

What Happens In Vegas - Free Novel by C. Qualls

Chapter 2

I hate government buildings. I would never walk into one if I didn't have to apply in person. Why am I doing this? My father wants me to marry. Grandfather blocked some of my shares until I'm married, that's why I'm doing this. The wicked old man.

"Next." The window attendant calls. Shelby hands over the paperwork. The woman looks through the papers and inputs information into her computer. "Do you have ID, sir?" I hand over my license and social security card. The woman looks at me. "Sir in the United States plural marriage is illegal."

I nod. "Okay? Thanks for that information. I don't plan to have multiple wives. One is bad enough."

Shelby scoffs next to me. "That's not funny." She thinks I'm joking.

"Well sir, according to my information you already have a wife." The clerk tells me. Oh fuck! I close my eyes and grunt. Vegas...

Shelby is the first to respond "What!? How can he already be married? Darling, what's going on?" She clings to my arm with all her might.

"Miss, as this matter is only in his name I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to step away for privacy concerns."

Of course Shelby loses her shit. "This is public record. I'm not going anywhere. Do you know who I am! I will sue the shit out of you. Fix this now!"

I pull Shelby to the side. "Let me handle this. Just calm down and stop making a scene. You're embarrassing me. I don't need to be in tomorrow's headlines because of you."

She scoffs. "Because of me? Who's the one that is married?" She crosses her arms and tilts her chin up.

"Alright, just let me go find out what's going on." She scoffs again but doesn't move. I walk back to the counter. "Madam, please give me the information you have."

The lady has no response, but prints off a paper and hands it over. I read the paper and rub the back of my neck. "If you want an annulment you and your wife will have to file paperwork and then get it notarized. People think Vegas weddings are a joke, but they actually are legal. Don't worry, you're not the first one this has happened to."

I nod with a sarcastic "thanks" and walk out the door.

Shelby catches up to me outside just as I get to my car. "Darling, what do we do now?"

I open her door then walk around to my own seat. "I'll take you back. I must meet with my father."

Shelby grabs hold of my arm, "Darling, we're still getting married. You made a deal with daddy. You better not back out if it."

I speed to Shelby's place and let her out. My Father's house is just down the way so it's a quick trip. I walk through the door and am greeted by the butler, Sam. "Good day, young Sir. Senior Mr. Draven is on the terrace." He closes the door behind me.

"Thank you, Sam."

I walk out to see a new bimbo sitting on Father's lap. "Father, a word."

Sam comes out with a tray of scotch and two glasses as father sends his new plaything away. "Where is Shelby? Don't tell me the two of you are on the rocks again. You need to hurry up and marry that girl. Steve is starting to get on my nerves."

I shoot my drink and pour another. "Yes well. We agreed that I would only have to marry once. That's why I'm here. Jarret drugged me while I was in Vegas and I somehow ended up getting married. Shelby and I just found out while we were attempting to get our marriage license."

Father stares me down while he takes a drink. "Looks like you lucked out. You get your shares and avoid marrying Baker's daughter. Is your new wife some stripper? Wouldn't that just put the cherry on top." He takes another drink.

"This was not planned, as I've already mentioned, I was drugged. And no she's not a stripper. She's actually my new assistant. Jarret drugged the both

of us. I doubt she even knows yet. Either way, the deal was to be married for a year before I can divorce. Does this deal still stand? I can get an annulment, but I will not be married more than once. You know my temperament.”

Father nods his head. He takes a deep breath and lets it out slowly. “I guess it’s done then. One year minimum still stands. As for Baker you can deal with that issue yourself.”

Julia's POV

I don’t know what to do. Do I want to be his assistant? It’s a lot of money. I would never have to worry about bills, that’s for sure. Dad’s medical debt is really the most important issue, not to mention all the school loans. For Dad I should just suck it up and take the job. Mr. Draven is really not difficult to handle. People say he’s scary, but I don’t see it. He’s intimidating, but that could be said of any powerful businessman. Not to mention how gorgeous he is. Dark hair and bronzed skin are just what is visible when he’s sharply dressed in his suits. The way they hug his body, its obvious he works out. It would just be so awkward knowing I slept with him. And he’s engaged. That makes me a home wrecker too. Oh, I’m a terrible person.

My phone chimes. “This is Julia Lewis.”

The caller ID shows the hospital. “Ms. Lewis. This is Dr. Torres. Your father’s dose needs to be increased and I think we need to add another medication. He seems to be steady, but I believe the medication wears off too early. Also he’s showing signs of depression.”

I close my eyes and let out a breath. “Of course. If that’s what he needs. I’ll be by to visit him later today.” I hang up the phone and turn back to my monitor. The email from Mrs. Harvey is front and center. What choice do I have? I send in my resume.

I look up from my monitor into a pair of piercing eyes. I gasp from the surprise. “Ms. Lewis.”

I regain my composure. “Mr. Draven. What can I do for you?”

His hand goes to the back of his neck. Oh shit. “Make me a cup of coffee and meet me in my office. We have matters to discuss.” He walks into his office.

I stand up and smooth out my calf length pencil skirt and re-tuck my blouse. I head to the coffee machine and prepare his cup. He's on a phone call when I walk in. I place his cup down and take a seat on the white suede sofa. I get my paper pad ready for any notes. He hangs up his phone and rings his secretary, "Mrs. Harvey, I am not to be disturbed." Mr. Draven grabs his coffee and comes to join me on the sofa. I hold my breath. "Ms. Lewis, I received your resume." That was fast. I let out my breath. "I'm glad you will be staying on. We can discuss your pay and benefits. If you have any issues, please speak up. Once your contract is signed, we will not be making changes. Contracts are renewed annually. Everything will be emailed to you in detail. Look over it and contact me directly with any issues or questions. Understood?"

I nod. "Yes, sir. Thank you for the opportunity."

He takes a sip of his coffee, then speaks again. "Now about Vegas..." His eyes penetrate me and I can't help but bite down on my lip. He clears his throat. "I have no recollection of the last night there. My buddy Jarret informed me that he drugged both of us. I assume you have no recollection as well."

My mouth falls open. Drugged? "I..." I close my eyes and take a calming breath. I open my eyes and look at Mr. Draven. "I was drinking a soda at the bar where you left me. I remember you coming out of the room, but you were stumbling a little. I woke up in your room. I was frightened and went back to my room. That's all I remember."

He nods, then asks. "Did we have sex?" I fidget with my pen and can no longer look him in the eye. His hand reaches over to stop my fidgeting. His touch is very distracting. "Is that a yes?" I clear my throat and look up. I nod slightly. A tear escapes my eye. Mr. Draven gently wipes my tear away. "Was I that terrible?" He chuckles. I can tell he's trying to make things easier for me.

"It-it, it's not that... I, it-it... it was my first time."

Mr. Draven's hand goes to the back of his neck. "Shit. I'm very sorry Ms. Lewis. I understand the first time is supposed to be meaningful. You must be feeling violated right now. As you should. We both should." I nod. Yeah, a little violated to say the least. Mr. Draven stands up and walks to his desk. "Please understand I don't sleep around and I'm clean. You don't have to worry about STI's." He reaches into his drawer. "I believe this is yours." He places a black box on the coffee table in front of me. Just as I had done in Vegas.

I pick up the box and peer at the diamond ring I know is inside. “Why would this belong to me?”

I look up at him in confusion. “I bought it that night. I found the purchase on my bank card. See if it fits. Please.”

I slip the ring on, it’s a perfect fit. I quickly take it off and hand it back. “I can’t keep this. You bought it, it belongs to you.”

He refuses to take the box. “Why would I buy a ring for myself?”

Touche. “Sir, why would you buy a ring for me?”

He sits back down and finishes off his coffee. “Because apparently you and I got married.”

My paper pad slips to the floor. I’m totally shocked. “What? Wh-wh, huh?” I’m married? I’m married to this gorgeous man sitting in front of me? The man I lost my virginity to. My boss, the head honcho of Draven & Baker. I hold my head with both hands. This is insane. I haven’t even graduated college yet, how can I be married. Insane. This can’t be real.

A bottle of water is thrust in front of my face. The lid has already been removed so I take a few big gulps, not at all ladylike. My hand is shaking when I place the half empty bottle on the coffee table. “I’m sorry to spring this on you. You are innocent in all of this mess, however, I have no intention of releasing you from our marriage. I only ever intended to be married once in my lifetime. I am not a man that believes in fate, but I do believe in extenuating circumstances.” Mr. Draven picks up my water bottle and takes a drink before setting it back down. He takes a paper from his desk. “This is proof that you and I are legally married.”

I reach up to inspect this mythical proof. Sure enough, we were married while in Vegas. There’s a date, two signatures, and an official seal from the state of Nevada. “I’m your wife?” I repeat timidly. Mr. Draven nods. “You’re my husband.” I state the obvious just as timidly. Again he nods. “Wh.. what.. what do..”

“Deep breath, Ms. Lewis. Or, I’m sorry your first name is...?”

I giggle at how ridiculous this is. “We’re married and you don’t even know my name.” I pick up the water bottle and take another gulp before placing it back down.

Mr. Draven goes to his desk, most likely in search of my name. I start getting hot, my head pounds, and my collar is beginning to bother me. I unbutton just the top button, toss my glasses on the table and pull my hair out of its bun. I finger comb my hair out. I’m fanning my self down with one hand and rubbing my head with the other. This is all too much. I hear my name being called. “Julia. I understand that this is a lot to take in, but please remember we are in my office. I will need you to tidy yourself up again before you leave.”

Leave? Duh, I can’t very well stay in here. If I went back out like this, people would get the wrong idea. I nod. “Mr. Draven, this is...” what? What is this? “This is very shocking. I promise I will get control of my self. I just need a few more minutes.”

He waits patiently at his desk. “You may use my washroom. And when we are not in an other’s company you may call me Fredrick.”

I zombie walk to the washroom and splash cool water on my face. My hands are barely holding me up as I’m leaning onto the sink. My legs are weak and shaking.

“Julia.” A soft white towel is handed to me. I accept it and wipe my face. “Don’t think too much on it. You’ve been by my side for three months now. You know how I am and I trust you. We can continue our discussion tonight over dinner. This weekend you can move in.”

I turn to face him. “Move in? Mr. Draven, I...”

It’s at that moment I realize how close we are standing, but I have no room to step back. His eyes stare me down. “It’s Fredrick. Yes, move in. You are my wife now. Of course we should live together.” I have no response. His raises his hand and runs it gently through my hair. My breath catches and I look him in the eye. “You’re quite pretty. I like your hair down. It’s best to keep it up while we’re working, though. It would be too distracting otherwise.” He holds up my glasses and hair ties in his other hand. I take them and he leaves the room.

I tidy my self up. When I’m finally composed, I head back into his office. I’ve had time to collect myself, at least enough to get me through the rest of the

day. "Mr. Draven, will there be anything else?" I ask as I pick up my pad and pen.

"That will be all Mrs. Draven." I stop in my tracks and look at his beautiful face. His lips are tilted up in a flirty smirk. He's messing with me now. I shake my head and smile to myself.

I open the door and return to my seat. As soon as I sit down I get a text.

Fredrick- Mrs. Draven. Remember to look through your contract. Also, please keep this matter private for the time being. I would hate to be part of office gossip.

I reply with one simple word...

Me- Duh!