

“Alright, Adrien, dahling, just a few last touches here... Oh! Hold on, just spotted a teensy little smudge of your blush. Not to worry, we’ll cover that right up!” In the backstage dressing rooms of one of Paris’s most prestigious modeling studios, a makeup artist was hard at work coating young Adrien Agreste’s face with a bevy of concealers, cover-ups and creams to make him look absolutely picture perfect on the set.

Adrien never really saw the point, considering that they always just ended airbrushing everything digitally after the shots were taken anyway. But he certainly didn’t mind the delay. Truth be told, he didn’t even like modeling. To be more accurate, he hated it. The only reason he’d even started doing it was in the hope of getting to spend more time with his extremely busy father; a hope that’d completely failed to pan out.

Part of him wanted to quit, but he knew that doing so would disappoint his dad immensely and create a mountain of problems for the company to try and replace him since he’d ended up as the star model for the entire brand. So, despite his personal feelings, he kept going along with it.

It was easy to see why the camera loved him so much, he was a genuine teenage heartthrob. If only he could love it back. He had a beautiful and youthful face, one that could easily be called androgynous, (especially when he was in full makeup) large and expressive green eyes, and a head of short, bright golden blonde hair.

“And done!” The makeup artist announced as she finished her work. “You know, you’re my favorite model to work on, Adrien.”

“Heh, oh really?” Adrien replied, looking away and brushing his way out of his face with an awkward grin on his face, “What’s that?”

“Because you’re so quiet, dahling!” The artist answered cheerfully, grabbing his shoulders, “You just sit there and let me do my work! All of the young *mademoiselles* I see on the other hand? Yammer, yammer, yammer! Do you know how hard it is to apply makeup when someone’s lips never stop moving?”

“No, but I can imagine how exhausting it is to deal with chatterboxes all day.” Adrien stood up from the chair, getting ready to stand under those broiling hot spotlights with that same fake and rehearsed plastered on his face for hours on end.

“I’m sure you can, but oh! Here I am talking your ear off myself, don’t mind me! Go up there and knock ‘em dead! *Au revoir!*” The artist encouraged him as he headed out the room and towards the studio. The sooner they got this photo shoot done, the sooner he could just go back home and relax.

Stepping out into the lot where the shoot was to take place, he was surprised to find it looked nothing like he expected. Considering the rather plain, if fashionable, summer attire he’d been dressed in, he had expected a similarly casual scene. Instead he found himself walking out onto

a set that'd been built like a magician's stage. It was so jarring that he thought he must have taken a wrong turn somewhere.

But as he went to turn around, a man's voice called to him, "Mr. Agreste? Mr. Agreste! Hold on!" Adrien looked back to see a photographer in the middle of setting up a bulky professional grade camera on a tripod waving him over.

"Yes, yeah, that's me. Are you sure that I've got the right room?" He asked uncertainly as he walked towards the photographer.

The man nodded at him, "Yes, and you're just in time too! Your partner for the shoot just arrived on the set right before you!"

"Partner?" Adriene raised an eyebrow; he had performed shoots with other participants before, so it wasn't unprecedented, but it was only on very rare occasions or as part of a runway show.

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Agreste~! You'll have the honor and pleasure of sharing the spotlight alongside me this lovely afternoon!" The elegant and suave voice of a young woman addressed Adrien's curiosity from the stage. He looked at the source of the voice with an expression of shock. Had she been standing there the whole time? He swore that she hadn't been there a second ago, it was like she'd just popped out of thin air, and he was pretty sure he'd have noticed someone as ostentatious as *her!*

The woman looked to be in her early to mid twenties, with long, shimmering black hair that ran down past her shoulders. She was dressed in attire equally befitting a magician as a gentleman, or in this case, gentlewoman thief. A silk top hat sat upon her head, with a white domino mask covering and obscuring her eyes. Her lips, curled into a confident smirk, were highlighted by cherry red lipstick.

She was dressed in white tie formal attire, with a black tail coat over a white dress shirt, and the eponymous white bowtie for which the dress code was named around her neck. Her hands were covered by a pair of white gloves, and she was wearing a pair of skintight black pants that ended in a pair of striking red high heels. With her hands on her hips, she cut a rather stunning profile.

"I see, and who exactly are you, miss?" Adrien asked as he surreptitiously slipped his right hand into the pocket of the jeans he was wearing.

The magician gave a gentle bow and tipped her hat to the young model, "Ah, pardon me, I have a rather unfortunate habit of assuming that my reputation precedes me. You may call me Mystique Magique, or Madame Magique for short, if you prefer." For most people, they'd have assumed the woman was simply in character, perhaps a bit of an eccentric method actor.

But for Adrien, alarm bells were starting to go off in his head. He couldn't be sure, but part of him was worried that this woman was more than she appeared. The reason he suspected this was because he himself was much more than he appeared on the surface. Adrien Agreste lived a double life, most of his time was spent as his regular self, but whenever the city of Paris was threatened, he assumed the form of his alter ego, the feline-themed superhero Cat Noir.

He achieved this metamorphosis through the use of a white ring worn on his right hand, a ring that was one piece of a set of powerful magical jewelry known as "Miraculouses," which allowed their wielders to acquire supernatural powers with the aid of personifications of abstract concepts known as "kwamis."

The threats that Paris often faced came in the form of ordinary humans who'd been corrupted via a process known as "Akumatization" into superpowered villains after having the fears, doubts and weaknesses in their hearts exploited by an even greater villain that he knew only as "Hawk Moth." His true goal however wasn't simply to raise havoc, he specifically wanted the Miraculouses that he and his partner Ladybug possessed. Creating villains was merely a means to that end.

All of that was to say that while he didn't have any solid proof, between her unusual name, unusual behavior, and unusual outfit, there was the distinct possibility that this "Madame Magique" was actually an Akumatized villain. Though if he was being honest, the red flag he couldn't overlook was just that domino mask... Because they always had masks. They *always* had masks! Every time! Okay, not every *single* time, but practically every time! Easily nine out of ten Akumatized villains had face masks, and he had a large enough sample size to say that with confidence!

But he still didn't want to jump to any conclusions! After all, he was in a modeling studio, if there were *any* place you'd expect to find someone in an outlandish costume, it would be here.

So as much as he tried to keep his Miraculous literally on hand at all times, he opted to slide it into his pocket. Better it be kept out of sight, and he could quickly slip it back on at a moment's notice.

"Well, it's a pleasure to meet you, Madame Magique." Adrien felt so strange saying that... "But are you sure that I'm supposed to be your partner for this shoot? Don't we seem a little mismatched?" He tried not to sound too suspicious of her, but if she was Akumatized, then eventually he hoped she'd say that would undeniably give it away.

"Of course we're mismatched, Mr. Agreste, but that's the entire point of the shoot!" Magique answered in a bemused tone, "Didn't they go over the premise with you? I'm a magician, naturally, while you are playing the role of my volunteer from the audience! So it only makes sense that you're wearing such casual clothes, you see?"

Huh, well, she had him there, that did make sense. He couldn't even challenge her on it because he hadn't read or listened to the premise of the shoot. He stopped doing that long ago, there was no point reading the backstory they cooked up for these things or the character they'd designed for him to play when 99% of the time all they were asking him to do was look at the camera and smile. "Oh, I see, I must've missed it."

"*Ohohoho~!* Not to worry, young Mr. Agreste, all you need to know is that your part is to act astonished at my feats of magic. That should come easily, my presence does tend to inspire awe in those who are graced by it." The magician flourished her hands towards him as she let out a haughty, rhythmic laugh that he'd only heard in anime.

That couldn't have possibly been her real laugh... Could it? Despite how fluid and seemingly rehearsed her mannerisms are, they didn't feel at all performative, they seemed natural. Was there really someone out there who went about their daily life holding themselves that way?

He wouldn't have given it nearly this much thought if it weren't for the unique position he was in to worry about whether or not this woman presented a threat to him. Fairly quickly forever, he became rather confident that she wasn't a villain. Villains were the manifestation of runaway emotions and desires, they were hostile, violent to the point of wanton destruction, and single mindedly obsessed with achieving their goals. The fact that he was standing here having a polite conversation with this woman essentially disqualified her.

That being said, something about this still felt slightly off, so he tried to keep his guard up as best he could as he got on the stage alongside her. Magique produced a small black magic wand and struck a dynamic pose. "Alright, perfect, now Mr. Agreste-" The photographer began to direct Adrien, who interrupted him.

"You can just call me Adrien, you don't have to be so formal." Adrien knew that it had to be a little awkward for this guy having to call someone half his age "Mister."

"Sure thing then, Adrien!" The photographer didn't push back, which was an experience Adrien had dealt with in the past, "All you have to do is just look, er... surprised, you know, confused, like you've seen something you can't explain."

"Bedazzled! Stupified!" Magique offered some more colorful and specific language, "Flabbergasted and utterly spellbound by my spectacular acts of legerdomain!"

"Heh, alright, I think I get the idea." Adrien chuckled as he assured them, he took a deep breath, and let his jaw drop as he held his hands towards his face in feigned shock, it was nice not having to smile or pout for a change.

SNAP!

There was an utterly blinding flash from the camera. He was no stranger to cameras, but something about this particular snap was just beyond the pale! It felt less like his picture had been taken and more like he'd been flashbanged! The snap seemed to come from all around him, he felt dizzy and disoriented, his thoughts jumbled and his balance thrown off. "W-woah, what?"

"Oh, that's perfect! Just like that!" The photographer gleefully approved, "Keep doing that! Ms. Magique, keep going through poses."

SNAP!

There was another snap, and this one was even more befuddling, "Great job, Adrien! You really look like you've got no idea where you are and what's going on!" The photographer enthusiastically praised him as he took yet another shot.

SNAP!

After the third flash, Adrien went from feeling like he was about to fall over to feeling like his legs were stuck together and glued to the floor. If he hadn't been in such a daze, he might've realized that his legs had been turning increasingly stiff with every camera shot. But the reason they were getting stiffer wasn't just that they were being paralyzed somehow, they were actually changing from flesh and bone to metal! Everything below his knees had already been transmuted into solid gold, including his shoes and pant legs.

SNAP!

Adrien was seriously starting to get fed up with that camera, in all the years he'd spent modeling, he'd never encountered one nearly as obnoxious as this one was. He wanted to ask if the cameraman could adjust the lens or maybe even use a different model.

But he knew how much these studios cost to use, and how expensive all of the crewmembers were. If his father found out he'd delayed a tightly scheduled shoot over something as trivial as a camera's flash being too bright, it would just make him upset. So, he decided it was better to just put up with it, the shoot wouldn't last longer than a couple of minutes anyway.

"You really are a natural, Mr. Agreste! I can see now that my interest in you was warranted." Magique complimented him, and Adrien couldn't help but notice that there was something odd, slightly mischievous in how she phrased that. As he desperately tried to get his bearings, he swore that Madame Magique seemed taller all of a sudden, in fact, everything seemed taller and the floor seemed closer... But how could that-?

SNAP!

Adrien groaned, feeling increasingly like he might be sick as he rubbed his eyes, trying to get rid of the blurry splotches filling his vision. His shoes and feet had completely flattened at this point, spreading out and forming a thin, ovular base of gold, about a foot wide at its top and bottom.

His ankles and forelegs had started to merge together into a narrow, curved golden beam affixed to the base on its left side. Everything below his waist had entirely turned to gold, and even though his head was a mess, it was getting hard for Adrien not to notice what was happening. But before he had a chance to think about it too hard. There came another-

SNAP!

"Just a few more! Oh, this is great stuff! Work it, you two! Work it!" The photographer was really getting into it now. Adrien noticed that the floor seemed like it'd gotten at least an entire foot closer, this was ridiculous, there's no way this was his imagination! He looked down to see what was going on... and was met with the shock of his life as he realized that his legs were completely gone! Or rather, they were there, but they were completely unrecognizable at legs!

They'd fully merged together into a roughly one inch wide and three inch long golden beam, metal neatly transitioning back into skin at the top of the beam widened out at his waist. "What the-!?" Adrian went white as a sheet as he reached down to touch the gold that had been his legs. "What is this? What's happened to me!?"

Now, Adrien was perhaps actually taking this whole turn of events better than most people would have, because he was quite familiar with the concept of transformations. Still, he'd never seen, let alone been subjected to, anything this extreme! His bottom half looked like some kind of... award. No, a *trophy*! That's what it looked like, a trophy!

"Oh yes, that's perfect, Adrien!" The cameraman exclaimed as if he wasn't witnessing a boy being turned into some kind of tacky centerpiece right before his eyes. "That look of completely clueless bordering on panic! Oh, I love it!" Was he blind? Or maybe he was in on this... Whatever "*it*" was, it certainly seemed that the changes were occurring in tandem with that-

SNAP!

Adrien winced and shut his eyes at the flash of the camera, and as he looked back down, he realized that his waist had merged with the metal, along with his entire abdomen! Everything under his chest was now pure, gleaming gold! He started to panic as his mind raced with worries. How far was this going to go? Where was it going to end?

What would happen if the transformation reached his head? Would he completely lose consciousness and become an inanimate object entirely? Or even worse, would his mind be trapped inside of a lifeless metal shell, with no way for him to move, speak or let anyone know what had happened to him?

He had to do something, and even though he knew the tremendous risk it posed to compromising his secret identity as Cat Noir if he transformed here, he didn't have any other choice! He was sure that the Miraculous' powers could reverse this metamorphosis he was being forced to undergo, he just had to get it out of his pocket...

His... pocket. Of his pants. The same pants that were nothing but gold right now. A wave of ice cold dread struck him like a bolt of lightning as his hands desperately grabbed and clawed at his transmogrified lower half, "No. No, no, no! It's gone!? H-how can it just be gone like that!?" As he looked at the base of his body however, he realized that it wasn't gone, but rather, it had been incorporated into the "trophy."

A stylized golden ornament shaped like a pair of cats standing on her hind legs was located on the right side of the trophy's base, and held in the air between their front paws was a golden ring, undeniably the Cat Miraculous. The momentary relief that Adrien felt was quickly dashed as he reached down and tried to pry the ring free, only to find that no matter how hard he tried, there was no way it was going to come to lose. The powerful magic ring had been reduced to little more than a shiny decoration!

"You've gotta be kidding me!" He groaned in disbelief, "Heeey! Somebody help me!" He shouted, hoping that even if the photographer didn't realize or was complicit in this, one of the other crewmembers on the set, or maybe someone in the hallway would hear him and come to his aid... But it was as if nobody could even hear him.

"Aaahh, where's Ladybug when you need her? Where's anybody?" He thought to himself, *"I'd take any help I could get if they could just get out of this mess!"* He quickly backtracked on that wish however, *"Actually, now that I think about it? Maybe not Marinette, I'd probably legitimately die of humiliation if she saw me like this."* Marinette Dupain-Chang was Adrien's best friend, (and perhaps more, though he wasn't quite ready to confront that) and unbeknownst to him she was also the secret identity of Ladybug herself.

SNAP!

Little did Adrien know that it was about to get even worse. As the light faded, his entire body, what was left of it anyway, felt *different*. He felt a sudden sense of weight on his chest that hadn't been there a moment ago, and he felt colder, like his skin was exposed. As he- or as it would immediately become apparent, *she* looked at herself, she got a glimpse of the changes her body had undergone.

"Huuuh!?" Adrien started to blush as she saw a pair of generously sized breasts had materialized on her chest, right above where her skin transitioned into gold. Speaking of her skin, not only did she now have breasts, but she was also practically naked! The only piece of clothing on her body that she could see was a golden bra holding up her new assets, though she could also feel a golden wreath wrapping around her head.

“Why do I have- *Ah!*” She let out a gasp and placed her noticeably more feminine hands on her throat as a more mature and womanly voice passed through her lips. The sound was absolutely surreal, she couldn’t believe that it was really her.

“Alright, that should be more than enough! Spectacular job, Madame Magique!” The photographer began to break down his setup and started to pack up his equipment, congratulating Magique but conspicuously failing to mention Adrien, almost as if he wasn’t there at all. “It was a pleasure getting to work with a talent such as yourself!”

“Hey! Where do you think you’re going!?” Adrien furiously yelled at the cameraman, not caring at all about how jarring her voice sounded to her own ears. “What did you do to me? Change me back! You can’t just leave me here like th- woah!” Adrien’s rant was interrupted by the strange sensation of being picked up off the ground by a pair of arms. One wrapped around her beam and the other tucked under her base. She didn’t understand it at the moment, but it made her feel unusually cradled and secure.

“Oh, think nothing of it all, my good *monsieur!*” As Magique picked up the trophy girl that Adrien had been transformed into, she magnanimously replied to the photographer’s praise, “I can assure you that the experience was every bit as enriching and rewarding for me as it was for you.” Her hand gently and tenderly, almost lovingly, stroked Adrien’s golden column as she walked off the stage. “Just like that, I can finally call myself a *cat burglar~! Ohohoho~!*”

The inscrutable woman looked down at Adrien with a possessive smirk, “You turned out absolutely gorgeous, I must say. Let’s get you somewhere you can take a good look at yourself.” She complimented her newly acquired trophy as she carried her back stage, back towards the dressing rooms where only a few minutes ago she’d been preparing for this photo shoot, utterly oblivious to the swerve her day, and her life, was going to take.

“Ah, there you are.” Magique set her down in front of one of the vanity mirrors while she took the opportunity to see to her own appearance in the adjacent one. Adrien looked at the strange sight reflected at her and struggled to fully grasp it. Her face had softened, becoming even more feminine than it’d been before. She’d indisputably become a woman, a fully grown woman. From the looks of things, she estimated that she had to be at least nineteen or twenty.

She ran her fingers down her delicate, flawless cheeks, traced them over her neck and then brushed them over her breasts. She felt a shiver go down what was left of her spine as she cupped them in her hands, feeling her fingers sink into their soft flesh, before instantly letting them go, having only wanted to confirm that they were real, and they *definitely* were. The blonde hair atop her head was virtually unchanged, but it’d taken on a slightly brighter shade of yellow, matching the gold that now made up most of her body.

The ornament she’d seen before with her Miraculous welded into it had grown into a proper plaque. The two golden cats now stood atop of the gold lined sign, and the marble plate on its front was engraved with the following writing:

Adrienne Agreste
AKA. Cat Noir
(Former) Superhero(ine) of the city of Paris.
Impeccably and Exquisitely Pilfered by the Prodigious
Phantom Thief and Mage Extraordinaire,
Madame Mystique Magique

“Adrienne,” She observed the name designated to her. It was all too easy to internalize it, even if she didn’t consciously intend to. After all, it was the feminine form of her birth name, and it was even pronounced exactly the same way as “Adrien.” She felt an intense sensation of foreboding reading her secret identity laid bare like that. Magique knew who she really was, had she known the entire time? Or had this all just been a fluke? Adding to the dread she felt, seeing the word “*former*” literally carved in stone carried a heavy sense of finality and permanence.

But she still held hope that either she’d find some way to escape this fate, or else Ladybug would soon rescue her from it. The pompous and self-aggrandizing way in which Magique was referred to led her to conclude that she must’ve written this message herself. Though part of her had to admit, albeit reluctantly, that however she’d done was she did to capture her, she *had* certainly done it with style and unpredictability. Adrienne would’ve never seen being turned into a gorgeous statue coming, that’s for sure! Gorgeous? Did she just call herself gorgeous?

Well... The more she admired herself in the mirror, her new physique, her perfectly smooth skin and the way the light shimmered off her golden stand, she supposed she had to admit. She *did* make a rather beautiful trophy, didn’t she? Not that it was something she intended to get used to!

“Now then, my darling trophy, let’s be off~!” With a wave of Magique’s hand, Adrienne began to levitate in the air. With a quick beckoning motion, she drew the transformed hero to hover beside her, and then her finger pointed at her kept her following right behind almost like a leash. “I always like to celebrate a successful caper with a hot meal, and I am feeling rather peckish to boot!”

“Hey!” Adrienne objected, “Put me down, and while you’re at it, change me back!” She demanded, though she found the words a bit more difficult to say than they should have been. “Y-you can’t treat me like I’m your property!”

“*Ohoho~!* But my dear, you *are* my property!” Magique just smiled at her as if it were the most obvious thing in the world, “Certainly you *were* a hero, but that’s hardly what you are anymore! You see, I’ve stolen you fair and square, and that means that you belong to me now. There’s no need to be alarmed, I can assure you that I treat my property with the utmost care and affection, especially a piece as finely crafted as you...”

Adrienne ignored her flattery, “Th-there’s no way that you can get away with this!” She tried to warn her thief, though any threats from her in her current state were hardly convincing, “Y-you think that people aren’t going to notice you’re walking around with a... a living trophy floating behind you? When Ladybug realizes what you’ve done she’ll-!”

“Come right to me, as quickly as she can, I’m sure.” The magician smugly interrupted Adrienne, “My precious little prize, you underestimate me! I have already accounted for all of this, my scheme is unfolding precisely in the manner which I envisioned!” She walked forward towards the wall, twirling her hand as the world ahead of her seemed to stretch out and blur, warping as if she were stepping through the very fabric of reality and bending it to her whim.

Adrienne was so awestruck by the magical power on display the implication of the plans she had for Ladybug completely slipped her mind. “Now, I do believe that this conversation would be more pleasant if we continued it over lunch, wouldn’t you agree?” Reality continued to stretch and pull, and then, like a rubber band being released, everything seemed to *spring* back all at once, and Adrienne found that her and Magique were in an entirely different venue.

It wasn’t as if teleportation was a completely foreign concept to Adrienne, but this particular method was, and how casually it was performed, she began to realize that Magique wasn’t all bluster, she was truly powerful.

The pair had emerged just outside of a mid-scale *Brasserie* at the height of the lunch hour, the outdoor patio was completely occupied with couples and business professionals enjoying the perfect sunny weather of Paris in the spring. The inside was similarly crowded, with the waiting room practically standing room only. Magique simply walked past all of this undeterred, approaching the front of the house.

Adrienne looked around, absolutely shocked that nobody was reacting to her! She was a floating trophy with a human body for her top half! She knew that people nowadays were distracted, but some of them she swore looked *straight at* her and yet they treated her as if she was the most mundane sight imaginable! “Hello!? Hey, someone help! *Heeeelp!*” She cried out, before clutching at her hair, “This is insane! Why aren’t they paying any attention to me?”

“Because you’re a trophy, my dear!” Magique answered succinctly, “They can’t hear you because that’s all they see you as: a beautiful object. Meant to be admired, but that would be utterly absurd to have conversation with.”

“Oh yeah? If that’s the case, then what’s your excuse for talking to me?” Adrienne snapped back at her.

Madame Magique’s smile widened, “Why, my dear... Isn’t it obvious?” Every word she spoke was smooth and delicate as fresh cream, “It’s because a phantom thief such as myself excels at finding the true beauty and worth that others overlook. I can see you for what you really are, so much more than just a mere trophy.”

Adrienne realized that she'd fallen right into her trap, she wanted to tell her off, but her words were so flattering that all she could manage to do was turn away and pout. Magique politely greeted the hostess, "A fine afternoon to you, madame, might I humbly request a table for one? Located on your outdoor patio if you'd be so kind?"

"A table on the patio?" The hostess grimaced, glancing over Magique's shoulder at the jam-packed waiting room, "I can try, but you're going to be looking at quite a long wait, a-at least an hour."

"Are you so sure, madame? I believe I see an open table for one available right now..." Magique contested as she swept her hand towards the window outside. At the same time, she turned Adrienne to face the outdoor view so as to make sure she witnessed what was about to unfold.

Magique didn't simply conjure a table in the middle of the patio. Oh no, she went much further than that. The patio instead seemed to... *stretch out*, new space created from nothing, unfurling like a pop up book as if it had always been there, and in that newly created space, a small wrought iron table with a single chair revealed itself.

Despite having witnessed this impossible act of magic occur right before her eyes, the hostess simply replied with a mildly embarrassed, "Oh! Right you are, miss! My mistake! Please, follow me, we'll get you seated at once."

"No need to apologize, madame, I understand you're quite busy at this hour and these things do happen." Laying on the charm and disguising it at magnanimity, Magique followed the hostess out onto the patio and sat down in her luxuriously padded chair, placing Adrienne down gently on the other side of the table.

It didn't take more than a couple of minutes for Magique to have her order taken, "Yes, I'll have an order of the *steak frites*, prepared medium rare, *merci*." She requested, handing over her menu as she turned to admire her trophy.

Adrienne was still pouting, trying to give Magique the silent treatment, but eventually her gaze wore her down and she had to ask, "Why are you staring at me like that?"

"Because you're beautiful, my dear... A fine piece of art such as yourself deserves and demands admiration, there should never be a single moment where you do not have at least one pair of eyes looking upon you, drinking in your exquisite craftsmanship." Magique lavished praise upon her, praise that Adrienne was doing her best not to let get to her.

After all, with her being a model, she'd already spent the last several years with there never being a moment that someone wasn't looking at her. "I've already had that, and it's not all it's cracked up to be."

“Oh no, my dear, *no...*” Magique shook her head sympathetically as she reached out and gently placed her gloved hand upon Adrienne’s cheek, caressing her, “You’ve been *treated* like an object to be ogled and gawked at, but you’ve never *been* an object. For a human being, such treatment is utterly degrading.”

“However, for a genuine trophy such as you are now? There is nothing better, it’s what you were made for! Do not fret, my lovely prize, the life awaiting you from now on is one of comfort and ease. No more worries, responsibilities and obligations. All that is asked of you now, is that you exist as your gorgeous self. Do this, and I promise you a life filled with happiness and fulfillment.” Adrienne couldn’t help but get caught up in the earnest and loving tone of her voice, it truly made her feel special, like she was a... a treasure.

Still, was that really all she wanted out of life? She couldn’t just accept that, could she? “That’s why you did this to me? So I could just... sit around and look pretty like some kind of-” Adrienne caught herself, as the pieces fit together, “trophy wife...?”

“How clever of you to figure it out so quickly!” Magique clapped her hands together, “But you shouldn’t denigrate yourself so, my dear.”

“Who *are* you, Madame Magique?” Adrienne asked, slipping up and addressing her by her honorific without even meaning to.

“Why, I’ve already introduced myself...” She replied, resting her chin on the back of her fingers. “I am a phantom thief and a magician of immense power, but I’m also a collector... Unlike petty burglars who steal to scrape by and care only for the monetary value of what they pilfer, a phantom thief seeks out that which is truly exquisite, precious in ways that can not be replaced, replicated or appraised... My favorite things to collect are unique individuals like yourself. So I travel from world to world in search of new additions to my every expanding collection.”

“Out of everyone in this city, in this world even. It was you, my darling little award, who caught my eye. I could’ve had anyone but I chose you, you should be proud of yourself, you are truly a marvel.” Adrienne didn’t want to admit it, but the more praise he received from Madame Magique, the lovelier it felt, she could feel not only a sense of pride at her new body growing, but also a sense of fondness for the woman who’d given it to her...

Before long, Magique’s order arrived, a delicious looking meal of thick cut steak fries and a ribeye steak cooked to perfection. The gentle spring breeze wafted the fragrant steam from the food right into Adrienne’s nostrils. “Restaurants like these are very much to my preference. The high end restaurants are so much more concerned with presentation over substance or taste, while the lower class restaurants care only about speed and the lack of passion shows in the lack of flavor.” Magique explained herself as she helped herself.

She then extended her fork towards Adrienne, a pink and tender piece of scrumptious steak tantalizingly dripping its juices before her lips. “Please, my dear, help yourself.”

"I- I don't want any." Adrienne stubbornly denied.

"Come now, Adrienne..." Magique chided her, "It's plainly apparent that you do, you're practically salivating. Regardless of whatever you may think, I assure you that you're not punishing me by depriving yourself. I want to see you enjoy it, so please..."

She made a valid point, and it did look really good, Adrienne hadn't eaten anything all day. She felt odd about taking the fork out of Magique's hands, so instead, she just opened her mouth and let her place the piece of steak inside. It was so soft and succulent that it practically melted in her mouth. "Mmm..." She let out a satisfied hum as her mouth lit up involuntarily.

"Oh my, it would seem you got a bit of *jus* on your chin, let me get that for you." Magique produced a handkerchief and delicately wiped Adrienne's chin and lips clean. "There you go, nothing should mar your flawless beauty."

Adrienne had to admit that she was feeling downright pampered, though as she swallowed out of muscle memory she momentarily panicked, "Wait! W-where's the food going to go? I don't even have a-"

"*Ohohoho~!*" Magique laughed as she set down her silverware. Honestly, there were much more obvious physical issues that Adrienne's new form should've presented, the fact that it was food of all things that made her realize it was something Magique couldn't help but find hilarious. "Adrienne, darling, it doesn't go anywhere. You don't have to worry about whether or not it makes sense, that's simply the power of my magic at work!"

"Huh, I suppose you're right." Adrienne felt rather silly for asking, but something about that moment made her tension towards her loosen. That only continued as their meal together went on and Madame Magique continued to reveal herself to be a true gentlewoman as she continued to feed, dote on, and care for her.

What started as just wiping her face clean progressed to combing her lustrous golden hair and manicuring her new nails. It was so bizarre, hadn't she just sat through something almost exactly like this less than an hour ago with her makeup artist? So then, why was she enjoying this treatment so much more? Why did it feel so much better this way...?

The more she thought about it, the more obvious it seemed... It felt better because she was a trophy now, not just a trophy, but a trophy *wife*. Of course she'd be happy receiving her mistress's attention, and of course she'd want to look as beautiful and pristine as possible. After all, how she looked reflected back on her mistress. She was her Mistress's most prized possession! She *had* to make her look good, didn't she?

Adrienne caught herself falling into these thoughts and feelings that she knew she shouldn't indulge in, after all, she *was* going to go back to being a human soon... But since she was going to be a human again soon, was there really any harm in it?

"Hehehe~! Mistress, please!" Adrienne cooed, "I simply can't eat another bite!" She was a giggling and blushing mess as Magique offered her yet another piece of steak.

"Aw, but you just make the most adorable sounds and faces when you taste it." Madame Magique insisted, "Won't you let me see it just one more time?"

Adrienne twirled a finger in her hair playfully, "Well, okay, maybe just one more-"

Suddenly a voice cried out, "Hey, you! Stop right there!" A black haired girl wearing a full body red suit and red mask both covered in black polka dots ran towards the restaurant's patio brandishing a yo-yo.

The patrons of the diner all shouted in surprise as the appearance of one of their cities well known heroes, quickly vacating the area as they figured her arrival was a sign that things were about to go down that they didn't want to involved in.

"Madame Magique, right? You're a tough woman to find. Now let-" Her eyes drifted towards the trophy on the table where her opponent was eating, and her jaw nearly hit the floor, "*Adrien!?* What happened to you?" She glared back as Magique, aggressively twirling her yoyo, "What did *you* do to *him*?"

The depth of Ladybug's outrage caught Adrienne a little off-guard; she never knew that Ladybug cared so much for her secret identity! Despite falling deeper and deeper into her new life and purpose as her mistre- as Madame Magique's pretty little trophy wife, Adrienne still had a strong enough sense of loyalty to her partner to try and warn her of the danger she was in, "L-ladybug! Don't come any closer, this is a-!"

"Ah! There you are, Ladybug, or shall I say, Marinette?" Magique greeted her with a tip of her hat and a smug smirk as Ladybug's eyes widened in shock.

She wasn't the only one shocked either, "Ma-marinette!?" Adrienne exclaimed as Magique casually exposed her true identity. At first, she didn't believe it, but the look on Ladybug's face said it all. Marinette and Ladybug were one in the same!

"Yes, indeed, I know precisely who you are. I did my due diligence, after all a professional thief also cases her targets before she makes her heist. Don't fret, my dear, I won't expose your identity, not that it will matter in a moment. As for what I did to Adrienne... Well." She held up a gloved hand, "Showing is so much faster than telling.."

SNAP!

There was a loud, but familiar sound as Magique snapped her fingers. Eerily similar to those allegedly made by a certain camera. Alongside an equally familiar flash of blinding and dazzling white light. Ladybug covered her eyes, but the light just seemed to swallow up everything, and then...

In a pocket dimension hidden between time and space, there existed a mansion. Every room of this mysterious and inaccessible estate was lavishly decorated with the finest furniture and accommodations... And although the mistress of the house was quite the fan of what some might call five finger discounts, the truth of the matter was that most of the home's furnishings were acquired through entirely legitimate and legal channels.

Because as she would always proudly recount at any opportunity, a phantom thief didn't steal mere trifles or engage in acts of petty and common larceny. A phantom thief only stole that which was truly worth stealing. People were the most valuable things of all, and truly exceptional people were even more so... Transforming them into living objects was more than just a way to incapacitate them, it immortalized them as symbols of their own theft, for Magique to reminisce upon and enjoy at her leisure.

And enjoy them she most certainly did! She always made sure that she gave attention to each and every one of her prized possessions, no matter how large her collection grew and how much time it took to give them all the tender love and care that they deserved. Though she had to admit, it was starting to make her a bit more exacting in terms of who made the grade. Whenever she was away plotting or executing a scheme, she made sure that her loyal staff of maids saw to it that none of her darling prizes would be subjected to the indignity of becoming dusty or dingy.

Marinette and Adrienne both sat upon a large, specially crafted vanity, with cabinets and drawers at arms length allowing them to retrieve a wide variety of combs, brushes and makeup to ensure that they could always look just as perfect as the day that Mistress Magique won them!

Marinette's new form looked almost identical to Adrienne's in terms of her lower half and stand. However, rather than pure gold, her metallic portion was made out of a more pink rose-gold. The still human portion of her body had been aged to a similar degree as Adrienne's, and very much resembled how Marinette would've looked had she reached that age naturally, albeit with a few embellishments, mostly in terms of the size of her chest.

The sole piece of clothing she wore was a red silk bra with a single large black dot located directly over each of her nipples. A pair of red ladybug shaped clips in her black hair held her two buns in place.

Contrasting Adrienne's beam being located on the left side of her base, Marinette's was located on the right side, with her own plaque affixed to the left side. The plaque was decorated with

metallic vines running up its borders, and at the center of its top were a pair of rose-gold ladybugs, each holding one of the earrings that made up the Ladybug Miraculous on her back. The marble surface of the plaque was engraved with the message:

*Marinette Dupain-Chang
AKA. Ladybug
(Former) Superheroine of the city of Paris.
Impeccably and Exquisitely Pilfered by the Prodigious
Phantom Thief and Mage Extraordinaire,
Madame Mystique Magique*

"Don't I just look beautiful today, Marinette?" Adrienne preened as she carefully brushed her face with foundation. "Ahh, which color to go with?" She pondered out loud as she looked over a small revolving carousel of lipstick tubes, "Yes, this one will do!" settling on a particular shade of pink as she untwirled the glossy wax and applied it to her smooth, perfectly moisturized lips.

How pleasant of a change it was to have there be no secrets between the two any longer, they certainly had their Mistress to thank for that. Upon discovering each other's secret identities, they both felt quite silly for having missed the signs in each other for so long. It didn't matter anymore now, there was no longer a need for secret identities or hiding their feelings for one another, their time as superheroes was well and truly past, after all.

"You most certainly do, Adrienne! Worthy to share the spotlight with me, and that's no small feat!" Marinette complimented her in a particularly self-serving manner as she applied mascara to her long eyelashes and then traced them in eyeshadow that served to make her lovely blue orbs truly pop. "How does my hair look? I can't have even a single strand out of place!"

"Ah, not to worry, Marinette! Your hair is so flawless that you'd think it was mine!" Adrienne assured her. This was the way their days went: they'd fully steeped themselves in the arrogance and pride their new forms instilled in them, but it was all in the service of their Mistress. They needed to hold themselves to the highest standard of perfection, at least for their top halves. Their Mistress was the perfect woman, and so a trophy worthy of her couldn't be of any lower caliber.

To that end, while there was certainly a spirit of competition between the two, it was entirely for the sake of elevating each other, not tearing each other down, and it never devolved into insults or fighting. Such behavior would disappoint their mistress, and even more shameful, it would make her look bad!

They were both Mistress's trophies, and both her wives, so they saw each other as equals. "Oh, I can't wait to see Mistress today when she comes home, how I've missed her so!" Adrienne clasped her hands together and held them against her cheek.

"I can hardly wait either!" Marinette concurred, her face turned red as she swooned, "I do hope she'll recount her latest brilliant exploits to us!"

"*Ahhh, Mistress~!* You just know she'll have a wonderful story to tell!" the golden haired golden trophy gushed, "How her latest cunning caper went off exactly as planned without a single hitch, and how marvelous she looked doing it!"

"She is just stunning, isn't she? Such a dashing rogue, every little movement she makes is so precise and nimble." Marinette showed Magique with praise; once the twin trophies got started, they could go on for hours and hours getting giddy with love and admiration for their mistress, she was their favorite thing to talk about and nothing else even came close!

"Oh yes! Is it any wonder that she was able to overpower us without so much as a hint of inconvenience?" Adrienne proudly spoke of their own capture, as if their defeat was something to be proud of, and from their perspective, it was. There was no shame, after all, in losing to such a superior opponent, "To think that either of us thought for a moment that we could hope to outwit her."

"*Hahaha~!* You can say that again, Adrienne! How foolish we both were, and the Mistress certainly showed us up in the most enchanting way." The former Ladybug let out an airy laugh before sighing contentedly, "Why did we even try to escape her loving embrace? Now we no longer have to bear the burden of protecting an entire city, and the Miraculous are safe from Hawk Moth's grasp forever here in her mansion. All we need to concern ourselves with is pleasing her as her wives."

"Mrs. Agreste? Mrs. Dupain-Chang? Are you both ready?" A maid opened up the door to the room and inquired, despite being Madame Magique's wives, they retained their surnames for the purposes of differentiation. After all, Magique had many *many* wives, it would grow terribly confusing for all of them to be called "Mrs. Magique."

"I think I'm ready, what do you say, Marinette?" Adrienne answered in the affirmative.

"Yes, quite! We could spend forever trying to make ourselves look more perfect, but we mustn't delay the shoot!" Marinette agreed, and with that, a pair of maids entered and carried the two into a stage quite similar to the one where all of this had begun.

"Hey! Marinette, Adrienne! Great to see you two again, you're looking gorgeous as ever!" Madame Magique's chipper photographer waved to the pair as they were escorted onto the set. Since she was another one of the Mistress's possessions, they were all on a first name basis with each other.

She had short, bright red hair, olive green eyes, and pale freckled skin. Her form was something truly unique, even amongst the Mistresses' possessions. A modern take on an old fashioned camera stand, the kind that were used back in the days of daguerreotypes. A kind of adjustable

shelf fixed between two supports on a gear rack and pinion, with three wheels on its base for rotating, and a pair of valves that could be turned to adjust the height and the vertical angle of the shot.

Her head rested on top of the large, professional grade digital camera that sat on the shelf of the stand, while her arms were connected to its supports, coming out to the left and the right, as if the tops of the supports were her shoulders. While her form was less recognizably human than most of the others, she was ironically more able than many of the other furnishings.

She could manipulate her wheels to traverse the mansion on her own, a capability that most of the girls in the mansion didn't share, though they hardly missed it. Mahiru barely even considered moving on her own for any reason other than adjusting the angle of a shot anyway, and she still required the assistance of the maids to go up and down stairs.

"Always a pleasure to see you, Mahiru!" Marinette replied as she and Adrienne waved back at her. The camerawoman's name was Mahiru Koizumi, and she was a more recently acquired possession of the Mistress, chosen for her supreme talent in the art of photography. Her perfect awards deserved nothing less than perfect pictures to be taken of them after all.

"Alright, you two! You know the drill, just go on and do what you do best!" Mahiru instructed them as she turned the valve to raise her camera up higher, the gears on the shelf emitting a satisfying clicking as they ascended the rack. "Sit there and look pretty!"

SNAP!

Adrienne and Marinette both relished in being so thoroughly photographed, striking pose after pose for the camera as they secretly pined for everyone in the world to see them and marvel at their beauty. Not for their own sake, heaven's no! But rather so that their Mistress's name and mystery could grow ever more illustrious and grand as the masses would wonder in awe at what kind of extraordinary woman could own such unique trophies...

"Fantastic work, girls! Until next time!" Mahiru bid the girls farewell as they were carried out of the room, not that she'd get more than a moment's rest before the next photoshoot with yet another of Mistress's prizes, but she didn't mind at all. Photography had always been her passion, now it was her purpose. She got to do it almost every moment of every day, and she couldn't have been happier! Well, except for when she got to spend time with Mistress Magique of course, but that went without saying!

The pair were carried away by the same maids who'd escorted them onto the set and placed in one of the mansion's many display rooms, this one located particularly close to the foyer. Being so close to the place where their Mistress would doubtlessly make her triumphant return only served to make their anticipation all the more intense and the wait for her even more unbearable. As the maids completed their task, one of them lingered in the room, a bit peculiar, but not enough for either of the trophies to pay it any mind.

"I know that I have to be patient but... It's just so hard waiting when I know that any second, the Mistress could come in through that door!" Marinette lamented, before starting to fret, "W-what if one of my ends split? Or my mascara smudges? Oh dear, oh dear! Adrienne, do I still look good?" She reached out towards her fellow trophy wife.

Adrienne took her hands in her own, "Now, now, Marinette! I know how you feel, but we need to trust the Mistress, she'll come at exactly the right time, not a second before or after, you know that! Besides, I assure you that you still look wonderful."

"You both look wonderful, if I may be so bold to say..." The rather unremarkable maid humbly complimented them, "Furthermore, I believe that the Mistress may be closer than you perhaps realize."

"Oh? What would make you say that, miss?" Marinette asked, this maid was acting quite out of the ordinary... First loitering after her task was complete, now speaking to two of the mistress's belongings out of turn? It was unorthodox behavior to say the least, bordering on unprofessional. But that couldn't be right, the Mistress would never be so careless as to employ an unsuitable maid. It was inconceivable!

"Let's just call it..." The maid smirked, but it wasn't just any smirk upon her face, it was a smirk that stirred the hearts of both the trophy wives. The maid grabbed hold of her outfit with both of her hands, "a little bit of firsthand knowledge!" As she pulled it away and spun about, she revealed herself to be none other than-

"Mistress Mystique Magique!"

"Mistress Mystique Magique!"

The two trophy wives squealed in glee, their eyes glittering like stars as their beloved owner and wife appeared before them at last. They both reached out their arms towards her, like adoring fangirls at a concert hoping the star would deign to reach down and touch them. Of course, Magique did one better, giving each of her trophies a kiss as the two girls felt as if they would melt away on their stands.

"Mistresssss! It's so wonderful to see you! We love you so, so muuuch!" Adrienne happily wrapped her arms around herself, her face beaming as she basked in the magnificent presence of the phantom thief magician.

"Wait a moment, M-mistress...?" Marinette's similar state of delight was disrupted as something occurred to her. "If you were that maid then." She grabbed at her hair in alarm, "D-does that mean that you were here the w-whole time?"

"*Ohohoho~!* You would be correct, my dear!" The magician replied with a tip of her hat, "I was right under your noses, and you ne'er suspected a thing."

Adrienne gasped, "To think could our Mistress be right in front of us? Holding us in her hands, no less, and we didn't even notice...!" She was utterly awestricken, "But why, Mistress Magique? Why would you do such a thing?"

"Why, the answer is both quite simple and quite complex, my darling trophies." Magique pulled her beloved trophy wives closer to her, wrapping an arm around each and gently stroking their hair. "The simple answer is that as much as I adore watching your fawn over me, I wanted a chance to see how you act when I'm not around."

"Hehe, Oh, Mistress, I hope you enjoyed it~!" Marinette sighed affectionately as she wrapped her own arms around Magique's.

"What's the complicated answer, Mistress?" Adrienne inquired.

"The complex answer, my darling prize," the magical mistress cooed mischievously, "Is that I need to maintain my air of enigma, even amongst my closest and most prized possessions. I can't let you think that you know me *too* well, can I? Otherwise, the magic between us would be lost. So now... I've shown you that you can never truly know whether I am near, or far..."

The two trophies both shivered in delight and intrigue... Their mistress always knew just how to keep the sense of mystery alive. "Now then, I trust you two will help spread the word around the rest of the mansion?" Magique conspired as the two trophy wives looked at each other and giggled, nodding obediently. "That's my good girls...! Now then."

Magique reached up her sleeve and produced a fine black cloth, "What do you two say to a nice and thorough polishing?"

The two trophies both eagerly agreed, crying out for their mistress's attention, "*Ohoho~!* That's what I like to hear... Now then, Adrienne, you were first last time, so *this* time Marinette will be first." She explained before she began to tenderly rub the rose gold girl's metal base in slow, soft circles. Adrienne didn't mind the wait, that just made it all the more exciting, and besides, she knew that next time she'd get to receive Mistress Magique's affections first.

The two girls were truly at ease. All of their responsibilities and worries had been stolen away by their enigmatic Mistress. Even their fears of being missed back home had been absolved. Magique's powerful magic had essentially stolen away the very knowledge of their existence. As far as their homeworld was concerned, the girls had never been heroes, and had always been trophies.

These were their lives now, carefree and simple, the lives of a pair of prestigious awards, as objects meant to be seen, admired and polished regularly. They were trophy wives, literally and figuratively, and no matter which way you looked at it, the two of them couldn't have been happier.