

Princess Protection Program

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Princess Protection Program

by [CoffeeComicsGalore](#)

Summary

Part of my 200 Tumblr Followers Prompt List.

When Adrien was informed that Marinette would be meeting someone outside of the city library, his princess protection radar went off. Who else would be better to watch over her besides her feline friend? A certain blue haired musician cheering him on in protecting his princess certainly helps things along.

Chat Noir crouched in the shadows behind a chimney stack high above the street and away from passing glares. He narrowed his eyes as he watched his target and mumbled a few colorful words in the process.

“Who is he?” He mumbled, his heartbeat skipping a beat at the sight. He couldn’t make out his face, but he could make out the silhouettes of him and the girl beside him.

He couldn’t believe his eyes. There she was, the gorgeous beauty that he had known and fell in love with over the last two years, and there she was standing in front of this dude as he leaned against the building. She looked outright shy, but he couldn’t distinguish whether it was her being her, or if she was shy because something was wrong and she didn’t want to push him away rudely.

Better reason for him to keep an eye on the situation, he thought.

He jumped down and nestled into a branch in the tree beside the building. He leaned towards them; his head tilted in hopes that his enhanced hearing could make out their conversation. But he couldn’t and it bothered him more than he thought it would.

Why did Marinette meet this guy in the first place? She had vaguely explained to their group that she was meeting this boy outside the city library and Alya had questioned if it was wise decision. She didn’t explain why she was meeting him, but she stated they were meeting in public because she had only met him a few times. But his look, the way he perceived himself... it reeked egotistical jerk with tons of red flags.

Adrien hated it.

This guy had this posture to him that screamed gigantic douche bag. His arms were crossed, his head tilted as a smirk crested his lips. Marinette held the books in her hand tightly against her chest, a tactic he had learned about her that meant she was nervous.

Then he saw it. The guy took his hand and touched the loose strand of hair that had fallen out of her bun and dangled beside her temple. He twisted the strand around his finger, and he could see Marinette coiling away from him, albeit slowly, but yet he was not taking her actions as a reason to stop.

Chat could feel himself getting hot, his veins boiling with anger as his friend was becoming increasingly uncomfortable with every second she was with him. He removed his baton from its holder and brought himself down to street level, not noticing another protector watching from behind the belly of the tree.

“You witnessed that entire thing, didn’t you?” Luka asked, his arms crossed. He never removed his eyes off of Marinette and this guy.

“So, what if I did?” Chat rebutted, defensively.

“I don’t like this guy. Something about him seems wrong. I’ve been watching them the entire time, too.”

Chat placed his baton back to its position and continued to watch the two. Marinette took a step back and the guy took one step closer, placing his hand on her cheek and caressing her face.

She swatted his hand away and tried to take a defensive stance, but he grabbed her wrist and brought her closer to him.

Chat let out a growl of agitation and Luka placed a hand on his shoulder to calm him down. He faced the musician to question him, but Luka smirked.

“Kick his ass for me , would you?”

Chat chuckled. “My pleasure.”

Chat removed his baton again and hoisted himself off the ground, allowing him to drop down in front of the two.

“Hey, Marinette. Are you ready for our date?” Chat wrapped his arm around her shoulders, bringing her into the safety of his chest. Marinette visibly relaxed at his untimely arrival, and smiled back as she placed her hand on his chest.

“Date?” The man stated a bit angrily towards the superhero.

“Yes. Date. Is there a problem with me taking my girlfriend out?”

“Girlfriend? Marinette, you didn’t tell me you had a boyfriend.”

“I didn’t have a need to tell you much about myself, Charles. We were supposed to be here to talk about the class representative duties. Not for you to hit on me.”

“Princess, was this guy hitting on you?” Chat asked as if he didn’t see the whole affair.

“Somewhat. He apparently doesn’t know what ‘no’ means.”

Chat looked over to Charles with an irate eye and carefully pushed Marinette behind him.

“Are we going to have a problem in the future, or am I going to have to step in and take care of this situation myself?”

Charles took a step back, his hands held up in surrender. “Chill, man. I heard you. I’ll leave the girl alone.”

With one twisted snarl of his lips, Charles turned and walked away. Chat watched as he turned the corner away from view, then turned to see Marinette hugging her books against her chest.

“Thanks, Chat. I appreciate you coming to save me.” She said, gratefully.

“I’ll never let anything happen to you. You got that?”

Marinette nodded her head shyly and smiled. Chat wrapped her up in his arms and hugged her until she felt safe. From the corner of his eye, he could see Luka standing beside the tree, smiling with a silent nod of thanks before walking towards the Seine.

He closed his eyes to relish in her returned embrace. No one would ever get a hold of his princess, not when he was around to protect her, even if it was the last thing he ever did.

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