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Copyright: The *Terminator: The Sarah Connor Chronicles* characters and concept belong to James Cameron and Josh Friedman. However, I own the plot and other characters.

Notices: This story contains violence and sexual content.

Summary: It's a regular Friday night after work for the young college student, Sarah Connor, who is traveling back to her apartment. On the fated night, her beliefs and outlooks are forever changed after a near kidnapping and a choice between life or death given by an estranged police officer.

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Series 2: **No Fate**, Story #1

I, Terminator

by Red Hope

Epilogue – I Do

Sarah Jeanette Connor II couldn't control her heart's wild beat, but she didn't want to anyway. The defining music played and filled her. She continued the slow but fateful walk down the aisle with her father regally hooked to her arm. She had a smile brighter than she could last recall as all eyes followed her and her father down the church's aisle.

John Connor squeezed his daughter's arm as he brought her up the steps to the young man that waited for his daughter. He turned to Sarah and placed a soft kiss to her cheek. He blinked against the sting behind his eyes but straightened up and smiled at his daughter, who was absolutely stunning in her pure white dress.

"I love you," John whispered then broke away from his child. He descended the steps and joined his wife's side on the bench.

Sarah lifted her rich jade eyes to her finance, who was more handsome than she could recall in the years she known him. She gave him a tender smile, which he returned and winked at her. Sarah breathed deeply then fully faced the priest after she adjusted the bouquet in her hands.

The priest softly cleared his throat and now began the religious ceremony that was most known and rather old in human history. With his powerful voice, he preached the words he had memorized from the bible in his hand.

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered here in the sight of God to join this Man and this Woman in Holy Matrimony, which is an honorable estate, instituted of God in Paradise, and into which holy estate these two persons present come now to be joined." The priest paused and studied the beloved crowd of the groom and bride. He then boomed out, "Therefore if any man can shew any just cause why these may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak or else hereafter forever hold his peace." He waited a beat.

From the corner of his eye, the groom glanced over the crowd, but he silently sighed when none spoke. He smiled back at his fiancée, who was just as nervous.

Sarah felt his tension so she mimicked his wink back then turned to him now that it was their cue from the priest. She gathered his hands into hers.

The priest continued with the old, traditional speech from the Christian religion that the bride had specifically chosen. His voice broadcasted throughout the church and filled all the witnesses' ears. He then went silent and focused on the couple before him.

The groom first repeated the vows to his fiancée in his best voice. "I, Charles Dixon, take you, Sarah Jeanette Connor II, to be my wife. To have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer. In sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death do us part." He had flushed cheeks and his stomach fluttered, but he held his smile.

Sarah had bitten her lower lip at hearing Charley's vows. She now gathered her strength and repeated her vows next. "I, Sarah Jeanette Connor II, take you, Charles Dixon, to be my husband. To have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer. In sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death do us part." She and Charley both took a deep breath after completing their vows.

The priest had warm features, and he now commanded, "The rings, please."

Sarah now made sure to give her bride's maid her bouquet.

The ring bearer approached the priest and held out the matching band rings. Once the priest took them, he returned to his position in the groom's party.

The priest placed the rings in the center of his open bible and continued the ceremony. "Let us pray. God, bless these rings to be a sign of the vows this Man and this Woman have bound themselves to each other. To Jesus Christ our Lord." He then approached the couple and first handed the bride's ring to the groom.

Charley Dixon took the elegant band ring and raised Sarah's left hand up. He placed the ring at Sarah's fingertip.

Sarah glanced down at the wedding band that poised on her ring finger. She met Charley's tender features and listened to his next words.

"Sarah, I give you this ring as a symbol of my vow. And with all that I am and all that I have, I honor you." Charley then carefully slid the shining ring down his new wife's finger.

Sarah looked from Charley to the ring, which now fitted to her ring finger. She revealed her glistening eyes to Charley but turned and carefully retrieved Charley's wedding band from the bible. She gingerly took his left hand and raised it in hers. She positioned the ring at the tip of his ring finger.

"Charley, I give you this ring as a symbol of my vow. And with all that I am and all that I have, I honor you." Sarah Connor gently pushed the ring onto her new husband's finger. She smiled up at him.

The priest stood proud, twisted around, and set his open bible down on the altar table but took a cloth. "May I have your hands?"

Sarah and Charley lifted their left hands, which were linked together by the priest then lightly bounded them by the cloth. The couple held each other's eyes as they listened to the priest.

"Now that Charley and Sarah have given themselves by vows, with joining of hands, and giving of rings and receiving of rings. I pronounce they are husband and wife... in the name of the Father and the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Those God has joined together let no one put asunder."

"Amen," the husband and wife responded in kind.

The priest unwrapped the new spouses' bound hands and set the cloth aside. He continued his prayers and blessing that everybody joined in during the ceremony. Once everybody stood, he called out, "May the peace be with you."

"And also with you," the crowd returned.

The priest focused back on the couple and softly commanded, "You may kiss the bride."

Charley Dixon turned to his wife, who edged closer to him. He leaned in for a short but meaningful kiss that left them both grinning. After they separated, the beautiful organ music quietly grew and announced the ending of the ceremony. Sarah retrieved her flowers from her bride's maid, Kelly, and then took her husband's arm. Together, the newly married couple descended the altar's steps and walked down the aisle to the waiting, open doors.

Sarah glanced at her parents; her mother was crying but also happy while her father proudly watched her pass by.

Charley leaned closer to his wife and murmured, "I love you, babe."

Sarah squeezed his arm tightly. "I love you too." She followed him down the aisle and took in all the familiar faces that'd come to see them wed. Just as she passed the wood doors, her sterling silver Saint Christopher necklace, which rested on her chest, brightly reflected the overhead sunlight into the cobalt blue sky.

The End.