

Always And Forever

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An elderly couple, about a century old apiece, finally get married after years of waiting. Then the man dies, and must figure out if his life was worth while living...

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Chapter 1 - Death At A Wedding

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1 - Death At A Wedding

Finally, it has happened. Even after all of these years, the magnet pull upon these old souls was strong enough to withhold. Today was the day that they were to be joined in holy matrimony. To think, the couple waited long enough. A little less than a quarter of a century to spend the rest of their lives together...

You could tell that once, a long winter ago, the bride was once a beautiful woman. What was left of her scraggly hairs were piled upon her head. To complete the French twist was a sparkling diamond covered, 24 carot tiara. Her high cheekbones were delicately done in a subtle fashion.

The teal wedding dress was just tight enough to show off what was once a pleasant figure. One could see a bit of what used to be perky, yet well endowed breasts. Even while leaning upon her cane, Ivana, now the third Missus Peter Nolan Stewart, towered well above most of the guests. Hell, even in her extreme old age, she was still quite something to look at, though not necessarily in a good way.

It was so sweet how the couple managed to still hold hands, with her height, especially with Nolan being in a wheelchair. As awkward as that succulent scene was, the smiles upon their faces surely made up for that. The utter joy on their faces was of a grander sort than one would have believed possible on such weathered skin.

Being once a grande man himself, once could not distinguish between now and his youth. Shriveled and shrunk with age, much worse off than a raisin, at one-hundred and three, he was surely not candy for the eyes. Even in his small pink tuxedo, he was practically swallowed up inside. It made Ivana look all the more imposing.

The day was by far the happiest day of both of their lives. There was not a single guest who could have been seen without a smile themselves. The air and feel of the event had seemingly been reserved for such a day.

No one, of course, could possibly tell that the atmosphere was soon to take a new wind. Even with his old age, not one soul could have believed that now, of all days, would their God choose it to be the end of a long life for the groom. Were not weddings suppose to be the start of a new life? Who, may I ask, takes into account for such things?

One moment, he was happily smiling, albeit, barely moving. But he was, in other words, alive. Then when one would least expect it, his body went limp. An utterly beautiful man then stepped form the crowd that no one seemed to notice. His golden hair whisking in an unfelt breeze. Then he embraced the cadaver in a tight squeeze, giving him animation again.

Outside of the time ravaged vessel stood a man of less than average height. His skin was that of a thick, lovely, and deep chocolate tan. The male figure stood in the nude, slowly taking in his surroundings. Perhaps, he wondered why everyone and everything seemed forever frozen in time.

Seeing the puzzled look on the man's engraved features, the golden haired angel stepped forth. He took the other man by the hand, and in a steady gait, they walked side by side. The pair did not stop until they were away from the moderate sized crowd of guests.

After what seemed like a very long while of staring into each others' eyes, the darker of the two lost his patience with all of his confusion. He then blatantly inquired, "What is this?"

"This? Oh, this is only death. Everyone dies, including you, dear friend." replied the other.

"Who-am-I?"

"You are -ahem- were a man by the name of Peter Nolan Stewart. You died on your very wedding day. You and I, we are the same. I say this, because you married my wife, you see?"

"Are you here to damn me? To punish me? Surely, I did not know who she was...I, I...," retorted Nolan, in a desperate attempt to save his immortal soul.

"Ah," smiled the golden man. "But you did know. Nice try though, Nolan. I was Roger Partin. I had only died just a few weeks ago. I do believe that you came to my funeral? I was killed, in fact. But let us save that for later. I seemed to have forgotten that you have no former remembrance, prior to this occasion."

"Why do I not remember?"

"What a simple question. The fact is to make you watch a rerun on the major points during your life, and see how your being influenced the souls around you. You see, it helps to determine the eternality of your soul."

"But what about all those people? They seemed frozen in time. Were they real? Was that hell?"

"Hell...you will find out soon enough, what that is or what it is not. But time...it is an ideology of man. And what is of man does not matter much after death, except how they lived their lives. Why do you think that you are not clothed?"

"But that hag? Who was she? Who was that dirty, sad, little man who was that chair, with wheels?"

"That hag...she was your wife. Our wife. The woman that we both lived for. And that shriveled prune of a man, that was you, my friend. Beauty does not last forever, unless two are deep in love.."

"I would never marry a repulsive thing such as that! But that aside, how can she be both yours and mine at once? Were you not already dead when we were joined together?"

"Ha! That woman, Ivana, was once a gregarious critter. Did you happen to take a look at yourself? And think of you! You as well are dead. So in that sense, she is a lone woman. But, before we bore ourselves into yet another death, let us begin..."

And so they began to review the life of Peter Nolan. To see if it was a worthwhile life to live. But most importantly, to damn him into the either the realm of complete bliss or dreaded dissatisfaction,

respectively.