

What Happens In Vegas - Free Novel by C. Qualls

Chapter 1

Julia's POV

My head is killing me! What happened last night? I open my eyes to the sun just peeking over the mountains. The open window let's in warmth, I just know in an hour it's going to be hot. Vegas is like that. Why on earth did someone decide to put a city in the middle of the desert? And that was before air conditioning, seriously what were they thinking. I slowly get out of bed to head for my things, but when I look around, I notice I'm not in my room at all. Oh shit! I'm in his room. I look at the bed to see him still sleeping. Thank goodness for small miracles. I throw my clothes on and sprint to the door. Once I'm through, I close his door as quietly as possible.

I'm safe inside my room as I lean my back against my door and heave a huge sigh of relief. I go over the itinerary from yesterday and try to remember what happened last night, but there's nothing. I don't remember a thing. Mr. Draven had a meeting at 8pm and told me to wait for him to finish. I sat at the bar and sipped my Shirley Temple. Mr. Draven stumbled toward me so I tried to help him, but I remember nothing afterward. Just then the alarm on my phone begins to chime. Our flight is in a few hours so I need to prepare. I walk to the washroom and it's only then I notice my legs are weak and tired. My body aches in an area that has never ached before. No, no, no! No, it can't be. I didn't sleep with him! I didn't lose my virginity to my boss!

I rush to the full length mirror inside the washroom and strip down. Sure enough there are light bruises on my pale thighs and hips. I turn around to look at my back, there are more light marks that almost resemble hand prints. I take deep calming breaths as warm tears slowly trickle down my face. I turn back around and look at my reflection. What have I done? I look at my body and feel a disconnect. That's not my body, how could it be? I'm used goods now. My alarm rings again bringing me back to the present. I always set 2 alarms because I hate mornings. I have to get a move on. I quickly shower and pack my luggage. Mr. Draven hasn't called me yet, which isn't like him. I know I must make sure he's prepared to leave. He has appointments when we return, no time can be wasted. I arrive at his door and take a deep breath. We're both adults. It's just something that happened, there's no changing that. I knock on his door. "Mr. Draven?"

Fredrick's POV

“Stop knocking. Ms. Lewis get my suit ready and prepare some black coffee.” I get out of bed to prepare for my busy schedule. My head hurts more than usual. I take a quick shower and shave. I wrap a towel around my nether regions in case Ms. Lewis is still in my room. That woman drives me mad, she’s too beautiful to be real. She’s like a pin-up brought to life. My suit is laid out neatly just as it should be. I quickly dress and head out. Ms. Lewis has a to-go cup prepared. Good. I think I’ll keep her around. She’s the first intern to actually be of use. The last three were all a waste of time. I can’t believe my assistant of 6 years decided to quit just to have a baby. Useless woman.

“Sir, your itinerary for the day?” She asks me timidly, like it's something we don’t do every morning. I nod and take a sip of coffee. Just the aroma calms my aching head and settles my nerves. “Flight is at 8 am. We should arrive back by 5 pm. You have a board meeting at 5:30. That gives you 2 hours for office work. You are scheduled to meet Ms. Cavanagh at 7:45 pm for dinner.”

I nod and check my phone for emails. “Make sure my luggage is ready, call for my car, and make sure nothing gets left behind.”

Julia's POV

Okay. I guess sleeping with his assistant isn't a big deal for the high and mighty Mr. Draven. I do my job and get everything done quickly. I double check his room while he is lounging in the living area of the suite. While he was in the shower I tidied the bed. Sure enough evidence of our night together was left between the sheets. What’s done is done, there's no changing the past. I look at the bed again and sigh. I carefully comb through the room for anything left behind. I check the night stand last. Inside the drawer is a black velvety box. I open it out of sheer curiosity. Inside is a beautiful diamond ring. Mr. Draven wouldn’t be so careless as to leave something as exquisite as this.

I rush out to the living area. “Mr. Draven, this was left behind. I'm sure it’s not intended for your luggage.” I set the box on the coffee table in front of him. He nods while continuing to read his emails.

He takes a sip of his coffee then looks at the table. “That’s not mine.” He returns back to his emails when there is a knock at the door.

I allow the bellhop in and point out the various suitcases. I receive a text alert that the car has arrived. “Sir, the car is down stairs.”

He stands up and goes to head out, but stops. He takes the box and opens it. There is a look of confusion on his face. He places the box down and checks his phone. "Ms. Lewis, check your business account."

Okay... I pull up the bank account on my phone and show it to him. He looks over the list and returns my phone. He looks at his phone again and scratches the back of his neck. I know that move, he only does that in frustration. He puts the box in his suit jacket and grabs his coffee before tucking his phone away.

"Let's go." The ride to the airport is short and we make our way through the VIP area. His plane is awaiting our arrival on the tarmac. We buckle in and are ready to set off.

"Would you care for a beverage this morning?" The gorgeous blond stewardess asks.

"Nothing for me. Ms. Lewis, would you care for anything?" Mr. Draven's ocean blue eyes look my way.

I realize how hungry I am. I hadn't had a chance to eat anything. "Orange juice please. Also, can I please have a blueberry bagel with cream cheese and some grapes." The stewardess nods and retreats.

"Ms. Lewis, did you enjoy your visit?"

I gulp, oh no. Is he bringing up last night? Avoid it. Just pretend nothing happened. Don't make a big deal of it. If he wants to talk about last night, he'll bring it up. "Las Vegas was exactly as it appears in movies. I'm amazed."

His lush lips turn up slightly. "Did you enjoy your evening?"

I clear my throat. Like he doesn't know. I feel my cheeks flush as I swipe a stray hair over my ear. "I.."

"Your tray, miss." The stewardess arrives with a tray and saves my bacon.

"Thank you." I look up, Mr. Draven has returned to his phone. He then pulls out his laptop and begins working. After eating, I pull out my laptop and begin working as well. The flight goes by quickly.

I'm at my desk reading the email from my school. Friday is the last day of my internship. Intern my ass, I fulfilled the role as his assistant. It was the only position available when I applied for my internship at Draven & Baker. The chime rings on my inbox. I open the email.

Ms. Lewis. As your internship comes to it's close, we are left with an open position as Mr. Draven's assistant. Mr. Draven is satisfied with your work over the last 3 months and would like to offer the position to you. Please respond with your resume to the HR department ASAP. Pay and benefits will be discussed at a later time. Thank you for your attention. Mrs. Harvey.

Mrs. Harvey is Mr. Draven's personal secretary. She is a kind lady in her late 40's. It's rumored that she makes 6 figures. Mr. Draven's assistant would make even more. OMG!

Mr. Draven's office door opens. He stops in front of my desk while looking at his cell phone. "I will be returning to Las Vegas in 2 weeks. Make sure everything is arranged. Perhaps a different hotel."

I nod. "Yes, Sir. Any preference?"

Without looking up he answers, "none." Alrighty then. I begin searching on line. "I'm out for the day, as soon as you're finished, you may go." He doesn't wait for a response before heading to his private elevator.

I search through the hotels and pick one at random then prepare to arrange his personal plane. He didn't tell me how long his stay will be so I pull up his schedule, of course it's jammed packed. I send him a text message.

Mr. Draven, your schedule is full for the upcoming weeks. When would you like to go to Las Vegas and for how long will your stay be? He instantly responds. *I will be staying for two weeks beginning on Thursday. Clear your schedule as well.* I guess he assumes I'm taking up the position as his assistant, but I have yet to decide.

Fredrick's POV

I enter the restaurant and go straight to my table. I get the same one every time. Shelby is already awaiting me. "Darling, you're finally here. It's not like you to be late."

I unbutton my jacket and take my seat. "My meeting ran over." I offer no apology. I could care less about the air-headed, shallow, stick figure in front of me, Ms. Cavanagh. She's the daughter of my father's partner, Mr. Baker. Father wants us to wed, but I can't stand her. He thinks it will be good for the company. I plan to buy them out instead. They're just dead weight. The waiter pours wine, she must have ordered it. I don't drink wine, never have, but she insists. I sneer at the glass and look to the waiter. "The usual."

The waiter nods and looks to Shelby. "Scallops." The waiter nods and retreats.

"Darling, how was Vegas? You must take me with you next time. I missed you too much while you were away." She sips her wine.

I look toward the waiter and hold up my wine glass. He nods and brings me my scotch. Everyone here knows what is expected, which is why I come here so often. "I was there for work, it was not a vacation." I drink my scotch as the waiter brings out our food. Of course she has to take a picture of it and post it to social media.

"When we're married you must bring me along on your trips. I would be too bored waiting for you all alone." I grunt in response. We eat in silence, which is good because her talking grates on my nerves. All she ever talks about is entertainment gossip and shopping. Why would I give a damn about either of those things?

"Excuse me," I say as I stand up. I take my jacket off and proceed to the washroom.

I return to my table and notice my jacket is not how I left it. I pick it up and put it back on. "I ordered dessert," Shelby tells me.

I grunt and sit down. I don't eat sweets. She should know that by now. I look to the waiter with my scotch glass. He brings me another and lays a plate in the middle of the table. Shelby begins picking at the sugar concoction. After 2 bites she places her fork down. She eats like a damned bird, why does she even order anything? She only takes three or four small bites. It's maddening. I need to get away from her. She drives me nuts.

"My schedule is full coming up. I won't have time for casual meetings," I tell her.

“That’s alright. We have the gala coming up soon. And remember we are scheduled to get our marriage license tomorrow as well. I can visit you at the office in the meantime. Darling you still have not given me a new ring. I expect it soon. All my friends are asking to see it. How can I show my face without my ring?”

I down my scotch. “I gave you a ring. Why must you have a new one?”

She sips her wine, “You’re so silly, that diamond was not the right cut. I’ve told you this. You know, you never did actually propose properly. When you get my new ring you can do it then.”

I glare at her, silencing her. “We already made arrangements. I will not get on my knee and grovel to you. The ring you have is sufficient. If you disagree, maybe the wedding should be canceled.”

Her mouth gapes open and tears flow from her face. “No darling. You can’t mean that.”

I pass her the table napkin. “Alright, that’s enough. It’s still on, but no more talk about another ring.” She nods and wipes her face. She pulls a mirror from her handbag and touches up her make up. I stand and escort her out.

Shelby and I have been scheduled to marry for 2 years now. In all this time we’ve only slept together twice. Both times she drugged me. I know because I woke up feeling like shit. I have a doctor on retainer, so I had him run blood work. I never drink from a glass I haven’t seen poured whenever she’s around. She doesn’t do anything for me. I’m not attracted to her at all.

But Ms. Lewis... That body should be in magazines. She is stunning. Her body is equivalent to Betty Page and Marilyn Monroe. Voluptuous, curves in all the right places and a narrow waist. She gets me going, which is why I don’t look at her as much as possible. Her brown hair is usually tied up in a bun and her face is hidden behind glasses, but her skin looks smooth and soft. Her lips are dark and thick, makes me want to take a bite out of them.

Shelby on the other hand, she’s your basic model type. She’s too skinny with a flat chest, although I’m pretty sure she recently had them enhanced. Her face is covered in makeup and her lips look swollen like a blow fish, those I know she gets done regularly.

Shelby sits in the car as I sit down to drive. One of my few hobbies are cars and billiards. I am addicted to the rush of a fast car. I speed off in my black BMW M4. It's my normal Everyday car, but I have a collection of others. "Darling, why don't we just go to your place. You've been away too long." She wraps her claws around my forearm.

I glare at her hand and pull out of her grasp. "I'm busy." I speed even faster to her place. She kisses my cheek before stepping out of the car. I speed away before she can even close the door. I pull out a handkerchief and wipe away the lipstick I'm sure she left behind.

I reach my home and pull into my garage. My cars are lined up like a showroom. It's a beautiful sight. I head to my room. I empty my pockets onto the dresser in my closet. The ring box grabs my attention. I bought a ring last night. I know I bought it because the jeweler was listed on my bank app. Why the hell did I buy a ring? I open it up and take a look. It's dainty with a simple filigree design. Not at all what Shelby would like. No wonder she brought up the subject of a new ring. She probably assumed it was for her and didn't like it. I pull the ring out of the box and take a closer look. The band looks larger than Shelby's size as well. Who did I buy a ring for? What did I do last night? I don't remember buying a ring. Hell, I don't remember anything after meeting up with Jarret. That bastard, what did he do to me? I hardly had anything to drink. I even woke up with a headache.

I dial my college buddy. "What did you do to me last night?"

I hear a short pause on the other line. "Hey bud, did you enjoy your night? That assistant of yours is smoking. How was she?"

My hand automatically goes to the back of my neck. "What the fuck are you talking about? What did you do?"

The bastard laughs. "Just helping you out, man. You're always too uptight. It wasn't that strong, did it do the trick?"

He drugged me, the son of a bitch fucking drugged me. "I don't know anything. I woke up alone and can't remember a thing. If anything happened she didn't say anything."

"Her too? Ah man, what a waste. I was trying to do you a favor and you can't even remember. Why do I even bother? Next time you're out here, I'll make it up to you both."

I grunt. "Sure. Right after I beat your ass." I swear next time I see him he's getting a broken jaw. I click off the phone. I go to my gym and work out. I try to remember anything from last night, but there is really nothing. I shower and head to bed, I have an early day tomorrow.