

The Billionaires Hidden Heiress Chapter 1 - 1- A Wedding of Doubts

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My heart thunders against my ribcage with a huge amount of force that I have to place my hand over it, reassuring myself that my rib cages are strong enough to stop my heart from flying out.

I don't know if nervousness is what I'm feeling or fear.

As I look at the door before me, I can't help but walk backwards. Behind that huge door are a lot of people. A hundred and sixty four people to be exact.

That is a lot of numbers. Never in my life have I ever dreamt of having a hundred and sixty four guests.

For what?

I place my hands on my hips, pacing around in the beautiful church. It's way bigger than the one I attend. I guess my mother thought I'd like something grande and so she chose this.

That's a lie. She didn't think of me when she did this. She only thought about her status and wanted to be seen in something better in the papers.

The flowers in my hand are suddenly becoming a nuisance so I toss them aside. They hit the wall and fall to the floor. They are fake anyways, not like I even care.

I look down at myself and I suddenly realise that I can't even see my own feet. This wedding dress is way too long.

This is what happens when you're not in charge of anything in your life. Not even your own wedding.

They just happen.

I guess it's like that for everyone, right? Or am I just trying to justify my parents' way of parenting?

It's my wedding today and yes, I'm a wrecking ball. I don't even like my wedding dress. It's so long and it feels way too big and the sleeves reach all the way down to my wrist. Even worse, if it's Lacey sleeves and it's so dang itchy. I hate lacy materials and my Mom knows this. She knows very well, yet she ended up buying this exact one.

"Are you ready my dear?" I turn to face my Father who is wearing a big smile on his ageless face. A smile even bigger than mine.

What am I doing?

He's in a suit and he doesn't seem very comfortable in it. He's not one to wear suits, I know that about him but he chose to wear one today.

Why? Because it's a wedding.

Whoever made the impression that weddings are supposed to be conducted inside a church, needs to have a serious talk with me. I don't like all these. The suits. The bells and the worst of all; The white dress.

Why does it have to be a white wedding dress? What happened to the other colours? Are they anti-wedding?

I've always dreamt of never marrying in a white dress. I wanted something different. Something that'll make me stand out. Any colour would do. Just not white.

"I am... oh no wait!" I raise a hand with one still on my waist as I try to breath as though catching my breath like I've been running for a while.

My Dad only chuckles and walks closer towards me. He pats my back slowly, "You're going to be fine. Look how beautiful you are. You look stunning in this dress too."

I fight the urge to roll my eyes, "Tell me something, weren't you nervous at your wedding? Did you ever feel like you were making the wrong choice while standing at the altar and waiting for Mom to come up?"

My Father laughs at my words. I'm so nervous or scared that I can feel my heartbeat in my brain.

In my brain!

The man before me runs his hand through his black hair out of habit. His black eyes roaming my body like he can't seem to get over the fact that his daughter is getting married today.

He brushes a strand of hair behind my ears and peers into my eyes, "I was nervous but I was excited as well. Because I knew I was making the right choice. I did after all propose to her on my own accord. I made that decision so even if I made a mistake, I'll know who to blame. Me." As he says this, he is staring deep into my soul.

My father offers me his arm and I wrap one of my own under it and the tension I've been building up for a while seems to ease up a little.

"Have you ever regretted that decision?" I ask, trying to look as serious as possible even though a smile is trying to break out.

It is quite impossible for anyone to put up with my mother. The woman is a control freak. She so much loves people doing her bidding and if things don't go her way, then everyone will pay for it. One way or another.

My Father's lips quirk at one side, "Sometimes when she starts to choke me with arguments, yes. Other times I just look at her and I can't imagine missing this." He smiles up at me genuinely and I see he has that sparkle in his eyes. The special ones he gets when he talks about mom.

My stomach churns when I hear the piano. It's a special one for brides.

"Come. It's time you take a big step in your life and hopefully, you've made the right decision. All on your own."

I try my best to control my breathing and quickly pick my fake flowers from the floor where I threw them earlier. The doors open and I feel the breath sucked out of my lungs in anticipation.

Everyone is standing, looking at me as I walk down the aisle with my Father beside me. They all have huge smiles on their faces; very happy with my choice.

I smile back. It's my wedding. I'm supposed to be smiley and bubbly, not a wrecking ball, wondering if I made the right choice or not.

Of course I made the right choice.

Just then, I look at the altar ahead; where my future husband is.

David Wilson.

He is a good looking man, hot too! You would be blind to not notice that. His long blonde hair resting on the shoulders of his black and white suit. There's nothing special about him in a suit. I see him in it everyday. It's like usual for him. I'm sure even his nightwear is a suit.

David smiles at me. His deep blue eyes almost put me in a trance.

Beside him is his corny best friend. Mark, who is staring at my pissed off best friend like she is something delicious.

I don't dare glance at her but I can feel her angry stares on my skin. My stomach drops when I'm standing in front of her. I keep my eyes on the floor and after a while, I swallow my fear and hold her gaze.

My visions blurry immediately.

There is no anger behind her black eyes but I don't need one to know she is mad at me. She's looking straight into my eyes, doing her best to keep her face straight. She's giving me the silent treatment and for some reason, I don't blame her.

I hear the priest sigh and I turn to face David who still has his perfect smile on his face. It doesn't falter. It just stays there like he's a robot.

When he holds my gaze, his face softens and worry settles on his. He quickly reaches for me.

"Awwwen, baby, are you crying?" He says in his gentle and calm voice.

"Awwen," The church sighs in unison at his sweet act and I force a laugh to clear the air.

He holds my hand and I give him a reassuring smile that I'm fine.

"Brethren, we are gathered here today, to witness the joining of these two young ones, in holy Matrimony..." The priest's voice is filled with excitement.

David's perfect smile just widens.

Perfect.

Everything about David screams perfection; his smile, his hair, his house, his cars, his money, his company, his words. They are all perfect. So perfect that I made it my mission everyday to find a flaw but nothing.

No flaw.

How does a human being get like that?

His closet is perfectly arranged, his shoes are perfectly kept, everything is in order.

Everything about him is the opposite of me.

I am not in order. I like throwing things about even if I end up looking for them, I like my wardrobe being a mess, no matter how big it is. I like my shoes lying on the floor, on my bed, in the kitchen.

But why am I marrying who I can't even stand? David has nothing but his good luck, cars and...and a huge reputation for my family.

"I do," he says and I'm whirled back to reality.

He gazes down at me with adoration in his eyes and a hint of lust.

"And do you Miss. Mabel Swanson, take David Wilson to be your lawfully wedded husband--"

It is at this point that I know just how messed up my life is.

"How did my life turn out this way?" I could only mumble as I stare at the perfection in front of me.