

Royal Contract 471

[Chapter 471 - Union Of Two People](#)

He stood in the front of the altar, waiting for his bride. He had never felt that time could be so slow. Every second seemed it was forever as he stared at the closed doors.

He looked around and saw his parents standing in the front row, not far from him. While on the center aisle, her parents smiled at him as they also waited for their daughter to enter.

He already knew that she stood behind that massive wooden door, just waiting for her cue to reveal herself to him. He tapped his feet on the marble floor, wanting to speed up the process.

"Relax, man. You look like you are about to be hanged." Marcus, who stood by his side, jokingly said.

But he knew that his friend had all of this under control. He had never seen a man so determined to commit himself to this marriage.

He could only wonder if the time for him would ever come to do the same thing. Would he find the girl that would make him believe in love everlasting? Or maybe he already did, but he had let her slip of his fingers.

"When your time comes, you will know how I feel," Alex replied to his friend, also addressing the others who were snickering at their side. "Don't worry. All of you will have your time."

Directing his last statement to their youngest friend, Evan. He believed they just had not yet met their match. But when they did, they would fall madly in love just like he did.

Everyone fell silent when the music started. It echoed in all corners of the old building, creating a resonating sound. A song that was beautifully sung, a serenade that touched the hearts of everyone present.

A few seconds later, the door finally opened. On the other side of the entryway stood the most beautiful bride of the decade, or even the century.

"Congratulation, man," Marcus muttered under his breath. He was never envious of his friend before, but he was definitely feeling it now. "You are so lucky, my friend."

Uniformed guards draw their swords as a salute to their upcoming princess. After an elaborate show of sword mastery, they raised their steel blades on the air, forming an arch on the entryway.

Along the aisle, a detailed arrangement of flowers, colorful lights, and assorted decorations filled the center of the pews. Then, the lights blacked out, leaving the entire room with only dim lights to brighten the shadows.

"I know." He more or less said it to himself. Seeing the woman he was about to marry made him feel that it might not be just luck.

Finally, fate had favored their union. He was blessed to meet her in the most unlikely moment. Then, an opportunity had their paths crossing again.

It might have started in an arrangement, but he knew from the very start that it had always been more than that. It might have taken him time to realize his true feelings. But fortunately, he admitted it just in time.

Finally, the music changed again, this time, more intimate than the previous one. The lights also flickered, gradually transforming into a different setting.

It was time for her to march towards the altar where her groom awaited. In each step she made, the light changed, illuminating her path, putting her in the spotlight.

The swords glow, creating a magical effect. Every time the lights bounced on its metal sheet, it produced dancing lights that formed patterns on every surface area around the place.

"She is perfect." He thought to himself as he gazed in her direction, watching her every move. Everything around him seemed to fade when his concentration centered on her.

The light when it touched her skin made her more radiant. The smile on her lips still shone through even behind her white mildly transparent veil.

Nothing else seemed to matter as his sight landed on her eyes. His hearing longed to hear her heartbeat against his. His entire body only yearned to be close to her.

He could not wait for her to reach his side as they accepted their fate and tied their lives together throughout eternity. For him, only death could keep them apart.

On the other hand, she slowly marched down the aisle, surrounded by the enchanting theme all around her. When the colorful lights moved along with her, every flower and ornament the lights touched seemed to come to life.

It was more than she had ever conceived in her dreams. It all came true because of the man waiting for her at the end of the rainbow.

"He was perfect." She thought as she gazed at her soon-to-be husband.

He stood his ground in front of the altar, full of confidence and without a hint of doubt. The strength of his love was in full display, showing everyone how much she meant to him.

It was the same love that had her feet moving in his direction. Unable to wait for the ceremony to be over and union complete. She just hoped that nothing else would stand in their way.

When she reached her parents, they took her arms on both sides, guiding her to the rest of the way. It was their final farewell to their trio and a welcome to a new member of their family.

"Take care of my daughter. She is now your responsibility." Ethan was the first to shake Alex's hand, reminding him of what he had accepted in his life when he agreed to marry his daughter.

But before Ethan could move, Alex embraced him, assuring him that he had everything under his control. "I will." He would take care of his daughter and be responsible for her safety and well-being.

"Cherish her with all your heart." Laura hugged the groom, stressing the importance of love in their relationship. Everything else did not matter if love was not in the equation.

He also gently hugged Laura, showing her that he took her words seriously and into his mind and heart. He would not marry Dani if love was the not binding force of their relationship. "I will." He swore to her.

He understood both of their concerns. He would probably say those exact words if it had been his daughter who was about to get married.

"I promise you both, Dad, Mom, that Daniella will be the center of my world. She will always be my top priority." Alex expressed his deepest feelings as he accepted the hands of her bride and cradled them firmly in his.

Finally, he felt at peace, now that she was safely in his arms. He never felt more sure of how he felt for her, more than ever. Having her beside him, ready to tell the world of their love, was an exceptional achievement of his life.

"Thanks, Dad and Mom." Dani blew them a kiss before letting Alex escort her to the front of the altar, finally leaving her parents to take their own seats.

The sensation of having him close to her had been stronger probably because of the build-up anticipation. Not to see and touch him since their last kiss had been the worse torture she ever felt.

Every soul sitting on the rows of pews inside the cathedral could not wait to witness the matrimony.. A captivating celebration of true love, a union of two people who would do anything just to be together forever.

[Chapter 472 - The Long awaited Kiss](#)

The couple stood before the king of kings, swearing their eternal love for one another to a higher power above. They were not a religious couple, but they believed that someone watched all over them.

The Bishop extended his hands from both sides as if calling for the spirit to grant him permission to officiate the ceremony and give them the initial blessing of the matrimony.

"Dear family and friends, we are gathered here today to witness and celebrate the union of Prince Alexander Blackstone and Miss Daniella Hamilton in marriage." The priest pointed to the couple before addressing the entire crowd.

"A lasting marriage is more than just joining the bonds of two persons. It is the union of two hearts, connected by love." He continued preaching what he believed was the meaning of this occasion.

"Does anyone here have any objection to this wedding? Speak now or forever hold your peace." Everyone kept their silence.

Not one made a loud noise. One might hear a pin drop from the sudden stillness. It would seem no one dared to stop the wedding from happening.

"In that case, let us continue with the ceremony." The officiating priest began with the rituals.

As the nuptial rites continued, the couple listened with half an ear as their hearts and minds were already anxious for the wedding to be over. They just could not wait for the priest to declare them husband and wife.

Finally, the questions that everyone was waiting for. The Bishop first asked the groom the question everybody was waiting for. Would Alexander take Daniella to be his wife?

But the priest had barely finished his question when the groom quickly answered. "I do." Without any hesitation and doubt. He wanted the ceremony to speed up so he could finally kiss his wife.

He looked at his best man, signaling that he needed the ring. Marcus abruptly panicked as he checked his pockets for the symbol of their love.

With a sigh of relief, he found it inside his inner jacket. "Sorry," Marcus quickly handed the ring.

Alex took the round gold metallic band from Marcus, and with the Bishop's blessings, placed it on Dani's finger. He had it made only with her in mind.

"Our story began in a very unconventional way. It might not have been ideal, but somehow we have managed to make it work." Alex took her hands, cradling them in his. As he said his vows, he bared his soul to her.

"I would not claim that it was love at first sight, but you did leave a mark that made it hard for me to forget about you. Now that we are binding our life together, I will never let anything break us apart.

Unless death took us from the other, but still, I will search for you in the afterlife. I will love you for eternity." He finished, kissing her fingers with his ring.

He did not want to use a family heirloom. For him, the symbol of their union should be specially made just for them and not something handed down to them from a previous marriage.

The Bishop turned to the bride with the usual ceremonial words. The priest continued with the proceeding and was about to ask the same question. Would Daniella take Alexander to be her husband?

But the same thing happened. The priest was not given a chance to end his query as Daniella answered in a louder voice, "I do." For everyone to hear.

Why wait and prolong the agony when they could speed up the process. Although tradition still prevented the ceremony from ending by simply saying I do and be done with it.

She also took the ring and inserted it into his finger. Then, she remembered she had forgotten to prepare her personal vow. She decided instead to speak from the heart.

"Aside from what you said, which I totally agree, and feel the same way. I wish to add something." Dani felt embarrassed for not having written anything. Coming up with a vow was the last thing on her mind.

She moved her hands towards his cheek and allowed her palms to absorb its warmth. She tilted her head until her eyes were in direct sight of his.

"Our love affair did not exactly start at the right foot. But since we are taking the leap of faith and trusting our love to move us forward in this relationship. I have a few things I wish to request from you." She began with her pledge of love.

He nodded, encouraging her to continue with her speech. "I wish that you will always feel comfortable to talk things over, no matter what the topic is.

To confide your deepest secret and troubles so we can solve them together. To laugh with each other and enjoy life together at every opportunity.

I wish to share every moment of peace and quiet when the day is finally over." She finished with little moisture in her eyes.

She could not help the tears, seeing the love that danced in his eyes, revealing all he felt for her. She always thought that she was the vulnerable one, but in truth, he always had worn his heart on his sleeves when it came to her.

"The ring on your fingers will serve as a reminder of your precious love, which is the most important element in your life together." The Bishop informed them, reminding them of its importance.

"The ring has no beginning, and no end, symbolizing that love is infinite. Those metallic bands are a visible sign of the vows you took today, which have bound you as husband and wife." The priest declared to the people who bothered to listen.

Then, the tradition continued to ensue, but the two could not care less because they were now wearing the ring that signified their union.

The candles were lit to symbolize the unity of their bond. So, it might continue to shine brightly, not only in times of stillness and calm.

But also during moments of darkness, turbulent moments, or tough challenges, allowing the inner light of their love to be an eternal flame to light their path.

The ceremonial veil was draped onto the shoulders of the bride and the groom, signifying two people being clothed as one. This represented a wish for good health and protection during married life. It also symbolized the union of two families into one.

The entwined hands of the couple were loosely tied with a silken cord. It formed a knot that would bind them together. It also represented an everlasting promise of fidelity. A commitment to be faithful to one another.

After the long ceremony, the Bishop finally said his final words of wisdom. With the holy water in his hands, he had blessed the couple with eternal love.

"By the power vested on me by our God above, I declare you husband and wife." The priest finally ended the matrimones. "I present to all of you for the first time Prince Alexander and Princess Daniella Blackstone."

"You may now kiss the bride." He finally announced to the world.

The Bishop's voice was barely heard due to the applause and the well-wishes of the crowd.. The spectators inside and outside the cathedral stayed in their positions, shouting for the long-awaited kiss.

[Chapter 473 - Royal Circus](#)

The cathedral was soon flooded with bright lights once the officiation began, showing off the grandeur of the celebration. The once magical place was transformed into the present as the couple exchanged their wedding vows.

Now that the ceremony was over, the happy couple radiated more in the center of the altar after they engaged in a passionate kiss.

Official photos were taken of the lovely couple. Then, many more with their families and friends. These pictures would safeguard their memories and probably be included in the history pages of this kingdom.

"Are you ready, Ms. Blackstone? It is time to face the real world." Alex whispered in her ears, knowing that the entire experience had been like a fairytale, not only for his wife but also for him.

The moment he saw her walking down the aisle, it was like he was transported into a magical kingdom, where he was the king, and she was about to be his queen.

"I am, Mr. Blackstone," Dani still could not believe that it was finally over. Hearing her new name had a nice ring to her ears. But it was not the name she was expecting she would be using as his wife.

But, now that his secret was out of the open, there was no more use hiding in his mother's name. It was time to become what his husband was born to be, the son of his father, while she the wife of a nobleman.

"So, shall we just enjoy the parade and the attention?" Alex firmly held her entwined arm on his. He supported and guided her while greeting the guests along the way.

As they marched down the aisle and into the wide-open doors where the world waited in anticipation. All the two could think about was the world they would be facing together as husband and wife.

Masses of people assembled outside the cathedral to witness their union. Hundreds of media representatives lined up the front of the street to get a glimpse of the newlyweds.

The couple stood on the landing just outside the cathedral, presenting themselves to the world. People chanted their congratulations and wishes as the two waved back to them as a sign of their appreciation.

"You are doing quite well for someone who never likes attention," Alex commented. He firmly held her hand while assisting her as they descended down the massive steps, still keeping the smile on their faces.

They rode the carriage prepared by the organizers for their parade around the area. It was to show gratitude to the citizens of their kingdom who participated in this solemn event.

"I already expected that much and accepted that it was inevitable. I just want to be thankful for the hard work of all those people who made all of this possible." She smiled at her husband, happy that everything went well so far.

Alex and Dani sat side by side inside the open carriage, pulled by four noble steeds. The classic vehicle moved in a slow procession, allowing them to get close to the people lining the streets around the perimeter of the cathedral.

"I agree. Besides, it will not hurt to be a celebrity for a day." Alex raised his hand again as he smiled and waved through the crowd.

They continued to move at a snail pace, allowing their spectators to have the opportunity to see them up close or take their pictures.

At the other end of the driveway, just before they went out the massive gates of the cathedral, their carriage stopped. From there, the couple would transfer to the bridal car that would take them back to the safety of the palace for their reception.

"Finally, some privacy," Alex spoke up when they were inside the vehicle with tinted windows and a glass partition. "I have been wanting to do this since I saw you earlier."

He was not satisfied with the short kiss he shared with her earlier. He wanted to give her a proper welcome to her new role as his wife.

He abruptly pulled her into his body, not caring if the car had barely moved. With the hunger he had felt since not having her by his side last night, he devoured her.

His lips planted on hers, not caring if he would smudge her makeup. All he wanted was confirmation that they were finally married. This was not some illusion, playing tricks on him. She was now his, and he was hers.

"Me, too." She responded when she came up for air. But was unable to add more as their lips connected again in a more intense kiss.

She wished to straddle him to get better access to his lips. But her gown limited her movement, making it hard for her to heighten the experience.

She grabbed his hair, slightly messing it out of place, using them as an anchor as she positioned herself closer to him. While he held on to her waist, holding her in place.

"Excuse me, Sir, but we are nearing the palace," Ben spoke on the intercom, alerting them of the situation.

The partition was up, so he had no idea of what could be happening behind the closed window. But instinct and experience had told him to be prepared for anything.

Reluctantly, both gradually stopped their lips from attacking each other. Eventually, they settled with a last soft kiss, stopping with their faces just inches away.

Sharing the same breath and staring into each other's eyes, they both realized that they had to keep their emotions in check. At least, until they were totally alone and out of their dress.

"Well, I guess that will be something to look forward to later." She touched his lips one more time with her finger as she returned to her seat and smoothed out her dress.

With a mirror inside the car and her kit, she fixed her makeup and arranged her disarrayed hair. He also tried to run his fingers through his hair, hoping to return it to its previous form.

Then, the car finally stopped, indicating that they had reached their destination. As they looked outside, the imposing palace seemed to have become enormous than before.

Or maybe it was the added elaborate decorations and the buzzing activities outside. Suddenly the place had come alive, compared to its domineering concrete structures.

"Our parents did overdo everything." He pointed out the exaggerated decorations and overwhelming crowd about to welcome them in the palace.

"You can count on my father. He always loved the attention and the drama." Dani could remember all the parties and events her father had hosted. None of them would be classified as simple or ordinary.

Soon, they were both escorted inside the palace. They walked along with the flashes of cameras as their backdrop and people shouting their names.

"Just a few more hours, and then we are home free," Alex said, holding her hands tightly.

He was grateful for the magnificent celebration their families had painstakingly worked hard to create for them. It was great, and they both sort of love it, in a way.

But he also wished that the real reason for the event was not lost in the translation.. Their wedding, which they had hoped to be solemn, would not be turned somehow into a royal circus.

[Chapter 474 - No Superman](#)

Earlier. Before the wedding, when the other teams guarding the bridal car went rogue, the security team, working for Alex, was prepared for the ambush.

Tim, the head of the security, sat in the front seat of the car and waited for the opportunity to catch them. He could sense that someone would make the first move at any moment.

He instructed his team to take their positions when he saw the other car stopped not far from behind them. While a few more of his trusted man were already planted not far from their location, hiding in plain sight.

"Do you think Ben was right with his assumption? Are those men working for the enemy?" The one sitting in the driver's seat asked his boss.

Until now, they had not figured out who was behind Dani's attack, nor the real motives. No one had claimed responsibility. They did not have a lead on the first attack, capturing two of the culprits, but they did not know much.

"Will know shortly," Tim could not falsely accuse the security of the palace.

They had worked for Alex's family for many years. He could not question their loyalty unless he had solid proof of their betrayal. It was not unlikely if they were blinded by worldly possessions.

Whoever he and his team were up against knew how to cover their tracks. But, he would not stop until he had solved this mystery and had the criminal pay for his crime.

"Be ready." He informed the three people sitting in the backseat. A couple, pretending to be the parents and one female wearing a white gown, acting as the bride.

They were part of his team that had to take the role of their clients to fool their foes. They acted as the diversion when Ben sensed that these two teams were acting strange.

Changing the setup at the last minute without informing the other parties. Only a few in the family knew about the plan and his men, minimizing the probability that the information would leak.

"Yes, Sir." The three at the back simultaneously answered, pulling out their guns underneath their clothes. Each one started checking their ammunition, flicking the safety on, ready to fire if need be.

"Get ready," Tim announced to everyone in his team, tapping on the partition at the back. And then speaking on his mouthpiece to alert the rest of the team on the ground.

He just saw on the rearview mirror that the other two teams had just left their vehicles, marching towards them with their guns hidden behind their backs.

It only confirmed Ben's hunch. They had turned to the other side and were about to ambush the bride. But they had a surprise waiting for them.

"Are we all set?" Tim confirmed with the other teams as their enemies moved faster to secure their location.

When everyone verified their positions, he knew it was game time. They must execute this correctly to avoid any bloodshed. Any wrong move or an unnecessary trigger would cause a bloodbath in this street.

He specifically chose this car because of its specialized tint and bulletproof protection. But the other teams were not aware of this.

A knock on his window by the head of the other team, instructing him to lower his window, alerted him to be prepared.

"What is it?" He lowered only half of his window to look at the man and hear what he had to say.

He could see that he and his men were already in their stance to attack at any minute, but he would not rush his actions. He wanted to hear him out first and play his cards right.

Besides, he believed the other teams would not attack if they thought he had the bride at the back of the car. He already surmised that they wanted Miss Daniella alive.

"My team and I are wondering why we have to stop. Is there a problem with the bride?" He asked as if he was concerned about the situation.

But he only wanted access to the vehicle without harming his target. The one paying them an enormous amount of untraceable bills wanted the bride taken and delivered without a scratch.

He could not believe that the duke would take the side of these mercenaries over them and put them in charge. After the years of services his boss and the other security members had devoted to this family, they could not accept that they were simply put aside.

"No, we are just instructed to stop for a few minutes for personal reasons." Tim tried to explain, baiting the other man to make the next move and messed up.

The other teams had not pointed their guns directly at them, so there was no reason for him to take it as a threat, not yet. He could not charge at them without provocation.

They could easily deny his accusation and point out that they were just securing the area. It was a mere miscommunication between the different parties.

"Do you mind if I check on them?" The man outside insisted as he tried to peak at the window at the back. But as Tim had said earlier, the black tint had prevented anyone from seeing through the window.

"That won't be necessary. I will inform you if the family is ready to leave. You can go back to your post." Tim used his authoritative voice that would not take no for an answer.

He could not have him snooping on the back. The man would readily know that it was just a decoy. He needed a few more minutes to guarantee the arrival of the other car at the cathedral without a hitch.

"I think you are not hearing me right. I need you to open the back seat now." The man pointed his gun at Tim's face.

He had enough of playing games with the man in charge. He suddenly felt that he was delaying the entire situation in purpose. He had a gut feeling that he was duped.

His mistake was underestimating his opponent when he thought they already had it under control. His men had the car surrounded with their high-powered guns.

However, before he realized the error of his ways, Tim opened the car, ramming him with the door, making him slightly lose his balance.

He was about to fight back and ordered his men to shoot Tim. But when he turned to them, other men surrounded all of his men with guns on their heads.

"Surrender, you lost," Tim said as the other man pointed the gun again at him. "I am sure that we can make a deal if you give up who hired you."

He was not afraid to die if it was necessary, but he would fight for his every breath before he succumbed to death. He stared at the barrel of the gun, waiting if he would pull the trigger or give up.

"How did you know?" The man asked Tim, still holding the gun firmly with his finger poised at the trigger. He wanted to buy time by asking questions, checking his men, or a way to escape.

The man turned again at his men, looking if there was still a chance that they could take back the upper hand. But, he could not see any possibility based on their circumstance.

"Not me. One of my men noticed you and several of your men acting strange." Tim could see his mind panicking. It was not a good sign. "Come on, give me your gun. Let me help you get out of this mess."

His man was about to take action, but he stopped him, putting his hands up to defuse the situation. He did not want the blood of this young man on his hands, not if he could convince him to surrender.

He dropped his gun on the floor, letting the man believe that he was in control while he tried to persuade him to give up his weapon.

"I have another team on their way who will finish the job. You will not get away with this." The man said as his hands trembled, a clear sign that he was beginning to become unstable.

"You know they are not coming." At that moment, the three people in the backseat came out. The bride took off her veil to reveal her face.

He already heard in his earpiece that the bride had safely arrived at the cathedral. His other mission was over, but he still had a job to do. To capture this man alive.

"No, that can't be." The man shouted upon seeing the woman underneath the veil. "I saw the bride enter the car." He was sure of what he saw earlier.

He temporarily closed his eyes to recall the scene earlier. He could not believe that he was fooled. He was carefully watching the movements at the palace.

He saw her enter the car. Or did he simply assume that it was her? How could he be so careless? But when he opened his eyes, he saw Tim about to strike at him.

Without any second thought, with trembling hands, he pulled the trigger, directing the gun in his direction. He was not planning to shoot him, but he surprised him.

Tim moved as he ducked against the shot and grabbed the gun from the younger man. He secured the weapon and let his men capture his opponent.

"Sir, you have been shot." Another of his men came to his rescue, checking the wound oozing with blood around his side.

"Where?" Tim did not even feel the pain, but it could be the adrenaline in his blood or the shock. He thought he had dodged the bullet, but it would seem he was not fast enough.

He guessed he was no superman.

[Chapter 475 - A Wild Mind And A Disciplined Eye](#)

As soon as the couple entered the palace, they were immediately escorted to one of the duke's private rooms. Inside, both of their parents comfortably rested on the couch, sipping some tea as they waited for them.

"Why don't you join your parents for a few minutes before we proceed to the next event," Antonette informed them, leaving them to enjoy the company of their parents.

"Thanks, Mom, Katherine, for such a lovely wedding. It certainly fulfilled my childhood dreams." Dani hugged her mom, followed by her mother-in-law, while they all sat around the large living room.

Although she initially was against this whole idea of a grand wedding, she certainly had changed her mind after this one. Once she stepped into the aisle and saw Alex waiting for her at the other end, she knew this was meant to happen.

"Since you are now both married, I think it is about time that you call us Mom and Dad," Katherine told Dani. "You too, Alex." She pointed to her son, who smiled and acknowledged her request.

She stared at her beautiful daughter-in-law, a bit reminiscing her own wedding. The first time she had to call her in-laws as mother and father.

"We only want to fulfill your dreams. I remember when you were young how much you wanted a fairy tale wedding." Laura began recalling the joy of listening to her daughter when she was still full of hopes and dreams.

She was glad to see the same sparkle in her daughter's eyes again. The eyes that had been void of emotion. She could see her hardened heart had entirely changed too.

She did not see any trace of the damage of what Nick's betrayal had done to her. She was ecstatic that her daughter was finally free to follow her heart to her happiness.

"I guess I have forgotten about it." She did, but she was reminded about it again by this momentous event. "What about you, Alex? Do you have a childhood wedding dream?"

She squeezed Alex's hands, who had been holding her hands since they had left the car. He had been a bit quiet since he accepted a call as they walked along the hallway.

"I'm sorry, what was that?" Alex appeared like he was barely listening to their conversation. So, Dani had to repeat her question. "There was only one dream, I guess in my mind, to be the prince charming for my damsel in distress."

He pulled her hand to his lips and planted a solid kiss on her fingers before placing it back down in between their laps as they sat side by side.

He would do everything in his power to protect her even if she believed that she did not need his protection. She might act tough most of the time, but he would still be by her side to soften the blows thrown at her.

"It is time," Antonette announced to everyone, indicating that all of them should follow her.

They all stood and moved in her direction, knowing what was next in their schedule. Each pair proceeded according to the instruction of Antonette, observing the proper etiquette in this kind of ceremony.

After some introductions, the first couple, Alex's parents, stepped outside the double door on the third-floor balcony of the palace. It was ample space outside the room that could hold a maximum of twenty people.

Then, followed by Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, who stood on the other side of the other couple. Both parents waved to the crowd that gathered on the palace grounds.

"Now, I know what a famous celebrity feels like," Laura said, feeling a bit overwhelmed by the large crowd, waiting for the prince and the princess to come out.

She had avoided the limelight as much as she could. Not an easy task in her position as wife of one of the most successful men in their city. She was no celebrity. She valued her privacy too much.

Finally, after a concise introduction, the couple was asked to step into the limelight. As both walked hand in hand towards the open air, the two could not help the mixed emotions they felt inside.

"I present to you, our very own, Prince Alexander Princeton Blackstone and his lovely wife, Princess Daniella Hamilton Blackstone." The official host announced to everyone over the very loudspeaker.

"Remember to keep your hands entwined and wave with your other hand," Antonette instructed before ushering them outside the double doors.

When he saw the people calling both their names, he suddenly felt a sense of patriotism that he had never felt before. It was like they were not simply calling his name, but he could hear their silent plea.

He had never felt obligated to serve his people. Not even when he was young and was training to be one. But he quickly shoved the idea at the back of his mind, knowing that he still had no plan to do so.

"Wow, I never expected this many people." Daniella was slightly overwhelmed by the masses of people who attended their wedding.

She had seen many royal weddings before in the movies or news, but not in real life. She did not expect a warm welcome after her last conversation with Antonette.

Then, she suddenly remembered the words of the king. If Alex accepted the throne, then this would be her norm. That was something she had never considered before.

"You better get used to it," Alex stated before he could stop himself. He was not exactly aware of why he had said that. As if they would be doing more of this once they were back in New York and their real life.

But this had been his life before he had moved to another country. He wondered if he could ever go back to this. He had run away from his responsibility for a reason. This was not the kingdom he would like to rule.

Before she could ask what he meant by that, the announcer was already saying goodbye to the crowd. They were also ordered to smile at all the people present and wave their farewells.

"Prince Alexander and Princess Daniella, will you please follow me." One of the wedding coordinators assisted them.

The couple was escorted to another room, where they would wait again to be called. While the older Blackstone and Hamilton couples were instructed to proceed to the party.

The other guests were already gathered at the parlor room, where they would wait for the arrival of the newlywed couple. It was a spacious room with couches and chairs scattered around every corner and enough space in the middle to accommodate hundreds of people.

"I must say you really outdid yourself this time," Ethan whispered to her wife, loving the entire event she had helped prepare for their daughter's wedding.

"I can't take all the credit. I have a good partner. Katherine has excellent ideas that I was able to use." She told her husband but was still proud of what she had contributed.

Besides, they had a battalion of creative experts and capable staff who had worked tirelessly to ensure the job was done. With the cooperation of everyone, the results were bound to be a success.

She believed that one idea could spearhead one massive endeavor, and everyone could produce a fascinating concept. However, she had read somewhere that to be creative. One should also possess a wild mind and a disciplined eye.

[Chapter 476 - Without Feeling Any Hard Feelings](#)

The royal staff, wearing formal burgundy velvet vest and black pants uniforms, served assorted hors d'oeuvres as appetizers together with some cocktail drinks to the guests.

In the meantime, this was the opportunity for the guests to socialize with the others before dinner was served. Many formed groups according to their interest, either in business or politics, among other things.

"Congratulations to the proud parents." A loud voice suddenly joined the group, consisting of the groom's parents, the bride's parents, and several other guests.

The group turned to the source. But the duke had already recognized the voice even if he had his back turned to the man. He was indeed expecting his arrival soon enough.

"Thank you, Your Royal Highness," Laura, who was facing the newcomer, bowed her head as a show of respect to their guest. Katherine also simultaneously greeted her brother-in-law once she saw him.

"I am glad that you can join us, Edward." The duke acknowledged his brother, their king.

He expected that his brother would be attending the wedding. But a critical matter had come up and needed his immediate attention, Edward had explained to him earlier.

It did not stop his mind from wondering if his brother or nephew had anything to do with the ambush he had just learned a few minutes ago.

But if he would guess, he was more inclined to believe his nephew might be involved. It could be the critical matter that his brother was talking about. He might be cleaning up his son's mess.

"You know I would not have missed the ceremony. But duty called," King Edward said, but he did not supply additional details.

He was in no obligation to explain to anyone his reasons, not to the Council or to his brother unless it was a national emergency. But he could choose to do so if he wanted, but not today.

He had heard about the incident earlier. He was glad that no one was hurt. It would have been a big scandal and disgrace if the Hamiltons were ambushed in their homeland.

His mind was flooded with several questions regarding the encounter in his kingdom. He had to be on top of this situation. Especially when there was a chance that his son might be implicated in the crime.

"The night is young. We have all the time to enjoy the union of our families." Ethan announced to the group, not wanting anything to ruin the mood of the celebration.

But he was not putting his guard down, not after what happened earlier. He had alerted his own security to double their surveillance of anything unusual.

He was not in his territory. This was not his playing field. He could not afford to play it safe or take the threat so lightly. He could not trust anyone, at the moment, except his own security and his family.

"Attention!" The master of ceremony announced on the loudspeakers. "Please escort the guests to the main room." He instructed the coordinators of the event.

Everyone gathered in the massive ballroom, where many large round tables were perfectly synchronized on the spacious floor. On the front and center was the presidential table that would be accommodating the newlywed couple, their parents, and special guests.

The best dishes, cutlery, glassware, napkins were carefully set with even spacing on the table. With some decorative flowers in an exquisite vase and intricate golden candle holders on the center of the table, the lavish banquet looked nothing less than extravagant.

Nothing looked out of place, and not even a speck of dust could be seen in the shining glassware. One could look at the spoon as if looking at a mirror. Everything would seem to be perfect.

"Would you please follow us to your seats?" The royal staff assisted all the guests to their respective places.

Arranging the guests was not an easy task. Placing each guest at the appropriate table was a delicate undertaking that Antonette took seriously.

She had to guarantee that each table arrangement would give them a lively interaction, less the drama. Putting the wrong person in a group could seriously ruin the entire evening.

When everyone was settled on their seats. The parents and the most important guests, including the king, were seated at the presidential table. Antonette signaled the beginning of the next event.

"Please stand up and let us welcome with a round of applause, the newlywed couple." The host announced for everyone to hear.

At that moment, the double doors leading to the grand ballroom opened. With a piece of live music playing in the background, Alex and Dani finally made their appearance.

As expected, Alex looked dashing in his tailored-made tux. While Dani sparkled in her white halter top, sleeveless gown, made to showcase her beautiful figure.

"Isn't the bride and groom looking quite a perfect match?" The master of ceremony asked the crowd. Wherein he received a resounding agreement from everyone.

The program continued as the newlywed joined their family at the front table, where they could see the entirety of the ballroom.

Their faces were wearing a constant smile on their lips, not because they wanted to please everyone. The truth was, they could not stop smiling because they were finally bound to be together forever.

"They do look like perfect together," He casually whispered at the woman next to him, carefully studying her face for a reaction.

The entire wedding ceremony, he had waited for her to break down and cry. But she appeared to be calm and collected. He was not expecting that, but he was glad.

Now, he wanted confirmation that she was sincerely over him. He did not know why it was important to him. Maybe because he wished he had helped her move on just like him.

"I agree." She said as her eyes continued to stare at the couple at the front. "Troy, you don't have to worry about me. I think I am over him." She smiled at him, feeling lighter than she had ever felt before.

She recognized the look he was giving her. But she believed she did not need it anymore.. She could genuinely wish good things to the happy couple without feeling any hard feelings.

Chapter 477 - Fugitive From Justice

"Are we not done yet?" He asked as they walked the busy street, trying to avoid the rushing passersby, either on their way home from work or those who were about to go somewhere else.

It was already dark but not quite late yet. Some businesses were still humming with life, with customers going in and out of the establishments. While some were barely just beginning.

If her situation was not complicated, he would not have qualms about enjoying the night away. However, they both knew that was not the case.

"Let us have dinner, then we are done." She promised as she thought of a restaurant. "Please, Jacob." She begged, pouting her lips and making googly eyes on him.

She missed eating in her favorite restaurant, which was not far from where they were. But she was unsure if it was a good idea. Her situation had not changed yet.

She could already see the frustration on his face. He was clearly not happy with her actions so far based on his low tone voice. She was afraid to push him to his limits and keep stretching her luck.

"Fine." He felt he had no choice but to concede. He just did not have the heart to see her sad. "But only dinner. Then we go straight home." He made a compromise.

He understood her and her need to feel free. It was not easy what she was going through. He could not imagine himself locked inside the room, unable to do anything else but hide.

But his reluctance also had its reason why he wanted to keep her from other prying eyes. The threat in her life was real and not something he not simply a whim he had conjured in his mind.

"Come on. I know where we can have our dinner." She grabbed his arm and pulled him in another direction, away from where Nick usually took her to win her over.

She remembered seeing a small diner somewhere on the other corner, which she had never tried before. She believed that seeing someone she might know from that little deli was close to none.

Under other circumstances, she would never in her wildest dream eat in that place. But this was her last night to get out. Who knew when she would have the chance again. She would like to make the most of it.

"I hope this is all worth it." He mumbled under his breath, showing off his hesitation. "You know I can cook, right?" He tried for the last time, but he knew it went on deaf ears.

He allowed her to drag him as they maneuvered around the pedestrian crowding the street. Allowing her to get her way. Suddenly, he did not care anymore as he saw the excitement in her stride.

She pulled him to the back of the deli, hoping to find some privacy. Despite the difference in atmosphere from where she usually frequented before, she believed it was still better to play it safe and not blow her cover.

"So, Cassie, what do you think are their specialty?" He asked her, doubting if the small food establishment had anything interesting to offer.

A uniformed woman in a pink apron approached them with a pad and a pen on her hands. For someone in the service business, he believed she needed to work on her social skills upon seeing the scowl on her face.

She forced a smile on her lips as she recited their specialty, which was not much. In terms of choices, well, there were a few. So, the two chose the one that was most likely to be any good.

"Come on. I am sure it is not that bad." She wanted to be optimistic, flashing him a mega smile while tapping her hands on his arms for assurance.

She hoped. But judging from the patrons of the place, they were either here because it was cheap or hiding from the world, just like she was.

In her honest opinion, nobody sane would probably eat in this place. Not even the waitress, who seemed ready to bolt if only she had other options.

"I bet the food here is really great." Well, his tone was full of sarcasm, but he smiled anyway, not wanting to dampen the mood. "Let us get our quick meal and head home."

He was skeptical, but he knew he was right. They were better off eating his cooking. But he kept his thought to himself and waited for the meal to arrive.

He could already guess that she would never admit that she made a mistake. She would eat this meal with gusto only to prove her point. But, he would let her.

"Here comes our order," Cassie said, giggling in delight on the outside. But on the inside, she dreaded putting the food inside her mouth.

She knew she could not back out now, not after her insistent despite his warnings. Then again, she psyched herself up that it was still food to fill their bellies. It could not be that bad, just like she stated earlier.

The waitress who took their order placed the plate of food on their table. She stated the name of the food but never made eye contact with her customer or showed interest in what she was doing.

"Bon a petit." Jacob took his spoon and fork and dived in his food without a care in the world. He did not mind the food since he had eaten far worse than this during his youth or residency.

Besides, he was hungry after all the going around they had been doing all day. It had been fun accompanying her in her schemes. He believed they could have done more if not for their disguise.

They had avoided the places she frequented in the past. Hid their faces, especially her, due to fear that someone might recognize her.

At a certain point during the day, he had to drag her out of the street because he believed he saw someone who might be working for his brother.. He suddenly knew what it felt like to be a fugitive from justice since it did seem that way.

[Chapter 478 - Overly Active Imagination](#)

"Oh, yeah. It looks yummy." But nothing on her plate looked anything resembling the food she loved to eat. The vegetables looked overcooked and saggy. The meat seemed to be burnt on some parts.

She could already guess that the taste would not be far from its appearance. But, she took her fork and knife, slicing through the meat, refusing to admit defeat. As she suspected, it was hard and overcooked inside.

"Hey, Cassie, I am almost a third of my food, and you barely touch yours," Jacob complained, but he already knew why. He did not mind the taste since he had eaten a hundred of this kind of meal. He doubted that she had. Even if she had in the past, it might have been a long time ago. Her association with his brother would have taught her to enjoy only the finer things in life.

He watched her put the piece of steak in her mouth, chewing it gently. But judging from her facial expression, it was not mouthwatering or tender. In fact, he would bet that it was chewy and had a bitter taste.

"Hmmm. That was good." She announced after finally swallowing her first bite. "What about yours, Jacob?"

She was forced to swallow the big piece, which almost caused her to choke. But fortunately, the water she drank pushed it down her esophagus.

However, she believed nothing in that experience was anything but good. Her teeth barely cut the meat into pieces, and the taste was like putting charcoal in her mouth.

"Are you ok? Did the water come down on the wrong pipe?" He questioned, but he knew what truly happened. He was just making fun of her.

He believed this experience would teach her a valuable lesson. He would wait till she was the one begging that they leave this place and eat at home instead.

"Maybe you would like to try a piece." She offered before he could make a quick remark and make further fun of her. "I don't want you to miss all this delicious meat."

She could see that he was clearly enjoying himself with her discomfort. But she was not letting her get away with it without doing something about it.

She quickly cut a large portion and put it up before his lips. Smiling too sweetly at him to take a bite. She was not taking no for an answer.

"That was clearly one of the best steaks in town." He jokingly said to her. Of course, after chewing the meat thoroughly and swallowing it without any hardship.

He wondered how she would finish all that food on her plate, but that was not his problem as he continued to eat his own food, which was a plain sausage, some corn kernels, and mashed potato.

"If you want more, I am willing to share." She offered, hoping that he would take the bite, but the smirk on his face told her that he could see through her lie.

She decided to try the vegetables on the side of her dish. It was overcooked, judging from its appearance. But she was hoping it would at least taste better.

Alas, she was again proven right with her first assumption. It was bland and did not taste anything appealing at all. She wanted to complain to the manager or the owner, but that would create attention that she could not afford.

"Just admit it. You did not like the food." Jacob placed his cutlery down and faced her.

Jacob could see that she was having difficulty chewing and swallowing her food. Tried as she might, she was not fooling him, not one bit.

"What is not to like?" She still refused to concede as she cut another piece.

When she was about to put the piece of steak on her mouth, she stopped in midair. She could continue with her charade and suffer due to her stubbornness. Or, she could opt to accept defeat.

"Really? Then, go ahead and enjoy your meal." He dared her as he continued to eat on his side of the table, but his eyes never left her.

He would wait until she finally gave up. Until then, he would enjoy her distress. He did offer her a way out. It was now her turn to make the next move.

"Fine. I made a mistake." She dropped the fork back to her plate and sulked on her seat, crossing her arms along her chest.

She never liked it when she was wrong about something or if her ideas did not exactly go according to her plans. She would try to find a way to get around it if she could.

The smirk on his face was a sign of triumph that she wanted to wipe out with the use of her fist. But she would not do that since it was not his fault she was in this situation.

"It was not that hard." He also halted on his meal. He faced her with his elbows on the table and his hands entwined in front of him. "You should do it more often. It looks good on you."

He could not help make a little jive at her. It was rare that he would get an opportunity like this. She was not exactly easy to deal with when she was in her mood.

"That is funny, Jacob. I am not that bad." She complained to him, but she knew he was just riling her up. "But you are right. This is."

Instead of getting angry at him, she started laughing, finding the humor with her own doing. If there was someone she should blame for all of this, it was her.

He did offer to cook for her. He was no culinary chef, but he could create some delicious dishes. Compared to what she was forcing on her throat.

"It is not. You are just not used to this kind of food." He defended, knowing to some with less money, this was more than good enough. "Let us go. We are done here."

He pulled some bills and dropped them on the table as he asked her to leave. Then, he stood up and stretched his hands to her, ready to assist her out of that place.

"Will you still cook for me?" She hoped so. She had barely eaten anything, and her stomach was still not satisfied.

She took his hand and allowed him to guide her outside the door. She had enough of her day out. It was time to call it a night and go home.

It had been quite an experience for her. Compared to her previous dates, this seemed to be the most memorable one. Not that she was calling this a date, as in a date of a couple.

"Of..." Before he could finish his words, a commotion just outside the door caught his attention.

He halted on his step, causing her to stop too. He pulled her to the side, unsure if the chaos outside involved the two of them. He did not want them to be caught in the situation.

He thought he had seen someone familiar. The light outside was not that bright, and he only caught a whiff of his feature.. It could just be his overly active imagination playing tricks on him, and he hoped he was wrong.

[Chapter 479 - Ulterior Motives](#)

"So, you must be the man that my daughter had married." A man spoke behind him unexpectedly.

He had been eyeing the man since he walked in with his daughter. Assessing his worth to be good enough to be part of his family.

He had him investigated. A man who came from nothing and built himself up to success. An admirable quality for someone like him. But, it did not mean he had what it took to make it in this business. He was still a man with a lot to prove.

"Good evening, Sir." He turned around and recognized the man. "Yes, I am the lucky man. Troy Collins." Stretching his hand to the other man.

Tyra warned him that her father would find a way to corner him alone. Just like predicted, when Tyra left his side to attend to something, he found himself confronted by his father-in-law.

He had been waiting for the opportunity to meet him, but with all the wedding fuss and the numerous guests, it had been hard to catch his attention and get him alone.

"I have been waiting for my daughter to introduce you to me." John did not bother to take his hand as he eyed him from head to toe. "Let me correct that. I had been waiting for the two of you to visit since I heard the news of your marriage."

He was surprised to watch the news about the unexpected marriage of his daughter to an unknown entity in their social circle.

He was not expecting that since he had been working on a plan to marry her to Zanders. The man he introduced to her during one of the parties they had attended.

"The marriage had been incidental. We did not have time to invite anyone. Then, things have been a bit hectic since I recently opened a new business." Troy tried to make his justification, but he did not lie. He just did not tell the whole truth.

He was well aware that his wife had deliberately avoided visiting her father or tried to set up an appointment for them to meet. He could not blame her since their marriage was anything but the real deal.

On the other hand, he had been waiting for this moment. He could already sense that his father-in-law did not like the idea of him as his son-in-law. After all, he did not come from old money like him, just like most guests at this party.

"I am sure that a man of your stature could spare some time for family," John replied with a bit of sarcasm.

He did not like that this man before him did not see his importance to give him the courtesy of a visit. But he would make sure that he knew his place in this family.

Like it or not, until he could convince his daughter to divorce this man, he had no choice but to know him more. He did not like the idea of him as his son-in-law, but maybe he could use him in the meantime.

"Maybe we can start over again. Will you mind if I set up an appointment with your secretary? So, I could make up for my shortcoming?" Troy offered as a compromise.

He was not afraid to face a man like him. He had encountered worse. But he was curious to get to know the man who had raised his wife.

Based on his understanding, he was an arrogant and self-centered man. Quite different from the woman he had the chance to get to know.

"Well, that seems to be a good idea. I certainly will like to know you more since you are now married to my daughter." John stated as he continued to eye him with suspicion.

He realized that Troy was not an easy man to intimidate. His plan to scare or threaten him to leave his daughter would not probably work as he initially thought.

Paying him would not work either since, at the moment, his net worth was exponentially higher than his. He could certainly use his money, but to accept him in his circle as the husband of his daughter was something else.

"Then, I am looking forward to seeing you again," Troy concluded, seeing that his wife looked in his direction and was about to join them.

He did not have to inform her of his plan. Tyra was very adamant about avoiding her father as much as possible, but he did not have to follow her.

When he agreed to help her, that included protecting her from those who would take advantage of her. Even from her father, if that would come to that point.

"Tyra, my darling." John greeted his daughter once she came to view. He was glad that he had this talk with her husband before she entered the conversation.

He did not want her to know his plans until he had carefully assessed the situation. He still believed that his daughter was better off with someone in their level and not someone who was only using his daughter to enter their world.

He believed if it was not for his daughter, he would never have set foot in such a prestigious event like this. Because social gatherings like this did not invite just anyone, not even if this man had money.

"Hi, Dad. I believe you have met my husband, Troy." Tyra could already see the careful scrutiny of her father. As if he was trying to catch her lie.

She had loved her father since she could remember. Never lied to him before because she was never good at it. He would always read it on her face when she hid something from him.

Now, she wondered if he could decipher her secrets as he stared into her eyes. She hoped not because it would beat all the purpose of Troy's sacrifice to marry her.

"Yes, quite an interesting fellow," John said to her, letting Troy hear his description of him. "Intelligent and charming."

He would break this marriage if it was the last thing he did while still alive. He could not give his blessings to this man. He believed this man was only using his daughter.

He would dig in his past to look for his weakness and use it against him. Someone who worked in such a lowly, trashy, and cheap business would definitely have many.

He might even have several enemies in his line of work. If he had some terrible skeleton in his closet, he would find it. He would not stop until he had enough dirt to drive him away.

"He is a good man, Dad. I am happy that I married him." She defended Troy from what his father was implying.

She could already guess what her father thought of her husband. She would know that look and tone. She had encountered it too many times every time she would introduce a suitor or a boyfriend to him when she was young.

Even Alex was not good enough for him when he learned that Edward was interested in her. Everyone to him was not good enough for his daughter unless he said so.

"I assure you that I only want the best for your daughter. I have no motive to hurt her or use her." Troy told the old, arrogant man.

He would not allow this man to manipulate his daughter again to do his bidding, not if he could help it.. He would not give John the chance to ruin him because of his ulterior motives to get rid of him.

[Chapter 480 - Extended Family](#)

"Here is to a successful marriage and a happy married life." Everybody toasted after the best man had made his speech, clapping and cheering for the happy couple.

Dinner had been a success as everyone was quite satisfied with the delicious and sumptuous meals served to them. The chefs had made a marvelous feast, and the staffs were magnificent in their jobs.

The program was followed according to the schedule, just like clockwork. It was to the delight of Antonette, the organizers, and the royal staff, who had worked endlessly to make this event a success.

"Are you ready to leave soon, my wife?" He whispered to her ears, liking the words as they rolled out of his tongue. They danced together with the rest of the guests as they waited for the moment the party would end.

He was relieved that no more incident happened after the earlier one. He still had to check on his man tomorrow if there was more he could do for them, but Ben assured him that he was on top of the situation.

Tonight, he just wanted to concentrate on making his wife happy. It was their first day as a married couple and their first night to consummate their wedding. He could not think of anything else more important than that.

"I was thinking maybe we could skip the rest of the program, but a few minutes more probably would not hurt us." She responded, exhausted from the entire day of celebration but still enjoying the company of their families and friends.

She held tight in his arms as he guided her to their dance, swaying to the music, synchronized in each move. She would have loved to dance with him all night if she could, but her feet were starting to complain.

She still wondered how women could endure tremendous suffering. Well, there was the wearing of heels, putting on makeup, and on and on. But the most painful one, bearing a child.

"Yea, we can not disappoint everyone if we suddenly disappear." He agreed with her.

Most of the relevant aspects of the wedding were already finished. So, if they went missing, it would not be such a big deal.

Nevertheless, he believed that they still should thank all that came to join them today. And also to formally say goodbye to their families. They would be quickly flying to their honeymoon destination after this.

"Honestly, did you like all of this?" He waved his hands around them before putting them back on her waist as they continued to shift their movement to every rhythm.

He loved dancing with her. It was so effortless since she was also a good dancer. She could anticipate his next move just by a cue coming from him.

He was never good at dancing until Tyra convinced him to take dancing lessons with her. He knew the basics, but other than that, he was clueless on what foot to use or where his hands should go.

"Truthfully, I never thought that I would love it." She admitted. She was uncertain what had changed her mind about the whole grand celebration.

Maybe knowing that it was prepared by someone who loved them so much made the difference. It was also probably seeing the excitement in everyone's eyes, not only of the guests but the people working behind the scenes.

She genuinely loved and enjoyed every minute of the entire program. It was the fulfillment of her dream wedding that she had forgotten in a long while.

"Congratulations! You look so fucking perfect." Jacky said, then tapped her lips for her foul language that was inappropriate for a lady. "I am sorry that was very unladylike of me."

Her concern was more with the stuffy couple dancing nearby than her friends. They just gave her an icy glare that could probably freeze an entire continent.

"Don't worry. I am sure many ladies say far worse when behind closed doors." Lance assured her, knowing the hypocrisy of some of their kinds.

He had acted as his escort for the celebration since she had no date, neither was he. He could not be bothered to look for one among his kind since they would be expecting more from it.

He was not ready for any relationship and commitment unless only friendship. His responsibilities for the kingdom had consumed most of his time. Finding the right one seemed to be impossible at the moment.

Besides, he still enjoyed his friendship with Jacky. That was more than enough for now. Soon, she would be leaving to go back to her life, and he would be alone again, just like what he wanted.

"I was enjoying the part of pretending to be a lady, but it is ruined now." Jacky laughed as she continued to dance with her date.

She could not stop staring at her friends, who seemed genuinely happy with their current status. Married life suited the two of them.

The glow that emanated from them due to their happiness was undeniable proof of their love and commitment. She could already bet that they would be one of the most successful couples she knew.

Well, she did meet only a few, including their friend's parents and a few of their clients. Having no parents to look up to, she could only rely on others for proof that there was such a thing as a happy ever after.

"Well, you will always be Jacky to us." Dani guaranteed that it was better than anything else. "And we love Jacky very much. We don't like someone else." Pointing to the great character and personality of her friend.

The other two men present agreed with her, making Jacky blush with the compliment. They also felt that they had loved and enjoyed her company because she was not like everyone else.

"You are only saying that because I am your friend. But, ok. I will accept that as a compliment." Jacky announced to the group, happy that she was in the company of good people.

She could never ask for better friends to be associated with. More than half of the people she knew would want to take her shoe, but she would never give up her position in the heart of Dani and her new friends.

"Have you seen Marcus?" Alex suddenly interrupted the moment, remembering that he had something important to tell his friend. But he had not seen him yet after the dinner.

He tried to see if he was with their other friends, but he was not. He had spotted most of them on the dance floor while the others were at the bar.

"I have not seen him since earlier," Dani answered him first, thinking if she spotted him somewhere else.

Marcus had been a tremendous help today, and she would like to personally thank him too before they left. She knew how important Marcus was to Alex. They bonded almost like brothers.

She could also remember how she and Jacky had started. It might not be decades, like Alex and Marcus's friendship, but it was meaningful to them.

Now that she was married to Alex and about to start their own family.. She wanted to assure Marcus that he would always be part of their extended family, just like Jacky.