

What Happens In Vegas - Free Novel by C. Qualls

Chapter 16

Monday is back to work. The week goes by quickly with all of Fredrick's meetings and plans. We go to two shows and play pool with Jarrett a few times, he has a different girl with him every time. We beat him at every game we played. Mornings start with me puking then taking a shower. Nights, I fall asleep as soon as my head hits the pillow, if not before. Fredrick works hard as always. He's made some deals and plans on expanding the company here in Vegas. The weekend is our time. Two days of no work, no business, just the two of us. Saturday starts with a couples massage, then relaxing in the suite, watching classics and intermittent bouts of getting down and dirty. Sunday is spent as tourists again, visiting as many sites as possible. Monday and Tuesday are spent away from the strip, looking at potential locations.

It's Wednesday morning and I'm pulling my brush through my wet hair. Fredrick walks in behind me. He gives me a smoldering look in the mirror. "I have a surprise for you."

I set my brush down and turn to face him. He's wearing a royal blue tie with a light blue shirt. He hasn't put on his suit jacket yet. And he is looking so hot. "Are you going to give me any hints or do I have to wait?"

He hugs around my waist. "You'll have to wait until tonight."

I pull back quickly, "No fair! You're going to make me wait that long? It'll drive me crazy."

He kisses my forehead, "You drive me crazy every minute. It's hard to focus on work with you around." Same here, you sexy beast. I think to myself.

Fredrick places his hand over mine to stop my pen tapping during the last meeting of the day. He's had to do it two other times already today. I can't help it, I'm seriously going nuts. I'm dying to know what he has planned. I clear my throat. "My apologies, Mr. Draven, gentlemen." Fredrick gives me an amused look. I just know he's enjoying this. He told me about the surprise just to get under my skin, the jerk. He continues the meeting as if nothing happened. An hour later, the meeting finally comes to an end and I could not be more relieved. Fredrick has the guards stay behind. His surprise is only for me.

We start out at a bar. I remember sitting here the last night of our first visit. He leads me down a corridor to a row of shops. On my right there is a window with jewelry on display. My wedding ring came from this store, it's the same label that's on the inside of my black box. I understand his surprise, he's filling in the blanks of that night. How did he find out? I'm completely surprised. This information has been bugging me for a month now.

Fredrick escorts me inside the store, where we are greeted by an older gentleman in a gray suit. "Mr. Draven. This must be the lovely Mrs. Draven. Welcome. Please take a seat." The man's name is Pierre. He is the person that sold us my ring. He offers us drinks then proceeds to tell us about our last visit. "The two of you were having a conversation about that ring. It was on display in the window." He says this as he points to my finger. He then continues to recount that night. "Mrs. Draven you said you thought the ring would be your ideal wedding ring. Mr. Draven said he wanted to buy it for you. You laughed and said, and I quote; why, are you going to marry me? Mr. Draven said, why the hell not." Pierre chuckles to himself. He continues his story about how we bantered back and forth like an already married couple. That's one reason why he remembers us so clearly. He said he was surprised when he received a phone call from Fredrick asking if he remembers the purchase a few days later. Fredrick and I thank the man and move along to our next stop.

We ride down the strip to what's known as... the downtown strip. It's the older, more original portion of Las Vegas Blvd. Fredrick makes a few turns and we stop in front of a government building. "This was our next stop. After I bought the ring, we came straight here. Now, look over there." He points across the street, there are wedding chapels everywhere. They are all outdated buildings, but they're conveniently placed near the marriage license bureau. No wonder there are so many people that get married on a whim. Vegas makes it so easy.

My eyes are drawn to a white gazebo that is beautifully decorated with twinkling lights and greenery, sitting just next to one of the buildings. "Oh that's so pretty." Fredrick let's out a small chuckle.

He takes me by the hand and leads me across the street to the gazebo. A woman in a black pants suit and pearls greets us. I'm confused at first, then she hands Fredrick a file. "Mr. Draven, I believe this is what you asked for. Mrs. Draven, hello again. I'm Marcia. I was your officiant here in this gazebo." I shake her hand.

Fredrick looks through the file that contains official looking records and a disc. "Thank you, Marcia. This is perfect."

Fredrick takes me to a steakhouse on the top floor of one of the old casinos. "Was this part of that night too?" I ask him between bites.

He shakes his head. "No. I was told this is one of the best places in Vegas to eat. Since we're already over here, I thought I would feed you." The food is delicious and the portions are huge. I've noticed that Vegas has an issue with portion sizes. I can't finish my dinner, and I'm not even thinking about dessert.

We make our way back to our hotel room. Fredrick puts the disc in the laptop and pulls me into his arms. "Do you want to watch it now, or shower first and watch it in bed?"

Oh, a shower and bed sounds so tempting, but I'm dying to see the video. "Now. I can't wait any longer." He laughs then pulls me onto his lap on the sofa. He pulls up the video and we watch as our wedding plays right before our eyes.

There I am in my long pencil skirt with my hair in a bun. Fredrick is in his usual business suit. Marcia is speaking, but I'm not listening to a word she says. I'm shocked how relaxed and calm the both of us look. Our eyes are glazed, but otherwise I would never have guessed we were drugged. We look like a happy couple that has been together for ages. Fredrick is holding me as tight as possible. I have my head on his shoulder with my hand on his chest. He frees my hair from its bun and runs his fingers through my hair, just like he always does. I push his suit jacket off over his shoulders, then lay my head and hand back to their previous positions. He traces my bottom lips with his thumb, the way he does sometimes. Eventually Marcia says to kiss the bride and he does. He kisses me hard and long, the same way I'm used to him kissing me.

My mind is blown. I thought we would be crazed and making out everywhere, barely keeping our clothes on. I did not expect this. Fredrick closes the laptop and looks at me. No words. There are literally no words to describe what we both just saw. It's as if we were always meant to be. He loosens his tie and clears his throat. "Julia? Did that look like...?" His hand goes to the back of his neck. He continues. "Did that look like we were a couple, back then? You know, like how we are now?" I just nod my head. "I didn't even know your name then. How did it, how was it so natural?" I shake my head, and let out a single laugh. I have no idea.

After some silence, I clear my throat and try to come up with an answer. "I did kind of have a crush on you. I guess I must have played out my infatuation while I was drugged?"

Fredrick half smiles. "You had a crush on me?"

I can tell he's flattered. "Yeah, well, who doesn't?" I reply embarrassed.

His smile now reaches both sides. "I had a thing for you too. I remember the first time you walked into my office. I looked you over and had to force myself to look away. You are just too exquisite. I tried to avoid looking at you as much as possible." I give him a look that clearly says yeah right. "No, really. That's why Jarrett drugged you. He caught me looking at you. He knew I wanted you."

I adjust my body so my legs are straddling him. "You had a thing for me, huh? You wanted me? Well, Mr. Draven. I'm all yours." I press my hips forward and feel him stiffen under me. Fredrick doesn't hold back. He takes my mouth and pulls my clothes away from my body in seconds. I pull his shirt apart, popping buttons in the process. I loosen his pants and take hold of his manhood. I free him from his slacks and stroke his length.

He lifts me up and enters me smoothly. My head falls back as he thrusts into me. My breasts are bouncing in his face, but he loves it. He takes one nipple into his mouth and nibbles on my sensitive bud. The sensation goes to my groin bringing intense pleasure. He switches to my other breast, sending more pleasure downward. I call out. "Oh, Fredrick! Oh fuck, it feels so good!"

He knots his fingers in my hair and pulls just enough that it doesn't hurt. He releases my nipple. "Such a bad word, you naughty girl! Tell me how good it feels. Say it again."

I'm gripping the back of the sofa and I'm pushing myself on him as deep as I can. He thrusts harder and I'm seeing stars. "Fuck, Fredrick, so good! Oh, you make me feel so good!"

He gets harder and deeper. I'm losing my mind and my senses. His hands grip my hips, taking control, thrusting deeper. I can't believe that's even possible. "Julia, you're so amazing, so sexy. Tell me you're mine."

I bite my lip as he drives into me. "I'm yours, Fredrick. Only yours."

He thrusts one more time and I'm gone. My juices splash down on his shaft. He must like it because he releases after another thrust. I can't move. I cuddle up to Fredrick's chest and let him hold me. "Julia, you're mine. I'm not giving you up."

I smile as my eyes get heavy. "Hmmm."

Fredrick's POV

Did she really just fall asleep? "Julia?" I chuckle and pull out of her. Silly girl, my silly girl. That was the hottest escapade so far. When she cursed and said my name, I almost lost it completely. I didn't mean to be so possessive of her, but I can't help it. I can't imagine life without her anymore. She is my life. I lay her down and get a warm washcloth. I clean up her fluids so she can be more comfortable. Oh man, that was hot too. I had no idea a woman could do that. I love the way her body reacts to mine. It's like she was made just for me.

I sit back down at my laptop and replay our wedding. We don't look like we're on drugs at all. We look like we've been together for a while. I pause the DVD and zoom in on our faces. We look so happy together, like we're in love. I swallow down my emotions. Too soon, I keep telling myself. It's too soon to know for sure. But when will I know? I close the laptop and lay down beside my wife. She turns over and lays her head on my chest. I stroke her hair and go to sleep.

I dream of Julia. We're standing in the gazebo, just the two of us. It's night and the lights are sparkling all around us. She's nude with her hair covering her delicate parts. She's the birth of Venus with a protruding belly. I kneel down in front of her and kiss our baby. Her fingers run through my hair and I look up at her glistening face. She smiles at me then pulls me to my feet. She wraps her arms around my neck as I pull her close. She whispers in my ear. "Our love was meant to be. Soon you'll understand." She plants a soft kiss to my lips.

I wake up to my alarm. We return home today. I start my morning work out, sparring with Li. He's my best fighter, but I'm nowhere close to his skill. I've learned a lot from him. Only Corey knows that Li has been training me since I hired him four years ago. We spar three times a week back home. Out here I've sparred with him almost every day. I go back up to our suite for my shower. I look at Julia. She's face down with her back exposed, her hair lays perfectly over one shoulder. I can see the side of one of her breasts, and the profile of her face. The dark red silk sheets drape over her perfect ass, inviting me to touch her. I want to touch her. She is stunning, like a painting brought to

life. I feel like a perv, but I take a picture anyway, just for me. I'll show it to her later on. Hopefully she won't ask me to delete it.

I get a small pack of Graham crackers and set them on the nightstand beside her. I read that if she eats before she gets out of bed, she is less likely to vomit. It works most of the time. I'm already dressed in a t-shirt and jeans, so I begin packing. Julia's second alarm goes off. She sits up and nibbles her crackers. I lean against the door frame and watch her just as she stands up. The sheets fall gracefully to the floor as she stretches. It's a lovely sight and I am instantly turned on. I take another picture.

She finally notices me standing here and she smiles. "Good morning, my handsome husband." I hold my phone up and take another picture. The sun is shining behind her, emphasizing her perfect curves. Her face isn't really visible, just her outline. "Did you really just take a naked picture of me?"

I nod. "Mhmm. It's sexy as hell. Want to see?"

She strides toward me and I tilt the phone so she can look. "OMG! I look hot. Is that really me?" I nod and swipe to the next two pictures. "What? When did you take this one?"

I let her take my phone so she can look closely at her photos. "About 5 minutes before your alarm. This one was while you were stretching just now."

She shakes her head, "I can't believe those are me." She gives me back my phone.

I pull her to me and give her a kiss. "Go get ready, my beautiful wife. We have a flight to catch." I let her go and smack her lightly on her behind.

"Hey!" My lips twitch up on one side. She winks as she sexily sashays into the washroom