

Chapter 213 - Divorced Heiress

My hands were trembling slightly as I looked at myself in the mirror.

I made a great effort not to let the tear that was welling up in my eye fall, or it would ruin all the work. Abby looked at me from head to toe with tenderness, she let her tears escape without caring if it would ruin her makeup.

"I see it and I can't believe it." She said, wiping her tear with a napkin, leaving her makeup intact. "I'm sorry, I'm more hormonal than ever."

I couldn't help but smile at her before I approached to caress her bulging belly of almost five months, which looked so tender and beautiful in her turquoise dress. To be honest, I had never imagined her like this, but I was glad to see her so happy for the baby that was coming to fill her life with joy, even though that jerk Vincent had left her alone in this stage, but he was missing out and I was really proud of Abby.

She was the strongest and bravest woman I had ever known, thanks to her, Alexander and I were still alive. Paul was in a maximum-security prison and in the worst possible way, in a wheelchair and missing a leg, paying a life sentence.

That was the fate he had chosen for himself, this time I was certain that the Dubois nightmare was over forever.

"Don't cry, you'll ruin your makeup." I reprimanded her jokingly, and she smiled, wiping the moisture from her cheeks.

"I ask for your forgiveness, it's just so touching to know that I can no longer call you the divorced heiress, but the heiress married for the second time to the same man. You look so beautiful that he won't want to take off that dress on the honeymoon."

I laughed at Abby's wit and enveloped her in my arms, giving her the longest and most genuine hug, we both needed it.

"We must go." I said, seeing my parents on the other side of the door, everything was ready to start the ceremony, and that only increased my nerves.

Although it was the second time I would be joined in marriage to Alexander, I couldn't help but feel as if it were the first time. This time was different, now all our loved ones were there, witnessing our union.

Abby accompanied me with my parents, who couldn't help but cry with a smile on their faces at seeing me in a white dress, just minutes away from marrying Alexander.

The wedding planners indicated that we should already be in our places, so we had no choice but to save the words for another time.

I clung to my father's arm, who couldn't stop looking at me as if I were the most beautiful diamond he had ever seen in his life.

"Years ago, you gave me your broken wings, and now I give them back to you. You're ready to embark on a new journey, and I made sure to mend them very well. I want you to be very happy, daughter, and I'm sure Alexander will do that job even blindfolded."

My father's emotional words moved me to the point that I couldn't contain the mischievous tear that stung in my eye.

"I love you, my precious daughter."

My father kissed me on the forehead before offering me his handkerchief to dry my cheeks, and he also wiped his with the back of his hand.

The wedding march started, and I had to swallow the lump in my throat, but I couldn't do the same with the nerves that had me trembling. I could barely return the smiles to the guests, although it's more likely that it came out more as a grimace on my part.

Then, as if by magic, the nerves disappeared when my eyes met those honey-colored eyes that seemed to crystallize as I got closer to him. A smile crept onto my face as I saw him wearing his impeccable tuxedo, the same design that Tristan was wearing by his side, it was his miniature version.

When I reached his side, my father placed my hand on Alexander's before addressing him.

"I give you the hand of my daughter, the most precious thing I have. Although you are joining for the second time, it is the first time that I have the pleasure of giving my daughter away at the altar. I trust that this second chance will be a solid marriage. It better be." My father spoke with the sweetest voice, but he said the last part with total seriousness, causing Alexander to let out a nervous laugh.

"I have no doubt about that, Mr. Doinel." Alexander answered confidently before my father turned around to join my mother in the front row.

"You don't doubt it either, beautiful."

I smiled when he told me that in a low voice and he wasted no time in giving me a quick look from head to toe.

"Today we are gathered here to unite Alexander Lancaster and Sarah Doinel in holy matrimony."

I stopped listening to the father's words and kept staring at Alexander as if my life depended on it, my heart was beating fast in my chest, while I thought about how ironic all this was, being at the altar next to him for the second time, after years of repudiating him.

From love to hate there was a step, but from hate to love there was an even shorter one when I never stopped loving him, no matter how much I wanted to stop.

Neither Rachel, nor Paul, nor even his family could end what we felt for each other.

Now I was certain that I wanted to spend the rest of my life with him, with the man I fell in love with, the one who gave me the most beautiful gift, our son, and today I was enjoying his best version.

For a moment, I felt like everything around us disappeared and it was just him and me, admiring each other, his gaze transmitted how much he adored me, standing here, uniting once again with a ring on our finger as a symbol of our love given by our little son, this time with no one in between, no one to disturb our peace and happiness, this time we would be a true family.

"Alexander Lancaster, do you accept Sarah Doinel as your wife, to love and respect her, in sickness and health, in wealth and poverty, until death do you part?"

The father's question brought me out of my reverie and Alexander smiled before responding.

"I do!" Alexander's enthusiasm made all the guests laugh as they admired our union with emotion.

"Sarah Doinel, do you accept Alexander Lancaster as your husband, to love and respect him, in sickness and in health, in wealth and poverty, until death do you part?"

As soon as he finished asking that question, I immediately responded with complete certainty.

"I do."

"May the Lord confirm this consent, what God has joined together, let no man separate. By the power vested in me by the church, I now pronounce you husband and wife, you may kiss the... "

Alexander didn't even wait for the father to finish the sentence, he cradled my cheeks in his hands and pressed his lips to mine, kissing me as if he had been dying to for hours.

"...Bride."

The applause and laughter followed soon after, but I didn't pay much attention as I got lost in that kiss that took me to heaven, making me forget even about my son who was standing next to Alexander.

Alexander pulled away from my lips, but his face remained close to mine, his honey-colored gaze locked with mine and with a smile, he whispered against my lips.

"Together forever."

I nodded in agreement, completely in sync with him, it was what I longed for the most.

" Together forever."

"I love you, Sarah Doinel."

THE END