

Wedding from Hell

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Basically, this is just a weird roleplaying thing that my friends and I did online. It was so hilarious I decided to write a fic about it! Felix is from Golden Sun and the twins are mini-versions of the Twins from Matrix Reloaded.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/KookiNish/3058/Wedding-from-Hell>

Chapter 1 - Why Teens/Virtual Heroes Don't Get Married...

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"Yo, Felix, you nervous?" called Arch from the side of the room, sweeping her newly cut black hair behind her ears. She grinned. Felix, muttering to himself didn't notice for a while.

"Huh, what? I'm busy. Call back later," he mumbled.

"Someone's touchy," said Arch, pulling out a GameBoy from her pocket. "Nooo, I can't lose! I'm supposed to be invincible!" Arch punched buttons frantically. Nish peered over Arch's shoulder.

"Ooh, use flame! Use flame!"

"Nah," replied Arch, "only someone with your skills would do that."

"Hmph. Of course my superior gaming knowledge far surpasses yours," claimed Nish, snorting. She looked up to see a red faced Felix kissing his reflection in the mirror fiercely. Nish nudged Arch and pointed.

"Uh... Felix?" Felix looked up and noticed the stares in his direction. "Sorry, just practicing for the big night." He smiled sheepishly. "Don't tell Megz, k?"

Nish and Arch looked at each other and both started cracking up at the same instant.

"What's so funny?" inquired Eric, curiously, dragging his feet as he strolled through the door.

"Hey, little bro," called Arch, patting him on the shoulder. Eric glared.

"I'm not. Your. Little. Bro." He paused for a minute. "Eejit," he muttered.

Nish laughed. "Eejits!"

Zam chuckled as she plopped herself down on a couch. "Ooof," she exclaimed as two blurred white balls threw themselves at her.

"We're going to a wedding! We're going to a wedding!" A pair of twin kindergarten viruses grinned up at Zam.

"Now, I don't want any fooling around," said Zam.

"We'll be good!" chorused the Twins, nodding solemnly. They hid silly string behind their backs. Zam stroked their identical white dreadlocks. She had decked them up in matching trenchcoats that created a very – startling effect. Twin One twirled a short razor like a baton. Twin Two reached out and grabbed it from the air. Both of them started scuffling on the floor.

A rattling noise from the doorknob caused Arch to look up. "Megan!" she yelled. Felix hid the mirror behind his back, turning slightly red.

"Hi, Megan," he said. The twins scampered over to Megan and hugged her legs. "Wedding! Wedding! Wedding!" they chanted.

"We can have the wedding!" yelled Arch.

"Not yet!" yelled Nish back. "We need Fett!"

"And Bion!" added Zam.

"Stupid boys," said Arch, furiously, "Always late."

Megan stared at everyone. "What insane company I'm in." She shrugged. "Fun..."

Sarah, who had been scribbling away on some song or another, looked up. "No! Now!" Arch, Nish, and Zam both shook their heads. Everyone turned to Megan.

"Me? I have to choose? Fine, then. We'll wait," she said firmly.

"Definitely. And that's final," put in Zam, as Emily walked in the room.

"What's final?" she asked, looking around.

"We're waiting for Fett for the wedding," supplied Nish, helpfully.

"Oooh," said Emily. "Hi everyone." An assortment of "hellos" followed that statement.

"Well, until the "all mighty Fett" arrives, Megan has work to do." Megan tromped into a nearby room. Emily followed to "assist."

"Hey, what about the all mighty me?" asked Eric.

"Yeah, an all might shorty," said Arch, sticking her tongue out.

"Grr. Arm wrestle?" asked Eric, flexing his arm.

"Uh..." Arch looked up innocently.

"Heh, she's just afraid to lose. Mwahaha," said Nish, sticking her tongue out.

"I am not!" exclaimed Arch. "I'm just... getting ready for the wedding. Yeah, that's it." Arch nodded. Zam and Nish looked at each other and broke into laughter.

"Want cake! When's the wedding starting?" demanded One.

“Yeah, cake!” called Two.

“Eventually,” said Sarah, sighing.

“Fett!” yelled Arch. “Now we can really have the wedding!”

“Yay!” called the twins and Trin Trin, who had just emerged from Megan’s room.

“Fett, you’re late!” admonished Nish, as the former walked in, nonchalantly playing Golden Sun.

“Traffic was bad,” shrugged Fett.

“No excuses!” replied Arch.

“Nope, nope,” tutted Nish. She laughed. Arch hugged Fett.

“Off the Fett!” he growled. “Where’d your plushie go?”

“It doesn’t squeak, though,” complained Arch. “But Nish does!” Following through, Arch squeezed Nish, earning herself a long, drawn out “squeeeeak.”

“Fett!” exclaimed Megan as she walked out of her room, decked in a lavender dress with silver necklace, earring, and bracelet set. Felix smiled and kissed her on the cheek.

“You look marvelous, dear,” he proclaimed. Fett yawned, bored with the proceedings.

“Can we start now?” he asked.

“Yes!” chorused Sarah and Arch.

“Okay, places everyone!” Arch grabbed a clipboard and started checking off items and names. As everyone started shuffling to the random assortment of chairs scattered about the room, a disturbance near the door caused heads to turn.

The sound of a slap followed by a slammed door followed. Nish raised her eyebrows, then shrugged. “Just get on with it.” Emily strode out of the room, shortly followed by Megan, who had replaced the mirror as Felix’s ‘practice.’

“Hurry up! The wedding’s started, you two!” called Arch.

“Ach, c’mon Felix!” said Megan as she broke off the kiss and started walking towards Fett.

“Wait, how can it start without us?” questioned Felix.

“Good question,” said Arch. “Not! Just get married already.”

“Can I be the flower girl?” asked Michelle.

“Shut up!” yelled Arch. “Please,” she added, as an afterthought. Michelle pretended to pout and sat down. Zam grabbed a machine gun and paraded it around like a bouquet of flowers.

Nish sniffed. “So beautiful,” she said, rolling her eyes. Megan laughed. Fett sighed impatiently.

“Ready?” he demanded, irritably.

“Yes!” came the loud reply from Arch.

“Good... Marriage,” he said. “Marriage is the reason we are here today, just as agents are probably the reason Bion is not here.” He smiled gleefully at Megan. “And I want half of the five hundred bucks now.”

Megan turned to Felix. Shrugging, he presented Fett with two hundred fifty dollars in cash. “Wow,” whispered Nish, “he’s a thief’s paradise.”

Two tugged on Fett’s shirt and handed him some money. “That’s for extra cake.” He grinned.

Felix looked sadly at his former money, now resting in Fett’s hands. “Where’s the dowry, dear?” he asked Megan.

“Uh... in the laundry?” she replied, glaring reprovingly at the groom.

“Shut it,” said Fett.

“Moving on,” said Megan, gesturing for Fett to continue.

“When these two met a few weeks ago, nobody except me – me I tell you, me – thought they’d be here. But did you listen to Fett? Noo, no one cares what Fett thinks!”

“NOOOOO! You can’t get married!”

“I object!”

Everyone turned around surprise, as Duke and Red (the red headed girl) burst in. “Shut up,” said Fett, irritated at the interruption of his rant. “Anyway, before that guy broke in, I was saying–”

“Megan!” Duke cut in, dashing forward and picking up Megan. Fett growled and pulled out a knife. Duke started running towards the exit. A conveniently placed foot in the aisle tripped him and sent Megan flying.

“Megan!” cried Felix, dashing out, arms flailing, to catch her. He fell flat on the floor and skidded to a halt as Megan fell on top of him. He kissed her.

“Okay, how about we all shut up and let Fett talk,” suggested Sarah, shaking her head in amazement. Megan nodded in agreement.

“Wait! Megan! My love!” Duke shouted as he picked himself off the floor.

Felix flipped Duke off and carted Megan back to Fett. “– Ergo Felix is an inherent to the system but ‘concordedly’ remains human visa vie something and so forth.”

Arch rolled her eyes. “Okay, okay. Can they kiss now?”

“And these two are getting married; now where are the bloody rings?”

“Uh...” Felix dug around in a pocket. “I know it’s in here somewhere...”

“Got ‘em!” said Vlad, as he walked in.

“Who are you?” asked Felix.

“No clue,” replied Vlad, “But I’ve got the rings.” He chucked them at Felix and walked out.

“That was... interesting,” shrugged Megan. Felix and Megan exchanged rings.

“I now pronounce – wait, I’ve forgotten something.” Fett pondered a moment. “Oh yeah! Anyone who opposes the wedding, speak now or forever hold your peace blah blah.”

In the back of the room, a voice that sounded oddly like Nish’s shouted, “HYPER!” The twins poured sugar down their throats.

“Five... four.... three... two...” counted Fett.

“I object!” burst out Red.

“They shouldn’t!” yelled Duke. Felix’s temper snapped and he chucked a slippery crocodile heart at Duke’s face. Duke promptly tackled Felix and violent scuffling broke out. Red threw herself at Megan. “Lock her in the closet!” called Duke as he threw a punch at Felix. Felix deflected the punch and kicked Duke.

Amidst the noise, Fett was trying impatiently to get on with the wedding. “So if there are any more objections – okay, I cannot work in this.” He threw the book down on the floor. “I’m leaving!”

He stomped towards the door. “Oh no you don’t,” said Zam, dragging Fett back.

Felix shook off Duke and ran to the closet where Megan and Red were furiously “discussing” matters. “Get off me, freak!” exclaimed Megan, as Felix drew closer.

Felix thrust the redhead into Duke’s arms. “Felix, I’m your true love!” declared Red sincerely.

Fett shouted over the mayhem. “Do you promise to love Felix forever and all that crud, Megan?”

“Um... yeah, I do.” Megan sighed. “Wait, that didn’t come out the way it was supposed to.”

“What?” said Fett loudly. “Fine, time for drastic measures.” He held a blaster to Arch’s head. “Okay, everyone shut up or she gets it.” He looks at his target. “Wait, it’s Arch.”

“Yeah, eejit. See if I hug you again.”

“Wow, I should hold a blaster to your head more often then.”

Arch stuck her tongue out at Fett. She hugged him.

“Ahem. Off the Fett.”

“Wait, Felix didn’t say I do,” cried Megan.

“I do!” came the yell from amidst a sword fight with Duke.

“Great, you’re married,” said Fett, “now give me my money.”

“No way!” exclaimed Megan. She snatched Felix’s \$250 from Fett’s pocket.

Felix meanwhile had forced back Duke’s attack to the window. Nish dashed forward and defenestrated the intruder.

“Can I go yell good bye?” asked Megan.

“Megan, marriage is a contract,” said Felix reproachfully.

“Okay, fine. But at least let me defenestrate Red.”

“Done deal.” Megan grabbed the redhead and promptly chucked her out of the window.

Returning to Felix, she found herself captured in his arms, the receiver of a fierce kiss.

“They’re married!” yelled Arch happily.

“Yay!” called Sarah, who had been running around with a camera, trying to catch all the action.

“Wait! They still have to sign the papers!” called Nish.

“Don’t be an eejit,” said Arch disdainfully. “They kissed. It’s good enough.”

“They’ve been kissing since the day they met, oh eejitic one,” retorted Nish. She slammed some forms on the table and directed Megan and Felix to sign. They took a short break from kissing and signed the papers.

“They’re married again!” yelled Arch.

“Oy, where’s the cake?” asked Eric.

“Cake! Cake! Cake!” the twins catcalled.

Felix shoved a cart with the cake on it at Eric, but stole a slice first. He broke it in half and shoved it in Megan’s mouth before she could refuse. Fett resigned himself to his moneyless fate and took half the cake as his self-invested payment instead. He shoved it in his mouth before anyone could comment.

“Fett!” exclaimed the twins in dismay. “We wanted that!” said One.

“One more kiss! For the camera!” Arch grinned.

Felix kissed Megan passionately as Sarah started snapping photos.

“Okay, wedding’s over,” said Arch, gobbling up some cake.

“Honeymoon!” yelled Nish.

“Where’s the honeymoon?” asked Arch curiously.

“In there,” Eric told her, pointing towards the bedroom. Nish and Fett broke out laughing.

“Have fun,” warned Nish, “but not too much fun.” Megan broke off her kissing spree long enough to glare at Nish.

“Well, where ever they go, I’ll give them 11 minutes,” declared Zam. She winked.

“Megan doesn’t want that,” said Arch earning a look of gratitude from Megan. “Yet.” She winked.

“Arch!” Megan glared.

“Okay, now we become normal,” said Arch.

“Are we ever normal?” inquired Nish.

“Not that I know of,” replied Eric, stuffing some more cake in his mouth.

“Yeah, little bro. You’re always strange.”

“Grr,” Eric growled. “Who’re you calling little?”

“You,” answered Arch, standing up.

“Oh yeah?” said Eric, getting up on his chair. Twin Two ran by, knocking the chair as he went. “Ah!” yelled Eric as the chair collapsed underneath him.

“Haha,” said Arch, yanking him up again.

Megan and Felix stood up and joined the crowd again as the cake supply dwindled. The twins held out the last piece of cake to Fett.

“Thanks,” he said gruffly, holding out his hands.

“Welcome,” they chorused, and promptly split it and popped it in their mouths. Fett growled. The twins ran away screaming.

“Fett! Don’t be mean!” said Zam.

Megan and Felix sat down on the couch next to Nish and Arch. Megan showed Felix a piece of paper with his name scribbled all over it. Felix laughed and showed Megan a piece of paper with her name scribbled all over it.

“It’s love!” called Nish over Arch’s head. Felix and Megan started kissing again.

“Ach,” said Arch, edging away from them. Nish just grabbed the pair and thrust them in a closet.

“Remember all I did for you, Felix!” yelled Fett through the door as he installed a hidden camera in a peephole.

“Fett! Don’t be evil!” said Michelle.

“Who me?” asked Fett innocently. He grinned. “It’s only Felix. I’m sure he doesn’t mind. Right Felix?”

“I’m a bit busy right now. Leave a message after the beep.”

“I guess we’ll never know,” said Nish, cracking up.

“Thus ends the wedding,” sighed Arch contentedly. “Good cake, it was.”

“Definitely,” said Eric, frosting smeared on his face.

“Uncivilized,” muttered Arch, cracking a smile. Nish chortled.

“Hey, guys?” asked Emily, thoughtfully.

“Yeah?”

“I want to get married too!” she exclaimed.

“Uh-oh.” Arch laughed nervously.

“Yay! More cake!” shouted One, as Two smacked his lips.

“Yum, cake.” Eric smiled in appreciation.

“Here we go again...” said Nish, winking at Zam. “So, Emily, what kind of wedding do you want?”

The End... Or is it Déjà Vu?