

What Happens In Vegas - Free Novel by C. Qualls

Chapter 10

Monday is back to work as normal. I walk into the office and place my bag in my drawer. I promised Fredrick I would get my name change taken care of first thing. I make an appointment at the DMV for the afternoon and go from there. I take Fredrick his coffee and await his instructions for the day. He's on the phone but finishes the call right away. "You're later than usual."

I smile, "I made an appointment to get my name changed."

He smiles. "Very good." I roll my eyes. I go over his schedule, when I finish, Fredrick begins going through today's tasks that need completion. I walk around his desk to give him a kiss when a knock sounds at the door. Fredrick holds my hand, keeping me in place. "Enter."

Darius has got to be at least 6'5". He's gigantic. He has dark chocolate skin and a deep baritone voice. I've met him once. He's a hard man to forget. He's holding a file folder. "Sir." Darius looks at me then back to Fredrick, as if he's asking if it's okay to speak in front of me.

"What is it?" Fredrick asks.

Darius places the folder on the desk in front of Fredrick. "It wasn't an accident."

Fredrick looks through the file. There's pictures, police reports, medical reports, and also a USB drive. "Does he have an accomplice?"

Darius nods. "Yes, sir. I haven't identified him yet."

Fredrick hands back the file, but keeps the thumb drive. "Sit on it for a few days. I want him to sweat." Darius closes the door behind him.

Fredrick spends the day in his office. I cancel all of his meetings for the day, per his instruction. The day slips away, eventually it's time for me to go to my appointment. I knock on Fredrick's door. I hear a very faint "Enter."

I walk in and go straight to the room. Fredrick is laying down with his face hidden in the crook of his elbow. I walk to his side. "Fredrick? I'm leaving now, I have that appointment I have to get to."

He doesn't stir. "What appointment?"

Oh, good, he's not asleep. "At the DMV. Do you have a headache? I can get you some pain medicine."

Still he doesn't move. "I'm just not able to think about work right now." I kiss his soft lips. He kisses me back, but his arm doesn't move off his face. "Tell Corey to bring Li and Anthony with you."

I stand up straight. "Okay I will. Why don't you go home for the day. There's no point being here. I'll be there as soon as I can."

He takes a deep breath. "Hurry home."

Corey works some kind of magic because we're in and out in 10 minutes flat. He takes me home as soon as we're finished. Mrs. Bailey greets me as I come in. "Is Fredrick home?"

She has a look of worry on her face. "Yes miss. He's in the bedroom."

I walk into our room. I put my bag down, take off my glasses, and kick off my shoes. I'm shaking out my hair when the washroom door opens. Fredrick walks out in only a towel. He stops as soon as he sees me. "I thought you had an appointment."

I'm caught in an extremely sexy spider's web. I can't make myself move, let alone look away. "I-I, I finished."

He smirks. "You're staring."

I swallow. "Yeah, well, it's ha-hard not to."

He steps closer to me. "And why is that?" His voice gruff, he is like a predator with his prey in his sights. We're standing chest to chest. He's looking straight into my face.

"Be-be, because you're so hot."

He laughs. "You should look in a mirror some time." He caresses my hips, otherwise he doesn't make a move. He stares me down waiting for me to move first. My hands caress his forearms and travel up to his strong shoulders. My arms wrap around his neck. I stand on tip toe to kiss his smirking lips. He lifts me up with no effort at all. My legs try to wrap around

him, but my pencil skirt prevents them. He chuckles and helps me back on my feet. "This is the first time your skirt is not that sexy."

I can't think of anything to say except for; "sorry."

He chuckles again then runs his fingers through my hair. "You have nothing to be sorry for." He gives me a peck on the lips then turns to go in his closet.

I could smack myself. That's twice now I was close to losing control and giving myself to him. He told me he's not going to force himself on me. At this point, I wouldn't mind if he did. The poor guy, he must be going mad by now. I go in my closet and change out of my work clothes and into a t-shirt and shorts.

I head down to the kitchen. Geraldine is cutting up vegetables at the island counter. "Hello, miss Jules." I spend a lot of my down time in the kitchen with Geraldine, at least when Fredrick is not around. I've actually made dinner a few times. Fredrick didn't even notice a difference. Geraldine says I have natural skill.

"Hi Gerry. What are you making?"

I look at the beautiful ingredients organized in little glass bowls on the counter. "Egg yolk Ravioli in a light broth. The pasta dough is ready if you want to roll it out."

At first she didn't like it when I would come into the kitchen, now she has me help her. I love it. Geraldine teaches me how to put the beautiful golden pouches together. It's a delicate process because the yolk has to be separated without breaking. If it breaks, the whole dish is ruined. "Gerry can you make soufflé?" She scoffs and gives me the look that clearly says duh. "Awesome! Can you teach me?"

She walks around the island to get some ramekins. "Of course. Grease these with butter and sugar." She begins to pull out ingredients like she has a recipe memorized. Knowing her, she probably does. While I'm whipping the egg whites, she asks me; "what would you like for breakfast tomorrow?"

I shrug my shoulder. "Something light. My stomach has been starting to get queasy lately. I think it's all the stress of Fredrick's dad."

She nods. "That's understandable. The memorial is Wednesday?"

I nod. "It seems like Fredrick just wants to get it over with. He's having a hard time and I don't know what to do to help him."

She shaves some chocolate to save for later. "All you can do is be there for him. Death and grief are personal, no two people grieve the same way." Geraldine is right, I know she is. Fredrick will come to me if and when he needs me. I turn my focus to what I'm working on now, making chocolate soufflés. She walks me through step by step.

"Be careful when you fold the egg whites in, you don't want them over mixed." I carefully slide the pan into the hot oven and close the door. "They will be ready as soon as you finish eating dinner. I'll bring them out so they're fresh. Would you like a sauce or whipped cream topping?"

I shrug my shoulder. "I don't know, I've never had one. What's best?"

Gerry looks at the fresh fruits. "Knowing you, probably a sauce and whipped cream. Leave it to me. I'm sure Sir is already at the table by now."

"Crap!" I rush out of the kitchen and into the dining room.

Fredrick is just walking down the last few steps when I sit down. He pulls out his chair. "Where did you disappear to?"

I place my napkin in my lap. "I was in the kitchen learning new recipes."

He smirks. "Are you bothering my staff?"

I shake my head. "No. Gerry likes me. I'm not a bother to her."

He takes my hand with a smile. "It's fine. I'm messing with you." I smile at him.

Gerry brings out two bowls, each with a delicate pouch in a beautiful broth. There are dots of color arranged tastefully around the broth. It's so gorgeous I almost want to take a picture, but the aroma is too enticing. I carefully cut open the pouch knowing what is inside. It's perfect. The yolk oozes out and mixes with the broth. I take a bite. It's heavenly. I almost can't believe I helped make such a perfect dish. I savor every exquisite bite.

I can smell the chocolate before Gerry walks through the door. She places the soufflé in front of me. It's adorned with an orange colored sauce and a light dollop of whipped cream with chocolate shaving on top. My eyes light up. I dig

a hole right in the center. I have a combination of everything on my spoon as I take a bite. "Holy shit, that's so good!"

Fredrick's POV

I laugh at her expletive. She doesn't curse often, but when she does, it always catches me off guard. It's like she only uses those words when warranted. I have to know what it is that has her so excited. I put my spoon toward the dessert. Her hand reflexively grabs my wrist. "Not this time, honey. Get your own." I raise my brow challenging her to stop me. "Gerry! Fredrick is trying to steal my soufflé!" Is she tattling on me? To my employee?

Mrs. Graham pushes open the door. Did Julia just call for backup? I look at my chef, she's carrying a second dish. She places it in front of me and walks back into the kitchen. "I don't eat sweets."

Julia giggles and shakes her head. "Your loss. I'll be more than happy to eat what you don't." She places another bite in her mouth and closes her eyes and hums as she savors the flavors. I follow her lead and scoop up the center. It's warm and fluffy on my tongue, but it quickly starts to melt, saturating my tongue in gooey, creamy flavor. I'm incredibly surprised how much I enjoy it. I take another taste.

Julia has finished her dessert in record time. I have only a little left in my dish. Her spoon begins to dive toward what's left of my dessert. I grab her wrist, stopping her. "Get your own, Ms. Piggy."

She gives me an innocent look. "You don't eat sweets." I scoop up the last bit into one bite and shove it quickly in my mouth. She pouts with her bottom lip sticking out. "You suck."

I place my spoon down. "Oh do I?" Her eyes widen and she flies from her seat, giggling as she goes. I make chase as she runs into the bedroom. I scoop her up and finagle her onto the bed. She's pinned under me with her hands in one of mine. "I suck?"

She giggles. "Yes."

I lift up her t-shirt and place my lips to her belly. I begin to suck until it's purple. "I suck?" She holds back the giggles but still nods. I inch her shorts down to where her hip is visible. I bite down on her hip, then begin to suck. She's no longer squirming. I release her hands so I can grip both of her hips. Her

fingers tangle into my hair. She's enjoying it. I take a chance. I run my hands up her shirt so her bra is exposed. "Do I still suck?" She looks at me with sultry eyes and nods. I place my lips to the top of her beautiful breast. My eyes stay glued to hers as I begin to suck. Her head tilts back and her eyes close. Her mouth opens slightly. I switch to the other breast and begin to suck. She gasps in pleasure. Her breathing becomes heavier.

I pull her shirt all the way off and toss it to the floor. I take the time to admire the vision before me. She's in a light blue lacy bra. Her hair is spread haphazardly to the side. "So beautiful." I kiss her cherry lips. Her leg wraps around my calf. She pulls my shirt up as high as she can. I remove it the rest of the way and kiss her more. I can't get enough of her. I want to see her from a different angle. I flip us so she's on top. She sits up so she's straddling me. My hands grip her waist. She bites her lip. Her hands run down my chest and abs. She unbuttons my jeans. She looks up to my eyes as if she's asking for permission to continue. The corner of my lips twitch up. She slowly pulls down the zipper. Her hand reaches under my waistband, freeing me from the confines of my clothing.

I can tell she's nervous. Her hands are cold as she caresses my manhood. Just her slightest touch takes my breath away. I want her. I want her in every way possible. I want her now. No, it's no longer a want, it's a need. I need her. My hands graze up her back. I stop at her bra and unhook it. My hands go up to her shoulders. I grip her bra straps and pull them down her arms. She takes over and flings it away. I grip her mounds. They're large. My hands cup them but the flesh overflows. I run my thumbs over her tight nipples. She pulls back to stand up. At first I'm disappointed, but then I watch as she slowly removes her shorts. She's in the light blue panties I saw in the clothes bin. She deliberately inches her panties down her smooth legs. She crawls up to my legs and pulls my remaining clothes off in one go. She bites her lip, "Fredrick?"

I know what she's asking. "It's okay. Go slow." I caress her arm. She grips my hand as she straddles my waist.

Her opening is at my tip. I guide myself inside and let her do the rest. I don't want to hurt her, so I let her go at her pace. She inches down a little at a time. Her warmth and moisture send my brain soaring. There's nothing between us, it's just flesh against flesh. I've never felt anything like it. My hands stroke up her back to her shoulders and back down. Her skin sets me on fire. She settles all the way at the base of me. She squeezes her inner muscles, tightening the grip even more. Her hips begin to gyrate. Up and down, forward

and back. She's timid at first, but as she moves, she gets more and more aggressive. She finds her rhythm. I can no longer hold back. I match her tempo, thrust for thrust. Like a perfectly written opus. Her head falls back. Her breasts are dancing to the music being played out. I lean up and take a tantalizing nipple into my mouth. Her mouth falls open. I switch to the other nipple, giving it a taste too. She moans as her desire increases. The sound takes me higher. She's crying out her pleasure. "I, I, I, Oh... Fuck! Ah!" Her juices cascade over me.

She's more slick now and softer on the inside. I roll her over laying her down as I take control. I thrust inside her. I grip her thighs, pulling her into me as I push back. I pick up momentum. She's panting and moaning. She has a look of absolute delight on her stunning face. Her skin is glistening in sweat. Her hair is sticking to her skin. I'm holding it in. I'm not ready yet. Not yet. Not yet. She begins to whimper as if she's going to let go at any moment. I hold on, waiting for her release. One thrust, two thrust. I thrust again and she releases. It sends me overboard. I release with her. All my strength rushes out of me. My head lightens. My body feels sapped of energy. It's the grand finale on the 4th of July. My head falls to her neck. I'm breathing hard. My eyes are closed and I'm inhaling her sweet calming scent. Slowly I regain my senses. I'm still inside of her. My fluids are mixing with hers, and I don't mind at all. Now that I've had her, I never want to stop having her. She's mine. I don't ever plan on letting her go. She's perfect.

She begins to wiggle beneath me. I roll to the side so I'm not crushing her. Finally I pull out from her. I regret it immediately. Inside her is where I belong. She's in my arms now, but she's so far away. She looks up to me with innocent eyes. I tuck her hair behind her ear. I ask her, "are you alright?"

She smiles. "I feel incredible. I've never felt anything like that."

I smile back at her. "Me neither." She knits her eyebrows in confusion. "The last three times, I was drugged. Before that... It's been almost a decade, but I never really liked to. It was never very good. It was like it wasn't about me. I was not important." I hug her tighter and kiss her forehead. I'm not ready to let her go, not yet. I'm content with her in my arms.

After a stretch of silence, she tells me; "you are important." I run my fingers through her hair. Eventually we both fall asleep.

