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Stunned, she stared at him with big round eyes. " W w w " She couldn't make her words out.

" Yes or no? " He asked and showed her the screen of his phone's display where it was clearly written ROBBIE. He was about to press the button. Indeed, he wasn't going to do anything like that. He'd send her back to her brother but he would never allow his brother to lay his eyes on her.

He could see the pain on her face and water in her eyes, " Yes, " She whispered.

' I know it's wrong. But it's feeling right with you. '

He could hear her loudly pounding heartbeats. He let out a blow and raked his hand, " Let's go and keep the word required in your mind. You know what marriage means." He whispered as tugged her with him.

" B but. " She pulled her arm from his hold.

" You have your whole life to stutter. " He couldn't let the whole property slip from his hands and land in Robbie's hands, especially not after what he saw today and after his kinkiest shit.

" What we'll do when your family will ask for kids. " She blurted.

He stopped walking and turned to face her. He was once again astounded by her. He had threatened her to sell. Indeed, her brother, Frank, had sold her to him as he could not pay the money. Frank requested him not to tell this his sister. Frank didn't want her to hate him. But he wanted to put the bullet in his bloody head who loved himself more than her. Frank promised him to take away his sister after paying off the money. It was quite impossible for him to pay back millions of dollars.

Bastard! He cursed under his breath.

"Do you have any physical problems?" He asked.

"No, I'm not ready." She coyly said.

"We have other options. Don't worry. I'll not touch you if it's not required." He began to walk again holding her hand.

The Designer was already waiting for them with their dresses and the makeup artist, "This is my bride. You people have thirty minutes." He didn't want to waste time. He wants this wedding to happen before it's time.

"Mark, if anyone tries to cross that line. Kill them." He said to his man, pointing at the door with his eyes.

"Yes, boss." He nodded.

He grabbed his wedding white suit and her wedding gown. He held her hand and paced toward the washroom. He locked it. It wasn't because he wanted to see her. The fact

was, he wasn't trusting anyone, not after all this. She could try to run and asked anyone's help.

" What are you doing? " She panicked.

" I don't have much time. Change it. I'll not look at you. " He said.

" It's a wedding dress. It is heavy. I can't wear it alone. I need help, not for you. " She immediately said.

" I'll send the designer in. But no tricks. I need your words. " He glared at her with his piercing amber eyes.

She hung her head, " Yes, my words. " She sadly said. He didn't want to think about her sad face or how bad she was feeling right now.

' I'm not backing up from this wedding and not even allowing you to do this. '

" I hope. Otherwise, you don't know what I can do. You don't wanna visit your brother's grave every weekend. " He glared at her.

She nodded immediately, tears were rolling down her cheeks. He paced at the door. He unlocked the door, " My bride needs your help. " He said. He wanted to swipe her tears. Somehow, he stopped himself.

" Yes sir. " The designer replied immediately. He wasn't interested in knowing anyone's name. He wanted them to do their job.



" Tiny mistake. Your life will end. " He said in his menacing voice.

The Designer and her assistant shivered, " Yes, sir." She said in her timid voice.

It told him that they had got his point.

After sending the help in, he picked his wedding suit which Kattie selected for him. He walks toward his closet. He threw the white designer suit in the trash box. There were many designers, branded suits in his closet that he hadn't tried once. Indeed his closet was filled with new suits every week.

He plucked a black shiny suit. He fished out his phone and asked Tim, his second man, to change the wedding rings immediately as he could not tolerate Kattie's choice for his whole life.

Tossing his phone on shiny plywood, he changed into his black suit. He glanced at his personable figure one last time. Putting on his daily fragrance, he holstered his gun and wore his coat.

His phone buzzed. " Did you get that? "

He asked, answering the call.

When he got his favorite answer. He hung up and tossed the phone in his front pocket of pants.

He paced out of his closet and didn't see her around. He knocked on the washroom. He gave her the full thirty minutes. He glanced back and the room was locked. He was going to open the door and didn't know what would be going inside. He asked his men to show their back at the door.

When he glanced at his back. He clicked the door open. His eyes froze, seeing her bareback. He could see the perfect curve line of her back and bottom.

" Ma'am is almost ready, sir. " The lady said.

He nods. She spun. She was in minimum makeup on her skin. Curls were falling on her shoulder. Her cheeks were light pink, eyes covered with light makeup, he could see shiny stardust upper her eyelids. Her lashes were thick and long. She was breathtaking. He was gawking at her. Her front was a full cover over her neck, but he knew her curves; he had seen it in that exposed dress. He stepped closer. He offered her his hand. She put her shaking hand in his hand. He squeezed her hand, " Relax, just a few minutes. " He whispered.

She nodded. He could see water shining at the brink of her eyes. He placed his hand on her waist and led her to the Altar.

While walking, " Did you check the security? I don't want any trouble. " He said to Mark. He didn't trust his brother. If he

smelled his plan, he'd definitely try to stop him.

" Yes, sir. Gabby is observing it. " Mark replied.

" I want fewer words, tell the vicar. " He said to Mark.

" Yes, sir. The ceremony will not take much more than five minutes. " Mark said.

He looked at his beautiful bride who was shivering under his touch, " It will take five minutes. Relax, you are shivering. " He whispered.

" You'll keep your words right, No matter what? You won't kill my brother." She asked in a cracking voice.

" You have my words. You'll be safe with me. " He gazed into her eyes to make his promise which he'd never break.

She inhaled. She nodded her head, " Five minutes. Okay. " She said as she was encouraging herself. He smirked and tugged her with him.

They were only two steps away. He decided to walk with his bride as he didn't want any more trouble and anyone to take her away in any way. " Smile." He whispered in her ear. She looked at him. When he got her attention, " Ready. " He asked her.

She wore her prettiest smile and nodded.

He offered his arm and she wrapped her arm around his arm. They took steps together. He darted his eyes on the

crowd. There weren't many people. All were his business ally, crime partners, some mobsters, and an advocate appointed by his father to watch over as he wanted to be assured that was the last wish of his father fulfilling or not?

He glanced at her. Her eyes were on the ground and a light smile was giving her a perfect look. She wasn't shivering anymore. He seemed relieved a bit. They took the stairs. He didn't want to remove his arm from her. He was doubting she'd run away and create a scene.

It's just five minutes. He told himself.

He had already told the vicar to keep the ceremony shortest.

" Mr. Ethan Warburton, Do you accept Ms. Amiya Craig as your wife? " Vicar asked.

" Yes, I do. " He said, spreading his lips in a smile and eyes dug on his bride. They were perfectly acting in front of the crowd.

Mark passed him the small velvet box. He plucked the solitaire diamond ring from it. He held her hand in his and slid the ring on her ring finger. Fortunately, it was a perfect size. He could hear the applause.

" Ms. Amiya Craig, Do you accept Mr. Ethan Warburton as your husband? " Vicar asked her.

She raised her eyes and stared into his eyes, " Y-es, I do. " She nervously smiled. He knew this was a fake smile but

she covered it properly under her beauty. She plucked the ring from the box and slid it on his finger with shaking hands.

" You may kiss your bride. " He heard it.

He took a long stride and wrapped his arms around her waist. He thought to keep it light. His hand touched the soft silky skin of her back. He pressed his hand on her back to push her toward him. He slid up his second hand on her neck. He lowered his face, he kissed her claiming her lips and moving them softly. Her lips intoxicated him. He moaned, before his hunger increased he parted from her. He darted his eyes around. His people were applauding, whistling, and tossing their drinks. He glanced down at his wife. She was clenching his coat. He placed his hand on her fist, " You are safe. I know my promise. Only keep the required word in your mind. " he reminded her again.

She just nodded. He felt a drop of her tear on the back of his hand. He heaved as he didn't think to force a girl to marry him. He was breaking his own rules.

After having her in his arms he was sure she was gonna be something different and special, more more special. He was doubting his promise to her.

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