.X

Can I come Cross-Over?

X.X.X.X.X.X.X.X.X.X.X.X.X.X.X.X

"A... hhhhng... network of young heroes?"

Marinette was playing with Adrien's manliness still inside his underwear, teasing, making the cloth rub it, snapping the waistband. But refusing to slide it down.

"I think it could be fuuuunseful. Useful. This Kimiko girl, She's part of a group called Xiaolin Dragons. They are putting this network thing up for us to share information about cases, villains, and everybody wins. They already contacted the Teen Titans and someone called the Trollhunter. They met every two months in this..."

"Wow, are we going to meet Robin?"

"No, it's just... part of the group that entered the network. Beast Boy, Kid Flash, Raven, Starfire."

"Only part of the group?"

"Yes, even her own group. Just her, who is the Dragon of Fire; Raimundo, Dragon of Wind and the new Dragon of Metal, Jack Spicer."

"Jack Spicer? That name rings a bell... Spicer, Spicer... And how did you met her?"

"During a patrol."

"When? I missed the giant flying Chinese Dragon you mentioned? Aaaaawwww..."

"Last week. And it shrinks to a pet size really fast."

"Ah. Pity. Indeed it looks like something we could be part of."

"Great. The next meeting is..."

"As long as you tell me what you are hiding."

“Adrien?”

He quickly moved around, pinning her on the bed. Marinette let a “eep” of surprise as their usual dom/sub positions reversed.

“Milady... you are not the one to trust at the first sight. I remember Volpina very well.”

“We chatted a few times after...hmmmmmm” every hair on her body stood up as she felt his finger running over her skirt, then over the nylon covering her legs and feet.

“You trusted her on the space of a week?”

“There’s no foul play here, Adrien. Trust me.”

“Always, Milady. In fact...” he kissed the nylon over her toe “There’s three little words I want to say right now...”

“Aw, I also lo...”

“Plagg, claws out.”

“Wait, what?” she watched as the magical black cloth covered his body. Without wasting any time, he used one of his claws to lift the stocking out of her skin.

“Last chance before needing to run to the store to buy another.”

“I knew her before. From this club/forum on the internet.” He added a second claw “About girl things.”

“Ah.” He let the stoking go, before kissing her foot again. “Now it is explained.” Marinette sighed in relief “Plagg, claws... just a thing, why hiding this and what’s fun about a hero meeting?”

“I – I...” Marinette brain froze. Her partner just walked her into the oldest interrogation trick, giving the false sensation of safety before making the most important question. “I, you see...”

She felt claws slicing her stocking open, causing it to shoot up her leg. Before she could complain, the same claws were working on her sole.

“Hahahahah, Chat, Adrien, stop, you know – bwahaahahh – how ticklish I... stop, hahahahahahah, it’s an Yaoi club!”

He stopped the teasing “Oh?”

“A place where girls can enjoy pretty boys. She...” Marinette took a deep breath. “She is the president and well, I made some investigations, connected the dots and then had Ladybug talk with her.”

“What caused your interest on her?”

“The way she talked and some hints that...” she felt claws pressing against her sole again.

“The photos! Most girls post photos and drawings one can find anywhere on the net, and she posts unique ones. That’s how she became the leader. And I recognized one of her boys. Here, I have some on my phone. She showed him the image of a shirtless guy, skin so white he must be an albino.

“Ah, that Jack Spicer. We met once. His folks are huge on the financial market, or something of that ilk. Plagg, claws in.”

“Met? Met how?”

“Some France/US commerce chamber dinner. My father was looking for a new distributor for the... Princess, not you too. I met lots of people with no intimate contact or desire for so whatsoever.” He swapped the photo, the following was Jack Spicer locking tongues with a tan lad.

“But maybe I should change this policy. This is hot.”

“Give me my phone, Adrien.”

“Let’s see what else my lady is not showing me...” he playfully kept the phone out of her reach, going to the next photo, the tan lad licking a very pale dick. “Oh, he has a nice one.”

“Pervert!”

“It’s your phone. And your photos.”

“I am not the one obsessed with what people have between their legs.”

“So, why do you keep the photo?”

“See how hairy his legs and ball sack are? Shaving then would be soooooo...”

“Yep, I am the pervert here, all right.”

She quickly lowered the front of his undies.

“And you, my naughty kitty? Maybe it’s time for a trim.”

Adrien covered himself and pretended to be mad.

“Why? Go shave Spicer.”

“If Kimiko let me, maybe I will. I would like to make him totally smooth to enter you nicely...”

“Princess... exactly what kind of meeting are we getting into?”

“As I said, Yaoi. Lots of cute guys like to fool around with each other, and lots of girls like to watch.”

She looked down, and played a bit with his growing penis over the underwear cloth.

“Lil’ Adrien approves. We just need to have our health tested, and ...”

“Well, I am not so sure.”

“I will make you a fake Chat Noir costume, so you can keep your mask on and protect your identity...”

“But you would literally be pimping me out.”

She showed him another photo.

“You prefer then lean and thin, right? This is Jim Lake, the Trollhunter. Unfortunately, I just have this one, of face and chest.”

“Cute. I have a thing for blue eyes and dark hair.”

“Silly.” She giggled. “So, you’re game?”

“Let me think a little, ok?”

“Sure.”

“Maybe I want to punish you for having those photos and club and not telling me.”

“You also have your personal activities, don’t you?”

“But I always tell you later.”

“Always?”

The pause he made was the answer Marinette needed. Adrien kept going.

“You would enjoy yourself looking at pretty guys going at it, and what’s in it for me?”

“You would be going at it with those pretty guys.”

“I already have the best of those right here.” He kissed her ear. “And girls, too. People I know what they like and they know what I like.”

“There’s something else for you.”

“Is there? Better be something very good, because I see no advantages.”

“Stand up, Adrien, and picture it. All those girls. Beautiful girls. Fully dressed girls. Then...” she lowers his undies to the floor. “I show my kitten. Get you fully exposed for all to see.

And they will realize my kitten is the most handsome of all heroes. How about that?”

Adrien’s heart skip a beat. It was, indeed, a good point. Something about being used that way by Marinette messes with his head... both of them. Still, he would not give in so easily.

“How about you let me check that club of yours?”

“Sure.” She got her laptop, opened the page and gave to Adrien. It was a bit weird to look at it bare. But not s weird as

“Those are not girls, they’re birds of prey. Including you. How can you write such things,

princess?”

“It’s a bit of roleplay, Adrien. Inside the club, pretty boys are ours to be used. Outside, we’re normal. Just like our plays. This is just another fun thing for us.”

“There’s discussions about me. Both identities”

“Well, duh! You’re one of the most desirables models in the world. And Chat’s uniform is very... stimulating”

“You could have defended me on these.”

“I could not blow my cover. And I did not post any personal photo.”

“I see. And... suppose I agree. What are we expected to do?”

“They do exchange criminal info and coordinate actions. For real. This part is important.”

“Aaaaaand...?”

“I want for both of us to have fun.”

“With me as your plaything.”

“All the guys there pretend to be playthings for the duration, Adrien. It’s just a game.”

She reached under his balls, her fingers probing for his shut, thinking ‘Yes, I want to see this love hole full of the real thing, dripping hot liquid of a... no, two guys’.

“No, just that. Work and fun.”

Adrien took a while to answer.

“Will the tan guy be there?”

Finally the day came. With the help of a magical artifact yhe Xiaolin Dragons called Golden Tiger Claws Ladybug and Chat Noir were transported to a huge house on, they learned later, a private island.

“I bought it from my folks last year” said Jack Spicer “After all, I am a financial genius. It’s the perfect, recluse space for our hero club intelligence.”

Ladybug was about to ask about employees, since both activities there must be secret, when a robot approached with some appetizers.

“And I am also the mechanical genius that created the Jackbots that run the place.”

“Eh, don’t let the boasting fool you.” The tan lad that called Adrien attention appeared “Jack is a fine guy, once you get to know him. My name is Raimundo Pedrosa. You can call me Ray. I will facilitate this meeting.”

“In other words, my boyfriend here is the leader of the first part” said Jack Spicer “and Kimiko rules the second.”

And so the first half hour went, with Ladybug and Chat Noir meeting people, having small talk, until Raimundo called the order of the day. Everybody took a seat at a large table.

“Well, Robin does not fully approve this network, however...”

“He just doesn’t want to share his Superboy with anyone.” Heckled Beast Boy.

“Beast Boy! Save those for later. As I was saying, however he is a great detective and, with the help of the Justice League surveillance, he uncovered...”

The green hero comment was enough to remember Ladybug and Chat Noir the second reason they were here. They tried to pay attention to what Raimundo was saying, but something on their lower regions was already demanding their attention.

The meeting took about an hour and a half.

“They didn’t take us that serious.” Whispered Chat Noir

“Yes, next time we’ll not mention fighting with pigeon-controlling villains and giant babies.”

“Right” urged Kimiko, cutting their private talk “Next room, everybody. Chat Noir, all boys must leave their footgear at the door. Makes things easier.”

He blushed and, together with Ladybug, took some steps back, whispering “Plagg, claws in” Ladybug/Marinette made a wonderful job replicating his uniform, save the difference on his eyes and hair.

“Well, let’s go, kitten.”

Adrien took a deep breath and stopped by the doorframe to remove his boots and socks. And to feel a hand slapping his butt.

“Nervous, newbie?” asked Beast Boy, toothy smile on the green face.

“A bit.”

“Ladybug said you were not beginners in this kind of play.”

“We’re not. But this is... different.”

“Don’t make the Chat uncomfortable, Gar.” Said a guy in shining armor. Adrien smiled. The nose may be a bit big, but Ladybug was right. The blue eyes and leaner frame make him very desirable on his opinion. He toyed with a round amulet and his armor vanished, leaving him in street clothes. “Can I call you Chat, right?”

“Sure... Trollhunter.”

“Just Jim.”

“Right, Jim.” Ladybug didn’t discuss the etiquette of such meeting with him, but he decided to take a chance. “Huh, Jim, I hope we...I mean, if you want...”

Jim Lake laughed.

“Sure, but that’s technically for the girls to decide. I will tell Claire you are interested.”

“Ooooookay...”

“Just follow the flow.” He pointed to a large sofa. “Sit down, and let me take care of your boots.”

“huh...”

“Consider a pre-show for the girls.”

Adrien looked around and, in fact, the girls are watching the guys taking of each other shoes, with great interest.

He sat, and Jim took his time finding a way to open then, removing them slowly, revealing Adrien’s ladybug-printed sock. It created the effect both Adrien and Marinette desired. The sudden sight of red on the all-black uniform, and the message of propriety it passed made some girls gasp. Jim played along and, after removing one, lowered his head and used his teeth to help remove the other. He then sat and put his feet at Adrien’s lap, who slowly started to undo the lasso on the tennis shoe.

Meanwhile, Ladybug was booming with pride and pleasure feelings. Other girls where already praising the model’s feet.

Adrien finished removing Jim’s socks when he felt something wet on his sole, looking down, he saw a tongue emerging from a green face licking his feet.

“Beast Boy!” Raven chastised, making m magical collar and cord appear around his neck, and dragging him. “Sorry, girls, I need to keep him literally on a leash.”

“Getting how we play now?” whispered Jim. Adrien smiled and kissed his feet as an answer.

The French hero stood up, took a deep breath and walked into the large room. One wall was dominated by windows, allowing a view of a pure blue ocean. On the room itself, some trays with water, soft drink and sex toys, several pillows scattered on the floor and over a table, and two emperor-sized mattresses, and that’s all.

“Hey folks.” Kimiko, Jack Spicer and Raimundo raised up “Well, as you know, today we welcome Ladybug and Chat Noir to our network.” She said, opening the top part of Jack’s Kimono, exposing the albino’s chest. “Let’s hear it for the couple.”

A round of applauses.

“So, Ladybug, why don’t you reveal a bit about Chat?”

She playfully slapped his butt, before starting removing his tail belt. Adrien, swallowing a “yelp” proceeded to lick the back of his hand.

“At the beginning, I found him quite annoying, but now we’re inseparable.”

“She played hard to catch.”

They shared a peck, some on the room called “aaaaaaaawwww”.

“So” Ladybug used a finger to make his bell jingle and lowered it a few centimeters.

“Kimiko, want to play with his bell?”

“Don’t mind if I do.”

Adrien heart raced. This was really happening. The Asian girl was really zipping him down, exposing more and more of his chest, his belly. She stopped at the navel area. Adrien was blushing like mad. He was not sure what to do, where to put his hands, as the petite Asian hand start traveling his stomach.

“Kitten’s in tip-top shape.”

Other female voices agreeing, asking Kimiko to move her hand so they can see his navel, Adrien blushing like crazy, his maleness pushing against the fabrics of his briefs and lower part of his uniform.

She then pulled his uniform from his shoulders. Adrien didn’t know if he should just stand still, say something, he wanted to close his eyes, wanted to look at all the dressed ladies – and guys – devouring him with his eyes, the shame feeling his body soooooo nicely...

“Ladybug, he’s your guy.” Said Kimiko, and Ladybug replaced her.

She kissed Adrien’s cheek, before keep sliding his uniform down. Freeing his arms and torso. They argued about this part a bit. What undie he should wear. Ladybug slid down his zipper to the end, revealing a glimpse of their choice, a skimpy gray, almost silver-ish brief. She turned his back to the other girls, groping Adrien’s butt before sliding down the rest of his uniform.

Now clad only on his undies, Adrien felt Hell and heaven ming together, his member begging for release,, already staining the little cloth he was on him with pre-cum, the way the girls talked about him like an object, the gloved hands of his lady on his body, finishing showing the curves of his butt and turning him around again.

Adrien was biting his lip hard. Somehow, the fact he was wearing his mask made the situation slightly more bearable. Ladybug whispered on his ear how proud and wet she was, and waited for his ok. He barely nodded and she lowered the front of his briefs to the base of his penis.

“What I was telling you, Kimiko. Totally smooth.” And ran her hands over his shaved clean pubic area. “You should try it.” Soon the fingers of the Asian girl joined hers, approvingly.

“Ooooh, so smooth. Say goodbye to your carpet, Jack.”

“No way, let me feel it.” There are three hands just fraction of inches from his even harder penis, his cheeks fire red of shame.

“So, Chat Noir, what’s your team?” Asked Jack Spicer

“T-team?”

“Cut or uncut?”

“Chat’s shaved, but all natural. Everything’s there.” Answered Ladybug.

“I said he would be.” Booted in Beast Boy. “European and all.”

“Cool. We’re even again.” Said Jack “Raimundo, Chat and I against Beastie, Jim and Kid Flash.”

Kimiko cut the talk.

“Boys and their competitions. Enough teasing us, Ladybug.”

“Right. My kitten is cute overall, but...” she turned Adrien around, sliding down his undies

“His butt is my favorite.”

“Dat ass!”

“I can see why.”

“Oh, my!”

Adrien felt he could come right there, with just one more word from those people.

“Tell them, Chat.”

That was too much. He swallowed dry and managed to form some words.

“Y-yeah... My...My Lady... strap-on.”

“You use a strap-on dildo on him? Hot.”

“Please tell us you brought it.”

“Sorry, girls, we did not though of it.”

Ladybug finished sliding down his undies, Adrien stepped out of it, fighting not to cover himself. He felt her hands turning him around, and the girls exploding in cheers. Everybody dressed. Only him naked. He needs to climax soooooo much.

Kimiko had to shout to be heard above the noise.

“Girls! Girls! And Guys! Let’s show how grateful we are to have Ladybug and Chat Noir at our club.” She went to Raimundo, and put him between Ladybug and Adrien. “I bought you some flowers, both of you can have them.”

The French heroes looked at each other for a while, until they understood.

Both went, a bit awkwardly, to strip Raimundo. Ladybug heart rushing for doing that to another hot guy. Adrien trembling for doing that completely bare, his penis pulsing to all to see, Raven dragging Beast Boy leach.

“Dat ass! I need to lick it!”

“Down, Beast Boy.”

Raimundo smiled when they took off the top part of his kimono, and both pair of hands went to his trousers, undoing the lasso, letting it slide, revealing his rose-printed boxers, his own length growing.

“Hope you like it.” He said.

“They’re beautiful.” Answered Ladybug. As she went to slid them down, Ray brought Adrien close, and fused their lips on a kiss.

Ladybug bite her own hand, felling the tremor of an orgasm approaching. She was holding Ray’s undies, a few inches of his full-grown maleness, the Brazilian was kissing her also naked Adrien, and there were people watching, this is...this is... blushing, she let the urges took her body, enveloping her on a wave of hotness and pleasure.

“You are making your girl very happy” whispered Ray, between kisses.

“T-that’s why I am here.” Answered Chat.

“Yes, you got the spirit of things.”

Ray went behind Adrien, nesting his length between his ass cheeks, his hands playing with the blonde’s nipples.

“Hey, Ladybug.” Asked Claire Nuñez, helping Jim out of his jeans. “Would you mind our boys having some fun?”

“S-sure.”

“Aaaaaawwww...” Pouted Raimundo, kissing Adrien’s shoulder.

Nearby, Kimiko and Starfire finished stripping a still leashed Beast Boy and started peeling out Kid Flash’s costume.

“Starfire, can I be next?” he asked as more and more of his dark skin was exposed. “You know what they say, Chat, once you go bl...”

“...green, it’s a win!!”

“Down, Beast Boy!” cut Raven, almost leaving her monotone.

Raimundo coached Adrien to a table.

“Don’t worry, Jim’s very careful and caring.”

All Adrien could do was nod.

“Here, Ladybug.” Claire put a small bottle of lube on her hand. “You take care of mine, I take care of yours.”

With that, the Trollhuntress approached Adrien, who was leaning on the table.

“Oh, my.” She said opening her own bottle of lube. “You are right, Ladybug, his butt is the best.”

“Should I start to get jealous?” asked Jim, slightly thrusting his hips forward, a visual clue to Ladybug.

Adrien felt his butt cheeks being draw apart by the unknown hands of Claire.

“Jim, you will be a lot of things, but not jealous. This is the prettiest, most cute... I need to shave you, too.”

“We’ll... see” he breathed out, as Ladybug understood her job and started to coat Jim’s member with lube, feeling the warmth, the position of every vein, the faded scar of the circumcision, the pulsing head, every detail for the first time, at her disposal, like just another toy. She took a deep breath, trying not to climax again.

Meanwhile, Adrien almost jumped feeling the cold liquid travelling between his cheeks, to his waiting hole, Clair’s finger probing it, circling his hole, entering it slowly, talking about how beautiful it is, until it was first-knuckle deep inside him. Adrien felt the soft circular motions, moaning on the same pace.

“No fair. I wanted to prepare the newbie.”

“Down, Beast...”

“No.” said Claire “Your boy seems very eager, Raven, And if Ladybug is all right with it...”

Adrien felt the almost pain of the absence of the finger on his love hole. But what brought goosebumps to him is the fact no one asked his opinion. He was naked, without much control over what happens to his body, afraid and loving it at the same time.

“Fine with us.” came Ladybug’s voice.

The next second, Adrien felt the soft-hard texture of a tongue between his cheeks, looking for his ass, the rest of the face glued on his behind, not wasting time with preliminaries.

Meanwhile, Ladybug almost forgot the pulsing penis on his hand, mesmerized with the view of the green-skinned guy eating her Adrien butt.

Adding to the erotic experience, Raimundo and Jack were on the mattress just in front of Adrien, on a breathtaking 69.

The sexy show hitting his eyes.

The cat calls and lewd comments of the girls – dressed girls – reaching his ears.

And, of course, a needy tongue on the most secret part of his skin.

How he didn’t reach his climax right there was a wonder. The same to Ladybug.

Kimiko noticed that.

“Enough, Beast Boy.”

“Awww...”

When Raven removed the green boy from the Blonde’s butt, Claire took over again, spreading Adrien’s cheeks.

“Come, Ladybug.”

She stood there, not knowing what to do, when Jim whispered:

“Take me there.”

She reached for his hand, but he pulled it back gently.

“No, no, use my...” and looked down.

Ladybug blushed a bit and grabbed his lubed dick, covering the few steps to the table Adrien was leaning on. Adrien’s shut getting close and close. “You can go all the way” she heard Kimiko saying.

Ladybug touched Adrien butt with Jim length, aiming it at Adrien’s, no, her hole, it felt his body was hers more than ever, the intimacy and love they share as she pushed Jim’s tip on the treasure exposed by Claire. The others exploded in applause as she removed her hand. As Jim slowly made his way on the newbie, he and Claire shared a passionate kiss. Ladybug took the clue and went to Adrien’s mouth, kneeling in front of him and let their lips find each other.

The taste of his lady, Jim’s length brushing against his prostate just once was enough to make his whole body tremble in pleasure, his length explode in three, four, five spurts of hot liquid without being touched

As he climaxes, Jim increases his pace, plowing Adrien’s ass with more vigor, Claire’s hand on his butt, keeping the rhythm steady. Soon, he was washing Adrien’s insides with his seed. Ladybug hugged Adrien by his neck.

“I love you, kitten, thank you, thank you.” And went to his back, watching a clear-white drop running down his leg, the most arousing image she can imagine. But that was not her goal for today, was it?”

“Are you all right, Chat?”

“More than fine, my lady.”

“Good.” And raised her voice, her rudeness surprising even herself. “Who likes sloppy seconds?”

A few moments later Adrien was on a mattress, feeling Raimundo’s cock oh so nicely working inside him, while his own mouth worked on Beast Boy’s length, his tongue exploring everything, from the green balls to the faint remaining of the surgery, just to make the man meat disappear on his mouth. Before his vision was blocked by the green torso, he saw Jack Spicer approaching his just recovered length, the wetness of a mouth all around it. Ladybug eyes were glued on the scene, she almost forgetting about every small thing, like breathing. Her Adrien. Showing everything he has to all her friends. Doing it for her. For her pleasure.

"Check if a venetarian cum tastes really different, Chat."

Adrien did not know who said that. A female voice. From one of the girls watching his sucking so happily another male. With another lenght buried deeply inside him.

He blushed. Yes, this Yaoi Club of his Lady is the best thing ever.

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

Thanks for everything, reading, kudos, opinion. This is most likely the last chapter, I hope I have entertained you. Again, thanks for everything

I Got a Black Cat Bone

Chapter Summary

Surprisingly enough, this keeps getting a steady number of kudos. So, as a big thank you to all you readers, I decided to add an extra chapter. Thanks for the support, I am glad you think I can entertain you. The prompt asks for "rock and Roll". Of course, I use the term loosely. But, you know what they say: "The Blues had a son, and they called him Rock and Roll." Go check: https://youtu.be/_HinurKxgWE

Please, enjoy and, again, thanks a lot.

47. ROCK AND ROLL: I love some rock and roll personally. Pick a rock song and write Adrien fucking hard and deep to it. His lover is whoever you please. At least light bondage is a must.

Maybe he did drink a bit too much at that charity event, but it is very hard to say "no" when Adrien asks for some fun. Even when it was followed by "I still need to get even for the whole birthday thing". But he sure sobered out quickly when his own tie was used to hold his arms on the backrest of the chair, so Nino was powerless seeing the unthinkable. Someone going through his precious records on his own sound studio. Adrien seems to have selected one, thanks God, thought Nino, a mere CD that quickly disappeared inside the player and got closer to Nino, a big grin on his face.

He saw Adrien spreading some tarot cards on the table in front of the chair he was bond to. With the corner of his eye, he noticed Marinette with a camera, recording everything.

The music started

Gypsy woman told my mother

Before I was born

Adrien went behind Nino, who did not know where to look at. Trying to follow his friend, keep staring at the tarot cards, look at Marinette. Soon, the doubts were gone, as Adrien grabbed his hair and yanked his head back.

"Ouch! Dude!"

You got a boy-child's comin'

He's gonna be a son-of-a-gun

Their lips met, awkwardly in Nino's case, not able to fully control his mouth due to the head angle. He let their lips part all of a sudden, and quickly went to his shirt, opening it so abruptly and fast a button popped out

*He's gonna make pretty women's
Jump and shout*

“Gaaah!” Nino could not hold his scream as Adrien squeezed his nipple hard and kissed and bite his neck. That would leave a mark, and both knew that.

Marinette made the traditional “cut” neck sign, turning off the camera. Adrien paused the song.

The model gave Nino forehead a peck. “Right , buddy, we can slow down and cancel the whole ‘get even for your birthday’ thing, if you can’t take it.”

He just smirked.

“Bring it on, Agreste.”

Marinette smiled and returned to the back of the camera, as Adrien pressed the “play” button. Again grabbing Nino by the hair, he forced him to look straight to the camera.

*Then the world gonna know
What's this all about*

He saw Adrien produced from somewhere fuzzy, pink handcuffs and used them to secure his hands on the back of the chair, untying his tie. He was about to complain, but Adrien Lips rushed to met his, on an abrupt kiss, without warning, hungry, fast tongues meeting, fighting, until, as sudden as it started, it stopped.

“Dude, yohhhhmmmmfff”

Nino’s tie was wrapped across his mouth and head, silencing anything he could say.

“Your safeword is two fast kicks with your left leg. Unless we decide to tie those too.”

Nino barely nodded, as Adrien was opening wild his shirt, hands pinching, twisting his nipples, while his tongue worked all over Nino’s neck and chin.

*Don't you know I'm here
Everybody knows I'm here*

Adrien let his tongue travel all the way from Nino’s chin, to his now immobilized lips, teasing then left to write, and kept travelling to the tip of his nose, to give a step backwards and starting dancing, moving his hips on a sensual way. For Nino, this was even worse than the pinches and bites. To see Adrien like so, so desirable, so close to him, and not being able to touch, it was a torture. And his member reacted accordingly, painfully confined by his boxers and pants. He tried to move his hips and tights to either make it stop hurting, or give it something close to a rub, without success.

*Well, you know I'm the hoochie-coochie man
Everybody knows I'm here*

It looked like Adrien heard his thoughts. He got close to Nino and violently draw his knees apart, bringing his head closer to his crotch, mouthing it over the fabric, until opening the belt and fly in a quick move, giving Nino’s dick some space, but without lowering his underwear. Adrien then returned to tease him, opening his own shirt, and letting it hit the floor. Next, his shoes. His socks went right from his feet to under Nino’s nose for some short moments.

I got a black cat bone
I got a mojo tooth
I got John the Conqueror root
I'm gonna mess with you

Next, Adrien's trousers hit the floor. He got closer and rubbed Nino's head all over his underwear. The restrained lad could not move his mouth nor do anything but allow himself to be used the way he and Marinette wanted.

Adrien then went behind him, and untied the piece of cloth. All kind of perverted thoughts flew into Nino's head, what he would be doing with his tongue and mouth.

Then the tie was secured over his eyes.

Now, he could not see a thing.

He felt Adrien's fingers probing his face, approaching his mouth, touching his lips. Nino's dick starts to leak, it's too much of a tease, secured at that chair, not able to do anything.

A familiar scent hit his nostrils. Adrien's scent, the aroma from his manliness Nino seems to be addicted to. His tongue probed the space in front of him, to find only lose cloth. Adrien must have removed his undies. The cloth was now being shove on his face. Naked. Adrien naked in all his sweet glory and he could not see it. His dick begging for release, his arms hurting for being immobile for so long.

Quickly, the cloth was replaced by something else under his nose. A sweet smell, that reminds him of his childhood. His head was yanked back by the hair and, between complaints, a few droplets of the mysterious substance met his lips. Condensed Milk.

Next, the hand released his hair. Bringing his head back to a more comfortable place, he gasped.

"Adrien. Marinette. What are you..."

His nose was filled by another smell. One that became very familiar to him over these past years. Adrien's manhood, this time the real thing, not his undies. He tried to keep his tongue still, this time. He felt something round and hot touch his lips. That was too much. He opened it, trying to welcome Adrien's dick, only to have it pulled out of his reach.

The two smells are now combined, and his friend's penis was shoved onto his mouth.

Nino's length got even harder, if that was possible. Adrien's was coated with condensed milk. He sucked the sweet flavor with abandon, feeling more being dropped on the member, the corners of his mouth overflowing, the milk traveling oh so slowly on his chin, neck, his heart beating so fast clashing with the painfully slow liquid.

Again the length was pulled from his mouth, and he felt the blonde's tongue all over his torso, licking off the candy.

Nino was melting in bliss over the sensations, The tongue cleaning him, going from his belly to chest, to the neck, oh why Adrien was taking so much time on the neck.

"Fuck dude, kiss me! Kiss me at once!"

Nino heard chuckles, the tongue exploring all the curves to his chin, finally, finally, slowly going to the corner of his mouth, only to be replaced by something hard. And cold.

Ice.

He felt the cube being pressed on his lips, traveling here and there, kept out of reach of his teeth, before disappearing and leaving just a faint numb sensation. The cold torture was now over his nipple.

As his brain was trying to process it, he felt Adrien's lips over his finally, finally. It was a

savage kiss, raw desire, as if both were weeks without making love. As soon as Nino sucked the lovely tongue into his mouth, it retreated, leaving only an insupportable emptiness.

“Dude!”

The tie was removed from his eyes again, and he felt blessed with the vision of a stark naked Adrien, also rock hard, moving sensually in front of him. He got his undies, rubbing it against his dick and balls, between his legs, Nino felts he must come now! Come on, Adrien and Marinette, you had your fun.

Adrien getting close.

Sitting on his lap, throwing his hands around Nino’s neck, that’s not fair, that body he loves so much and he can’t touch.

And Adrien’s boxer briefs being shoved into his mouth, before the tie was again but over his eyes.

Then nothing.

No touch from Adrien. He could not see, he could not talk, but he could smell, heavens, he could smell his model friend’s naughty groin. That’s torture. Nino was not able to measure time, not on his racing heart, not on the thoughts that race through his mind, not by his dick pulsing “need-to-cum-need-to-cum-need-to-cum” nonstop.

Suddenly, he felt one of his sneakers being yanked from his feet. It hurt some, maybe it was more the effect of the surprise. A privilege of being an artist, to wear sneakers with a suit, and he was double thankful for that, as a dress shoe would hurt more being removed this fast. Hands traveling up his leg, removing the sock, painfully slowly this time.

Something being rubbed on his sole. Warm. Round-ish.

Goodness, Adrien’s dick, Nino realized, surprised he was still able to have coherent thoughts. Not much, because he barely registered one of his wrists being set free – Probably by Marinette, he would rationalize later and being pushed out of the chair.

Now, he had only one shoed foot, his arms were hurting and aching by lack of blood, his head was dizzy of desire, was not a surprise he felt on the floor easily. His arms were pushed and his free wrist cuffed gain. This time, at least, not on his back, but around something. His hands probed the object. The leg of his sound table.

A cushion was forced under his belly, and his trousers and undies lowered down, just enough to expose his rear, his dick still trapped on his undies, bringing a whole new sensation of cold on his butt and even more excitement.

I'm gonna make you girls

Lead me by my hand

Then the world'll know

The hoochie-coochie man

Then, hands on his buttcheeks, Adrien’s hands, massaging then, slowly parting them.

“He’s ready for the close-up, Mrs. Agreste.” Chuckled Adrien, reminding Nino everything was being recorded, including his now exposed hole. A wave of shame dominated his already overwhelming mix of emotions.

Something flowing on his butt. Cold, but familiar. Lube. Finally, finally. Fingers probing, stretching, invading his body, hurry, he thought, give it to me, give it to me.

Somehow his thoughts made a noise, because the fingers stopped and Adrien’s voice was heard.

“What was that, Nino?”

Some incoherent noises, the intimate cloth being removed from his mouth.

“Stop teasing, Adrien.”

“Soooo... what do you want?”

“Darn it, enough games. Take me. Take me now!”

“I am afraid you have to be more direct, Nino.”

“Yes” helped Marinette “Tell Adrien and the camera what exactly you want.”

“You’re both... fuck me, Adrien. I want your cock inside me. There.”

“... and...?”

Good thing he was blindfolded, Nino thought, or the couple would see him roll his eyes out of his head.

“Jerks. Fuck-me-please.”

“Since you asked so nicely...” Nino felt Adrien moving, his penis now covered on a slippery substance rubbing all over his butt, he shivering in anticipation, a small part of his brain concerned about moving too much, there’s expensive equipment on the top of the table, darn it, stop teasing, he raised his butt invitingly.

And the warm head pressing, entering his ring.

“Are you ok?”

Yes, darn it. More. Faster. Hit my prostate. But Nino just nodded.

It was like Adrien read his mind, gaining pace in a fast pace, until ramming his whole length into his friend, who let out a kind of howl, grabbed the table pace for support, that’s not like the sugary romantic Adrien, but is so good, more, more.

The length was almost all its way out of him, to enter fast, savagely again. And again. And again. Nino felt his whole body trembling, being dominated by a wave of pleasure starting on his balls, taking up to his last hair and foot finger, exploding out of his penis, being followed by a wave of warm liquid invading his insides.

The night of hard work, the teasing games, the raw fucking, the powerful orgasm proved too much for Nino. He passed out.

Early morning, Sabrina was very surprised to see her boss coming from inside.

“Aw, there goes my record being always the first to arrive on the offi...” she then noticed Nino was wearing the same clothes of last night, only way more wrinkled, missing buttons. And sporting a huge hickey on his neck. “Ah, I see. That does not count.”

“That’s right, Beena, you are still Lahiffe ToutSound’s champ employee.” And went to the fridge, getting an energy drink while humming an old tune.

“I just started crunching numbers, but last night’s ‘DJing for Charity’ was a success. I think we raised more than...”

“Wait... wait...” something clicked on Nino’s head “I may be wrong, but you will find two donations of 700 euros.”

She adjusted her glasses and scanned the list. “700? It’s not usual to donate such amount... but yes, here they are.”

Nino laughed. Those two...

“That’s Adrien’s and Marinette’s.”

“How do you know? It’s all anonymous.”

“They plan ahead. And Alya said Marinette is planning an all-girl movie night tonight, right?”

“Yes, she was very kind inviting me. That’s why I must finish this quick, I need to buy some snacks, shower and be there...”

“By 19 o’clock.” Nino barely managed to hold his laughs.

“Alya told you?”

“No... who else is invited?”

She got her phone

“Let me check... Rose, Juleka, Kagami and Alix. I think she will show some sci-fi movie, there’s a Doctor Who image on the email.”

“With one?”

“The short one, with the small funny hat and question mark umbrella.”

“When did she invited you?”

“Let me see... last Saturday. Why?”

“And you got the email early in the morning. Seven o’clock.”

“Nino, you are scaring me. How do you know?”

He was just laughing, and started to sing loudly

“On the seventh hour

On the seventh day

Of the seventh month

The Seventh Doctor say

Yes, they plan way ahead.”

He laughed even more. “I have sportsmanship, I can take a joke, so... have fun. I am sure it will be an interesting movie.”

Sabrina didn’t know what to say, when her boss exited to his office, shouting

“But say to Marinette they will get what is coming to them.” And at the same beat, kept singing

“So, you’re saying

I got seven hundred dollars

Don’t you mess with me

huh, Adrien? We’ll see about that. We’ll see about that” and laughing alone.

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