

I Do?

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I Do?

by [magicmumu](#)

Summary

Typical warehouse shenanigans has Myka and Helena getting fake married in order to remove a pair of gloved artifacts.

"Um... Helena?"

"Okay, so I think I can tell you how you got to be here," Claudia swept her arm carelessly, indicating the aisle around them. There were flowers everywhere and Helena and Myka stood underneath an arch.

"I can't possibly imagine how we went from- Okay yes, I think I get it now," Helena said, looking down at the gloves Myka wore. Myka shook her head, eyes wide with her palm going up in a 'well?' sort of gesture.

"In Helena's time, there was a tradition where a beau may give a pair of gloves to his lady and if she wore it during an Easter parade, it meant she accepted his proposal. These are from some jilted dude who had his gloves returned to him by mail, causing him to spiral and eventually off himself. Harsh. Now, I know it isn't quite the same, but Helena, you and Myka are together, you handed her the gloves and for some dang reason she became a hypocrite and put them on when she wouldn't even let me try on the first pair of Sketchers. So, that may have been just enough for the artifact to activate."

"I don't know why I even did it. One minute Helena was holding them out, and I thought I was putting on the purple gloves but instead it is these. And now they won't come off," Myka replied with a small glare Claudia's way.

"Yeeeeeah... " Claudia said slowly. "Those bad boys aren't coming off unless... Um..."

"Just say it," Helena sighed. As she spoke, she took two steps towards the decorative arch in the same aisle and bit her lip, refusing to meet Myka's eye.

"To get them off you have to marry the person who gave you the gloves."

"Well, not the worst artifact removal, I suppose." Myka brought her gloved hand up to her face and seemed to glare at it, too.

"It's not like it's real, Myka. If we are here in this arch - granted we spray it first - I can say a quick thing off my phone and then you two say 'I do' and kiss real quick. It won't be binding or anything. It will just get the gloves off."

"You're trying to sell me on something I readily agree to, Claud." Myka walked up to the arch herself, Claudia a couple of steps behind removing a canister strapped to her specialized toolbelt. She used it to spray purple misted neutralizer over the arch and the three women turned away from the flash of light the arch emitted. There seemed to be a silence in the nearest vicinity, not including the mystical hum of the warehouse itself.

"Ready?"

Myka rolled her eyes and Helena gave a quick shrug.

"Okay. Here goes." Claudia cleared her throat. "MOWWAIGE. MOWWAIGE IS WHY WE GABBER HERE TODAY. AND WUV, TWOO WUV-"

"Claudia Darling, even I know that is a quotation from a film, but I fear we do not have time for such antics right now. Plus, you're not Pete."

"Agreed," Myka added.

Claudia let out a laugh and then straightened up. "Of course not. I'm cooler and cuter than Pete. Alright. So um, we are gathered to join these two souls, Myka Bering and Helena Wells in matrimony, yaddah yaddah... Love is graceful and kind and all sorts of great stuff. These two are in love and totally rad. Anyone not consent to this marriage? No? Cool. Any vows from the brides?"

"I promise to love and cherish and listen to you," Helena said in a slight lilt of uncertainty as she glanced over to Myka, who nodded.

"And I promise to be patient and loving," Myka replied.

Claudia turned to Helena and watched her for a moment, as the look on her face was incomprehensible. "Alright, do you take Myka as your lawfully wedded wife?"

"I do."

"And do you, Myka, take Helena to be your lawfully wedded wife?"

"I do."

"Then, with these imaginary rings I do pronounce you wives in the eyes of the Warehouse with its Caretaker Claudia Donovan as witness. You are here forth wed. You may now do the do."

"Claudia," Helena said in a small warning, knowing Myka wouldn't like that last bit and she would have to bear the brunt of whatever irritation her beloved would feel after this little mishap. Claudia only shrugged again and left the arch. Helena then turned to Myka and with a murmured "I hope

this works," leaned forward and kissed Myka.

Immediately, there was a small light blue flare over the gloves, and both women looked down at them. Myka tentatively slid the first and then the second glove off, handing them to Claudia who had returned with a neutralizing bag. Again the three turned away at the sparking, and Claudia placed it on the shelf once more.

"Well, that was eventful. I am glad Pete wasn't here to witness this or we would never hear the end of it," Helena admitted. Myka only nodded in agreement. "May I take you to lunch, my beautiful wife?" Helena teased.

Myka held out her hand with an arched eyebrow and Helena took it. Myka waved to Claudia. "We'll try not to be more than ninety minutes," she told her.

"I don't care, but Artie might. I'll vouch for you though. Have fun, lovebirds!"

With that, Myka and Helena walked down the aisles back towards the entrance in silence. "You know..." Helena began, "I wanted to say that I am glad it isn't an impossibility now in this time. Two women... married."

"I am, too. And..." It was Myka's turn to hesitate as they continued on, "I don't think it is impossible for us, either. Someday. Maybe?"

"Absolutely."

"Someday not too soon, though." Myka decided.

"Not too soon, no."

"But it's possible."

"Yes, very much so," Helena agreed. She looked over to Myka to find the other agent already looking at her. She smiled and brought Myka's hand up for a kiss.

"Just promise you won't propose with a pair of gloves."

"Now that you mention it, I just might." There was a silence before Helena asked, "You don't think we are really married in the eyes of the warehouse do you?"

"Um..."

"And should we be, I wonder what that entails!"

"Helena-!"

END

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