

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

### Chapter 3

#### Fredrick's POV

"You've really screwed me over, you bastard." I'm at my desk going over files when Jarrett calls me. "

What did I do this time?"

I don't need to keep anything from Jarret, he's been my best friend since day one of college. "Your little stunt. She was a virgin, you asshole."

I know that will get him to feel a little bad for what he did. "Ah shit, dude. I just knew you wanted her since you kept staring at her the whole time you were here."

I stared at her? Sure I noticed her. Who wouldn't, she's a knock out. But to stare at her. That's something I always tried to avoid. I let out a breath of frustration and continue. "Not only that, but somehow we got married while we were in our drug induced state. Now Shelby's pissed. She's tried calling a few times already, but I'm ignoring her calls. My Father thinks I did this on purpose, and now I have to somehow smooth it all over with Stephen Baker."

Jarrett laughs more and more as I ramble on. "That's not a big deal. Just get it annulled."

I roll my eyes. "I'm not getting it annulled." "What? Are you crazy? Why wouldn't you get it annulled?"

I stand up and walk to my floor to ceiling windows and look out over the city. "You know better than anyone, I always said I'm only getting married once, and that is only because of the shares. After a year I'll divorce her and send her on her way."

Jarret doesn't say a word. After a short while he finally speaks "So, what you're really saying is I did you a favor. Your wife is smoking hot and you get out of marrying that whiny bimbo your father has shoved down your throat. This will probably piss off Baker and he'll want to cut ties... You are welcome, my friend." Jarret hangs up... I'm speechless.

“Sir, Ms. Cavanagh is here to see you.”

My guards on the ground floor warn me. “I want four guards stationed outside my office after she enters. She may need an escort out,” I respond. My guards are the best. They’ve had to escort Shelby out a few times, along with many others. Even they don’t like Shelby, but they know their place and would never speak out. They’re all trained in weaponry, shooting, and hand to hand combat. I send them to Taiwan for a year for even more extensive training. They are damned good at what they do and they have never lost. They better be good. I pay them top dollar.

My office door opens and I don’t even move. “Darling, have you fixed this yet? Who is this slut that would dare to do this? If I find her, I will destroy her. Don’t you worry. She’ll never be able to show her face in society.”

I turn around, my gaze is enough to stop her squawking. “This matter is resolved.” She smiles and struts toward me. I stop her in her tracks by saying; “the marriage is official and will remain.” All color leaves her painted face and her mouth drops open like a fish out of water. It’s a hilarious sight, but I keep a straight face. “I will speak to your father about our arrangement. You may go.”

Now her face turns red. I can see her little brain smoking trying to figure out how to handle this. I walk to my desk to keep from laughing at her. You would think after two years she would have grown on me. That’s not the case. “Darling, what about me? What am I supposed to do? What will I tell my friends? How can I show my face?” Her anger gets more obvious with each question.

“What you do is of no concern to me anymore.”

I can feel her attitude shift, here come the tears, right on cue. “Darling, how can you say that? We’ve been together for so long. I love you. You can’t just leave me like this. This is just some computer error. You’re not really married, you can’t be. You’re mine and we’re meant to be together.”

I should give her a little face. We have been together for so long. Of course she’s attached to me. “Shelby. I understand you’re upset, but it’s done. You and I cannot and will not be together in the future. This circumstance is a shock to all of us, including my new wife. Take some time and regain yourself, then move on. I am no longer available.” Shelby’s wails get even more absurd. I’m sure my entire floor can hear her. “I’m sorry, but this is the new reality. I will take care to cancel all of the wedding arrangements. You won’t

have to worry about anything on my end. As an apology I will send you to Milan for fashion week. But I must ask you to leave at this time. I have work to do.”

Shelby stands up “I’m not going anywhere. You are going to fix this!”

I stand up. “I have said all there is to say regarding this matter. I have work to do. You are excused.” Shelby doesn’t move. “Leave now, or I will have you escorted out. It’s your choice.” Shelby crosses her arms and raises her chin. “Very well.” I press a knob on my desk. Immediately four of my guards walk in. “Escort Ms. Cavanagh out of my building. She is not allowed access without my express permission.”

She stomps her foot like a petulant toddler. “You’re banning me? You bastard! This is all your fault. I am the victim, but you’re throwing me out.” I look to my lead guard, Corey. He gently takes both of her shoulders and steers her out.

I sit down in my chair and lean my head back with my eyes closed. That could have gone worse. A light knock sounds at my door. “Enter.”

Julia walks into my office with a bottle of water. She removes the cap and hands me the bottle. “I’m sorry about Ms. Cavanagh. I feel like this is my fault.”

I take a drink and give the bottle back to her. “Thank you. Don’t worry about her. I’m actually relieved that we’re over. My Father was forcing her on me. You are not at fault for any of this.”

She sits down on the sofa and crosses her legs. “That’s a bit of a relief, but I still feel bad for Ms. Cavanagh. We can get it annulled, you and I are not really in a relationship.”

I stare her down. “That will not be happening, as I mentioned previously. I do not intend to be married more than once.”

She sits up straighter “What about me? Don’t I have any say in this? What if I don’t want to be married to you? I’m only 23. I haven’t even graduated yet.”

She’s cute when she’s flustered. My lips twitch up on their own. “Your internship ends in two days. You’ve graduated. Besides, why would any woman object to being married to me? I’m healthy, attractive, and wealthy.”

“You’re also a workaholic and narcissistic.” Her hand covers her mouth lightning fast, and her cheeks turn red. I raise my eyebrow. No one has ever dared to address me as she has. I find her amusing. “I’m sorry, Sir. It just slipped out.”

I nod “My name is Fredrick, get used to using it. And why shouldn’t I be? I graduated the top of my class. I own and run this company so I am responsible for it and all of its people. I work out and stay healthy. Should I not be proud of my accomplishments? Do you have any other objections, Mrs. Draven?”

Her cheeks turn red and she shakes her head in defeat. After a breath she raises her head, “My boyfriend... ”

“You don’t have one.” I cut her off before she can say anything stupid. “You work at my side everyday and you are graduating next weekend. You don’t have time for a boyfriend. Also the only pictures on your desk are of a girl your age, I’m assuming is the best friend, and an older gentleman I assume is your father. The only personal calls you take are from the VA Hospital.” Her eyes grow larger and she’s not sitting as straight.

I stand up and walk around my desk. I sit on the coffee table in front of her, my legs sandwich hers. I lean into her personal space. She doesn’t move back. If anything, she sits up even straighter and raises her chin. Her brown eyes stare back confidentially. Interesting. Her fragrance is mild and sweet, it’s almost intoxicating. I speak to her with a gentle voice. “Julia. This is as awkward for me as it is for you. I will make you a deal. You take this marriage seriously for one year, just one. At the end of the year we can separate. In the meantime I will pay off all of your student loans and your father’s medical expenses. You live with me in luxury. You can spend all the money you want. You can redecorate our home to make it more comfortable for you. I promise to be faithful to you. All I need in return is for you to be by my side in a respectable manner. This includes attending events and dealing with any paparazzi. I’ll even throw in some shares when it’s all over, if you want. Deal?”

She looks down in thought and subtly bites her lip. I wonder what that lip feels like between my teeth. She looks back to my eyes. “What about sex?”

My lips and my eyebrow twist up of their own accord. “Alright, but I’m scheduled for a meeting later on.”

Her face turns red. “Th, th, that’s not... that’s not what I meant.”

I can't help but smile at her embarrassment. I place my hand on her soft cheek. Her breath catches. "I will not force myself on you. I don't expect anything from you. But understand, that doesn't mean I won't try. We are man and wife after all." My thumb caresses her bottom lip. "Do we have a deal?" She slowly nods her head. "Good. Now, what's my name?"

She bites at her lip again. I wonder if it's a nervous habit of hers. "Fredrick," she softly says.

I lose all control at the sound of my name on her lips. My lips brush against hers. They're soft and yield to me. I pull her bottom lip in between my teeth and bite down softly. Her lips are like a drug and I need more. She's responsive and doesn't push me away. She let's me kiss her. My tongue licks her lips seeking entry. Her mouth slightly opens and I seize the opportunity. My tongue dives in. Her taste is like heaven. Her tongue caresses mine ever so gently, like she's testing the waters.

My office phone rings and she pulls away. I grunt and walk to my desk to answer the phone. "Draven." I watch her as she smooths out her clothes and takes a drink of water. She points to the door and walks out closing the door behind her.

"Who the hell do you think you are! You've humiliated my daughter, then you have the nerve to throw her out of my building! If it wasn't for your father, I would have already handled you. What is the meaning of this!" I wait for him to finish his tirade.

"Baker. It's so good to hear from you. First of all, let's clear a few things up. I hold the majority of shares and purchased the building outright. It's my building. Now that I get more share for being married I plan to buy you out. Also your daughter came into my office and created a scene. I warned her to leave on her own, she chose not to listen to me."

"You son of a bitch. You think you can muscle me out! You break my daughter's heart and have the nerve to blame her."

I roll my eyes. "I'm not going to muscle you out. I'll give you a fair price. And don't worry about your daughter's heart, it was never really love. She is just addicted to the lifestyle and status I gave her. She'll get over it." I hang up. Enough of that bullshit.

Julia's POV

I sit at my desk and read my email. My contract is weighing on my mind. Everything has changed in one afternoon. I send... Fredrick.. a text.

*Me- Mr. Draven. Does the offer to be your assistant still stand?* I hit send and wait for a response, which comes almost instantly.

*Fredrick- Only if you use my name.* I roll my eyes.

*Me- I'm trying to be professional here, Mr. Draven.*

*Fredrick- Mrs. Draven, you only need to be professional in front of other people. And yes, the offer still stands. Now, what's my name?* I give in, after all he is being rather generous.

*Me- Okay, I'll sign the contract right away. Thank you, Fredrick.*

I finish my tasks for the day then head down to the HR on the first floor. I sign my contract without making any changes. I head over to the hospital to visit my Dad. Dr. Torres stops me in the hall. "Ms. Lewis. I'm glad you're here. Your father is being transferred to another facility, so I need you to sign the paperwork."

I look at the papers in confusion. "What's going on? Why is he being transferred?"

Dr. Torres taps his pen on the clipboard, "We got a phone call earlier from a man that said he's your husband. I thought he was trying to cause problems, but he paid off all the medical fees here and at the new facility. Your father will be closer to you and in a better place. I practice at the other facility as well, so I'll continue providing his care over there." I sign the necessary paperwork then walk to my father's room.

"Hi Daddy. How are you feeling today? Is your back still sore?" Dad smiles at me. I love it when he smiles because his eyes crinkle at the corners. He looks like an older version of Magnum P.I. but with short hair. Mustache included.

"It's better today. Dr. Torres says I'm being transferred? What's going on? Tell me everything."

I hold my father's good hand and smile. "I got the job as Mr. Draven's assistant. I signed the contract today."

My dad looks at me and raises his eyebrow. "I know you have more to tell me. I can see it on your face. Give it to me."

I sit down on the bed. "Remember how I went to Vegas?" My dad nods and I continue "Well, while I was there, I ended up marrying my boss. We were both inebriated and don't remember a thing. We found out today when Mr. Draven went to get a marriage license."

Dad grunts. "And you plan on staying married to him?" I nod. My dad doesn't say anything. So I explain the deal we made. "Sweet Girl, I know you're worried about me, but I'm fine as long as I have you in my life. You're all that matters to me. I want you to be happy. If this guy disrespects you in any way, you get out of it, you hear?"

I nod, "Yes, of course. I promise. I have to go now. We're supposed to have dinner. I'll visit you when you get all settled in at the new place." I kiss my dad's scruffy cheek and wave goodbye.

#### Chapter 4

I walk through the door of the fanciest restaurant ever. I'm still wearing my clothes from work, but it's a skirt so who cares. I did remove my glasses and let my hair down though. I go to the h...