



VEGAS WEDDING BONUS SCENE

**PASS**

**INTERFERENCE**

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***THE VEGAS WEDDING: OUR HAPPILY EVER AFTER***

MARCUS & AIDAN

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## **CHAPTER 1**

### **AIDAN**

MARCUS WRAPPED his arm around my chair after I'd toasted my brother and Christian at dinner. We were here in Las Vegas for the impromptu one-night bachelor party we'd put together for them. It wasn't your typical bachelor party, but just a night to do some unusual things with a group of friends.

Marcus leaned in to whisper in my ear. "Nicely done, babe. When we're finished with dinner, I have a surprise for you. Just go with it when we get ready to leave."

"Okay. Now you've got me curious."

"Nope, no details. You'll have to wait."

Marcus just smirked at me, then leaned over to place a chaste kiss on my lips.

We feasted on dry-aged New York strips and Porthouse steaks, scalloped potatoes, and chopped salads. To top everything off, Red Velvet Cheesecake, Molten Lava Cake, and Creme Brulee. I couldn't have eaten another bite of anything. I sure hoped whatever surprise he had planned for me didn't involve food.

At ten p.m., after dinner was finished, everyone headed to the Cigar Lounge. "This one is on me, gentleman," Simon said.

"Nice job, Taylor. There's nothing like a good cigar after dinner," Jackson piped in.

Marcus piped up. "Aidan and I have one more loose end to confirm for tomorrow. We'll meet you upstairs in a little while."

Alex and Christian just looked at one another.

"Please tell me it's not something else to eat. If I keep eating like this, I won't fit in my suit." Alex patted his flat abdomen.

"I'll help you work it off, babe." Christian grinned at him.

"Nope, it's actually something for tomorrow before we leave. I just got a text that they need more information. Last minute reservations, so we need to go take care of it. You guys enjoy a cigar."

Marcus took my hand and led me out of the cigar bar and into the main lobby.

"What are we doing? The spa sessions are already booked. Did I miss something?"

"No, babe. This is just for us."

Walking through the main lobby, we veered off down a hallway that led to what looked like conference rooms.

"You have my interest peaked now. Do we have a meeting that I don't know about?"

"No, but we're just about there. Ah, there's Henry." He gestured to the man standing outside an elaborate set of doors. Henry smiled as we approached. Outside the doors was a plaque that read "Primrose Garden."

"Good evening, Mr. Monroe. Everything is ready for you. When you're ready, you can go on in."

"Thank you, Henry."

"My pleasure, sir. Have a good evening." With a nod of his head, Henry left us standing outside the doors.

"What's going on?" I asked, now really curious as to what he had planned.

Marcus smiled at me. "You'll see, babe. Let's go."

He gave my hand a little squeeze, then opened the door.

The Primrose Garden was an indoor garden that had been designed with a glass ceiling and lighting to make you think you were outside. The room was decorated with what had to be hundreds of roses mixed with fragrant flowers, and candles were lit all around the room and on the floor. We wandered, hand in hand, into the room until we came to the end of the walkway.

"This place is beautiful. But Alex and Christian don't need anything like this."

He smiled at me. "That's good because this isn't for them." Marcus turned me around to see tall white free-standing letters spelled out 'Marry Me' behind a large heart of rose petals adorned the floor. The lights dimmed to only candlelight, rendering me speechless.

Marcus led me inside the rose petals. He turned and looked at me, a soft smile spread across the handsome face I loved.

"Aidan, I made the biggest mistake of my life ten years ago when I let you go." He stopped and dropped his head a moment. When he looked up, it was obvious he was reliving that pain again.

"I will never make the mistake of letting you go again. I loved you then, but I love you even more now. We've both suffered being apart for so long, and it's time we officially end that period of our young lives and move on to the future. I want to spend the rest of my life with you, Aidan."

He kept my hand in his and dropped to one knee before me. My heart beat sped up, and my breathing hitched. Tears welled in my eyes, making the sight of him a little blurry. By the looks of Marcus, he was as overcome with emotion as I was.

Looking up at me from the floor and holding my hand in his, he put the broken and cracked pieces of us back together with five little words.

"Aidan, will you marry me?"

This beautiful man that I have loved since I was nineteen years old wanted to become my husband. I just wasn't sure why he was asking me a second time.

"Babe, I said yes in Chicago. Remember? And you gave me a ring?"

Marcus smiled up at me. "Yeah, babe, I remember. Ten years ago, I broke us into what felt like a million pieces. We both suffered in agony for so long. So I want to ask you a second time since this is our second chance. I want us to have memories of rooms like this filled with flowers and everything you deserve. I want to fill your world with flowers, so you know how much I love you."

"You are such a romantic." This man was my world.

"So, Aidan, once again, will you marry me?"

"Yes, Marcus, for the second time, I will marry you."

Marcus stood and took me in his arms and hugged me to him. He held me tight until I pulled away.

"You don't want to kiss me?" I was confused.

He looked at me and smiled. "No, not right now. The next time I kiss you, I want it to be when we get married." He smiled at me.

My brow furrowed at him. "But, that could be...."

"Right now," he whispered into my ear.

A man carrying a small binder stepped into the room along with a young woman. I looked up at Marcus, my brow pinched together again and a little confused.

"It's always been just you and me in our bubble until six months ago. And I wanted this to be just you and me even though your brother and his fiance are here in the hotel. This moment is for only us, babe. We're getting married tonight."

I was gobsmacked that he had gone to all this for us.

"Tonight? As in right now?" He nodded and smiled at me.

"Everything is taken care of. The minister is here, and the wedding license is ready. The only thing stopping us is... nothing."

My heart was bursting with love for this man. The only thing I'd ever truly wanted in this life stood before me. I nodded at him. "Let's do it."

With that, he took my hand and turned us, so we stood before the minister.

"Congratulations, gentlemen. Shall we begin?" he asked.

Choked up with emotion, we both nodded to him. And he began.

"Dearly beloved, we are here tonight to witness the union of Marcus Anthony Monroe and Aidan Michael Hayes. Marriage is a bond of the heart and a joining of your lives together as husband and husband. Marcus?"

My beloved looked at me, then began to speak from his heart.

"I've loved you from the first time I lay eyes on you walking across campus all those years ago. The warmth of your smile and the immediate pull I had to you led me to do anything to get closer to you, even pretending to need help in Calculus. You have been and always will be the love of my life, Aidan. I promise to love you until



the day I die, raise our kids together, and face whatever the world may throw at us. I love you, baby.”

Tears of happiness slipped down my cheek as he spoke words of love and forever.

“Aidan?” the minister asked.

Marcus reached up and wiped my tears away with his thumb, then kissed my cheek.

“Marcus, I fell in love with you the first night I helped you study for that Calculus test. I had no idea you were a wiz at math because I was too busy falling in love with you. The three years we spent together were the best of my life until this moment. And the ten we spent apart were the worst of my life. I love you more than I can ever say to you in words. So I’ll spend the rest of my life showing you how much I love you, and our kids, and our life together. I’m not whole without you, and I don’t want to spend another second without you. I love you, baby.”

Marcus nodded, and a tear slipped down his cheek as well. I reached up to kiss it away.

The minister cleared his throat, sniffed, then went back to his prepared words.

“Do you, Marcus take Aidan to be your lawfully wedded husband, to have and to hold, for richer or poorer, in sickness and health, until death do you part?”

“I do,” he whispered, another tear escaping.

The minister nodded, then continued.

“Do you, Aidan take Marcus to be your lawfully wedded husband, to have and to hold, for richer or poorer, in sickness and health, until death do you part?”

“I do,” I answered, my heart overflowing with love for him.

The minister nodded, then went back to his script.

“Do you have rings?”

I was shocked when Marcus replied. “Yes, we do.”

He pulled out two matching platinum wedding bands with a single cobalt ring from his pocket.

“This is the ring I gave you in Chicago. I’ve carried them both with me since we left home. They’re simple bands that bind us to-

gether because we've had a lifetime of complex and complicated."

Marcus placed the ring on the third finger of my left hand, then brought his lips to my ring to place a sweet kiss there.

I took his matching ring, and placed it on the third finger of his left hand, then kissed it as he did.

"By the powers vested in me by the state of Nevada, I hereby declare you married. What God has yoked together, let no man put asunder." He paused, then looked at Marcus.

"You may kiss your husband."

Marcus held my gaze and brought his big hands up to cup my face, then leaned in and kissed me.

*My husband.*

*Finally.*

Marcus pulled back and whispered to me. "I love you, husband."

The grin on my face hurt because it was so wide, and we laughed, our foreheads coming together to savor the moment.

"One last thing, gentlemen, you need to sign your marriage license. It will be filed with the State of Nevada as soon as we leave here."

The young woman pulled the license from an envelope. We each signed our names, then the minister, and finally, the young woman signed as our witness.

She then pulled out another envelope and handed it to Marcus. "This is your official marriage certificate from the state. Congratulations gentlemen. It was a beautiful ceremony. Your pictures and video will be available in the morning before you check out."

"Thank you," we both answered.

"On behalf of the hotel, we have provided you with a small wedding cake for two and a bottle of champagne." She gestured toward a small table that held them.

"Take your time, gentlemen. And congratulations again."

With those words, both she and the minister left us to enjoy the first moments of our married life together.

"I can't believe you did all this for us," I said, still in disbelief that I was now married to the love of my life.

“I saw it online when we made the reservations, and I thought there was no better time or place to do it. It was an intimate moment for us and no one else. I wanted this with you, babe. I put you through so much suffering for ten years, and I needed to make this up to you.”

“I love you, Marcus. Our journey to this point may not have been this sweet had we stayed together back then. You can’t have a rainbow with the storm.”

“Yeah, you’re right.”

We ate our cake and drank our champagne, relishing the moment of wedded bliss.

“We can’t tell anyone until next weekend. I don’t want to steal my little brother's thunder. He deserves that with Christian.”

Marcus shook his head. “Yeah, I agree. Next weekend.”

From somewhere in the room, the sounds of John Legend filled the air. Marcus looked at me.

“Our first dance as husband and husband.” He held out his hand and took me in his arms, placing a reverent kiss on my forehead. We danced in the candlelit room filled with hundreds of roses and fragrant flowers.

This was perfect. And just for us.

Marcus kissed me as John Legend sang *All of Me*. We would spend the rest of our lives together, just like this. In love, and never apart again, while relishing every moment together.

When the song ended, we pulled apart and removed our rings. Marcus put them back into his pocket for safekeeping.

Time to get back to Alex and Christian. Hand in hand, heart in heart, we left our beautiful ceremony and made our way back to our friends upstairs as husband and husband.