Portmanteau Official
by SergeantPixie

Summary

There comes a time in every relationship when it is necessary to pick a couple name. Now if only Chanel's friends would stop dicking around and get serious.

Notes

Look I honestly don't even know what I'm doing anymore, so don't ask, just go with it. Happy Easter.

See the end of the work for more notes.
"I don't really like it either, Chanel," Chanel # 5 piped up. Chanel opened her mouth to snap out something particularly rude, but slammed it shut at the last second, glaring.

"Neither do I," Chanel # 6 admitted, breaking Chanel's death glare away from Chanel # 5.

Chanel heaved a long-suffering sigh.

"Attention my lovely minions," she attempted, but Chanel # 3 was already shaking her head.

"Grace definitely said you can't call us your minions anymore," she reminded her. Chanel bared her teeth at her, but Chanel # 3 just ignored her and continued on. "She said 'well-adjusted people have friends, not minions'."

Chanel seethed.


Chanel # 3 nodded, ignoring her dramatics. "That's better, continue."

Chanel let out a deep, cleansing breath, reminding herself that despite all of Grace's deranged rules, the curly-haired girl was worth it. She really was.

"Kappas, in today's society there are many different ways to make your relationship official," she began.

Chanel # 5 nodded along encouragingly, and Chanel blatantly ignored her.

"There's the classic Facebook official—a landmark Gracie and I passed last month, I received three thousand and sixteen likes," Chanel bragged, tossing her long blonde hair over her shoulder and giving them her signature toothpaste ad smile.

"There's YouTube official, making a video to celebrate your new relationship—Number Six is currently working on the cinematography," she gave the brunette member of the group a sharp look, who nodded determinedly.

"Twitter official, friends and family official, campus official, and so on and so forth," Chanel listed. "But everyone knows that the most important relationship official thing you can do, is becoming portmanteau official."

Chanel stopped to take a breath.

"Now, portmanteaus are all the rage in Hollywood amongst celebrities—the classic Brangelina, the over-rated Kimye, the heartbreaking Robsten, but they are also immensely popular on the internet amongst the fangirls, for their favorite fictional—and non-fictional—'ships'," Chanel continued, using air quotes. She'd done extensive research for this project, it was very important to her.

"You have the truly heinous Chair a la Gossip Girl, the inspiring and adorable Faberry—wishful thinking or not—and the just plain bizarre Stony—that's Captain America and Iron Man, I know, who knew?" Chanel ranted, Chanel # 3 gently coughed, and she snapped back onto topic.

"As I am already a minor celebrity—and rising quickly, as this year's Chanel-O-ween reflects, I clearly have the star power necessary to support a portmanteau."

She paused dramatically.

"Now, as we all know, while I was dating The Chad Radwell," she paused to give Chanel # 6 a
taunting smirk, who barely refrained from scowling, "Our couple name was Chadnel—simple, elegant, and easily associated with the two of us."

Her friends nodded eagerly.

"Well now it has come time to choose the portmanteau for my new relationship with Gracie, so, Chandels, show me what you've got," Chanel challenged.

She strutted over to her favorite seat in her closet while the other three leapt to their feet and hustled over to the conveniently placed rolling whiteboard. Each girl grabbed a dry erase marker and took position, ready and eager to please.

Chanel settled down comfortably in her seat, studied the three girls, taking a sip from her drink.

"All right, ladies, let's begin. Number three, you go first," she decided.

Chanel # 3 nodded, and then turned around to write down her option on the board in green marker.

"Chace," she said loudly, turning back to look at her audience—Chanel. "It's simple, super cute, and it instantly brings to mind the truly devastatingly gorgeous Chace Crawford from the aspirational drama Gossip Girl. Nothing says class quite like sleeping with your girlfriend's best friend at a wedding." Chanel # 3 held her head high, certain her choice was the best.

Chanel # 6 barely managed to hide her eye-rolling and Chanel # 5's mouth got all pinched and her eyes narrowed like they always did when she was afraid she was going to lose.

Chanel raised a delicate eyebrow at her choice, took a sip from her drink, and proceeded to tear it to pieces.

"That's a man's name, Number Three, not a portmanteau, no one is going to think Chanel Oberlin and Grace Gardner, they're going to think 'Chase, from my art class, yeah he's a loser'." Chanel scowled and Chanel # 3 visibly deflated. "NEXT!" She turned to look at Chanel # 6.

"What do you have for me, Six?" she demanded.

Chanel # 6 eagerly turned around to write her option in her orange.

"Granel!" Chanel # 6 declared with enthusiasm. "It is completely unique, no one will ever mistake it for a man's name—" she shot a victorious look at Chanel # 3 who scowled at her. "And it stands out from all the other lame, boring couple names." Chanel # 6 raised her chin, smirking proudly.

Chanel stared at her.

"It sounds like 'granule'," she said flatly. "As in, did you use a granule OF SENSE WHEN YOU WERE THINKING THAT ONE UP?" she yelled.

Chanel # 6 pouted, defeated.

Chanel drank angrily from her glass.

"All right, Number Five, wow me!" she commanded.

Chanel # 5 nodded eagerly, spinning on her heel to write down her chosen portmanteau on blue.

"Okay, so I chose Gracenel," she began once she was facing Chanel again. She smiled, clearly pleased with herself. "It's super simple and totally cute and everyone will know it means Grace and
Chanel," she concluded happily.

Chanel blinked rapidly.

"Are you HIGH, NUMBER FIVE?" Chanel shrieked, practically tossing her glass down on the table while she stood up, hands fisted at her sides. "Gracenel is basically the same thing as Chadnel, everyone is going to think that I reuse portmanteau ideas or worse—that my previous relationship with Chad is more important than my current one WITH GRACIE," Chanel rambled, her voice rising to a shriek at the end.

"I'm sorry, Chanel," Chanel # 5 whimpered, her pretty blue eyes wide and desperately seeking her approval as ever.

Before Chanel could continue, her closet door opened and in came Grace and Zayday.

"Hey babe, what are you guys up to?" Grace asked, smiling at her girlfriend. Chanel gave her a wincing smile back, still visibly upset.

"I am trying to find the perfect portmanteau for us, but these Neanderthals are giving me nothing," Chanel hissed, glaring at the Chanels.

Chanel # 6, in turn, glared at Chanel # 3—who looked bored—and Chanel # 5—who looked three seconds from begging for mercy on her knees.

Zayday widened her eyes and shook her head, staying silent. Grace was not completely sane for dating Chanel Freakin' Oberlin, but it wasn't her place to judge.

Grace gently touched Chanel's elbow comfortingly.

"Chanel, it's fine, I'm sure they're trying their hardest, and we don't need a portmanteau right now," Grace soothed, using her best reasoning voice.

Chanel pouted.

"Number Five just suggested we basically reuse the formula for Chadnel, I highly doubt she put that much effort into it," she told her, tossing a mean look at Chanel # 5, who pouted, which only pissed Chanel off even more. "God, Number Five, why are you such a wiener?" she demanded.

Zayday bit her lip, trying not to laugh at Chanel's juvenile insult. Grace tossed a deeply disapproving look over her shoulder at her, sensing her best friend's amusement.

"Chanel, we talked about this, you don't treat your friends that way," Grace scolded. Chanel pouted.

"But Grace-y—"she whined. Grace shook her head firmly, gently laying her palms on Chanel's shoulders.

"You treat your friends with respect and kindness," Grace said sternly. "And you don't use them to recreate your past abusive relationships with you in the position of power," she added.

Chanel pouted, looking slightly chastened.

"You should really apologize," Grace said. "To all of them."

Chanel heaved a deep dramatic sigh, turning back to the other Chanels.
"Libby, Sadie, Hester," she started, using their real names—because Gracie said that using their real names meant she was really sincere. "I'm sorry for calling you Neanderthals and insulting your portmanteau choices," she droned obediently, still getting use to the whole genuinely apologetic thing. "And Libby, I'm sorry for calling you a wiener," she added before Grace could prompt her.

Grace beamed and gave her a sweet kiss on the cheek which made it all worth it in Chanel's opinion.

Hester, Libby, and Sadie all graciously accepted her apology, Hester's eyes firmly fixed on Grace, eager for approval.

Not wanting to seem like a total softie, Chanel scowled again, looking up at her girlfriend through her false eyelashes.

"We still don't have a good portmanteau," she reminded her.

Grace patted her shoulder sympathetically.

"Well Zayday and I are here now, so we can totally help," Grace assured her. At the mention of Grace's best friend, Chanel turned and gave her an almost sincere smile.

"Nice to see you Zayday, won't you please sit down?" she chimed dutifully. Zayday gave her an amused look.

"Good to see you too, Chanel, I'd love to," she replied, playing along. She sat down, crossed her arms, and waited for the show to continue.

Grace gently guided Chanel back into her seat and waved the other Chanels off, staring at the board.

Hester sat on the edge of her seat, her eyes burning holes into the side of Grace's head, and Libby frantically tried to keep Chanel from noticing. Even Grace's presence wouldn't stop the chaos that would follow if Chanel recognized the signs.

"While everyone did put a fantastic effort into this project," Grace began, "Gracenel is super cute, Libby," she praised the blonde, who flushed with pride, and Chanel crossed her eyes in disgust at her girlfriend's kindness. "None of these are quite right for Chanel and I," she said simply, and the other girls nodded in agreement.

"What are we gonna do?" Chanel whined. "We need a portmanteau, Gracie, every celebrity couple has a portmanteau," she insisted.

Grace gave her an amused look.

"We're not celebrities, babe," Grace reminded her. Chanel gave her an affronted look.

"Speak for yourself, sweetie, I'm already well on my way to being the next Paris Hilton," she insisted. "Except without the stupid catchphrase," she added. 'I'm already Insta-famous," she reminded her. Grace giggled a little but nodded like she took her completely seriously.

"I don't really have anything to contribute, do I have to stay?" Zayday asked, looking slightly bored. She loved Grace, but she didn't care about any celebrity couple name nonsense. Grace gave her a look.

"Yes, Zayday, you have to stay," Grace told her firmly.
"Um hello? Does anyone have a decent idea for our extremely important couple name, or are we just randomly hanging out in my closet in the presence of a rolling whiteboard?" Chanel sassed. Grace gave her an unimpressed look.

"Dean Munsch calls you guys 'Curly Sue and her Evil Barbie', you guys could just use that," Sadie suggested. Zayday snorted in disbelief.

"No, it's too long and too general!" Chanel dismissed it. Grace waved her off.

"Don't worry Zayday, you won't have to stay very long because I have the perfect one," Grace told them all, striding forward to wipe all the other options off the board with the dry eraser.

Chanel leaned back and raised her chin, ready to be unimpressed. Libby and Sadie looked mildly intrigued, and Hester looked manically interested, sitting on the edge of her seat and leaning forward in order to indicate maximum interest. Zayday mostly just looked amused.

"While everyone's ideas were very good effort, you were all focused on our first names, Chanel and Grace," she began. "None of you thought to consider our last names, Oberlin and Gardner."

In pink dry erase marker, Grace wrote her idea on the board.

"Oberner," she said simply, smiling in satisfaction.

The Chanels held their breath, waiting to see their leader's reaction. Zayday nodded approvingly.

Chanel sat up and grinned at Grace.

"It's perfect!" she declared, jumping to her feet, teetering over on her designer heels to give Grace a rewarding kiss. The Chanels clapped eagerly.

Chanel spun around to give them their orders.

"Girls, start hashtagging! I want this trending on twitter by the end of the day, tag everyone you know, tag everyone at this school! Oberner is the new hot topic!" she started, rattling off instructions at warped speed.

The three girls whipped out their phones and started tweeting frantically.

"Number Five, get to the print shop, tell them you need one hundred Hashtag Team Oberner shirts in peach pink with robin's egg blue writing, stat!" she ordered.

Libby nodded viciously, taking off to do as she said, stumbling in her eagerness to follow orders.

"That's peach pink and robin's egg blue, no substitutions!" She called after her retreating form. Hester and Sadie trailed after her, typing away on their phones.

"Remember, Team Oberner!" Chanel called after them gaily.

She turned back to Grace, who gave her a playful smile.

"So it looks like we're portmanteau official," she teased.

"Damn right, Gardner," she replied, grabbing Grace by the collar to plant an eager kiss on her mouth.

Zayday took the opportunity to slip out of the room before someone ordered her to start tweeting.
"Good luck, girl," she muttered under her breath, shaking her head. She really didn't know what Grace saw in Chanel.

In her room, she sprawled out on her bed. She stared at the ceiling.

"What the hell?" she declared out loud, shrugging and pulling her phone out.

"I'm #TeamOberner all the way, and I'm not afraid to admit it #ProudShipper #KappaKappaTau," Zayday dictated out loud as she typed. Satisfied with her tweet, she hit post. "The things I do for friendship," she muttered.

End Notes

Curly Sue and her Evil Barbie is actually my tumblr tag for Oberner:P

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