

The Wedding

Her heart hammered in her chest. Was he really asking her to marry him, now? It wasn't unheard of, a lot of people made in game marriages even though they had never met each other face to face. But it's just a game right? Yet somehow, this had a profound meaning. She felt the pride swelling in her chest. She was never the 'wanted' type in school; no one had ever found her attractive. And yet this guy, on the other side of the internet connection, somewhere on the other side of the world was entranced with her, it seemed, and made a lot of compliments which set her pulse to racing.

She inhaled deeply before typing a reply: *Of course I will marry you! I can get a wedding dress.* She felt buoyant, as though any minute now she will float up into the air, it was giddy, intoxicating. *Wait...* came the reply, he was running around the city here and there, and then jumped on a griffin. *Don't move.* She looked on the map and saw him speeding off towards Stranglethorn Valley. *I'm not going anywhere.* She answered, *brb*, and ran for the bathroom; she needed to go for some time now, but the excitement had glued her to the computer.

When she came back she saw that he was already there, standing in front of her in a tuxedo. He had put away all other equipment and looked very dashing, chocolate eyes looking from a serious brow and short cropped black hair. He opened the trade window and placed three items there. A wedding dress, bouquet of red roses and a ring which read - 'the huge one: a diamond you would never forget'. Her heart was still racing, beating a tattoo in her breastbone. She didn't know what to say or type so she simply clicked 'accept' and made a quick job of putting these items on and removing all other gear to her bags. The wedding dress was stunning, white with a design running around it, halter neck and open back – it showed off all the best parts of her body.

She typed in guild frantically, *I am getting married guys! Who's coming to Stormwind? I need someone to give me away!* There was a flurry of replies, people were asking to hold on and they would be there soon, it was at least 24 people.

Pintu... a whisper can I give you away? It would be a great honour.

Of course Silver, she whispered back to Silverknight, but she always gave people short nicknames for ease of reference, *I'm glad it would be you.*

I'm coming Silverknight answered.

Shall we go David? She always called him by his real name, because it just seemed right.

Of course, mount next to me and let's go to the Cathedral. He set his mount to walking and she lined up next to him and did the same. It looked like a procession. They made their way slowly through the trade district, around the canal and over the bridge to the Cathedral Square. People made two lines on either side of the straight approach from the archway towards the entrance of the Cathedral itself. And as they rode past them, the line folded in on itself and the last people were now walking on either side while the rest lined up again behind them.

She dismounted at the bottom of the steps and looked up at the Cathedral gleaming golden in the sunlight, its spires rising high above.

It is such a beautiful day. She said.

Next to you, every day is beautiful. He answered.

They ascended the stairs, splitting up to the two archways.

Whoa! Silverknight yelled as he was racing to the Cathedral proper and up the stairs towards her without dismounting. *Wait up! I'm supposed to give this young lady away! Now wait here with me miss and let's do this properly!* She smiled at him as he dismounted, all handsome in his tuxedo. *Sorry I'm late*, he whispered, *I had to do some shopping.* She smiled at him and patted him on the shoulder. *No problem.* She waited under the entranceway archway with him while her guild mates lined up on the sides of the cathedral and David went to stand in front of the priest.

They matched their paces as they proceeded down the isle toward David. She thought her heart was going to explode, the way that it was hammering against her chest. This is it, she thought, this is the day – it's like a dream. She resisted the urge to break into a run and tried to keep walking steadily, and then finally she was there, standing next to him, and gazing at Beltadir who was acting as priest.

To hell with this! She announced, watching the others starting to move uncertainly. *I do!*

I do! David echoed her.

A great cheer arose all around them as people clapped and started to dance. Elves were spinning, the females doing arabesque style dancing while the males made more manly moves. The men were rocking their socks and she was dancing the Macarena. The dwarfs were dancing Russian polka, but there was no gnomes present. It didn't matter - it was perfect, just perfect. And it felt so real.