

*[The following is a non-profit fan-based parody. Monster Musume (Kala's home continuum) was created by Okayado. Doctor Who (the Notary's home continuum) is owned by BBC.*

*The characters I own are Valon, Kala, Adèle, Zeke, Chakkik, Gabby, Stephanie, Publica, Leyuu, and the happy couple's families.*

*The Notary belongs to Scapegrace, the Aviator is Iximaz's character, and Falchion is SkarmorySilver's.*

*I hope you enjoy!]*

The gazebo that served as the altar stood spotless and white in front of the rows of seats. Inside stood a tall, pallid man, remarkably better-dressed than usual. However, the flamboyantly-robed, dark-skinned woman next to him seemed to be giving him some discomfort.

"Notes? Please promise me that you won't insult Kala this time. I'd rather not have this day ruined by my fiancée being thrown into DIA Central and you into Medical."

The Notary, resplendent in enormous black robes and a white Big Stupid Collar that in no way made her look like the mast and sails of a funeral barge, eyed Valon with a look that wasn't so much hateful as positively genocidal. "Rest assured, human, I will treat your wife with the fullest possible courtesy befitting her station."

"Somehow I'm not reassured. Just remember: you mess this up, you don't get any cake. My mother is awesome at baking."

"Which I shall take as meaning anyone with taste will only projectile vomit a mere *fifty* feet. One wonders what she made of the blushing bride. Possibly something on a stick. Do humans eat scorpions? It would by no means surprise me." Before Valon could respond, the Notary smoothed her robes and continued. "Fret not, o ye of little standards, the ceremony will be officiated properly. If it isn't I can't claim it back as a tax rebate."

"Heart and soul of generosity, aren't ya?"

"And of good taste. Be off with you, human, we're both about to be extremely busy, though you might want to wait for the honeymoon since I'm sure the dress code didn't include blindfolds."

Valon decided not to dignify that with a response. And anyway, he didn't need to — for next moment, there was the *patter patter patter* of someone pelting towards the group.

Falchion burst in on the scene, skidding to a halt in front of Valon. "Guh! I'm so *laaaaaate!* Sorry was talking with friends it won't happen again I swear—"

"Uh. The music hasn't started. You're fine."

"Wait, what? I'm actually early?" He sighed and rubbed his temple. "Oh, thank Arceus! I was so worried! I hope I won't have to deliver my speech like, right *now*, I mean... I kinda have to prepare for it, mentally speaking..."

"... you haven't come up with a single word, have you?"

"I *swear* I prepared something last night! I just haven't had as much time to work on it as I wanted!"

"Well, I actually wasn't expecting a speech, so it's nice that you at least tried to think of something."

"Yeah, well, anything for a friend, I guess. Oh, and Valon? I never got to say congratulations in person. So, uh, yeah. Congrats to you both!"

"Thanks." Valon grinned broadly.

Barely a moment later, the Aviator emerged from the bridal tent and skirted the edges of the Courtyard to make her way to the gazebo. She took her place and smiled at Valon. "Just another minute to go," she said.

"Yup. Glad you could make it, Ave." Valon gave her a grin as well, though he seemed apprehensive. "Can hardly wait. Highly nervous. So many people. Nng."

"Deep breaths," the Aviator reminded him. "It won't do to have the groom passing out."

Valon did his best to follow her advice. "Haven't been to a wedding in... six years? I remember doing a diving catch for the garter. Didn't get anything but a faceplant. Weird what you remember."

“Last one I went to was four hundred and forty years ago,” the Aviator said, sticking her tongue out. “I win.”

Adèle Bowen, seated somewhere in the back row next to Zeke, zipped off to the side and set an old phonograph to spinning, before darting back to her place. The Bridal March filled the air as the guests all stood to welcome the bride.

Kala Jeng’s eight legs tapped into the earth, her younger sister carelessly tossing flower petals in front of her. Her hair, normally tied up in a loose sidetail, was let down, flowing past her shoulders just short of the back of her dress. The white skirt of her wedding gown was draped over her scorpion half, the train splitting to accommodate her tail. Her hands were clasped in front of her, holding a bouquet of red and white roses.

Valon couldn’t help but stare.

The bride’s legs made an audible *thunk-thunkthunk* as they hit the wood of the gazebo, and Kala joined her husband-to-be at the altar. The Notary cleared her throat before beginning...

“Nearly beloved, we are gathered here today,” the Notary intoned, and then whispered “perhaps against our better judgment—”

Kala’s eye twitched, and Valon gave the Notary a warning look.

“... We are gathered here today,” the Notary continued, “to join Valon Jason Vance and Kala Charani Jeng in lawfully wedded bliss. Mawwiage is indeed what bwings us here today.”

There was a slight pause.

“That’s the bit you’re supposed to laugh at, for the hard of thinking in the audience.”

“A-*hem*. Notes...” Valon’s whisper was urgent.

“Therefore, I must caution the happy couple. Marriage is not to be entered lightly, but passionately, reverently, and, in this particular case, with the aid of powerful hallucinogenics and probably a hefty dose of Forget-43 for the obstetrician.”

“*No-otes*...” Valon’s low sing-song voice failed to get the Notary’s attention.

“Do you have the rings?”

Valon nodded at his brother, who brought them forward. One ring bore an amethyst, the other a bit of tourmaline.

The Notary looked at them with an expression of not quite total disgust. “Exactly what I might have expected from humans. Now, of course, we reach the fun part. If there is anyone among you who can think of any reason why this marriage should be impeded — besides the obvious terrifying prospect of union twixt man and peculiarly buxom arachnid — form an orderly queue at the back.”

“*NOTES!*” Valon’s hiss got her attention. “I will *publicly announce* your ex-girlfriend if you keep this up.” Kala looked about to lose her composure.

“Your aspersions as to my previous regenerations are noted,” The Notary replied. Then she caught Kala’s volcanic expression, patted her pockets for her remote activator, and realised with a slightly brittle smile that it was on her dresser. “And fully appreciated, fully appreciated, let’s not too badly insult the liminal with the snippy things in striking distance. Valon Vance, do you take Kala Jeng to be your wife, to have and to hold, for better or worse, in good times and bad, in mental sickness and in health, till death do you part?”

Valon spoke with a conviction that he’d never felt before. “I do.”

“And do YOU, Kala Jeng, take Valon Vance to be your husband, to have and to presumably very carefully hold, for better or worse, in good times and in bad, in mental sickness and in health, till his halves do you part?”

Kala clenched her teeth and focused all of her attention on Valon. “I... I do. As long as we both live, I will love Valon Vance.” She lowered her voice and hissed at the Notary. “And for *your* information, my pincers never touch Valon. They’re for people I hate.”

The Notary glanced around at the congregation. “In the absence of the Ironic Overpower producing some saviour screaming ‘I object!’ at the top of their lungs or similar organs, my hand is forced. By the power invested in me by whichever of the Flowers was tricked into signing off on this omnishambles, I now pronounce you man and arthropod. Wife. I meant wife. You may now kiss the bride.”

Valon lifted the veil from Kala's eyes, took her hand in his own, and reeled her in, their lips meeting. They stayed there for a moment, oblivious to everything but each other, as the guests stood and applauded.

"Right, that's that dealt with, leave them to it, cocktail nibbles that aren't bits of the groom are served somewhere over there and I have filing to do." The Notary pelted off towards HQ at a pace that would have been shockingly fast had she not tripped on an ornamental flower bed and smashed into the ground at pace.