

Her heart constricted a degree tighter as she tried to make sense of it all, vaguely hearing Alex taking his vows.

The priest turned toward her. “Annet Sherman, will you obey him and serve him, love, honor and keep him, in sickness and in health?”

What? Did she hear that right? Obey? Serve? Wait a minute! Had he asked Alex the same questions or was that submissive shit just for her? Alert and distrustful, she spun toward Alex and yanked his arm. “What’s all that about?” she hissed.

With a tender, dreamy smile around his mouth, he looked down at her, his eyes radiating love. “Don’t worry. I love you, and everything will be fine,” he whispered.

In a trance, her mouth formed the words, “Yes, I do.”

Alex bowed his head, her lips awaiting his kiss, but before they touched, she whispered, “You can forget about that obedient crap, buddy!”