

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

### Chapter 12

I'm in my office staring out the window. It's over. I can rest easy knowing Baker is locked up and Father's murder was brought to light. I was callous and ruthless in the way it was handled, but I have no regret. Julia's face appears in my mind. She thinks I'm a good guy. What does she think of me now? I told her I'm a shrewd businessman. She's never seen me in that light. She always thinks the best of people. She's such a good, kindhearted angel. A light knock sounds at the door. "Enter."

I know who it is without turning around. Her sweet scent permeates my senses, calming my nerves. Julia's delicate hands reach around me from behind as she lays her head against my back. "Fredrick. You're the best. That was so awesome the way you handled that dirt bag. He's going to be all over the headlines. Everyone will know what he did. He'll never be able to show his face again. I wonder how long he'll get. Very impressive." I'm shocked. Who is this woman that I married? I take her hands and pull her around to my front. I crush my mouth to hers. I kiss her until her lips are swollen. She's acting nervous now. I know she's worried about our relationship being discovered. "I have to get back to work. Do you want anything?" She asks.

"Are you offering?" I tease her. Her face goes red then she rolls her eyes and leaves my office. I look to my room and smile as I remember last night.

### Julia's POV

I'm so excited to be going back to Vegas. There is a lot of downtime in Fredrick's schedule. I want to get a massage and swim in the crystal clear pools. It would be amazing if we could go to a few shows. The last trip was only for two nights. We will be there a whole two weeks this time. Mrs. Bailey had our luggage packed while we were working. I'm not sure what she packed, but I trust that she knows what she's doing. I'm in my closet looking for anything specific I want to have with me. I do want my sunglasses, which are not on my shelf. I look at my swimwear, my favorite swimsuit is not in its place. I look at my dresses, a majority of them are not on their hangers. Damn, she's good.

In the bathroom my box containing all my hair and face essentials is still in its place. I look inside to find my favorites are not there. I have nothing to do and it's still early. I kick off my shoes and strip out of my work clothes. I throw my

most comfy clothes on and head downstairs. Fredrick is in his study and I can't be a distraction, he still has a lot of work left to finish before we leave in the morning. I decide to have some me time in the entertainment room with a bowl of popcorn an old Audrey Hepburn.

I must have passed out because I wake up to my blanket being pulled off me. There are no windows in the room so I have no idea what time it is. "Hey, sleeping beauty. You had me worried."

I sit up and stretch. "I'm sorry. I didn't want to disturb you while you were working."

Fredrick helps pull me upright and wraps his arms around me. "Are you hungry? Mrs. Graham said you missed dinner."

I yawn. "Really? What time is it?"

He smooths my hair down. "It's after 9."

I can't believe I slept this long. "Have you eaten?"

He shakes his head. "I was just about to when I spoke to Mrs. Graham. Come on, well get something small and light." Fredrick laughs when I make a face. "Forget that, I'll make something good." I lead Fredrick to sit at an island stool while I maneuver around the kitchen. I find some chicken breasts, so I thin them out with some seasoning and place them on the grill. I find some beautiful produce. "Pasta or no pasta?" I ask him as I'm pulling out the vegetables.

"No pasta. I don't want to be sick in the middle of the night with a stomach ache."

I pull out a new cutting board and knife. "Food snob." I make quick work of the onions, mushrooms, and garlic and get them in the sauté pan. I add a little chicken stock, spinach and tomatoes and cook it all down. Finally I add just a touch of cream and reduce it. I give it a taste and add a touch more seasoning.

Fredrick is watching me work the entire time. He doesn't ask questions nor do anything to distract me. I thin slice the chicken then spoon the vegetables and sauce over top. "You've cooked for me here before, haven't you?"

I lay his plate in front of him. “Took you long enough. What gave it away?” I hand him some cutlery.

“You know your way around this kitchen so well. You didn’t have to search for anything.”

I scoff. “I do live here.”

He smirks. “So do I.” I tilt my chin up, inviting him to taste. “It’s delicious. Thank you for cooking for me.”

I sit next to him on an island stool. “It’s my pleasure. It’s not the first time.” I wink.

He kisses me. “Behave or I’ll just have to eat you for dinner.”

My face warms up, but I can’t help saying; “promise?” He grunts and takes a gulp of water.

I clean up dinner while Fredrick looks lost trying to help put things away. “Just leave it. I’ll take care of it.” He sits back down and continues to watch me. “Why don’t you go to bed, I’ll be up in a minute.”

He shakes his head. “Full stomach.”

I put the last of the dishes into the dishwasher and start it up. “Do you want to play a few games of pool? It’s been a while.”

He nods. “Sure. We can get a head start for Vegas. Jarrett and I play whenever we meet.”

I put the last container in the refrigerator and wipe up the counter. “Will we have time to see a show together?” I ask Fredrick as he guides me up the stairs with his hand at the small of my back.

“Would you like to?”

I nod enthusiastically. “Yeah, I’ve always wanted to see a Cirque show. I’ve heard how amazing they are.”

He smirks then smiles. “We’ll have the time.”

Fredrick won the first two games, of course he cheated. Every time I went to shoot, he would put his hand on my butt. Two can play that game. Fredrick has his shot lined up, I lean forward to eyeball his shot, with my breasts hugging his arm. He misses. I rub my butt up against his crotch as I walk by him to get to my shot. I sink my ball and move on to the next. His hand is already on my butt as I lean over. I stare daggers at him. "You're not winning this time, cheater."

His hand grips my butt harder. "How am I cheating? I'm just admiring the view."

I roll my eyes and smack his hand away. "If I make this shot, your shirt comes off so I can enjoy the view too." He smirks then places his hand back on my butt. I control my breath and shoot. I sink my ball and stand up.

I stare him down while he unbuttons his shirt. His eyes don't leave me as he tosses me the shirt. It's warm and smells like him so I slip it on like a jacket. I may have made a mistake, because right now I just want to put my hands all over his very toned body. He clears his throat snapping me out of my daze. "Sorry, I was just admiring the view." He flexes his pec muscles making his chest bounce. I giggle. I didn't know he could do that.

"Sink this one and I'll remove my pants."

I smile. "Game on." The stakes are high now. I sink my ball with ease. "Strip."

Fredrick is standing there in just a tie and his black boxer briefs. "What shall I take off next?"

I tilt my chin up. "The underwear. I'm kind of digging the tie." He flicks his eyebrow up and gives me a sultry smirk. My heart is racing and I'm barely keeping it together. His body should be in magazines. He's so incredibly delicious, hot, sexy, gorgeous... you get the idea. He is straight up yummy. I'm looking for my next shot, and it's right in front of him. I get in to position. My butt brushes up against his groin. He grips my hips and steps closer. I can feel him poking me in a very sensitive area. If only I were naked right now. My heart pounds in my chest and I'm breathing heavily. I take my shot... I miss.

Fredrick walks out from behind me. "You can keep my shirt on, but yours is coming off right now." He doesn't flinch, just shoots. I take off his shirt then my own. I put his shirt back on over my bra. "Shorts, and ponytail."

That's not fair. "Hey, that's two."

He shrugs. "I don't have a ponytail."

"Fine." I roll my eyes.

He shoots and sinks it. I pull my ponytail out. I bite my lip and decide to tease him. I look straight into his eyes as I slowly, sexily take my shorts down. I see him swallow. I sashay to the mini fridge, then bend over at the waist, enhancing his view. I grab a water bottle and stand up to take a drink. I let the water drip down my chin and land on my breast. He clears his throat. "Bra." He takes his shot and sinks it. Damn. I take my bra off without removing his shirt, which keeps my breasts covered. He steps in front of me to line up his shot. I step up close to him. I rub my body against him like a cat starved for attention. He grunts. "With this shot you're taking off those very sexy panties. Once I sink the 8 ball, I'm bending you over this table and taking you from behind."

OMG! Yes please. "When you miss this shot, you'll be the one naked." I step up on tip toe and lick his lips. He only smiles. He takes his shot and sinks the ball. He grips my hips and squats as he pulls my panties to the floor. I hold his shoulders as I step out. He runs his hands up my legs, then takes a taste of my juices. I seriously hope he wins this game. I really don't want him to stop. "Call it." I say breathlessly as he stands up.

"I already have a hole in mind."

I get brave all of a sudden. I want this incredible man to take me. I run my hand down my chest then to my stomach. I lean against the table and spread my legs. "Could it be this one?" I ask as I insert a finger.

My finger is wet from my juices. I trace a wet line back up my body and circle my nipple. "Fuck it." He lifts me up onto the table, he spreads my legs, and goes straight for my pearl. He licks and sucks on me so good and hard, I'm squirming in seconds.

"Fredrick!" I say breathlessly. "The table, it's going to be ruined."

He doesn't stop, if anything, he increases the pressure. He works his magical tongue. I'm seconds from exploding. He smooths both hands up to my breasts. He massages them, then grips both of my nipples and pinches down. It hurts so good that my mind explodes and my juices release.

Fredrick pulls me down from the table and makes good on his promise. He bends me over the table and takes me from behind. As he enters me, he fills me up completely. His rhythm is steady and strong. His hands are gripping my hips. I'm holding on to the table to keep from falling, my legs are getting weaker and weaker. The sound of flesh slapping flesh permeates the room and feels oh so amazing. He's hitting all the right spots. I automatically arch my back and tilt my head back. I can no longer hold back, my throat opens and releases sounds I have no control of. The pleasure is getting stronger and stronger. Fredrick makes subtle sounds, but each one signifies how good he feels. His sounds excite me even more. He grunts and thrusts hard, and again. "Fredrick! Oh!" Another thrust and I let go of everything. My head goes light. My body numbs as every muscle relaxes. Fredrick thrusts one more time, with a loud grunt he releases. His body folds over as he holds me to him. He brushes my hair away from my face using his fingers. He lifts my chin to kiss me. After he catches his breath, he pulls out of me.

I look at the pool table. "What do we do about that? Oh, gosh, that's embarrassing."

Fredrick grabs a bottle of alcohol, probably scotch, and spills it over the wet spot of the table. "I'll have it taken care of while we're gone." Alrighty then. I grab my panties and put one leg in. Fredrick stops me. "What are you doing? Were not finished yet." He sinks the 8 ball then grabs his and my clothes. He takes my hand and pulls me along to the bedroom. He drops the clothes then picks me up bridal style and takes me to the bathroom. He stands me up and turns on the shower.

The shower is quite large with a rock surface and jets everywhere. After checking the water temperature, Fredrick smooths his shirt off my shoulders. "You are the most beautiful woman. I could stare at you for hours." He pulls me in for a kiss. I pull his tie, so it unites into one long strip, and drop it to the ground. He takes my hand and leads us both into the shower. He lifts me up so my legs wrap around him. I'm up against the wall as he enters me again.

The water cascades over our bodies. I hold on to him as he drives into me again and again. My head falls back. He nibbles on my neck. I can't hold on much longer. I'm already there. "Oh, Fredrick. I can't... Oh. Oh."

He grips my hips harder. "Yeah, I'm with you. Go Julia." He bites down on my neck and I'm gone. I release so hard I almost crash to the floor. good thing Fredrick is holding on to me. He lets me down gently.

“Turn around.” My back is now facing him. Fredrick gently works my shampoo into my hair then rinses the bubbles clear away. He then massages my scalp with my conditioner and washes my body with my loofah sponge. He’s extra delicate on my more sensitive parts. He makes sure I’m thoroughly clean before rinsing my entire body. I feel like a pampered princess and I’m so relaxed my eyes start getting heavy.

Fredrick does a quick wash and rinse then turns off the water. He gets a bath sheet and wraps it around my body, then he grabs a towel to wrap around himself. He picks me up and lays me on the bed. My hair is dripping so I use the bath sheet to catch some of the water. Fredrick takes my brush from its home on the nightstand and begins brushing out my tangles. My head starts nodding forward. He removes my towel and tucks me in.

Fredrick's POV

I wanted to go another round with my wife, but I can see how tired she is. Her stamina needs improvement. I need to practice with her more, which I do not mind at all. I kiss her soft cheek and wrap my body around her, protecting her from the world.

I dream of Julia. She’s a sultry seductress in my button down shirt that’s only buttoned halfway up. She’s wearing those sexy shoes she wears for work. Jessica Rabbit has nothing on her. Julia’s hair is flowing down her back. She’s on the pool table posing like the pin-up model she is. She bites her finger then beckons me closer.

I wake up to my alarm and quickly turn it off. I showered last night and had exercise, so I can relax a little. Last night was amazing. Julia is amazing. I don’t know if strip pool was her plan or mine, but I will never think of pool the same way again. One thing is certain; the shy, innocent girl is gone and the sexy goddess has replaced her. And she is mine. I look at her beautiful sleeping face. Her legs are tangled with my own, otherwise she looks very peaceful. I untangle my legs and I’m able to easily get out of bed. I dress and go down stairs to the kitchen.

Julia cooked for me last night so I devise a plan. “Good morning, Sir. What can I make for you today?” I’m greeted by my chef, Mrs. Graham.

“Actually, I want to make breakfast for Julia. What is the simplest dish?”

Mrs. Graham has a concerned look on her face. “Miss Jules likes cereal.”

I give her a cold stare. "Insufficient."

She wrings her hands nervously. "How about pancakes? They're not too complicated."

I nod. "Pancakes it is." Mrs. Graham hands me a glass bowl and a wire contraption. She weighs out flour and sugar then gives them to me to add to the bowl. She continues this process with all the ingredients. Eventually a thick batter with a few lumps is before me.

Mrs. Graham pours the batter into perfect circles. She shows me how to flip the first one and leaves me to try the next. While hers stayed in a perfect circle, mine scrunches up and batter goes everywhere. She uses a flat metal thing to clean it off and pours another perfect circle. This time I'm successful. "That looks good. What would you like to top them with?"

I have no idea. "What are my choices?"

She begins listing on her fingers. "Syrup and butter, some people like peanut butter and bananas, there's fresh fruit, whipped cream, an over easy egg. There are many more options, but they start getting more to the savory side and Miss Jules likes sweets." That she does. "Fresh fruits and cream."

Mrs. Graham shows me how to cut the strawberries. She whirls some more fruit in a blender, (that one I know). She adds things to it then pours it through another contraption with little holes. "To remove seeds." She tells me when I ask her what it's for.

She pours the thick soupy fruit over the pancakes then tops it with the strawberries and a few blueberries and raspberries. She then adds a spoonful of whipped cream. "I need a bed tray and a glass." She covers the food with a metal cloche. I pull the orange juice from the refrigerator.

"Will you be eating, sir?"

I didn't think of that. "Yes, I'll have the same." Mrs. Graham makes two more pancakes and loads another plate before covering it and placing it on the tray. She pours my coffee and I'm ready to go.

I set the tray down on my night stand. "Julia, wake up. Come on lazy girl." I rub her legs and arms. She doesn't even stir. I kiss her lips with full force. She hums. I kiss her again and force my tongue in her mouth as I put some of my



body weight on her. She hums again with a smile on her lips, but is still asleep. "Julia, we're going to miss our flight!"

Her eyes open in a panic, but she can't move since I'm on top of her. "Fredrick, I'm so sorry. It's all your fault for wearing me out so much." I can't help but laugh. "What's so funny? I can't move with you on me like that."

I roll off of her. "You don't need to move. I made you breakfast."

Her innocent face returns. "Oh, you did? Cereal doesn't really count as making breakfast."

I growl at her. "You don't say... I had help from Mrs. Graham, but I really did make breakfast for you."

She wraps her arms around my neck. "You're the best husband. Thank you."

I bring the tray in front of her as she sits up. She goes for the orange juice before I can remove the cloches. "It looks so pretty and delicious." I sit beside her and share breakfast in bed.