

## Home (Let Me Come Home)

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# Home (Let Me Come Home)

by [Lady3ellewrites](#)

## Summary

Post-Hawkmoth defeat finds Chloé Bourgeois living in New York City, feeling more isolated than ever, and craving nothing more than a home. On the other side of town, Luka Couffaine struggles to make a break in the USA's ruthless music industry, and the clock on his visa is ticking...


Their encounter, encouraged by Adrien Agreste, should've proven that they have nothing in common, and justified never meeting again... But that's without counting on their Green Card wedding scheme.

They thought it would be completely straightforward, that they'd have a ceremony, shake hands and then never have to hear from each other again.

Obviously, they were wrong.

## Notes

AU based on the 1990 movie [Green Card](#) with Andie MacDowell and Gérard Depardieu. Obviously the circumstances aren't exactly the same, given that the characters already know each other in our case, but don't worry, there'll be enough almost-strangers-who-don't-like-each-other-to-lovers vibes to go around!

The MWG's [July event](#) encouraged the finalisation of the first chapter, but this is actually my gift for [Stsi's](#) birthday, 7 months (and a day) late... So happy belated birthday, beloved!!!   
Hope you'll enjoy this, the second chapter should make it for your next birthday at the latest ahefkjv dnv

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

Chloé Bourgeois dug her gloved hands deeper in her coat pockets, burying her neck deeper in her chunky knitted scarf as she strode down the Avenue. She wouldn't have been caught dead wearing one in Paris a couple of years ago, but New York winters were an entirely different breed than what she'd been used to on the other side of the pond; even that attempt to escape the cold did little to warm her up. It didn't matter how many layers she piled on (within fashion limits, she wasn't an animal), the December air always seemed to find its way through the tightest seams of her clothes.

Of course, it didn't help that she'd just left the warmest place she'd been given the chance to visit in her six months in the City, if not her life.

It wasn't that the penthouse had been particularly well insulated; she'd tolerated her coat as her contact walked her through the location, pointing out the different areas she thought would make interesting backdrops for the next issue of Style Queen's photoshoot. The apartment just had an undeniable charm that had almost knocked the wind out of her lungs, and definitely left her speechless as she'd crossed the living room threshold.

The room's furniture was so basic, it could have just as well been bare, but Chloé had had a vision of what it might look like with her in it, coddled up on the windowsill with a freshly brewed cup of tea, one that she would have made *herself*, gazing upon the snow delicately, yet surely, covering Central Park.

Of it being *home* .

And it could be, for the very low price of 10 million dollars, if she believed her guide – one quarter of her trust fund. Imaginary money, as far as she was concerned.

She shivered at the thought that she'd actually asked (ridiculous, utterly ridiculous that she'd show interest), and went on her way, barely acknowledging the bustling crowd that surrounded her.

Her earmuffs weren't the only thing tuning out the traffic. She'd lived in Manhattan for the past six months, and although there was no denying how fast-paced and busy everything was, the truth was that she'd never felt as completely and utterly alone in her life as she did in that very moment, which really made no sense given how you supposedly couldn't escape people if you tried on the island. She justified her solitary lifestyle to the few who bothered asking by invoking work, which, sure, made them nod in understanding and drop the topic, but really, it didn't even cover the half of it; she just didn't know where to begin to make friends.

But that was nothing new.

She caught sight of herself in a coffee shop window as she waited to cross the next street (she'd learned the hard way that jaywalking was a habit better off left in Paris), and sighed inwardly at her state of dishevelment: her hair had a million fly-aways, and her cheeks were too red to be tastefully applied make-up. Maybe she should have asked her company chauffeur to drop her off instead of walking. Maybe hanging out in the Village wasn't *that* cringe.

Beyond her reflection, a group of three women were laughing like there was no tomorrow, and Chloé felt her heart tighten in her chest. A wave of longing washed over her; for friendship, or any contact beyond the polite interactions she had with her coworkers, or the cashiers at Bloomingdale's.

The pedestrian light turned green and she shook the feeling off, focusing on her destination again.

She did have friends; they just didn't live nearby, was all.

And sure, they didn't communicate much, but Adrien *had* called her after a few months of radio silence to let her know that he'd be in town for a couple of days, and that he'd love to see her.

She reluctantly pulled her phone out of her pocket, exposing a thin bracelet of skin to the cold in the process, and checked the time. 2:15pm; she wasn't far away, but she was definitely going to be late.

She accelerated to a micro-jog. The things she did for friendship.

*Ridiculous, utterly ridiculous.*

—

Chloé finally reached the street she was looking for, and almost walked past the small, unassuming coffee shop Adrien had selected for their meet-up. She did a double take when, out of the corner of her eye, she caught his mop of blond hair and his focused frown in a booth by the window, and lightly knocked on the latter to draw his attention.

He beamed as he waved back and pointed towards the door. Chloé's smile as she crossed the threshold couldn't have been more genuine.

"Adrichou!" she sing-sang as she approached his table. He got up with a warm smile, and she audibly kissed the air next to his cheeks. Some Parisian reflexes she just couldn't let die. "It's been too long."

"It really has!" He indicated the chair opposite his and she made her way towards it.

"I haven't kept you waiting too long, have I?" She threw him a worried glance as she took her coat off, looking at the documents sprawled out on the table, and the almost empty coffee cup sitting in front of Adrien. She might have underestimated how long it would take to make it to the café, but she'd ended up being only ten minutes late, which was nothing compared to her past disregard for anyone's timetable but her own ( *bravo on the improvement, but not a good reference point* , she reminded herself).

"Not at all! I just came over early since this place looked like a nicer working space than my hotel room," Adrien explained while stacking his documents into a neat pile and sliding it into his bag.

"It's true that it does seem quite pleasant," she murmured.

Chloé looked around. The walls were covered in bookshelves, all crowded with mismatched books and plants. A little reading nook had been installed in the left corner of the shop, with a couple of deep chairs, warm lights, and a red, fluffy rug she was sure was extremely comfortable underfoot, and would look great in a certain living room.

“Do you want us to move over there?” Adrien asked when her gaze lingered. “I needed a table earlier, but if you prefer we can totally take the chairs – I’ve been eyeing them for a while, too.”

“Oh no, don’t worry, this is fine.” Chloé shook out of her fictional redecorating thoughts. “Anyway, how’s life?”

“Busy,” he chuckled, gesturing at his documents, “but I can’t say I’m not enjoying the thesis life. Who knew I’d end up in academia?”

“Not your dad, that’s for sure,” Chloé snorted, before biting her lip when Adrien’s gaze darkened. “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have brought it up,” she added quickly, looking down at her hands.

There was a beat before Adrien replied.

“It’s alright, you’re right.” Adrien smiled sadly. “And really, it’s been three years, I should be fine about it. I am, most of the time,” he said with more resolve.

“It’s fine not to be.” She covered his hand with hers. “There’s no timeline on grief, whatever it’s for.”

“Yeah, I know.” He sighed. “How are you dealing with your grandmother’s passing, by the way? I came across the obituary in the paper, I was sorry to read about it. Was getting closer to her an argument to move here?”

“No.” Chloé’s response came out unequivocally, the coldness of her tone surprising even herself. She’d never been close to her mother’s mother, the fact that they lived an ocean apart not helping in the matter. The fact that Audrey was a tamed copy of her mother also said a lot about her. On top of everything, she kept her cards close to her chest regarding all matters including her health, to the point that Chloé’s whole family had discovered that she was hospitalised days after she’d been admitted in the ICU, and just a few hours before she was no more.

“I mean,” she cleared her throat, “I did make an effort to get to know her when I arrived, since, you know, I *was* here. I had lunch with her a couple of times before she was hospitalised, but she wasn’t exactly the warmest to start with, and the dementia didn’t help.”

“I’m sorry.” Adrien looked at her with a mix of compassion and pity she did not care for. She withdrew her hand from his and leaned back in her chair, crossing her arms over her chest.

“Don’t be. She’s just as much of a bitch beyond the grave, so it clearly wasn’t just that.”

“Ah.” Adrien smiled tightly. “Do I smell succession problems?”

“Well, you’d just think that a woman who had a prolific career in the ‘50s would be less old-fashioned.” Chloé rolled her eyes. “She was very generous to all of her children and grandchildren, really, but my trust fund is frozen until I get married.”

“Which I’m guessing isn’t what you’ll be doing next weekend,” Adrien commented with a twinkle in his eye.

“Actually, I’m supervising a wedding issue of Style Queen, but I don’t think it counts,” she chuckled back. She appreciated seeing Adrien joking around. It had been a while. “But anyway, as if I can’t be trusted with money without a husband.”

“Is it the same for Zoé?” Adrien asked.

“Yes. And for my uncle and aunt’s daughters as well. Thank goodness, in a way.” She drummed her fingers on the table. “But for some reason, their sons will get their trust funds when they turn 21. Granted, they’re not even in their double digits yet, but still.”

“Yeah, that’s not great.” Adrien grimaced. “But you never know, anything is just around the corner in New York, right? Maybe love can be, too.”

“Hi, sorry for the wait, can I get you guys anything?”

Chloé was thankful for the waitress’ interruption, and hoped the smile she threw her wasn’t too desperate.

“I’ll have a hazelnut latte with almond milk. Please.” She winced slightly at the abruptness of the last word.

The waitress nodded as she wrote the order down, seemingly unfazed. “And you, sir? Can I get you another coffee?”

“No thanks, but I’ll have a cinnamon roll, please.”

“I’ll be right back with your orders.” The waitress clicked her pen and flashed them a polite smile before heading back to the counter.

“I’m sorry I can’t remember what I was going to say.” Adrien frowned.

“It’s fine, I think we were pretty much done with the previous topic. Whatever it was, I forgot, too!” Chloé waved his concern away, laughing awkwardly. “So anyway, how’s Dup- I mean, how’s Marinette?”

“Really good, actually, thanks for asking. A bit disappointed that she couldn’t come with me, we’ve been meaning to come back to New York, *together* together, for a while, but with the Paris Fashion Week just around the corner...” Adrien trailed off.

“...It’s better to get as much as possible done now, if she wants a bit of a break for Christmas and New Year’s,” Chloé finished for him.

“Exactly.” Adrien smiled. “But she says hi! And she wanted me to find out if you'd received an invitation to Givenchou's show via *Style Queen*, otherwise she'd like to send you one. She's really grateful that you gave her the contacts for her internship.”

“It really wasn't much, I just took a look in Mom's directory. Marinette did all the work after that.”

It had been one of Chloé's first genuine and altruistic actions; Marinette had commented on her struggle to find an internship over lunch with her and Adrien, and the words *I might have a few useful phone numbers* had tumbled out of Chloé's mouth before she could consider what she could get in exchange. Surprisingly, Marinette's excitement, which she usually despised, had brought a (small) smile to her lips.

“Yeah, but she appreciates it anyway, and she really wants to say thank you. So?” Adrien pulled her back to the present, looking at her expectantly.

“Fine, I'll check,” she sighed dramatically, not meaning a word. She really wasn't planning on returning to Paris anytime soon, even if there'd supposedly be two people waiting for her there with more or less open arms. “But even if I do, I can't promise I'll be there. I'm also pretty busy,” she warned him.

“I bet you are. Are you still enjoying the Big Apple in spite of work?”

“Oh Adrichou, my life here is fabulous, you wouldn't believe. Paris was just so tired.” *Of me*, she didn't add, hoping her plastered smile didn't show any cracks.

Of course, it was mostly her fault, and she knew that. She'd made her bed long ago, and her inadvertent part in Hawkmoth's downfall hadn't exactly helped unmake it. Being the bearer of bad news was never a good place to be in.

“I'm so glad to hear that, Chloé. I'm sorry I'm not in town for longer, I would've loved for you to show me around, and to maybe meet your new friends.”

The assumption that Chloé's “fabulous” new life would involve her having made friends in spite of her track record took her by surprise, breaking her *all is well* smile. Still, she recovered fairly quickly.

“Well, maybe next time. Anyway, again, I'm so busy, even *I* have trouble seeing them regularly.” She let out a nervous laugh.

Adrien frowned lightly, before his sunny smile came back out, which Chloé was both thankful and resentful for. Adrien looking into the cracks in her façade was the last thing she needed, but a part of her still yearned for someone to finally tear the whole thing down.

“Of course.” He nodded. “Oh, by the way, speaking of friends!” His face lit up. “I ran into Sabrina the other day.”

“Really? That's great! How is she?” Chloé's question sounded a little too interested for someone who was still supposedly Sabrina's best friend, and as such should be in regular

contact with her.

“Good, good. She’s preparing to move out. And actually...” Adrien pulled his bag up to his knees and started rifling through it, before finally pulling out something and giving it to her. “She found these, and thought you should have them.”

“Oh.” Chloé gulped and felt the tears gather in her eyes as she stared at the Ladybug earrings in her hand, the ones she’d given Sabrina in exchange for the Black Cat ring replica years ago, when she’d gotten rid of her Ladybug costume but still felt like they needed something to remember their games by. She willed herself to find something to say, anything, but all her brain cells were apparently tied up making sure she wouldn’t break down there and then.

And they probably weren’t very efficient at making her look like she wasn’t about to.

The waitress chose that moment to come back with their orders. Chloé tried to distract herself by taking a sip of her drink. She’d underestimated how hot it was, and her eyes just stung more, no matter how fast she blinked.

“Oh Chlo, come here.” Before she knew it, Adrien had slid out of his seat and crouched next to her, wrapping her in a tight hug. The warm embrace broke the dam, and as her sobs shook her body, Chloé was suddenly glad that they weren’t in one of her usual spots.

He held onto her until the stream of her tears dwindled to a trickle, and she felt like she could breathe again; even then, she was the one who straightened up, pushing him away as gently as she could. She grabbed her napkin and dabbed it under her eyes, silently sniffing as Adrien made his way back to his seat.

“Do you want to talk about it?” he asked quietly when she carefully set the earrings on the table. She’d clutched them hard enough to leave little dimples in her palms.

“Sabrina and I aren’t friends anymore,” she said. She’d known it for a while. Sabrina had put space between them after Hawkmoth’s defeat, siding with all those who thought she was *persona non grata*. But Chloé had moved away, and she’d held onto the hope that maybe time could heal their friendship. Time, and work on herself.

This gift shot that hope down. Sabrina really didn’t want anything to do with her anymore.

“I’m really sorry to hear that, Chloé.” Adrien’s lips spread into a compassionate smile.

“Which means I don’t have any friends. Well, except for you. I think,” she added quickly, her eyes darting up to meet his.

“And Marinette.” She could tell that he hesitated to include other people to the list. “Oh, and your friends here!” Adrien’s smile turned into an encouraging one.

She shook her head, diverting her gaze.

“Oh,” he said gently. “I’m so sorry I made you feel like you couldn’t talk to me, Chlo. And that I wasn’t more in touch.”



“Don’t worry about it. It’s my mess.”

Adrien paused.

“Listen, I’m supposed to meet up with Luka after his gig tonight. I can cancel if you want. Or, absolutely no pressure, of course, you could join us? It’s very lowkey, and I know he’s been feeling a little low, too. Maybe it could do you two some good, to meet again.”

“Doubt it. But you should definitely go.” She sniffled again, taking out a pocket mirror and looking at the extent of the damage on her mascara. It was only a little smudged, which she was pleasantly surprised by; maybe she could write a positive critique on it. Maybe. If only it did anything for the puffiness of her eyes, though...

"It's really closeby, that's why I chose this place for coffee," Adrien tried again. "You could maybe add him to your friend list."

“Doubt it,” she repeated.

“There’ll be booze?” Adrien offered.

Chloé pouted pensively, looking at her empty coffee cup. Drowning her sorrows did sound good.

“Fine,” she sighed, as if she were doing him a favour, and he wasn’t offering her an alternative to pathetically crashing on her couch the minute she made it back to her place. “I guess I can hop by.”

Adrien smiled, tore off a bit of his cinnamon roll, and handed it to her, before proceeding to talk about a light topic. She mused that as much as she wasn’t sure how she’d managed to get Adrien to be her friend again, she sure was happy he was.

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The first thing Chloé thought when she stepped into the main area of the underground bar was: *maybe I should drop the sunglasses* (and she did; it was dark enough that her puffy eyes would go by unnoticed).

The second thing was: *wow, the music is actually half-decent*. Maybe you actually *could* find gems in shabby Manhattan clubs. If only the volume wasn’t so loud, it could almost be pleasant.

“Let’s go wait at the bar!” Adrien shouted over the song. Chloé nodded and followed him as he weaved his way through the crowd of headbanging fans.

“Hey there, what can I get ya?” the bartender greeted them when they finally reached their destination.

“Hi, I’ll have a Shirley Temple, and she’ll have...” Adrien trailed off, prompting Chloé to place her order.

“A Cosmo, please.” She quirked an eyebrow at her friend as they took a seat.

“What?” Adrien turned towards her.

“Nothing.” Chloé bit back a snarky comment.

“You’re judging me for my drink choice, aren’t you?” Adrien thanked the bartender as he slid them their glasses, and grinned as he took a sip from his straw. “Let me remind you that I have a conference tomorrow.”

“So? That never prevented anyone from having a bit of fun.” She dipped her lips in her cocktail herself, and concealed her sourness-induced wince. She considered that this might have been the perfect occasion to find a new signature cocktail, knowing she wouldn’t be judged. One she’d like, rather than one she’d picked because of a TV show. *Oh, well.*

Luka’s set went on for another two songs, during which Chloé managed to get a couple of glimpses of him when the crowd parted to let a bar customer through. She still wasn’t a fan of his clothes, after all these years, but at least they didn’t look like they’d been picked up from the nearest garbage can.

(Well, maybe Bloomingdale’s. But it was still a huge step up from his old style.)

At the end of the second song, Luka thanked his audience, got off of the stage, and was replaced by another singer. Chloé saw him speak to some people (mostly girls in crop tops, twirling their hair and batting their lashes at him, which made her roll her eyes), but he excused himself as soon as he checked his phone, and made a beeline for the bar.

“Adrien! I’m so glad you could make it,” Luka greeted, lightly patting Adrien’s shoulder.

“It’s so good to see you, man!” Adrien beamed. “You remember Chloé.” He turned towards her.

Luka tensed up, his smile falling momentarily, coming back in the shape of a fully polite smile.

“Bourgeois.” He nodded stiffly.

“Couffaine.” She mirrored him.

Chloé hated the way he stared at her, his face void of any real expression. She refused to be the first to break their stare off.

“I see you both got drinks. I’ll have a Bud light, please Bruce.” Luka finally looked away, the bartender nodding as he started pouring a drink. “Cheers, mate.”

He took a seat next to Adrien, making Chloé crane her neck to see him when he spoke next.

“So, what have you been up to? Enjoying your city break?” Luka asked Adrien.

“Well, as much as the conference allowed me, but I’d say so.” He smiled enthusiastically.

“Ah yes, it’s true your trip was all business this time.” Luka chuckled.

There was a small silence during which Chloé sipped on her drink, before he turned to her, all but sighing. “And you, Chloé? I understand that you’ve been living here, too?”

“Living’s a big word,” she muttered. She thought better of leaving it there, hating the idea of being pitied by Luka Couffaine. “I’m trying to find an apartment, but I don’t have the money available.”

“Don’t we all.” Luka rolled his eyes and turned back towards Adrien. “And how’s Marinette?”

Adrien lightened up, as he always did when speaking of his girlfriend, and started blabbering about her. Chloé tuned it out fairly quickly, and got lost in her thoughts. The guys politely tried to rope her into the conversation on several occasions, during which she couldn’t help but bring up her dream apartment. She noted that Luka, who was supposedly empathy-incarnate, seemed to have lost his ability to make people feel listened to.

Not that she’d ever been privy to it in the first place.

After about three more drinks, Adrien looked at his watch and winced.

“Sorry, guys, I really need to go now, I have an early morning tomorrow, and I have to pack. Luka, I’ll catch you next time you’re in Paris! And Chlo...” He squeezed her shoulder as he stood up, his gaze softening. “We’re one call away, okay? Don’t hesitate.”

“Oh, I should go, too...” Chloé stammered, doing her best to keep tears at bay, the alcohol pulling them out from his small affectionate gesture.

“No, no, you two enjoy your evening, I insist. Actually,” he dug his pocket for his wallet and caught the barman’s attention, “could I have another round for these two, please?” He handed him a \$20 bill, and the man nodded. “Cheers. Now you have to stay! Have the fun night I wish I could have!”

He slung his messenger bag on his shoulder, waved, and just like that, he was gone, leaving a gap bigger than the stool he’d sat on.

“There you go,” the barman slid the drinks towards them. Chloé and Luka nodded, the latter daring a mumbled “thanks”.

She took a tentative sip of her drink. It didn’t taste better than the previous three. She decided that she’d finish it, and find an excuse to leave. Easy.

“So...” she tried to break the silence, thinking it might make the time fly faster.

Luka shot her an empty glance, which she interpreted as a warning. She huffed.

“You know, you’ve got a pretty cold shoulder for a wannabe rockstar,” Chloé drawled.

“You’re not the warmest person yourself,” Luka snapped back. “And as much as I sympathise with feeling low, I can’t say I feel particularly sorry for you.”

Chloé swirled the remainder of her Cosmo. She didn’t particularly feel like pretending she liked it anymore.

“I told Juleka I was sorry,” she said quietly.

“If only she were the only one you’d hurt,” Luka commented snidely after a pause.

“AND Marinette, and Adrien. And Sabrina. And Zoé. And everyone else. You were there.” She glared at him. “And I know it doesn’t make up for anything, I know I was terrible, and that I probably still am. Being mean was just such an easy way to be seen, even if it wasn’t by the right people.” She paused, thinking about her mother. Then she remembered who she was talking to. Clearly, not a friend. And not a shrink, either. “Whatever. Point is, I apologised, and I promise I meant every word. And then I left, to leave everyone alone. What more was I supposed to do? Beg Marinette to let me go back in time to get a second chance? Sue me if I didn’t.”

Luka smirked at his empty drink, before looking straight into her eyes with an all-knowing look and the first smile directed at her of the evening. “Maybe I will.”

The stare-off lasted a maximum of thirty seconds, but it felt like an hour of intense psychoanalysis to Chloé.

“Hey man, could we please get two shots?” Luka turned away and slid a bill across the bar. The bartender nodded and reached for the liquor bottle before sliding back two glasses.

“To... *questionable*, at best, parenting.” Luka held his out. Chloé froze, like a deer caught in headlights. This man was far too perceptive for his own good. “That’s what fucks us all up in the end, isn’t it?”

Chloé nodded and brought her own glass closer. Luka withdrew his just before they could touch.

“Just so we’re clear, this is not me forgiving you,” he warned.

“I know. I never expected as much.” Chloé shrugged. “Cheers?”

“Cheers.”

Luka knocked back his drink and slammed it a little too violently on the counter. Chloé played with her glass, unsure what to say next.

“I know we’re not friends, but is everything alright?”

Luka stared at his hands and sighed. “You wouldn’t understand.”

“Try me.”

“Chloé, no offense, but from what you were going on and on about earlier, your biggest problem right now is that you can’t afford a fucking penthouse.” He sighed deeply, raking a hand through his hair. Chloé decided to focus on how good it looked rather than on the jab. “Well, flash news: most of us can’t either. And some of us can’t even afford to look forward to the future in this country, let alone this city.”

“What do you mean?”

“My visa’s expiring next month. I thought I’d have more time to establish myself here, but...”

An utterly ridiculous thought crossed Chloé’s mind, and she couldn’t help but snort at it.

“You know that’s exactly the type of thing that doesn’t help make you likeable.” Luka frowned.

“I’m not making fun of you, I promise.” She was shaking with laughter now, too drunk to be hurt by his pique. “This is going to sound crazy because you don’t like me, and I definitely don’t like you, but I have an idea that could help us both. And the worst part is that it could actually work.”

“Chloé, no offence, but your plans don’t have the best track record.” He sighed.

“Did you know that I’m an American citizen?” she ploughed on. “My mother decided that birth clinics were too cheap in France for them to be good quality, so she had me here. And if I’m American... And I get married to a non-American...” she trailed off, enjoying the sight of the cogs turning in his brain.

“...I could get a Green Card,” he finished her sentence.

“Bingo.”

"You have your moments, you know?" Luka looked at her with an appreciative smile.

Chloé shrugged and took another swig of her drink, ignoring the warm feeling spreading to her cheeks. “Of all the things I thought might happen today, contemplating a fake marriage never crossed my mind.”

“Well, if we want to give this thing a chance, we need to document this relationship.” Luka waved at the bartender and handed him his phone. “Hey, would you mind taking a picture of me and my girlfriend?”

“Sure.”

The drinks were really starting to hit Chloé, so much so that she didn’t really register the term he’d used for her, and she watched Luka’s face approach hers in slow motion; her eyelids butterflyed shut, and suddenly his lips were on hers, and she involuntarily let out a giggle. There was a flash, and Luka pulled away.

The plan was in motion.

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They eloped in Vegas the next weekend.

Thanks to a tip from Luka, the wedding pictures made it to the people section of a couple of magazines. Even though they were much, much smaller than what Chloé had always imagined, she saved the press clippings, even framing the Style Queen shot. She just looked so fabulous in her white jumpsuit (and she supposed Luka didn't look that bad in his Givenchou suit, courtesy of Marinette, either).

They made sure that they were seen stumbling back to Chloé's hotel suite after the ceremony. Luka slept on the sofa, and left early the next morning to perform that night in New York. Chloé called up her assistant to get her started on the green card paperwork.

Two weeks later, she got access to her trust fund, and he was booked for a six-month, American tour.

The week after that, Chloé signed the lease on the penthouse.

On New Year's Day, she finally walked through its doors, and although moving boxes were far from the aesthetic she wanted, she felt an immense wave of relief wash over her.

*Everything is going to be alright.*

## End Notes

What could go wrong...

Special thanks to [Mari](#) for beta-ing this chapter!

This was a fun change in writing style, I hope you've enjoyed it! It was very interesting to delve deeper into the characters' psyches, and to go out of my comfort zone with this pairing. I'd be happy to know what you guys thought about it :)

Title from Edward Sharpe & The Magnetic Zeros' [Home](#) – if this fic were a movie, that would also be its end credits song.

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