

Our Mental Synchronization Can Have but One Explanation

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/9597854) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/9597854>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	F/F
Fandom:	Miraculous Ladybug
Relationship:	Chloé Bourgeois/Marinette Dupain-Cheng
Character:	Chloé Bourgeois , Marinette Dupain-Cheng , Alya Césaire , Sabrina Raincomprix
Additional Tags:	Fluff , I have literally never written anything this fluffy before! , Femslash February 2017
Series:	Part 4 of Femslash February 2017 - Chlonette Edition
Stats:	Published: 2017-02-06 Words: 869

Our Mental Synchronization Can Have but One Explanation

by [tacomuerte](#)

Summary

It's the most important day of Chloé's life and she won't let Marinette Dupain-Cheng ruin it. Of course, that's exactly how Marinette feels, too.

* * *

Title from "Love Is an Open Door" on the [Frozen](#) soundtrack.

Femslash February 2017 Day 4: Matching Outfits

Notes

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

With Sabrina by her side, Chloé stood before the entryway, arms crossed and the smuggest expression Marinette had seen on her face in the eleven years they had known each other.

That was quite the accomplishment if one kept in mind that the blonde had once made a career out of acting superior to everyone around her. Theoretically, those days were behind her, but Marinette reasoned that it must be like riding a bike.

The brunette glanced to her right and nodded to Alya, signaling her to follow as she strode towards the statuesque blonde. She stopped in front of Chloé and crossed her arms as well.

“Nice dress, **Bourgeois**,” she deadpanned. Beside her, Alya groaned.

Sabrina, still standing beside Chloé, settled for an eyeroll, and said, “Here we go again.”

Ignoring her friend, Chloé snarked back, “You too, **Dupain-Cheng.**”

Marinette and Chloé eyed each other from head to toe. Their cream-colored dresses were identical down to the ruching at the waist. In fact, the only difference in their outfits was due to the height disparity, which secretly bothered Marinette and always had. She felt that Chloé being taller gave her an unfair advantage in these situations, as she could loom with the best of them.

“Thanks, **Bourgeois**, I kinda know the designer,” Marinette said, matching Chloé’s smirk. Who said she hadn’t picked up a thing or two from their many, many battles?

Chloé scoffed. “I’ll have you know, **Dupain-Cheng**, that mine is an original, and I definitely had mine first!”

“Oh, my god!” Alya exclaimed. “Will you two stop fighting? We don’t have time for this!”

Sabrina, who looked just as annoyed as Alya, nodded agreement.

Marinette turned to Alya, looking betrayed. “You’re supposed to be on my side!”

Alya looked so incredulous that Marinette thought she might choke. “I am by your side, Marinette! I am **literally** standing by your side as we speak!”

“She’s right, Marinette,” Sabrina agreed.

“I came here to get married,” Marinette complained. “And I’m honestly feeling so attacked right now.”

The other three women groaned.

Alya sighed and said, “I will forever regret showing you that meme. Anyway, you don’t see Sabrina and I sniping at each other and we’re wearing the exact same dress as each other, too!”

“Alya,” Chloé said impatiently. “That’s because you’re the **bridesmaids** and we’re the **brides!**”

Marinette agreed. “Exactly, it’s different! And we’re not even really arguing about the dresses!” As Chloé nodded sympathetically, Marinette sensed her opportunity to attack and took it. “Everything would be fine if Chloé would just take my name like a sensible person would!”

The blonde’s eyes went wide with indignance. “Sensible? My papa is the mayor and our family is rich! You should be honored to take my name!”

Sabrina rubbed her temples and said, “Can’t you two settle this on your honeymoon?”

“No!” both brides shouted simultaneously.

“Whenever sex happens, Chloé always has the advantage!” Marinette complained.

At the exact same time, Chloé said, “Every time we have an argument, we have sex and Marinette gets her way!”

Their two respective best friends looked distinctly unimpressed.

“My heart breaks for you, Chloé,” Sabrina said.

“Yeah,” Alya agreed. “First World Problems. Also, that’s TMI from both of you.”

The two brides-to-be harrumphed and looked anywhere but at each other.

“How about you hyphenate?” Sabrina said soothingly.

“Because, Sabrina,” Chloé said, annoyed. “Dupain-Cheng-Bourgeois has too many hyphens, and also it sounds ridiculous.”

“First,” Marinette countered. “It would be Bourgeois-Dupain-Cheng, and second it only sounds ridiculous because you insist on the wrong order.”

Alya looked to the sky and shook her fists. Then she looked at Sabrina and said, “Hey, you wanna get married and let these two continue their weird flirting rituals? I hear there’s an awesome buffet at the reception after the ceremony.”

“Don’t tempt me,” Sabrina said crossly.

“Fine!” Marinette said, begrudgingly. “We can settle this on our honeymoon.”

She then had to revise her assessment of how she ranked Chloé’s smirk on the Smugness Scale. She had only thought the expression she had witnessed upon arrival was a new high. This smirk put that one to shame.

Of course, the fact that the smirk was in anticipation of their honeymoon and all that entailed took the sting out of it.

“Deal,” Chloé said. “I’ll even let you tie me up since that might even out this advantage you say I have.”

Alya grit her teeth and rubbed at her eyes. “Agh! The TMI burns, Chloé! It burns!”

Sabrina turned ashen. “Yeah, going to need a lot to drink tonight to forget that.”

“The two of you could only be so lucky,” Marinette said, letting her own smugness shine through as she and Chloé leaned in for a kiss.

“No!” Alya and Sabrina shouted together.

“You’ll ruin your makeup before the ceremony,” Sabrina insisted.

“Yes,” Alya agreed. “Inside. Now. No fighting. No kissing. Find your fathers so they can walk you down the aisle and end Sabrina’s and my pain.”

“Okay, okay,” Chloé said taking Marinette’s hand as the brunette opened the door.

“Best day of my life, Chloé,” said Marinette, feeling nothing but warmth and love.

“Mine, too, Mari.” Chloé squeezed Marinette’s hand as they entered. “Mine, too.”

End Notes

Hey, look! It's under 1000 words! I'm proud of myself even if I'm not sure how I managed it.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!