

GOING TO THE CHAPEL

A Faustus and Co story

By pwatson1974

Samantha rolls over in the bed, pulling the covers with her, her pale arm stretching out over Marcel's chest. She purrs softly, stroking her hand over the dark skin, feeling him breathing slowly. She snuggles up against him, worming her way along his strong arm. She slows, feeling him tense. "Mmmmm, something wrong, lover?"

Marcel opens one eye. "Shouldn't you be asleep? Damn near wore me out."

Samantha beams up at him, "Awwww, did poor little Marcel let the big bad Sammy wear him out?" She teases, circling her finger around his chest.

"Maybe."

"But that isn't what's wrong, is it?"

"No."

"Come on, tell me what it is."

"It's, it's nothing."

"Sure sounds like something to me. I'm not going to have to get rough, am I?"

Marcel takes a deep breath and releases, "Promise you won't laugh?"

"Oooh, now it is sounding interesting."

"Sam, I'm serious."

"Ok, ok, I promise not to laugh. So, what is it?"

"I've, I've got something to show you."

"Oh? I thought I'd seen pretty much everything you had to show me already." Her hand strays under the covers.

"Sam, please."

"Oh, alright." She rolls off him, arms folded as she sits up, "But this had better be good."

"I hope it is." He murmurs pulling the covers off and reaching into the bedside table. He gets off the bed, "Samantha, I, I love you and, no, that's not right, I need to do this properly." He turns to face her, going down on one knee and opening a small box, a thin gold band inside, "Samantha, will you marry me?"

Samantha stares at the ring.

"Sam?"

She looks up at him, tears brimming in her eyes. “Oh, you silly, sweet, wonderful man!” she nearly flies across the bed, wrapping her arms around his neck, almost knocking him back. “Of course! Nothing’s going to make me happier! Nothing!” she kisses him deeply.

Morning arises, light filtering in through the edges of the curtains. Sam blinks, “Mmmm. That was a nice dream.” She murmurs, before she glances at the dresser, where a small black jewellery box is still sitting. “Not a dream. Better.” She opens the box, slipping the plain gold band onto her finger.

Breakfast, the table laden with pancakes, syrup and a bowl of cereal, “You’re what????!!”

Sam holds up her hand, the ring shining, “I’m engaged.”

“That’s great.”

“Ooooh, congratulations!”

“So, when’s the wedding?”

Sam looks over at Marcel.

“It’s Friday.”

“Friday???”

“This Friday?”

He nods.

“I thought he was the magician aroun’ here. But if you can conjure up a wedding in a week…”

“Where’s the shotgun?” a voice asks.

“What?”

“Who said that?”

The wall of the kitchen bulges, a face forming, looking like a face pushed up against thin rubber, blurred and detailless, a thin film stretching over its mouth and eyes, “Who do you think said it?”

“Is that you, ‘Dell? What did you mean?”

“Yeah, it’s me. You’re not the only ones learning new tricks. And what did you think I meant? A couple having lots and lots of vigorous bedroom gymnastics are getting married in a hurry. Doesn’t take a genius to figure out what’s going on.”

All eyes turn towards Sam who glares at the bulge in the wall. “Just the sort of nasty, vicious remark I’d expect from a know-nothing, no-moral little crook like you!” she snaps, “We’re getting married now because we don’t see any point in hanging around for ages when we know we love each other!”

“And it’s not as if Vegas has a shortage o’ places t’ get married in.”

“Going for high-class, are you? Maybe Weddings While U Wait?”

Sam's grip on her knife tightens, her knuckles turning white.

"Dell, I think you'd better go." Paul says quietly, laying a hand on Sam's arm.

"What? Why?"

"Because." He pushes his hand towards the wall and the bulge flattens out with a muffled yelp. He turns to Samantha. "Have you got the dress sorted out? Vows?"

Samantha blinks, her grip on the knife becoming a little less likely to crush the handle, "Dress? Oh, God, I haven't even got a dress! I can't get married without a dress!"

Marcel places his hands on her shoulders, almost covering them, "It'll be all right, Sam. You could get married in burlap, wouldn't make a difference to me."

"Yeah, well, you're a man. You wouldn't understand."

"Sam, I'm not marrying a dress, I'm marrying the woman in it. Would you mind if I wasn't in a monkey suit?"

Sam leans her head back to look up at him, "Hell, yes! We're doing this properly!"

"Marcel, take her out to get the dress. Give me a call when you've found something for both of you."

"It's bad luck t' see the bride in her dress b'fore the weddin'."

"You want to go shopping as well, do you, Jackie?"

"Well, we've got t' look good for the photos, haven' we?"

Paul rolls his eyes, "Fine, fine. Go shopping. Just don't bankrupt me."

"Spoilsport." Jackie smiles, kissing him on the cheek as the girls leave.

"We got to go shopping, too?"

"Why?" he snaps his fingers and Marcel is clad in dark grey morning dress.

"Why can't you do that for their clothes?"

Paul laughs, "And try and stop them going shopping? Do I look especially suicidal?"

"Guess not." He looks at the wall, "Why'd you teach 'Dell that trick with the wall? Gonna keep her around? 'Cause I think Sam might have problems with that."

"I didn't teach her anything. I guess being stuck in the van all the time, she's learning how to move around it."

"Oh, Boss, we're only taking the gold card. See you later!"

Mandalay Bay, Las Vegas' premiere retail experience (says so on their brochures so it must be true), "Well, that was useful." Zilvy sighs, dragging her hands through the bubbling pools outside Shanghai Lily's, "We found that the boss's gold card doesn't cover anything like a wedding dress."

“Mmm.” Petra murmurs noncommittally, staring at the opposite wall and the sliced statue bodes resting in the alcoves.

Zilvara smiles and flicks her fingers at her.

“HEY!! What’s the big idea?” Petra turns, wiping the spray from her face, to see Zilvara looking around with far-too casual innocence.

“You want to be up there, don’t you?”

“Who? Me?” Petra blushes, “Well, maybe a little bit.”

“Le’s see, statue,” Jackie starts counting off on her fingers, “separated, an’ on display. I’d say that was three major kinks o’ yours right there.”

Petra’s blush deepens.

“I can think of someone better to put up there. That’d shut her up for a bit. Maybe we could leave her there.”

“Oh, fer chrissakes, Sam, change th’ record. It’s not like she’s an axe murderer. Hell, she’s a teenager. Stealin’s the least of the things he can grow out of.”

“I can’t believe how you always defend her. She kidnapped us.”

“Only technically. She thought she was stealin’ a van, an’ even that was ‘cause her Da’ told her to. B’sides, who hasn’ done a little bit o’ shopliftin’ when they’re young an’ stupid?” she looks at the others, “No’ even a tube o’ lipstick from one o’ the fancy stores that practically charge ye for breathin’ in ‘em? God, you must have been fun t’ be with.”

“Well, thank you, Jackie, for revealing your former life of crime, but we were talking about the current thief loose in our home. Maybe take her to Bellagio’s? I think the chocolate fountain there might need refilling.”

“Yeah, like the boss’ll go fer anything like that. Ye really think he’ll be up fer puttin’ her on display?”

Sam sighs, “No, I know he won’t. I just want to make sure she doesn’t spoil the wedding.”

“Don’ invite ‘er?”

“Keep this up and you won’t be invited either. I’ve already promoted Petra to maid of honour.”

“You have? Yippie! Uhm, what do I have to do?”

“Make sure Sam turns up looking perfect.”

“Oh, Ok, I can do that.”

“Not if we can’t find that dress. We’ve still got another floor to ransack.”

Later, once every store in Mandalay Bay has been thoroughly scoured for the perfect wedding dress, and come up empty, and the girls have returned in defeat to the van, “Oh, this is useless. I’m never going to find a decent dress!”

“Maybe the boss could make one?”

“Isn’t it your turn with Dell? Maybe he could make her your dress?”

“Satan will skate to work first, Zil! I’m not letting her near my wedding! She’s not going to ruin it!”

“Getting’ a wee bit paranoid, aren’ ya?”

“After learning she can spy on us in the shower from the walls? I think I’ve got a right to be paranoid!”

“Uhm, Sam, I dunno how t’ tell ya this, but if Dell wants t’ see naked women she has t’ take her top off. She disnae need to spy on us in the showers.”

“She’s right. She’s much more likely to spy on the boss or Marcel.”

“She’s been spying on my man! I’m going to kill her!”

Jackie sighs, “Thanks for that, Petra. Just, thanks.”

Later that week, Sam turns in front of the mirror, studying the dress, “Yes. That’s it. Perfect.”

Paul breathes a long sigh.

“I heard that, Mister.”

“Sorry. But the dress is now good?”

Sam looks in the mirror again, the dress reaching to the floor, completely enclosing her in white and lace. She smooths it down, staring at it again critically. “Yeah it’s good. You could have mentioned you could create the perfect dress before I spent three days looking for it, though!”

“And deprive you of the chance to max out my gold card?”

Sam sticks her tongue out at him. Faustus waves his hand, and Sam’s hair twists and curls around her face. “Ok, you’re forgiven. If those rings don’t appear on time, though, you are in so much trouble.”

“These rings?” he asks, holding up a pair of gold rings, linked together.

“Those rings. In a fit state for my man and me to wear.”

“So, now that ye’ve got ye’re dress, where are ye holdin’ this thing?”

“Oh, we found this great little chapel downtown. It’s just perfect. And Father Elvis was really nice when we went to see...”

“Father Elvis?”

“Uh-huh.”

“Where is this place?”

“It’s...”

The wall bulges out above the table, “There’s only one Father Elvis around here. He runs the Church of Blue Suede Deliverance.” Everyone looks up at Dell’s blurred face.

“The what?”

“Church of Blue Suede Deliverance, mixing two things Vegas does brilliantly: Elvis impersonators and wedding chapels. All you need to do is throw in a slot machine and...”

“Shut up! Stop spying on us, you little thief!”

“Touchy touchy. Good choice, though. What bride wouldn’t want to walk down the aisle to ‘Love Me Tender’?” a glass shatters against the bulge in the wall. “Oooh, did that hit a nerve? Still, I’m sure Father Elvis’ rhinestone jumpsuit will match your eyes. This is going to be so great to watch.”

“What?!! If you think I’m letting you within five miles of my wedding...”

“What, you’d leave your driver outside? Not very nice, that. Certainly not good enough for the King.”

“You do not...”

“I think he still sells those bracelets with WWED on them.”

“What?”

“What Would Elvis Do. Like What Would Jesus Do, but updated. Very classy. I’ll get you one for a wedding present.”

“I wouldn’t take anything you had to offer!” Sam snarls, stomping out of the room.

“Wow. She’s getting more and more short-tempered.”

“Yeah, couldn’t have anythin’ t’ do with someone constantly tryin’ t’ piss her off, could it?”

“What? Jackie, how can you say that? I’m all sweetness and light.”

Jackie shakes her head, “Don’t keep pushing, Dell. Sam’s the type who’ll push back really hard.”

“Ah, she’s all talk. What’s she gonna do? The boss ain’t gonna let her do anything too bad to me.”

“Heh. Like he wouldn’t let me do anythin’ bad t’ ya, like say eatin’ y’ all up?”

“Yeah. Just like, oh, \$*!£”

A little way away, “Ooooh, she makes me so, why couldn’t we just have turned her over to the police? She’s going to ruin tomorrow!”

“You could always vanish her before the ceremony, you know, sweets.” Marcel whispers, his arm wrapped around her.

“I could, but, it’s, oh, it’s too nice for her!”

“Well, maybe you could just turn her into something, something that won’t get in the way.”

“Oooh. Now that’s an idea. Maybe she could take part in the wedding after all.”

“Sam? What you plannin’?”

“Shhh. It’ll be a surprise. But it’ll certainly wipe the smile of her face.” She smiles, leaning into Marcel, pressing her lips along his neck.

The next day dawns, and for Paul it dawns with a loud knocking on his door, “Wha, uhh, yeah, who is it?”

“It’s Sam. Can I use up my turn on her now? I need to get ready.”

Paul looks at his watch, pulling his arm from under the covers, “Sam, it’s only 7 in the morning. You’ve got plenty of...”

“I want her out of the way. The last thing I need when I’m getting ready is for her to Poltergeist out of the wall and upset everything.”

“Ok, ok.” He rolls out of bed, rubbing his eyes, “Pushy assistants.” He mumbles, pulling on a black shirt and jeans. He yawns as he opens the door, hair still as dishevelled mess, “So, what are you going to do to her?”

“Nothing major. I just want her flat. Poster-flat.”

“I should have known.”

“Probably. Can we laundry her?”

“I thought you said that was really uncomfortable.”

“It is. That’s why I want to use it.”

He sighs, “Of course. Sure you want poster-flat?”

“Oh, yes.”

Paul opens the next door into the ‘laundry room’, where an old steam press rests along one wall.

Elsewhere, sort of, Dell wakes up, feeling the van rush around her, “Whooooaaa!” and stumbles out of the wall, “Jesus, can’t a girl get any sleep around here?!”

“Afraid not. Sam wants to get her fun in before the honeymoon.”

“But it’s the middle of the night!”

“Tough!”

“Ok, ok! Jeez! So, what do you want me for?”

Sam smiles, and pats the press, “Take a wild guess.”

Dell eyes the press and sighs, “Oh, well, I could lose a bit of weight.” She clambers onto the press, lying down the heavy lid rising by her side, a wheel like a submarine hatch on top. “This do, oh queen of the witch sound alike?”

“It’ll do.” Sam grabs the edge of the press and slams it down.

“Owwwww!!!! Jesus, what is wrong with you?? That hurt!”

“Shame.” Sam mutters, twisting the wheel, the press pushing down, the plate heating up rapidly as it presses down.

“Owwwww!!!!” Dell screams as the hot plate presses down, squeezing her onto the base. The plates come together, but Sam continues to turn until the wheel stops, the plates pressed completely together with a hiss of steam.

“Done.” She starts unwinding the wheel, “Have you managed to get Petra’s dream illusion working yet?”

“What? Oh, you mean the cubing thing? Yeah.”

Sam pulls a poster of Dell, her face in a grimace out of the press, “So you can cope with lots of pieces now?”

“I guess. Why?”

“Well, I need some confetti for the wedding, and…”

Paul sighs, “Yeah, I can stick her back together again, but she’s gonna be majorly pissed, Sam. I’m not sure if even your fortnight away is going to cool her off.”

“So? She’ll be gone by the time I get back. Anyway, she deserves it. She’s been trying to piss me off for the past month.”

“How are you going to Dellfetti her?”

“We got a crosscut shredder for the office last week. Can’t be too careful with your documents these days.”

“Or your assistants.”

“That too.” She folds the paper-thin girl up, carrying her down the corridor.

Later that day, at the Chapel of Blue Suede Deliverance, Father Elvis stands by the altar, his vestments bedecked in rhinestones, a white collar blending with the high collar of his white jumpsuit, a black quiff pulled over his balding grey hair, “Brothers and sisters,” he begins, holding out his ring-bedecked hands, lip curling up, “we are gathered here today, to witness the joinin’ o’ this man an’ this woman in the bonds ‘o holy matrimony. So if any man here present knows o’ any just cause why they should not be so bound, let him speak now, or forever after hold his peace.” A muffled sound seems to come from the small bags of confetti held by the party, but he dismisses it, “Then by the power vested in me by the great state o’ Nevada, I pronounce y’all, man and wife, in the name of the Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost and the King himself! You may kiss the bride, son.”

Marcel leans in, cupping Samantha’s face and kisses her long and deep, as the others cheer.

That evening, after spending some time collecting every last piece of Dellfetti, “So, boss, we gonna change the show for the next couple of weeks ‘til Sam gets back, or what?”

“You’ll see.” Paul replies, a grumbling jar of paper in his lap. “And as for you,” he holds up the jar, “I’ll get you sorted as soon as I catch my breath.”



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