

Oops! I Married A CEO By Mistake

Chapter 1

1- Last Minute Bride
"Shit! I am late!"

With a speeding heartbeat, she pushed open the door and looked around while chewing a piece of gum. The place was secluded as expected but the person she was looking for did not seem to be there.

She panicked and glanced at her wristwatch. It was already quarter past ten in the morning and the man was nowhere in sight.

Was she late? Did he already leave? Talking to herself she went to the bathroom and closed herself in a stall.

Sitting on the toilet seat she took out her phone and checked the message again, sent by her friend, Molly:

'Abigail. Meet this man at Sasha's Diner tomorrow morning at ten. Don't be late. He is a struggling model. Needs a place to stay. Don't get carried away by his looks, honey. He is gay.

He is ready to marry you. Go for it, honey. All the best.'

This man was the last hope for Abigail. Her silly friend did not even share his picture because she had to leave last night for Paris urgently.

Before heading off, Molly left a voice note for her, 'Abi. Don't forget to meet him tomorrow morning. I need to travel urgently. Mom is sick and admitted to the

hospital. Henry will be there at ten sharp in a navy blue shirt. He is a very punctual guy. All the best.'

Now the 'punctual Henry' was nowhere in sight. She came out of the stall and started washing her hands. The way her ex-fiancé and her step-sister cheated on her back, it had drained her emotionally and mentally.

"God! I need this man. I need to show Kyle who he is messing with."

She came out of the restroom area letting her eyes slide over the dining hall. She missed a heartbeat when she found a tall man in a navy blue shirt sitting on the corner table. He had a laptop opened in front of him and in no way did he seem like a struggling model.

She could not see his face because of his head buried in his laptop screen, but he was wearing a branded suit. May be because he was a model and needed to take care of his appearance.

Oh, thank God! Thank God! He is here! Thank you, Molly.

She sent a silent hug to her best friend and moved towards the table. When he did not look up, she tapped the table with her knuckles. The man raised his head and holy cow!

She forgot to breathe. She wanted to remind herself that she was not dreaming.

Damn you, Molly. Why you didn't mention that he was insanely, smoking hot! Shit man! This handsome is gay!

"If you are done checking me out, I have work to do." A deep male voice appeared near her. His icy blue eyes were staring into her green ones.

My! My! He was a Greek God! And ... he was looking ... at her!

Oh! He was waiting for her to speak. How dumb she was!

“Umm. I ... I am Abigail Mason. I ...” She stuttered and then feeling like a fool extended her hand towards him expecting a handshake. But instead of reaching out to hold it, he kept staring at her, placing his fist under his chin.

She felt a little uneasy. This man was smoking hot! But he also seemed a certified Asshole. Gosh! She needed him. He was her only hope.

With a fake, over bright smile, she sat in front of him, “Listen Henry!” When she called his name he eyed her as if she had gone crazy.

The man did look like the movie star, Henry Cavil. But she did not want to offend him by telling him that.

“Molly must have told you about my need to marry someone.”

“Excuse me?” A quick flicker of interest shimmered in his eyes.

“Listen, Henry. Molly told me everything about you. I have got this dinky apartment with a small bed. You can take the bed if you want. I will manage on the couch.”

Now she got his attention and placed her hand on his arm, “My money is stuck. Once I will recover it. I will pay you handsomely. I can also help you with your struggling career. I have got folks in the modeling industry.”

She did not want to sound desperate but was there any choice? For the first time, she noticed the ice cracking in his eyes. He eyed her hand lying on his arm. She saw a trace of warmth. But it was there just for a moment. She could swear she saw it.

“So what do you say?” He realized, she was waiting for his answer.

“When do you want this marriage thing, Miss?”

“Umm. It’s Abigail... As soon as possible. Whatever suits you.”

“How about now?” He raised an eyebrow questioningly.

“Now?” She was not expecting this to be so smooth. It was a wish come true.

He nodded, “Yes. If it’s now... I am in. Otherwise deal is off.” He closed his laptop ready to leave when he noticed her getting up from her chair and coming towards him rounding the table, with her swaying hips and sexy legs.

She did notice him giving her a once over. But she gave a damn right now.

She did not know how she will get married on such short notice but he seemed to have his own connections. From arranging a priest to the witnesses. He got it all in no time.

They got married and came out of the office with a legal marriage document in hand. They had reached here by hiring a cab for which Abigail had paid.

"Where will you go now?" He asked her, who was stuffing something in her tote bag.

"Right now I have got a job interview, Henry. Wish me luck." She smiled at him and then gave him a piece of paper.

"Here is my address. Collect your things and crash in! I will wait for you." With that, she started walking towards the cab stand, without realizing that he kept looking at her not believing what she just made him do.

Just then his phone started ringing. He received the call, "Hunter! My friend! Where are you, man?"

"Ethan! What happened?"

"Nothing happened. But something would if you don't marry before evening. Your old man is getting agitated and Celine's phone is not responding. I know, she was supposed to marry you for ten million this evening. I think if she is asking for twenty million then better give it to her. We don't have any other option."

After listening to him patiently, he spoke, "No need of Celine now. F*uck with her and her payment. By the way, I just got married."

"You did what?" Ethan on the other side was dumbstruck.

"I got married. So now my old man should not try to snatch away my position as the CEO of the Levisay Company. I am sending you the snapshot of my marriage certificate via Whats*A*pp. Show it to my old man." There was a trace of sarcasm in his voice.

"How did you manage it, man? Who is the girl? How much are you paying her?"

"That's the best part, Ethan. I am NOT the one paying her. She is the one paying me and also offering a place to live."

"She is doing what?" Ethan choked while taking a sip of his beer, stifling his laughter.

Hunter Levisay disconnected the call smiling to himself. It seemed that his last-minute bride knew nothing about him. He dialed another number, "Where is my car, David? Bring it here."

"Yes, Sir." And then a gleaming Napier green McLaren P1 stopped near him. A uniformed chauffeur came out and took his laptop bag from him.

"Arrange a low-key car as a temporary arrangement, David."

After instructing his chauffeur, Hunter Levisay climbed in the back seat with a relaxed mind. The task which seemed impossible just this morning got done most unexpectedly.

He didn't know anything about the girl but he was the one who was supposed to pay someone to get married. The girl seemed daring and he was very much interested to know about her. She was confusing him for some Henry. But the poor Henry just lost by a fraction.