

## What Happens In Vegas - Free Novel by C. Qualls

### Chapter 11

Julia is using me as a pillow, as always. Her breasts are on my abdomen, her legs are to the side and her head is on my opposite shoulder. I move the curtain of hair that's hiding her face. I kiss her swollen lips. She hums. She's not returning my kiss, so I know she's still asleep. Her back is exposed, so I pull the cover up to give her warmth. She suddenly moves her head. Her cranium collides with my temple with a resounding crack. She clocked me so hard it woke her up. She instantly realizes what happened. "Oh my gosh, are you okay?"

I blink a few times to clear my head. I begin rubbing out a knot. "Yeah. I'm alright. You?"

She's rubbing her own head. "Oh, that really hurt." Her other hand goes to her mouth. "I don't feel so good." She hops out of bed and makes her way to the washroom.

I grab my boxer briefs from the floor and slip them on, then grab my t-shirt. I open the door as she retches. As any good gentleman should do, I hold back her hair and soothe her back. She doesn't let go of much. She flushes the toilet then stands. I give her my t-shirt which she quickly throws on. I hand her some water. She rinses her mouth, then takes a drink. I pull her in front of me to inspect her head. She has a little knot right under her hair line. She hisses when I press on it. "Maybe you should stay home today," I tell her.

She shakes her head. "I'm okay now. I'll just ice it."

I pull her in to me to kiss her little bump. "Okay, if you're sure."

She lays her head to my chest. "I'm sure."

I tell her to lay down as I ask Mrs. Bailey to fetch some ice. I finish my normal routine of workout and shower. Julia is laying down with her eyes closed and the ice pack on her head. I lay down on my stomach beside her. I remove the pack to inspect the damage. Her bump is pretty well gone. "How are you feeling? Still nauseated at all?"

She opens her eyes and shakes her head. "I'm fine. Just embarrassed."

I kiss her lips. “You gave me fair warning on day one. Come on, lazy girl. Get up.”

She grunts but throws off the covers. I forgot she’s wearing my t-shirt, and it looks damn good. She stands up, but I grab her and pull her under me. I kiss her. After a few kisses, she pushes me away. “Didn’t you get enough of me last night?”

I shake my head. “No way. Why? Did you get enough of me.”

She giggles. “I got enough of you for sure. I’ve never felt so full in my life. I definitely want more, but not now. I have to get ready for work. My boss really likes to ride me.” I grunt and try not to get hard.

Julia showers quickly and meets me at the breakfast table. She eats a small, healthy looking breakfast. I don’t even want to steal a bite. I wonder if her head still hurts. We get to work and I have a lot to do after playing hooky yesterday. I only see her when she brings in my coffee, then again when she brings lunch in for me. The day passes quickly. Soon everyone leaves and the office is empty.

Julia enters my office. I stand up to greet her. “Are you a sight for sore, tired eyes.”

She smiles. She has a few files in her hand that she places on my desk. She then cuddles in to me and kisses the side of my chin. “Did you miss me?”

“Hmm. You have no idea.” I tilt her chin up and crush my lips to hers.

When she can no longer breathe, she pulls back with a smile. “Do you have a lot left to do?”

I grunt. I’m not in the mood for any more work, but I do have a lot left. “Yeah. If you want you can go home. I’ll meet you later.”

She shakes her head. “I want to be with you. I’ll just sit on the couch with my laptop.”

I slink my hands down her body. “I want to be with you too.”

Her face turns red. She whispers; “Fredrick, not here.”

I chuckle. "What's wrong with here? It's my building, my office, and I even have a bed right there. I crave you."

I carry her bridal style and lay her down on the bed. I remove her sexy shoes. She takes off her glasses and let's her hair fall out of the bun. We unbutton each others shirts. I remove her skirt then take a moment to admire the sight of her. She's like a real life 50's pin-up. I slip her lacy panties down and off. I spread her legs at the knees. She's not clean shaved, but neatly trimmed into a seductive triangle pointing out her precious gem. I can see a bead of liquid glisten at her folds. My mouth waters and I have to have a taste, so I do. I taste her. My tongue enters her crevice. She tastes so sweet, like honey and citrus. I must have more of her flavor. I lap up her juices slowly and deliberately. Her fingers grip my hair, she's tugging and pushing at the same time. "Oh, Fredrick! It feels so good!" She closes her legs, stopping me from continuing. I look up to her. "I want to try that," she tells me.

She unbuttons my slacks and pushes them to the floor. She guides me so I'm on my back. She leans down and licks from base to tip. She takes my tip in her mouth. Her tongue moves around the edges and back up the middle. The sensation is amazing! I have never experienced anything so sexy in my life. This woman... I can't get enough of her. She's amazing in so many ways.

My mouth craves her flavor while she's enjoying me. I pull her leg so she's straddling my face and lick her wetness. She sucks as far down as she can. Her luscious ass is in my face. I grab a tight hold and begin to massage. She makes a noise that goes straight to my groin, making me go even more stiff. She grips my shaft and begins to stroke as she continues to bob up and down. As she goes up, my tongue goes down. Our movements synchronize. The pressure is mounting. I can feel her walls starting to tighten. I insert a finger, then another. She jerks her head away but continues to stroke. She gasps. "Fredrick! Oh!" She puts her mouth back to work. She's barely hanging on. I tilt my fingers so they caress the softness inside of her. She screams in ecstasy. She strokes my tip, and I explode.

She lays on my chest, her fingers tracing shapes on my abdomen. It's another perfect moment. My hand soothes up and down her back. "I could just stay here forever." She breaks the silence.

I kiss her head. "Where?"

She kisses my chest then slides her arm around to hold me tighter. “In your arms. It feels so perfect. Like I’m cherished and safe. Like nothing in the world can harm me.”

I smile. “You belong here.” We lay together until Julia’s stomach starts to growl. “Ms. Piggy is hungry. Let’s feed her.”

She giggles and rolls her eyes, but stands to dress. “What about your work? You said you still have a lot left to do.”

I’m buttoning my shirt. “It can wait. I can always do it later.”

She tosses me my tie. “Now who’s being lazy?”

I rebut; “It’s not laziness, it’s a very alluring distraction.” She shakes her head then looks in the mirror to straighten her hair. She starts forming a ponytail, but I stop her. “Leave it down. I like down, it’s easier to play with.” She shrugs her shoulder, but walks back into the room. She puts her shoes on and we head out.

I’m driving down the street when we hit a red light. “Oh look, there’s a Taco Bell. Can we get tacos?”

I look at her like she’s crazy. “You’re kidding, right.”

She looks at me in all seriousness. “No, I really want tacos.”

I raise my eyebrow. “You do realize I have a full-time chef on staff.”

She rolls her eyes. “You can be snooty all you want. You don’t have to eat it. But I am getting a taco. I’ll call Corey and have him bring me some since you’re being so uptight.” She pulls her phone out.

I grunt. “You’re going to call my lead bodyguard to bring you Taco Bell at 8:30 at night.”

She crosses her legs and arms. “I won’t have to if you just go through the drive through.”

It’s a battle I lose. I pull through the drive thru of a Taco Bell for the first time in my life. I order 3 tacos for Ms. Piggy. “Ooh, make them supreme, please.” I don’t even know what that means, but whatever. I order supreme. “Are you going to get anything?”

I give her a look that says no way in hell. I plan to have Mrs. Graham whip something up when we get home. "I don't eat junk food."

She shrugs her shoulder. "Your loss." I hand her the paper bag and drive home. She goes straight to the table and digs in before I can sit down.

I ask Mrs. Graham to prepare something. Julia has already scarfed down a whole taco and is taking a bite of the next. "Would you like anything to drink?"

She nods, "Do we have 7up?" I shrug my shoulder, I have no idea. Mrs. Graham sets an elegant plate in front of me. I ask her for Julia's drink, which she quickly brings out. Seeing the food in front of us in stark contrast makes me realize how different Julia is. I begin eating, but my curiosity is winning out. Julia takes a drink. I seize the opportunity to steal a bite. They must lace these things with drugs or something. The taco doesn't taste terrible, but it's not something I would rave about either. However, I want another bite. "Eat your own, you food snob." I look at my dish. It's very appealing. It's cooked vegetables in a sauce over filet Mignon medallions. Simple, yet nutritious. I steal another bite of her taco. As soon as she finishes her last bite, Julia begins yawning non stop. I take her hand and lead her to the bedroom. I leave her in her closet with a good night kiss.

I still have work to do. In my study I'm going over reports and stats when I receive a phone call from Darius. "Everything is arranged for tomorrow, Sir."

I toss the open file from my hand onto my desk. "Good. I want a tail on Miss Cavanagh. I have a feeling she'll retaliate. She still has funds from her mother's end." I hang up the phone without waiting for a response. Darius knows what to do. If anything, he's my second in command. I know my orders will be followed to a T.

Julia is sprawled across the bed when I enter the room 2 hours later. Her hair still feels a little damp when I hook my arm under the back of her neck. I lift her and tuck her in to her side of the bed. She never wakes when I do this. It's certainly not the first time. "Mmm, Fredrick. Don't eat all of it." I laugh that she's talking in her sleep and dreaming of food. I then get a sense of delight that she's dreaming about me. I lay down beside her and bring her closer to me.

I dream of Julia. She's smiling up at me from a light pink bed surrounded by sunlight. She has a bundle in her arms that she's cradling to her breast. She

has the look of pure bliss. I sit beside her, holding her close as she leans against my bare chest. I kiss her head, feeling the same bliss.

Today is Father's memorial service. He was not religious so it is being held at, what is now, Draven Corp. Everyone has been working like crazy to complete the transition. I'm relieved the change has gone smoothly overall. I dress in a black suit and a black tie. Julia's second alarm chimes just as I exit my closet. I look at her tired face. "Good morning, beautiful." I kiss her as soon as she stands. "

Fredrick, I haven't brushed my teeth yet."

I shake my head. "I don't care." I kiss her again. She suddenly pulls back. She rushes to the washroom. I hold her hair out of the way as she retches. "I told you those tacos were junk food."

She wipes her face and shoots daggers at me. "Food snob."

I laugh. "Are you alright now?"

She nods then reaches for her toothbrush. "I think that's a song."

I have no idea what she's talking about. "What is?"

She pulls her toothbrush out. "Good morning, beautiful. I think it's a country song."

I check my phone. Sure enough it is a country song. "I found it. You want to hear it?" She nods as she secures her ponytail. I play the song. It's a slow tune so I pull her in to me to dance.

Julia is at the back of the room where I can see her in her black pencil skirt and white button down blouse. I decided this would be the best way for her to support me, but keep her out of the news. She said she was willing to be by my side, but I negated. Her safety is more important. All the shareholders are on stage to my right, minus, of course, Julia. The other share holders are not aware that Julia hold more shares than them with a whopping 15. While the remaining board members are to my left. Baker has yet to arrive. I expect him to show up, it would look suspicious otherwise. I informed my guards to allow Baker and his daughter entrance.

There are several members of the media surrounding the entrance, but only those with employee ID and invited guests are allowed entry. I invited three news outlets in. The rest are gate crashers. It's a spectacle. With five minutes remaining before the services, Baker and his daughter walk to the stage. "Darling, I knew you couldn't stay away." Her polished fingernails clench around my forearm.

I look at Julia. She's chatting with Mrs. Harvey, but I can see her sneak glances in my direction. "Miss Cavanagh, this my Father's memorial service. It's not a hook up. Kindly retract your claws."

Shelby pushes her artificially enhanced chest against my arm. "Where's that wife of yours? I see she's not at your side. Let me be the one to comfort you through your time of need."

I almost have the urge to vomit at her words. I glance at Julia. She has a smirk on her face like she's trying to hold back laughter. The brat. She takes out her phone, types something, then looks at me. My phone buzzes. I turn away from Shelby, who still clings to me.

*Julia- You look like you're going to be sick.*

*-I bet she's talking dirty to you.*

I look back to Julia. I shake my head with a smirk. She winks at me. She knows she's right.

"Darling, I'm here for you."

I pull away from Shelby and guide her to her seat next to her father. "Mr. Baker, kindly take care to control your daughter. Her licentiousness is on full display." Baker glares at me but does not say a word.

One of the other shareholders, Mr. Thompson begins the service. He and my Father had a friendly work relationship. He goes over the details of my Father's business life and achievements. I am next to speak. I give a few anecdotes and talk about some personal memories. It's a simple eulogy, but it's efficient. I finish speaking. Sam, Father's long time butler is next to speak. He had the most understanding of my fathers personality and everyday dealings. Mr. Thompson returns to the microphone to introduce a slide show that begins to play behind us. It's a cheesy concept, one I actually despise, but serves it's purpose for what I have planned.

All the entrances are being guarded. I have the chief of police on standby, as well as Father's and my attorney. Darius has already given files to these three men, containing every detail of Father's death. Now the best part is yet to come. The slide show is coming to a close. The pictures shift to short video clips of my Father. Finally the piece de resistance. Clips of Father and Baker in conflict at the poker game, Baker's next moves as he makes a call, a recording of Baker's end of the conversation including mention of a money wire transfer, a suspicious character tampering with Father's car, and finally a call to Baker confirming completion.

Everyone in the audience is stunned into silence. Baker has already attempted to flee while the clips were playing. He's now being dragged forward by Corey and Darius. Shelby is wailing and clinging on to my arm. "Darling how could you do this to me!"

I tilt my chin up. Ivan and Anthony immediately peel her away from me and drag her outside in front of the media. The chief has Baker placed under arrest. He now escorts him out in front of the media as well. My guards quickly and efficiently get control of the chaos that has ensued. Employees head to their designated work stations and begin their duties. The hall is cleaned out in a matter of minutes.