

Get me married by Tori Chapter 11

Chapter 11: Wrong woman

GENESIS

My heart skipped at the way he stiffened at my touch, it felt like something was wrong or something might go wrong.

I had watched too many romance movies to actually have this fear that he might call off the wedding at that time. It was a weird thought but it just popped into my head and I didn't want to be the girl that was left at the alter or left at her wedding. It was going to make a news headline if the Jordan Chase actually dumped me on our wedding day few minutes before we tied the knot. And it was going to hurt me terribly because I did like him a lot, plus the humiliation I would have to face, the society wasn't going to be kind to us and I was not ready, I would have never been ready to go through that. He stared at me for what seemed like hours with an unreadable expression in his eyes, the feeling in my guts told me something was wrong and you know how it is, guts feeling never lies.

JORDAN CHASE

There I stood, nervous, tensed and excited. I was excited to see her, I was happy to see her but the wait was driving me crazy.

I kept the best face I could keep for cameras, I smiled when someone said something funny but that was it. The nervousness was killing me and my hands were becoming sweaty.

My mom kept smiling at me and my dad who sat close to her kept a neutral face and said no word to me even after coming to my wedding pretty late.

The song rose up and my nervousness increased when I realized she was about to come in. Seeing her from afar, my heart raced, her gown fit her perfectly and she was beautiful. She loved my present, she realized what I had done and I knew because she wasn't focused on me but her

environment, she would walk and pause few times. I was happy she was happy, I gave her the wedding of her dreams after all.

The closer she came, the more anxious I became.

Then I noticed her curves and that, that got me uneasy. It brought back the feeling I had in my guts. Samantha wasn't curvy, though I wanted to believe that she might have had surgery but I knew her and knew how she felt about stuffs like that. It made me panic and more nervous. From the little distance I watched her closely, my eyes glued on her, then I noticed the rose flower she carried. Samantha would have never picked up a rose flower even if it was a gift to her. She hated rose, she loved peony instead.

"what is going on?" I found myself asking.

Her steps, her steps were too different. Samantha walked like a boss, her steps were too confident and you could see the pomposity she carried as her hips swayed, but suddenly she was walking gracefully. Too gracefully, her steps were confident ofcourse and humble but I felt like I was seeing a whole new person. Her height was another thing that caught my attention. Samantha was tall, if she wore the heels that I believed she wore, she should be taller but she was few inches shorter. My stomach tightened in a knot and I quickly stole a glance at my mom, she smiled at me warmly and it didn't stop my uneasiness. I turned back to my bride, she was closer, I looked at her face, her veil made sure I couldn't see all part of her face or eyes even. As she

stood in front of me, I knew something was wrong. Her hands were gently placed in mine and I stiffened, it felt different.

I turned back to my mom, she was no longer smiling, she looked apprehensive, she mumbled something to my dad and he immediately walked towards me.

son

“Excuse me, just a minute” he muttered to the priest and urged me to follow.

I stared at him for a while, then back at my bride, I squeezed her hands a little and followed my dad to a corner while everyone watched.

“What’s going on with you?” he asked immediately.

“What makes you think something is going on?” I asked with a question of my own.

“Jordan, is something wrong?” my mom was soon standing beside us with worried looks on her face. I stared at her for a while, in an attempt to read her, to believe she wouldn’t have done what my heart was telling me she did.

“is there a problem?” she asked one more time.

“She looks different mom, she looks so different from Samantha” I said and she scoffed nervously.

“You almost killed me there” she said and laughed, then breathed in as a sign of relief

“That’s what I thought when I first saw her. You know women, she made changes, she have the money. Now can you go get married already” she ordered and my dad took my hands

immediately and led me back to the stage, without giving me a chance to argue or ponder on what she said. But I took what she said, I didn’t have the time to think because of the overwhelming presence around, my mom was a lot of things and would do a lot of things, I believed that she wasn’t going to deceive me the way I thought she would. So I pushed the thought to the back of my mind and focused on getting married. I was getting married to the woman of my dreams after all, I had to be happy and make it count.

The priest immediately started with a short sermon while the crowd had their seat. I stood facing my bride, still very skeptical about everything. I kept looking at her veil to get a glimpse of what she looked like, I have been wanting to see Samantha for a long time and getting a veil that wasn’t see through was completely out of the way.

My eyes roamed her face, her skin, her hair as I tried my possible best to keep my composure and get married to the woman of my dreams but I kept getting uneasy. We said our vows and moved to the segment of ring exchange.

She got her ring first and I gave her my left hand so she could slide it in.

“Let this ring...” she paused and stared at me, I could tell she was staring at me.

“Let this ring be a symbol of my promises to you” she started and the knot in my stomach tightened. Her voice sounded too different, It was the same voice I had been talking to on the phone all this while but when I thought of Samantha, that wasn’t the voice I could remember.

“and a reminder of my devotion to you. I am honoured to call you my husband” she said and slide the ring through my fingers and the congregation clapped loudly.

I took my ring and held her hands in mine, lots of thoughts went through my head at that moment, my uneasiness made it worse. I expected to actually feel happy, I wanted to feel happy but that seemed impossible.

“with this ring” I started

"I...thee wed, and with it" I paused and reassured myself that I was doing the right thing, it was exactly what I wanted. I convinced myself that the overwhelming feeling I got was as a result of the pressure from everyone.

"and with it, I bestow upon thee all the treasures of my heart, mind and hands" I said and slide the ring through her hands and the congregation clapped. We were pronounced husband and wife after and I could see my mom glowing in excitement. That was it, I was officially married.

The moment I was actually waiting for, the moment that was going to make me a fulfilled man. It was time to unveil my bride, so we could kiss

I felt really excited to see her face as time dragged on. I wasn't the only one excited, cameras were beginning to get ready for her revealing, the wife of Jordan Chase who no

I moved closer to her, my heart racing in my chest as I stared at her. I took her hands in mine and kissed the back of her hands, I didn't know why I did it, I just did.

Then I let go and took a deep breath, the audience were completely quiet and the glass house seemed empty. I held the hem of her veil and my heart raced faster. I took another deep breath and lifted the veil from her face.

My heart stopped and the congregation screamed as camera light flashed rapidly. Bright blue eyes stared back at me, I was supposed to have been met with hazel coloured eyes, not blue.

The dread in the chest died off to be replaced by betrayal, the knot in my stomach loosened and was replaced by anger.

She wasn't Samantha, she wasn't the woman I wanted, she wasn't my wife, she was an imposter.

I glared hard at her, my hands balled into a fist as I tried to keep my anger in check. I was still a public figure, I couldn't hit her and take back my ring, I couldn't scream or scold or yell, I couldn't ask the questions in my heart but I glared at her when she expected me to kiss her. Then I remembered my mother's words, she planned everything, she had a perfect plan. She deceived me, she betrayed my trust. How could she bring a different girl, it wasn't some contract, it was my marriage, my wedding and she toiled with me, she manipulated everything, she didn't care about my happiness. My eyes turned to the direction she was sitting and I saw her looking at me with a smile. A victorious smile, she won and I had lost. I glared at her for a moment and turned back to the imposter standing in front of me, all I wanted to do was to hold her arms so tight and question her but I didn't.

When he lifted up my veil, the smile on my face disappeared. His demeanor had changed within half a second, he was staring at me differently. When I had expected a smile or half a smile and then a kiss, he stood and glared at me. His jaw was set, his shoulders were tensed, he looked like a different person. His eyes held so much coldness to it, it made my blood grow cold.

He stared at the crowd, then back at me and I flinched. With the same look in his eyes, if not worse.

"what is going on?" my thoughts nagged worriedly as I stared back at him. We stood that way for some minutes, his look actually got me really nervous and scared all at once, congregation waited patiently to get that kiss, they didn't sense what I was sensing, they didn't feel the coldness that radiated from him. They didn't feel it radiated

from his body as I did.

He glared at me and suddenly, he turned to the entrance of the glass house and started walking away.

The crowd gasps in awe, my heart raced as I looked around unsure and confused about what was really happening. He didn't stop, he kept walking, he left me at the alter and kept walking.

Tears burned the back of my eyes, I didn't understand why he was leaving, I didn't get why he was walking away.

What ever it is, he left me, his wife. He lefts me standing alone with no one.

He left