



Chapter 184

Alexander's POV

As I walked down the aisle arm in arm with Mari, I noticed that Catherine had thought of every detail for the ceremony. There were wooden and iron garden benches for the guests, and adorning the entrance walkway were immense vases of colorful tulips. At the altar stood a wooden table, and behind it, a portico decorated with white fabric and tulips. When I reached the altar, I looked at the first bench in front of me, empty, and saw photos of my father and mother in silver-framed portraits, with a white tulip in front of each photo. Catherine had thought of a way for me to know they were there with me in that important moment and to represent them so everyone would know it. Mari sat next to the photos, and I was immediately moved.

When our friends, now the wedding party, started to enter, I was impressed by the girls' dresses. Each dress had the color of a tulip – purple, red, yellow, orange, and pink – in vibrant shades. They looked beautiful and harmonious. There were ten chairs, five on each side of the altar, positioned facing the guests, where they sat down, girls on one side and guys on the other.

I couldn't contain myself when the curtains opened and I saw my Catherine there, arm in arm with her father, dressed as a bride. In a white dress, simple, halter top tied with long tulle straps that circled the neck and hung from the bow in the back, leaving the back bare, with a skirt made of several layers of tulle and lace appliques on the bust and at some points on the skirt. The dress was light and fluid, and as she walked, she seemed to float in the air. She wore my mother's tiara in her hair, pinned in an elaborate low bun. I couldn't hold back the tears seeing her so perfect, floating towards me. When I received her at the altar, she had a



radiant smile and looked at me with pure love. My life was hers, there was no doubt.

The ceremony began, and at the moment of the rings, Peter entered holding a wooden box. When he reached the altar, he handed it to me, sat on the edge of the platform where the altar was set up, between Cat and me, disrupting Melissa's planning but making the moment even more perfect. The rings were a combination of my parents' and grandparents' rings - my parents' in yellow gold with a platinum band embedded in the middle, and my grandparents' also in yellow gold but scattered with a diamond band in the middle. They were intertwined so that each ring was formed by two. I had engraved inside each one "I will love you from January to January".

At the end of the ceremony, after kissing the bride, I asked everyone to give me one more minute of attention. I called Peter and took out of my pocket the little box I had found in the bank vault. I took out of the box a bracelet with two little plates, it had been given to me by my father when I was born. On one of the plates was written "May you always walk protected. Daddy loves you." On the back of the plate was my name and I included Peter's name, and hanging next to the plate was a little angel and the other plate, which I had included, was engraved "it took me a while to find you, but I won't let you go anymore", it was my promise to my son. I put the bracelet on his little arm and took the birth certificate from the notary that now included my name and handed it to Catherine. I took Peter in my arms, looked at everyone and informed them:

"I present to you my beloved son, Peter Vergara Miller." I took my wife by the hand and the three of us left under applause and rain of petal.

It was time for the party, there were many guests, but few that Catherine had invited. From Bellwood, besides the people who were already with



us, she only invited her former boss and his family, the other Larson brother. We had fun and danced with our friends. And I danced for a long time with my wife.

We wouldn't travel on our honeymoon yet, I needed to organize the company first. But my friends helped me organize the room so that our wedding night would be in our house, where we would live our life. There was no better way to start our life there with her.

After the party, which my wife organized to end punctually at six o'clock, there were a few employees from the catering company who dismantled everything and the security staff. Jorge assured me that they would not make noise and we would not be disturbed. He would stay to clean the house and prepare our breakfast. With everything organized, I pulled my wife into my arms and spoke in her ear:

"It's time for the 'alone at last'!"

She looked at me with a smile and with her eyes shining in anticipation she replied:

"At last!"

I took her in my arms and walked towards our room on the second floor.

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