



Ball and Chain



By Ardath Rekha

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Synopsis: It's wedded bliss, Riddick and Jack style. Getting there is half the fun, and all of the mayhem.

Note: Dedicated to De, from the chat room, whose amazing story about her brother's wedding inspired this monster. Woo HOO!

Category: Fan Fiction

Fandom: *Pitch Black*

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Challenges: None

Rating: M

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“You asshole! Get outta here! It’s *bad luck* to see the bride before the wedding!”

Jack shoved at the center of Riddick’s chest, trying to push him back out the doorway, but his large hand clamped around her wrist.

“Maybe you shoulda thought of that last night before you put that dress on and we fu—”

She brought her other hand up fast, covering his mouth. Behind her, she could hear the bridesmaids gasp and begin whispering. *Yeah, well, they all wish they’d been me...*

“Look,” she began, straining for reasonability. “You can’t be in here. If you’re in here, you’re gonna see naked female body parts and end up with a raging hard-on and then all the guests out there’ll get their eyes poked out and where will we be? I want people to *see* us get married. Now *get!*”

A huge grin cracked across Riddick’s face and he let her back him out the door. “Okay, I can wait for that show until after the ceremony.”

Jack smirked. “That’ll work. Now go make sure those Best Men of yours aren’t cleaning out the church or something, okay?”

“Gotcha, babe.” He gave her one of those winks that always left her weak in the knees, and she shoved him the rest of the way out of the room, closing the door before she could make a disgrace of herself in front of her bridesmaids.

She turned to look them over. Lucy was lacing Vanessa into her dress, and Tori was preparing to pull hers on. She frowned.

“Where’s Lex?”

Tori grimaced. “She got grabbed last night. Last I heard, they’d positively ID’d her and were shipping her back to Slam.”

“Well, shit. Talk about bad timing! Couldn’t they have waited until *after* my wedding?”

Lucy smirked and finished tying Vanessa’s laces. “I’d offer to go bail her out but they’d just grab me, too.”

Jack sighed and started helping Tori with her dress. “You would think that at least *one* of my friends wouldn’t have an outstanding warrant on them, but nooooo...”

“What are you talking about?” Tori pushed her breasts together and upward, so that they’d sit right in the black leather Dominatrix bodice Jack had picked out for her bridesmaids. “That Imam character ain’t wanted for anything.”

“Mr. Riddick, these vows and blessings are inappropriate for a wedding!” Imam Abu al-Walid was pacing and gesticulating as he spoke. “It’s unacceptable.”

“Hey, it’s what she wants. I was all for a quick run down to city hall, get a few papers signed at gunpoint... but she wants this, and what Jackie wants, Jackie gets.” Riddick had his arms folded and was leaning back against the door.

“Then you can get someone else to officiate. I will not read this.”

“‘Course you will, Holy Man. You think you’re gonna resist for two seconds when Little Miss Big Green Eyes comes in here and says ‘Pleeeeeease?’ Might as well surrender now while you still have your dignity.” That superior smirk of Riddick’s made Imam want to hurl obscene epithets. Especially because Riddick was right.

As with the man who was about to become her husband, Imam could deny Jack nothing.

He sighed and began reading the ceremony again, deciphering Jack’s loopy script. “Do you take this super-hot babe to be your lawfully wedded wife, the only lawful thing in your life, in sickness and in health, in Slam and out...”

By three, the church was filling up. Jack had given the ushers very strict instructions about where people were to sit, in order to prevent gang warfare from breaking out before – or worse yet, during – the ceremony. She hadn’t even bothered asking them to try to disarm people. That would have led to a swift

massacre. As she peeked through the doorway, taking in the crowd, she sighed with relief. Everybody was staying in their separate corners, although she caught a few dirty looks flying back and forth.

Almost time.

“Do I look okay?” She glanced over at her bridesmaids, feeling real worry stir. This was her Big Day. She hoped she was ready for it.

“Jack, you look great,” Lucy answered. “They’ll all wanna do you. Hell, *I* wanna do you.”

Jack grinned. She always got a charge out of hearing that. *Yessirree, I’m a hottie. Only one guy actually gets to “do” me, though... ever.*

Jack looked herself over one last time. Tight white leather definitely suited her. “Let’s get this show on, then.”

Someone had had the bright idea of starting up a craps game in the corner of the church, and its members missed the first strains of the bridal march. Somehow, though, ears that hadn’t been good enough to pick up the sound of a screaming electric guitar *did* pick up the annoyed cough of the bride as she glared at them. They scrambled for their seats, hoping she wasn’t memorizing their faces for later retribution.

You did *not* want to be on the bad side of Richard B. Riddick’s girl. Wife! Today she was going to be his wife! Finally!

It took a lot of self-control to keep from skipping down the aisle.

With Imam officiating the ceremony, Jack had been left with nobody to “give her away.” So she’d come up with her own idea on what to do about that.

The trilling whoop startled the spectators, who grew increasingly alarmed as a bluish, humanoid creature with a large head appeared. It snapped razor-sharp teeth dramatically, the large head swaying from side to side to show off its horizontal eye-stalks. At the head of the aisle, Jack watched Riddick’s expression go completely blank as he struggled not to crack up.

Grinning, Jack linked arms with the hired actor in the alien suit, and they began a measured pace up the aisle. Her escort was hamming it up, his mechanical tail wagging behind them in a variety of gestures that left members of the audience restraining titters and guffaws.

Yeah, everything was perfect.

I’m gonna spank her for that one.

She hadn’t told him about the alien suit. No sirree. She’d left that little detail out altogether. What other surprises had she come up with to pull on him?

But damn, what a sight she was. He wanted to eat her up on the spot, just watching her come up the aisle. She looked like a heavenly dominatrix in that getup. Huge, sparkling green eyes, elegant nose, elfin pointed chin, and a smile that could outshine the sun without burning his eyes... there was no other for him.

At least, there hadn’t been since she’d turned eighteen and calmly informed him she’d kill any woman he went out with... and then backed up the threat.

Hot damn, he loved a good, strong woman.

She probably wouldn’t let him spank her, either. If he tried, either she’d kick his ass or she’d make him buy her a *shitload* of jewelry to make up for it.

Hmmm... not seeing a downside...

He gave her his most winning smile as she approached, and held out his arm. If this was a proper reenactment, he suddenly thought, he’d have to gut the “alien” to “rescue” Jack from it. The crowd wouldn’t mind, but he suspected the actor’s union would object. He settled for smirking at the man until he visibly shrank back.

Jack winked at him and took his arm. To the side, the guitarist’s solo was going off the charts, skirling up and down as it reached a blaring crescendo of sound. How was he managing to hit all those notes at once?

Oh. He’s from Orion. Those extra fingers do come in useful...

Finally the solo ended on a long, quavering note. It faded away to a smattering of uncertain applause, and then Imam stepped forward, still frowning over the vows he had to recite.

“Ladies, gentlemen, and the other ninety-nine percent of the crowd,” he began. The audience dutifully laughed. “We are gathered here to celebrate the...”

His expression contorted with distaste.

“...very definitely carnal joining of Richard B. Riddick and Jack B. Badd. This is a very serious union, and these two mean business. So if anybody knows of any reason why these two should not be lawfully joined in holy matrimony...”

Imam’s expression practically curdled as he made himself read the next bit.

“...shut the fuck up and get off this rock before they hunt you down.”

Nervous laughter from the crowd. But nobody looked genuinely scared, so Riddick was okay with it. He flashed the audience his most carnivorous smile, just to nail home the point.

“Richard Riddick.”

Face forward and look smart, soldier. Time to make what you’ve been doing to Jack legal.

“Yes?”

Jack elbowed him and he realized he hadn’t actually been supposed to reply.

“Do you take this... super-hot babe to be your lawfully wedded wife, the only lawful thing in your life, in sickness and in health, in Slam and out, and forsaking all others on pain of her collecting the bounty on your ass, until one of you is ghosted?”

Riddick swallowed his laughter. “I do.”

Jack looked positively triumphant. If she glowed any brighter he’d think she was one of the glow-worms.

“Jack B. Badd, do you take this nefarious badass hottie to be your lawfully wedded husband, otherwise completely outlawed, in sickness and in health, in Slam and out, and forsaking all others on pain of him taking it out on your ass, until one of you is ghosted?”

The giggle in Jack’s voice was audible. “I do!”

She’s gonna wear me out tonight.

“Do you have the rings?”

Riddick glanced at his Best Man, whose aborted reach into his pocket was followed by a look of pure terror.

No rings?

A snort of laughter at his side made him turn to Jack again, in time to see her reach into the super-tight bodice of her wedding dress. She drew out the box containing the matching rings.

When did she pick his pocket? And how’d she hide it between “the girls?”

The sigh of relief from Riddick’s Best Man was audible throughout the hall.

Gotcha!

Jack was so proud of herself for that one. She’d timed it just right this morning, colliding with Georgie in the reception hall while carrying her wedding dress and an enormous bouquet. He hadn’t even noticed that she’d snatched the ring box, far too busy keeping three dozen white carnations from escaping in all directions.

I rule.

She smiled winningly up at her man as he slipped the ring onto her finger and repeated Imam’s lines.

“I, Richard B. Riddick ... with this ring, promise ... that I will take damn fine care of you ... no matter what happens ... and you will never, *ever*... be in a position ... where you have to hock this.”

Now it was her turn. She took Riddick’s ring out of the box and slipped it onto his finger, following along with Imam, who didn’t know the words half as well as she did.

“I, Jack B. Badd ... with this ring, promise ... that I will take damn fine care of you ... no matter what happens ... and you will never, *ever*... have blue balls again in your life.”

“Let all in this room give witness,” Imam declared, “that these two are husband and wife, and should, god forbid, any children result... they will not be test tube babies.”

Riddick didn’t bother waiting for permission. He grabbed Jack around her waist and pulled her to him. She squeaked with delight and put her hands on the back of his neck as his mouth swooped down to meet hers.

That’s right, lots of tongue, the way I like it! There was a hint of peppermint schnapps in the taste of his mouth... he must have been a bad boy earlier. The audience cheered, and a few people called out suggestions of what to do next.

The tip-off had arrived at the police station ten minutes earlier. Supposedly a mafia wedding was taking place, involving one of the most sought-after felons in the galaxy. And since the source was *so* credible, Patrolman Smitty and his rookie partner Dorset had been dragged out of the donut bar to go check it out. Now they peered into the reception hall, and Smitty's eyes grew saucer-wide.

"Holy fuck," he whispered to Dorset, "*HoooooLLLLLLLLleeeeeee fuck!* That's *Richard B. Riddick!*"

"Who?"

Smitty biffed Dorset across the head, knocking his cap with its shiny new badge right off. "Only the most dangerous killer in the galaxy, halfwit!"

Dorset glared at him, retrieving his hat. "So what do we do?"

Before them, the bondage-gear bride and her killer groom had turned, and were walking down the aisle, heading their way.

"We're gonna take him," Smitty said with determination. As last words went, those were right up there with *I shall return*.

Riddick could smell cops even before he and his bride made the doorway. He grinned to himself and wondered if they'd been smart enough to call for backup.

Apparently not. The two uniformed officers pointing guns at him, standing in front of the overdecorated limousine without a scrap of cover in sight, almost made him double over in helpless laughter. Especially with the way the younger one was shaking.

"Richard B. Riddick!" the older one yelled. "You are under arr—"

The sound of dozens of guns clearing leather and nylon stopped him. *Yeah, it's a good thing we didn't insist on disarming our guests...*

The younger cop hit the dirt in dismay. The older one wasn't that smart.

"*NO!*" Jack screamed as hundreds of bullets riddled the limousine. "You're trashing our *wheels!*"

Riddick chuckled. "Easy there. We weren't going anywhere in that thing anyway... the boys filled it with blow-up dolls and lube, and pyrotechnics. Watch..."

He took out his remote, opened it up, and pressed the button. Smitty, sadly, was no longer in any condition to appreciate what happened next, but everyone else whooped with delight.

The limo, what was left of it, burst like a piñata. Well-lubricated blow-up dolls in a variety of disturbing positions – many of them riddled with holes and losing air, which added to their bizarre movements – flew through the air accompanied by confetti, fireworks, and exploding miniature liquor bottles from the honor-bar.

It hadn't really been that well-thought-out. Within seconds, all of the dolls were burning merrily as well. But the look on Jack's face made it all worthwhile. *Now we're even for the alien thing.*

"Now... here comes the *real* ride." He pressed another button and a massive, jet-black hummer roared to life. He toggled a few more switches and it pulled up to the curb, jet-black cans rattling off of its bumper and "Just Shackled" spray-painted across the back window.

He hadn't seen Jack bounce and clap her hands since she was thirteen, but she did it now. Perfect.

"C'mon." He gestured at where the rookie cop *had* been, and no longer was. "Betcha reinforcements are on the way."

Jack practically bounced down the steps at his side, impatiently waiting for him to open up the hummer for her and help her in. "I always thought a car-chase would be a great way to finish up our wedding."

"Why do you think I tipped off the cops?"

Enormous green eyes got even bigger. Jack's mouth dropped open as well, distracting him for a moment with thoughts of what he could easily fit into an opening that large. "That was *you?*"

"Damn right it was."

"*Crap*, I was hoping I finally had an excuse to put a hit on Pernelli!"

"Maybe next time. You gonna throw the bouquet?"

Jack grinned fiendishly. She turned, standing on the edge of the hummer, steadying herself with the open door, and brandished her bouquet at the assembled crowd. Then she tossed it with all the strength

and precision of a seasoned grenadier.

The crowd scattered.

Riddick raised an eyebrow at Jack as she cackled and climbed into her seat.

“It’s just a *bouquet*, you bunch’a mooks!” she shouted before closing the door.

Cautiously, a few of the bridesmaids began to approach it. Riddick watched as four of them got their courage up at the same time and dove at the flowers. He chuckled and walked around to his side of the hummer, climbing in. “Now, that’s got all the makings of a fun catfight, there. Who do you think is gonna win?”

The sudden wail of sirens made it irrelevant. Riddick put the hummer into drive and hit the accelerator.

“Awwww, do we have to go now?” Jack grimaced and fought her seatbelt on. “We didn’t do the whole garter thing yet!”

“Always leave a crowd wanting more,” he quipped at his wife. “And we’ll handle *that* when we’re back on the ship.”

Jack’s fiendish grin was back. She wiggled her eyebrows at him in delightful promise. “So... where are we going for our honeymoon?”

Schooling his face into a complete deadpan, he smirked at her. “Guess you’ll find out when we get there, won’t you?”

He’d gotten hold of the clandestine cargo manifests for the *Hunter-Gratzner*, and were they ever tasty. Paris had been smuggling some *amazing* shit. They still had another seventeen years until the next eclipse; plenty of time to clean out the ship of its loot. And they were the only ones in the universe who knew where it had crashed.

And after that stunt with the alien costume, is it ever the perfect spot... He veered sharply around a corner, sending the pursuing police cruisers into out-of-control spins as they tried to follow. Beside him, Jack was loading her gun; he had all kinds of perverted ideas about where she’d been hiding it.

Yeah, Riddick decided, married life suited him just fine.

~ **The Beginning...** ~