

Marianne gasped as the stretch limo's driver pulled up outside the elegant Georgian mansion. A former stately home, it had now been converted into a luxury hotel.

"Donna's really gone to town, hasn't she?" Cindy, one of the other bridesmaids remarked. "Doesn't she look lovely in that gorgeous dress? It must have cost a fortune."

"Yes, a real fortune," Marianne agreed, wondering where on earth the money had come from.

Marianne was Donna's chief bridesmaid. She gazed around the manicured lawns. They gleamed green and gold in the brilliant sunshine. And the lawns led down to a blue lake where small boats bobbed on the water.

Marianne saw a conjurer and a uni-cyclist on the lawns as well as a band.

"A fortune," she repeated in a whisper. "I wonder how she paid for it all."

The guests watched as Harry, Donna's new husband helped her out of the car.

Donna waved

This is not the complete story. To read further, please either register as a new reader or login now if already registered

The e

cription.

Glasses of champagne were placed on silver trays, ready for the guests to help themselves.

"There's a room upstairs where you bridesmaids can get changed," a receptionist said. "Follow me. Donna should be with you soon."

After Donna joined her attendants, she said. "It's a good job, Marianne's done my make-up this morning. My hairdresser gave me a discount and Kieran's not charging me for the photographs outside the church. That's all saved a bit of money."