

Bridezilla

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Bridezilla

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Summary

Marinette's aunt comes to town, a famous wedding dress maker, but when things go all wrong, will this day at the altar end in tragedy?

Bridezilla

Marinette Dupain-Cheng sighed loudly as she sat in the courtyard. The day had been long and she just wanted to go home and sleep. She had been helping her family with their bakery a lot recently due to a wedding coming up. Leaning her head back on the bench, she wondered if this superhero thing was really worth it. Looking up when she was tapped on the shoulder, she smiled at her best friend.

“Hey Alya.” She said tiredly.

“You look like death.” The woman, Alya Cesaire, stated concerned.

“Just a long week. Mom and Dad needed my help in the bakery for a wedding coming up.” Marinette admitted.

Alya sat down next to her, suddenly excited.

“Really? Are your parents working on the Fierce wedding?” Alya asked excited.

“Yeah, apparently.” Marinette muttered.

The Fierce wedding was the talk of the town. The Fierce heir was marrying a local girl and it was the biggest thing since Ladybug and Chat Noir showed up. Marinette felt something slap against her leg and looked down, pulling a magazine from where it clung to her leg. Looking at it, she gasped, staring in awe.

“What? What is it?” Alya demanded.

Marinette shoved it in front of her face, pointing to one person in particular. The title said it all, apparently the wedding gown maker had finally been picked, but the picture was blurry as hell.

“Oh my god, Alya, look!” Marinette said excited.

“Ok, what am I looking at?” she said squinting at the picture.

“It’s my aunt!” Marinette replied.

“How do you know?” Alya asked, pushing the magazine away.

Marinette huffed and crossed her arms.

“I know my aunt! She always wears that hairpin!” Marinette said, looking over the magazine article before it was ripped from her.

“Hey!” Marinette snapped.

“Oh, so sorry!” Chloe Bourgeois mocked as she turned the article around to look at it.

Her ever present sidekick, Sabrina Raincomprix, snickered next to her as Chloe read the article.

“Are we really supposed to believe your aunt is the famous wedding gown designer, May Downer?” Chloe mocked.

Marinette pulled out her phone and was about to google it when there was a commotion by the front door.

“Miss, you cannot come in here!” the principal demanded.

“I need to see my niece, it is super important!” a female voice snapped back.

Marinette jumped to her feet with a gasp and ran over as the woman came into view. Tall with blue hair done up in a bun with a glittery hair pin to keep it in place. She was dressed to the nines and she clearly was important.

“Aunt May!” Marinette said excitedly.

The woman ripped off her sunglasses and handed them to a woman next to her, who quickly put them away.

“There she is! Oh come here, my darling!” the woman said walking over, arms out.

Marinette ran over and hugged her. The woman hugged, back, squeezing her close.

“I didn’t know you were coming!” Marinette said pulling back, still holding hands.

“It was supposed to be a surprise, my dear! But it seems I got a little carried away!” she said with a laugh.

Chloe’s mouth was hanging open and was snapped shut by Alya, who was smirking.

“That enough evidence for you?” Alya teased as she walked over.

“Ah, Aunt May! This is my friend, Alya!” Marinette introduced and May smiled.

“Nice to meet you. I hope you are keeping my darling niece in check?” she teased.

“I try, but she can be rather odd at times.” Alya said shaking her hand.

“M-Miss Downer!” Chloe said, pushing her way past the other two.

“Yes? And you are?” the woman stated boredly.

“Chloe Bourgeois, daughter of the mayor. I am a huge fan!” Chloe said excitedly.

“Really now?” May replied, placing a hand on her hip.

“Yes, of course! Your gowns are gorgeous! I am so interested in hiring you for my wedding too!” she said.

“Ah, well I hope it’s not any time soon, then.” May replied before turning her attention back to Marinette.

“Marinette dear, I was hoping to steal you away for a little while?” May asked.

Marinette looked nervous, but after talking to the principal and her teachers, she was allowed to leave. They wandered over to the park, idly talking about everything they could think of. May’s assistant was sent off to get some things for May while they walked. Eventually they sat down on a bench and May let out a sigh.

“So Aunt May, are you really working on the Fierce wedding dress?” Marinette asked and the woman smiled.

“Yes, and my dear, I think it is my greatest creation yet!” May replied, her eyes lighting up like stars.

“Oh? You really think so?” Marinette gasped.

“I know so! I have worked for months creating it, every detail treated with the upmost importance. I truly believe it will be one that will go down in history.” She explained with joy.

“Oh, I hope so! I can’t wait to see it!” Marinette stated and the woman placed a hand on her cheek.

“Marinette, darling, if this wedding dress is as gorgeous as I know it is, everyone will want to see it.” May stated.

“What about you, Aunt May? Do you want to get married?” Marinette asked.

The dress maker sighed and rubbed the bridge of her nose. A loaded question to be sure.

“Marinette, my dream as a little girl was to make the most beautiful dress ever created and I refused to get married until I made it. With this dress done, I think I can finally get started on that plan.” May stated.

Sometime later that day, May stood outside the doors of the Fierce home. She knocked lightly and was brought inside along with her assistant. Walking down the hall, she felt excitement and fear grow in her chest and she knew it was time. Walking into the room, she smiled brightly at the bride, her bridesmaids, mother of the bride and the mother of the groom. The bride was idly typing on her phone, not even bothering to look up. A cough from the mother made her pause and she sighed loudly.

“Ladies! My name is May Downer and I am here to present the wedding dress. I hope you all love it as much as I do.” May stated before the dress form was brought forward and the dress was shown.

There were many gasps of delight and May puffed out her chest in pride, but one scuff made her pause. The bride had her arms crossed, blue eyes narrowed in anger. May looked to her assistant and the woman looked just as confused.

“This is my dress? Is this a joke or something?” she demanded and May’s heart sank.

“I’m sorry?” May asked confused.

“I’m asking if this is some sort of bad prank or something. Because there is no way that this thing is my wedding dress.” She sneered.

May felt her world fall away. She looked at the woman and then at the dress she had worked so hard on. The dress was a ball gown type with glittery jewels covering the heart shaped neckline. The levels of lace and glitter made up the skirt and train. The veil itself had been hand made with beautiful lace and a small tiara to hold it in place.

“What is wrong with it?” May asked.

“Everything! It’s hideous!” the woman cried.

She started to brawl loudly, comforted by her mother and bridesmaids. The mother of the groom stood up and stormed over to May.

“Miss Downer! I ordered you to make an absolutely stunning dress and this is what you bring me?” the woman snapped.

May’s mouth opened and closed, shock and horror on her face. What could she say? What could she do?

“But...this is what she wanted.” May said lamely.

The woman grabbed the veil from the top of the dress form and shoved it in her face.

“This? This is what you say she wanted? A tacky dress and some cheap lace? Do you have no standards?” the woman hissed.

May could only hold the veil as she was dragged from the room. Turning back, she watched the doors close behind her, her dress suddenly hidden from her view. She was pushed out of the house and all she could do was stand there, holding the veil and trying not to cry. Her assistant ushered her to the nearby limo and they drove away quickly. Somewhere else, a man stood by a huge window and smiled.

“How cruel, all your hard work thrown in your face. The rage must be unbearable.” He hissed to the darkness.

He cupped a butterfly in his hands and then watched it change.

“Go, my little butterfly. Help our new friend with her rage.” He called.

May found herself back in the apartment, left alone by the window as her assistant tried to get things together. Standing there, she watched a butterfly landed on the veil and then she heard him. A purple mask appeared around her eyes and she glared.

“Always the dress maker, never the bride. You’ve spent your life making beautiful dresses for them and they never appreciate your hard work. You’ve sacrifice so much, but they mock you for it. I will help you get your revenge and you will help me get the Miraculous, my Bridezilla.” Papillion whispered in her ear.

“Yes, Papillion!” May stated, smirking in delight.

She was soon covered by black shadows and when it was done, she was dressed in a ripped, dirty, black and purple wedding dress with a ripped black veil. Her face was covered by a black mask and in her hand she held a bouquet of flowers that was also a mace. She tore open the window and smirked before jumping out. She landed on a car and took off running. She soon made it to the house and burst her way through the front door.

“Honey, I’m home!” she mocked as women started to scream.

The bride tried to run past her, but he was grabbed by her hair and held close. She sneered at the bride, who wept openly.

“Shut your mouth! You should be happy, you’re getting married.” She mocked angrily as she threw her to the floor.

“I sacrificed for months to make your stupid dress! The most beautiful dress ever and you don’t like it? I will make you like it! You will wear my dress!” Bridezilla roared.

She thumped her flowers against the floor, making a hole and the woman screamed. The window shattered and Ladybug slammed into her, sending her to the floor. Ladybug was quick to her feet and grabbed the young woman as Bridezilla got to her feet, grabbing her mace.

“What is going on?” Ladybug demanded as they ran.

“It’s the dress maker! She’s gone crazy!” the woman called and Ladybug felt her stomach drop.

Ladybug could hear the woman screaming behind them and was quick to pick the bride up as she rushed out of the house.

“Oh, My Lady, I thought you only carried me like that!” a voice called, Chat Noir jumping down from the roof.

“Oh good, you are here. Here, take her.” Ladybug demanded handing the woman over to Chat.

“And what am I to do with her?” Chat asked.

“Just take her away, she’s the target!” Ladybug called as she turned back to the house.

Bridezilla had climbed to the roof and was yelling, slamming her mace into the roof. She looked like a crazy person.

“Bring her back! She needs to pay! She is ruining everything!” Bridezilla roared.

“Oh boy, what happened to her?” Chat asked and Ladybug looked at the woman in his arms.

“What happened?” Ladybug demanded.

“I didn’t like the dress! It was ugly!” she cried and Ladybug twitched.

“Oh, that’s a little harsh.” Chat muttered.

Ladybug stared at Bridezilla before nodding. She pulled out her Lucky Charm and watched as a veil appeared? She stared at it while Chat whistled.

“You getting married, My Lady? And you didn’t even tell me?” he asked sadly.

Ladybug stared at the veil and then had an idea. She started running towards the house, ignoring Chat’s call for her to come back.

“Get her to safety, I have an idea!” Ladybug called.

Chat frowned, but did as he was told. Bridezilla growled and thought to go after him, but then she thought about it more, wondering why Ladybug ran inside.

“Go after Ladybug! Corner her! Take her Miraculous.” Papillion demanded.

Bridezilla scowled and then gasped in horror as a thought struck her.

“My dress!” she yelled and jumped back inside.

Sure enough, Ladybug had grabbed the dress just then and run off with it. Bridezilla let out a roar of rage and chased after her. Running from room to room, Ladybug finally ditched her and looked over the dress. It really was beautiful, but she had a feeling that would change.

“Where are you? Give it back! It’s mine!” Bridezilla howled as she slammed her mace into the floor and walls.

The angrier she got, the stronger she became and she was out of her mind with rage. She slammed her way through the house, only to stop. In the ballroom, she found a woman wearing her dress, covered by a veil much like her own. To see her dress on a person was amazing and she soon dropped her mace as she moved forward. Instinct set in and she started to adjust the dress and the veil to make sure it looked perfect. Tears were in her eyes, she stepped back, staring.

“This is it. The dress I always dreamed of.” She whispered in absolute joy.

Reaching forward, Ladybug pulled the veil from her own head and smiled before ripping the veil from Bridezilla’s head. Tearing it, she released the butterfly inside. After fixing the butterfly, she looked back at May, kneeling on the floor, holding the veil with tears in her eyes. Ladybug knelt to her level and smiled.

“You made a beautiful dress, but if someone doesn’t like it, you can’t force them to. You can make another amazing dress, I know you can.” Ladybug said placing a hand on her shoulder.

May looked up and smiled, nodding her head.

“I always thought I knew best, but you’re right. I can make another dress and it will be just as amazing as this one.” May stated as she got up.

Ladybug led her outside and watched the police swarm in before leaving. Standing on the rooftop of a nearby building, she smiled. Chat landed next to her, looking at her up and down.

“What?” she asked confused before looking down.

She was still wearing the dress and veil and blushed.

“Wow, you look incredible, My Lady.” Chat breathed and she looked away.

“It’s just a dress.” She muttered.

“But it isn’t. It symbolizes love and hopes for the future.” Chat replied and she just blushed harder.

“I should return it to her.” Ladybug stated quickly as she swung away.

Chat couldn’t help, but watch her go, wondering if he would ever see that sight again. His Ladybug, in a white dress, standing at the altar with him. He smiled and turned away. He could only hope he would.

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