

Pickup Lines

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Pickup Lines

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Summary

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Notes

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

Being a superhero had its upsides.

It had *downsides* too, for sure, to the point where it was a hassle more often than not. But even the hassle was worth it to be able to skim through the skies of Paris night and day, free as a bird and strong as an ant.

Which, okay, didn't sound very strong, but that was only if you didn't know how many times their weight an ant could lift. Honest, it was impressive if you thought of it that way.

...*I need to get better at metaphors*, Marinette reflected, frowning at her biology homework (incidentally on the topic of ant colonies). It was kind of difficult to concentrate given that she'd just sat down after coming in from an early evening patrol, and adrenaline was still thrumming through her veins.

Sometimes it was hard to come back down as herself after being Ladybug. The suit seemed to bestow almost endless energy along with invulnerability, super strength, super agility, and the half-dozen other supers that were necessary for fighting akuma. She was rarely tired after a fight — heck, she usually wasn't even *winded* (though she wished she could say the same for poor Tikki). Combined with the lingering rush from being her superhero self, it could leave her squirming in her seat, eager to be up and about and *doing* something.

On top of that, she'd started to notice little changes out of the suit as of late. Each day she was getting a little stronger, a little faster, a little more agile. Her clumsiness seemed to be terminal no matter what, but gym class was a breeze now — even chinups, her historical nemesis.

She wouldn't be hauling herself up one-handed by a roof gutter as Marinette any time soon, but *two* handed, now...

Marinette glanced over at her lounge. Adrien had claimed it when she sat down at her desk; Nathalie and his father were out tonight, he'd declared, and he wasn't eager to return to an empty home. Not that she minded having him over.

She saw with some amusement that he'd sprawled all over the furniture like his feline namesake, the sunset painting orange highlights in his hair as he hung off the edge playing the handheld gaming console he'd borrowed from her. It seemed patrol had left him just as energetic as she was: one of his legs was bouncing a steady, restless rhythm on the cushion, as if he couldn't stand to be perfectly still.

His pose was something that would throw the back of any other person into spasms of protest, but her partner was lounging with perfect comfort. Marinette reflected that where her strength was increasing out of costume, maybe the same was true for Adrien's flexibility.

Or maybe it was just a model thing.

She propped her chin on one hand as she considered the both of them, weighing the possibilities and quietly murmuring, "I wonder if I could still do it..."

"Could still do what?"

Adrien's eyes raised to meet hers, almost golden in the dying light.

She smiled at him, fond and mischievous. "Lift you when we're not in costume. I've been getting stronger lately."

Both his eyebrows arched into his hair, an answering grin blossoming on his face. "Aren't you a little too short for that?"

"Shows what you know." She propped her hands on her hips, leaning towards him from her seat. "I just need the right leverage."

"Unfortunately I don't have my baton on me at the moment, princess~" he teased, grin widening.

"Not *that* kind of leverage, you dork," she retorted, getting up and gesturing for him to do the same. "Come on, stand up."

"I'm going to be your guinea pig now?" he asked, but did as he was told and executed a smooth roll to his feet. "I think I have a *mew* too many whiskers for that."

"3 out of 10, too forced." She clucked her tongue and stepped closer while his smirk dropped into a mock-offended expression.

"What?! Come on, that was a great pun!"

"Not even close." Marinette hummed, carefully planning her angle of attack while her kitty looked on with curious eyes.

His grin returned, but was a little tentative when he asked, "So what if you can't do it? Do I get a prize?"

She looked askance at him. "Do you *want* me to mess up?"

"Just trying to keep things interesting, my Lady." He braced his hands on his hips and bent at the waist, bringing them eye-to-eye. "How about it?"

Marinette stared into green eyes sparkling with hope and mischief and felt warmth bloom in her chest. There was a hint of insecurity, too, lurking beneath his expression, and somehow the sight of it eased her own hesitance. Relaxing, she folded her arms, leaning in to meet him until their noses nearly touched. "You're on."

Without another word she ducked down, wrapping her arms around him just below his butt, and — with much less effort than she expected — straightened up until she felt his feet leave the ground.

Adrien yelped, grabbing at her shoulders for balance. Marinette couldn't help but laugh, the sound giddy and only a little breathless as she widened her stance to keep them upright as he flailed. "Relax, kitty, I won't drop you."

"That isn't what I'm worried about!" he gasped, but he was laughing too. "Wow, you sure proved me wrong."

"It isn't even that hard," she admitted, tilting her chin up to try and see his face. "I feel like I could do this for a while. Just how skinny are you?"

"Not *that* skinny. I think you're some kind of tank." She could hear his pout even if she couldn't see all of it, and it made her laugh again. Her grip slipped at the movement and she hefted him up so as not to drop him—

—only for the exact details of their position to finally hit her.

Her arms were wrapped tightly around his thighs, hands not very far at all from his butt, and somehow she had him at just the right height for her chest to be pressed into his waist. Her mouth was nearly brushing the fabric of his shirt over his stomach.

She was essentially groping him oh god.

Judging from the sudden silence on his end, Adrien had realized the same thing.

Marinette squeaked and stopped just short of dropping him like a hot potato. It had the *opposite* of the desired effect by causing him to slip through her arms, body sliding against hers for a mind-stopping second before his sneakers hit the floor with a heavy *thud*.

It took another second of nothing but staring at each other before Marinette gained enough control of her limbs to pry her fingers loose and leap back, her cheeks hotter than she could ever remember them feeling. Adrien continued to stare at her with an unreadable expression, his face just as red.

"S-sorry!" she stammered, not even sure what she wanted to say but feeling like she should say *something*. "I didn't mean to— I didn't really realize— a-and then I pretty much dropped you after I promised I wouldn't—"

Adrien's mouth opened, but before he could say anything the two of them were interrupted by a voice just outside her trap door.

"Marinette?"

Marinette gasped and spun towards her partner only to find him already halfway up the stairs to her bed loft. She had a moment to marvel at how fast he'd moved — she didn't think he even showed that kind of speed in battle — before he crammed himself out of sight in the far corner and the door to her room creaked open.

Her mother poked her head up from the trap door, frowning in concern. "Marinette, are you all right? It sounded like something fell."

Marinette snapped to attention and rubbed the back of her head in what she hoped was a suitably sheepish display of remorse. "Oh, uh, yep, that was me, sorry! I, ah, dropped my textbook."

Sabine's frown grew. "But it sounded much too loud for that."

"I was! Studying up on my bed! So it fell really far. Sorry again."

"Hmmm," her mother said, looking at her.

Marinette smiled until her cheeks hurt.

"Well, I'm glad you're not hurt," her mother finally said, accepting the excuse. "But you should be more careful with your things, Marinette."

"I will, promise! Sorry, *maman*."

Sabine smiled and nodded, heading back downstairs and closing the door behind her. Marinette let out a sigh of relief, shoulders sagging.

There was the creak of a futon from above, and she glanced up to see Adrien peering over the edge of her bed like a skittish kitten.

"All clear," she called, quiet as she could. He let out a relieved sigh of his own and slid down the railing of the stairs. Her lips quirked at his attempt at showing off — like she didn't do the same thing every other morning.

Adrien nailed a light landing at the bottom and ran a hand through his hair, giving it a messy Chat-like look that made Marinette's heart beat faster than she'd like to admit. His cheeks were still red, his expression both happy and reluctant. "Guess that's probably my cue to go."

"Guess so," Marinette echoed, glancing at the pillow-lined hat box where their kwami were napping among the crumbs of their respective snacks. "I'll text you when you get home?"

"Sounds *purr*-fect," he punned, flashing white teeth at the way she groaned. "But first..."

He stepped up, bringing them within arm's reach of each other. Marinette tilted her head back to keep his gaze, breathing quickening to match her heartbeat. "Since you showed me up, it's only fair that you get the reward instead." He tilted his head ever-so-slightly to one side, smile softening. "What would you like to claim for your prize, my Lady?"

"Well..." She pretended to think about it; she liked the way it made him shuffle in anticipation, and it gave her time to work up her nerve. "...How about a kiss?"

The look on his face was just about everything she could have wanted.

The kiss *definitely* was.

End Notes

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