

Everyone's gone on without you

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Everyone's gone on without you

by [eto \(dudettedoodlezz\)](#)

Summary

It was unusual just how meek she could be sometimes. Sabrina never argued with her, never judged, never disagreed. She listened and smiled. But these days, Sabrina just looked tired. Dark shadows hung around her eyes and she was tense. Her mouth was set in a pale, thin line. She's been pouring over the project for the past few weeks. Chloe tried to curb the pang of guilt that rose to her stomach. They were meant to work on this together. That always comes to her mind and yet, she never helps in the end.

Notes

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Hi! I really enjoyed writing this so I hope it isn't too out of character. Chloe has always been an interesting character, so I obviously dislike the way all her character was boiled down to "mean girl is irredeemable".

I could talk about for hours, but I don't think anyone is that interested...

Disclaimer! Way too many italics!

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

Chloe started noticing these small things a long time ago. While those idiots were getting up to God knows what shenanigans, Sabrina would gaze at them and smile softly. It was grating on her nerves. She decided to ignore it.

It was stupid. Sabrina wouldn't leave her alone under any circumstances. She was her only friend. Just because she was smiling or laughing fondly at them didn't mean anything. If she thought to herself that "*yes, it does*" no one would know anyway.

"Hey Sabrina! I was wondering if you could lend me your History notes?" Mylene's soft voice came from somewhere to her far left. What did she want with Sabrina? What use were her notes to Mylene? Sabrina was *her* friend, not this idiot's.

"Uh, no, she can't. What, can't you ask someone else? Don't you see we're busy?" she snapped at the girl. Mylene cringed and smiled nervously, then briskly turned around and walked off. Sabrina's eyes widened and looked at her in puzzlement, then, as always, went back to working on their project.

It was unusual just how meek she could be sometimes. Sabrina never argued with her, never judged, never disagreed. She listened and smiled. But these days, Sabrina just looked tired. Dark shadows hung around her eyes and she was tense. Her mouth was set in a pale, thin line. She's been pouring over the project for the past few weeks. Chloe tried to curb the pang of guilt that rose to her stomach. *They were meant to work on this together*. That always comes to her mind and yet, she never helps in the end.

I hate this so much. She found herself thinking at night, when sleep eluded her. *What would Adrien do?* He wouldn't be in this kind of situation in the first place. He was stupidly kind, apologies on his tongue at the ready, even when he didn't do anything wrong. That's unfair of him. Chloe couldn't be like him, even if she wanted. *She didn't.*

Chloe always wanted better for herself. She wished to be the best.

But why? Why does it matter so much to you, Chlo'? green eyes asked her. It seemed like these days, her conscience sounded like him.

Who do you want to be the best for? For herself, obviously.

For dad? Why would she care what that buffoon wants?

For me? For Sabrina? She seriously wished she did. She wasn't some heroine, to change and adapt to obstacles for others' sakes. She's always faced her problems head on, with stubbornness.

That's not good for you, you know? And what if it wasn't. Change was her biggest enemy. Change always predicted disaster. Change came about to end her happiness, to destroy her sense of stability. Change decided her mother was to leave for New York when she was only five, and then visit once every few years.

Mom's a busy person. She's important and well respected by everyone around her. People adore her interviews and looks in magazines. She always says what's on her mind and never accepts less than she deserves. She makes her opinions clear, and she's cut-throat. She doesn't waste time with talentless people. She can be mean, but that's just her way of being affectionate. *I want to be like her. I love mom.*

"Do you, really?"

"Of course I do! I just want her to love me as I love her. I want her to see I am a person worth her attention. I can be as remarkable as her..."

"Then, what does that have to do with everyone else? Why do you risk your connections for someone who isn't here?" the nasty voice in her head hisses. *"At this rate, you'll end up all alone. No one likes you, and no one trusts you. Not classmates, not teachers, not even superheroes trust you not to side with evil. Maybe they are right not to..."*

"Is it because I'm mean sometimes? If they can't accept me as I am, they don't deserve my attention. Adrien and Sabrina know how to see me, it's about perspective."

"If it is so, then does Mom really deserve us? She wants us to be like her, afterall. She likes you when you are like her. Doesn't that prove that people only really like themselves?"

"But I don't like myself. I am not happy with how I am right now. I feel like Adrien is not really *my* friend anymore. He wastes his time with those losers and that airhead, Marinette."

"Because he likes her better. She's a goody-two-shoes, a pushover, just like him. People only like themselves."

There is too much sound in my head.

...Ring...

...Riiiiiiiiiiing...

...Riing...

"Hey Sabrina... What? No, it's nothing. I was wondering if you wanted to come over... No, everything is fine... I don't care, do what you want, I just wanna see how the project looks... Yeah, that's all. See you..."

Chloe wanted to close her eyes. They felt injected with dust. She was so very tired. Sabrina was sitting next to her on the carpet, notes and papers thrown awkwardly on the ground. There was so much work to do. Had Sabrina really done so much by herself? She snuck a glance at her best friend, in time to see her head bob and drop on her arm.

It was so late... And Sabrina was exhausted. Chloe considered dragging her toward the small sofa in the living area, but she didn't feel particularly strong. Instead, she grabbed a few pillows and threw a blanket over the sleeping girl.

She moved towards the balcony to take a break. The moonlit Paris seemed to be a completely different place to the one she called home. She actually felt happy with herself, gazing from a distance like this. Chloe was glad she asked Sabrina to come over. It was moments like this when she considered herself normal and appreciated. It felt out of place to feel this overwhelmed with emotion now, but she couldn't help it. This kind of scenery, and these kinds of nights, she felt like she was farthest away from her captor's clutches, free to experiment and try as much as she wanted. She didn't know who was keeping her away and poisoning her heart, but she didn't want to blame herself now.

"So now you decide you want to change?" The nasty voice was back. *"What for, huh? Don't you like being on your own? You manage things so well by yourself. We built so much together, you think you get a second chance? You think you deserve a second chance? What about me? I don't want to be left behind."*

On the railing, sneaking into the corner of her eye, was a little blonde girl. She was puffing out her cheeks with every torment, and her icy glare was cutting glass. It was pretty ridiculous to think her critic looked like an angry five year old.

"Actually, I'm feeling perfectly content right now. Go away, brat." It felt weird to talk to herself, but she did anyway. It was strangely calming. She had few moments to herself like this and she ruined it. Yet, it was getting completely ridiculous.

"Didn't you hear me? You know, tomorrow you'll go back to being your bitchy self, and we'll be none the wiser." Hearing this kind of vocabulary from a child was a bit bracing for Chloe, but she knew the girl wasn't completely wrong. She had nights when she thought to herself "starting tomorrow I'll be better, I'll try for Adrien's sake." When she woke up, she rolled her eyes and told herself she's right and everything is perfect as it is. She didn't need to change.

"Why won't you let me win just once?" she was so tired. She just wished she could lock the child somewhere and be done with this conversation, but it never worked like that. "Let me have it just this once! I know I'll be worse tomorrow, but let me be at peace tonight!" Her eyes were burning. Was it the dust in the wind, perhaps?

"What good would that do you?" little-Chloe was now kicking her legs over the railing. *"Regardless, there's not much we can do when you're me and I'm you. You'll kick up a fuss in the dead of the night about wanting to change, about fearing loneliness, but tomorrow the*

words will get stuck in your throat, and you'll regress back to me." The brat was infuriatingly conceding.

"Why are we like this, then?" She didn't particularly care at this point. They were close to a break-through, she knew, but that's where this train of thought always got her. The realization, her solution and salvation were like a cord of silk, slipping through her fingers. Her hands burn when she loses the battle, when the cord slips. "Should I, perhaps, apologize?"

The brat snorted. *"Really? Who are you going to apologize to? What for? We've done plenty harm, but do you really think you can look in their eyes and repent? We really hurt people. You made Sabrina hurt people too."* A sinister smile was stretching the little girl's face. *"You stole, insulted, bullied and bribed when it suited you. Remember when you locked Juleka up in the bathroom, just so you could sit next to Adrien in the class photo?"*

Chloe felt like she was choking on her shame at this point. Would anyone forgive her? Can she do better, or was she doomed to repeat her mistakes? How does Sabrina even feel? It was heart-wrecking to even think that she might've bullied Sabrina into staying around her.

What should she do? She couldn't go on as she did before, but she didn't know if she'll be able to protect herself, if she opened up to the world. She would be completely vulnerable. It was a risk she needed to take though. She glanced back to the little girl, to find her staring at her in desperation.

"Please, don't even think that! You can't do that to me! We can find another way. You don't need to throw us both in the open like that. I don't want to have to care, I don't want to be alone in the end!" Large tears were slipping down her little face. Her skin was blotchy and her nose was running. What an awful image. She looked like a broken porcelain doll. She was screaming... Oh God.

"I can't keep you around. I don't want you to drag me down anymore." Her chest hurt. Her heart was breaking and her lungs felt like they were about to explode. She wondered if her ears were bleeding. The little girl's cries were horribly loud, like nails on a chalkboard. She briefly wondered how Sabrina could sleep through that onslaught.

"Do you really not understand that nobody will accept you, if you lay down your defenses?" She did. It was really scary. Chloe hoped she wasn't making a grave mistake. "I don't intend to meddle with the losers. I just want to be a better friend for Sabrina. How difficult can that be?"

Way too soon she found out that being an actively helpful friend was a real hassle. Why did she need to have so many words in the essay? Where could she print color pictures? There was such a printer in the hotel, but she would need to go all the way to the office area, downstairs. Absolutely ridiculous...

So, what exactly was she doing at two in the morning next to the damned printer? When the monstrosity finally started working, an unholy noise filled the room. At this rate, she would be lucky if she could return back to her room without waking half the hotel up. She felt out of

place here, despite being in her own home. *Does Adrien ever feel out of place in that huge house?* Now, she guessed she would, in his place.

“I really need to finish up faster.” she sighed, taking the cursed papers and sneaking back to the room.

Hours later, she was wondering if she made a grave mistake when she decided to help with the project. She didn’t know if it was just the fact that she has been staring at this thing for the past couple of hours, or if one of the photos really was crooked. She wished she could slam face first into the desk, but that would wake Sabrina up.

How dare she? How dare she sleep so soundly when Chloe felt this close to dying?

Just when she was about to go on a tirade about injustice, her alarm started blasting. It was already 06:30. *“Maybe this was a really bad idea. I have never not slept for an entire night. Do I really need to go to school now?”* The phone kept ringing. It was distressing, really, if nothing else. *“Why isn’t Sabrina waking up already?”*

Chloe walked over to the bed, where her phone lay forgotten. She stared at it, as if wondering if it was really worth her time to go to school anymore, *“but hey, the project is done”*. Was Sabrina thinking of finishing this monstrosity in one night? By herself? Guilt started to pool in her belly once again. Was she really this careless with the people around her?

“I don’t want to think about this anymore. It’s done, and I am tired”

Walking over to Sabrina, she shook the redhead awake. “Wake up, Sabrina. You look like a zombie.” Well, there goes being polite. It’s not like that’s what she intended anyway, so it doesn’t matter all that much.

“Oh... Good morning, Chloe! How did you sleep?” Sabrina actually looked well rested.

“Just fantastic...” Chloe dralled, rolling her eyes. “Let’s get dressed already.”

It was hard, and at times borderline impossible not to snap at those who tried to loop her friends into other circles. She really was trying, alright? So when some random nobodies from their class, *Rose and Juleshka?*, asked Sabrina if she wanted to come over for a girl’s night, she grit her teeth and said nothing.

“Ummm... I’ll think about it and text you. Thank you very much for the invitation. It’s really nice of you.” Decisive as always, Sabrina. After both girls left, she spun around to face Chloe.

“What should I do? Should I go?” There was something uneasy in her voice.

“You tell me. It’s up to you to decide.” She was glad she managed to utter these words without sounding too irritated or sick. “Regardless, if you want to go to that party, go.”

Sabrina beamed happily. “I guess I will go! Thank you so much, Chlo! I’ll tell you all about it. Maybe we can have a girl’s night afterward, just the two of us.” She said and smiled shyly back to her friend. Something shone in her eye, as if a new idea popped into her head. It was refreshing to see her so animated.

“Don’t be ridiculous, we have as much time as we want.” A smile was curling Chloe’s lips. Maybe she could do some things right.

End Notes

I might turn this into a series about the way I would have handled her character arc and such, but don't get your hopes up too early. I am pretty lazy.

I also am not sure about the ending, but meh, I was tired. ಥ_ಥ

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