

What Happens In Vegas - Free Novel by C. Qualls

Chapter 31

Julia's POV

I was able to find a cute apartment for the Lorenzi's. It was already furnished, but they somehow made it completely theirs in just a week. Brianna hugs me as soon as Fredrick and I walk in. Mr. Lorenzi, Eduardo, invites us to take our seats. Brianna goes into the kitchen to help her mama, Theresa. I let the men talk and follow Brianna into the kitchen. "Mama. Scott hasn't even met Anthony yet. I told you that. I'm sure they've seen each other in crossing."

Theresa stirs a pot of what looks like homemade Bolognese. "Well, I still want to meet this boy."

I clear my throat. "I hope I'm not disrupting you."

Brianna waves her hand. "Not at all. My parents just want to meet my boyfriend. You might know him. He works for Mr. Draven too."

I smile, glad to be part of the girl talk. "What department?"

Brianna pulls a stool out for me. "He's a parking attendant. He just got me a job working with him too."

I nod. "I remember him. He's baby faced, but I'm sure he's my age. Theresa, can I help you with anything?"

She has vegetables on the counter that she just washed. "Oh, no. You're a guest. Brianna get some wine for Mr. and Mrs. Draven."

I stop her. "Oh, no it's okay. I don't drink. Fredrick doesn't if he's driving." Now that I think of it, maybe he should have a little something. He's been so stressed lately. I jump off my seat while the two continue their conversation. "Please excuse me. I'll be right back." Fredrick and Eduardo are conversing when I sit beside Fredrick. I whisper into his ear. "The Lorenzi's are offering wine, I'll drive if you would like some. I want you to relax and enjoy yourself."

Fredrick pats my leg then hands me his keys. "I don't drink wine, but I could use a drink or two."

Dinner is delicious. Authentic homemade Italian cuisine will beat any restaurant, hands down. I am so full. Fredrick has three glasses of scotch with Eduardo after dinner. He doesn't appear drunk, maybe slightly buzzed at most, but definitely more relaxed. He opens my door for me as I sit in the driver's seat of his favorite car, the BMW. The three Escalades surround us as we pull away. "Did you know Brianna is dating the parking attendant, Scott?"

Fredrick shakes his head. "I had no idea." He holds my leg as I drive.

"Brianna just started working at Draven Corp. Did you know?"

Fredrick makes a weird face. He pulls out his phone and sends a text message. He quickly receives a response. "Huh, well I'll be damned."

I glance at him. "What is it?"

He puts his phone away. "Brianna wants to join my guard. Apparently she's a pretty good fighter and marksman."

I pull in to our driveway. "I wonder if Anthony would be okay with that. I would love to have her as my personal bodyguard, even after this mess with Shelby is all over. It would be less awkward shopping for lingerie with a woman on my tail."

Fredrick hangs up the keys. "I guess we'll have to ask him."

Fredrick gets a good night's sleep, finally. He's still holding me when my first alarm goes off. He kisses my neck, then moves down to my collar bone. He gives me a mark while rubbing his hands up my leg and hip. I feel him jabbing me in the back. I hum, enjoying the feel of my husband. I push my rear into his lap. He adjusts my leg on top of his and enters me. His kisses continue as he thrusts. Fredrick is nibbling my neck while I'm biting my pillow by the time I feel my release coming. Fredrick bites down on my ear and I'm gone. Good timing too, because just then my alarm chimes again. Fredrick pulls out and releases on my ass. The sensation makes me curious. "Fredrick. How do you feel about anal sex?"

He kisses me cheek. "I never thought about it, but if you want to, we can try anything you want to try."

I smile at the thought of trying new things. “I love making love to you, but we’re going to be late for work if we don’t get up now.” He grunts, but gets out of bed.

Fredrick is in the washroom shaving. I wrap my arms around his waist. He’s only in a towel. I kiss his sexy back. “Did you get a late start? You’re usually dressed by the time I wake up.”

He smirks his sexy smirk. “I skipped training today. I just held you until your first alarm went off, then...” I throw my hair up into a bun. We finish dressing then walk down the stairs hand in hand. We eat quickly and make our way to the office.

Brianna greets us as we exit our car. “Mr. Mrs. Draven.”

I giggle at her. “Brianna, you know my name. It’s fine to call me Julia, or miss Jules, like everyone else here does.”

Darius steps out of his car and joins us. “Sir. A word?”

Fredrick moves his hand to the small of my back while he speaks to Darius. “Meet in my office.”

Darius nods, “Yes, sir.”

I get a phone call from Shannon. “OMG bitch. Have you seen the news?” She knows I don’t follow any news.

“No.” I giggle.

“I’m sending you a link. Check it out. Bye bitch, love ya.” Okay. I pull up the link. There was a Prison fight that doesn’t pique my interest, until I see that six men were killed, including Steven Baker. “Fredrick, look.”

We’re in the elevator as Fredrick takes my phone. He side glances to Darius. Then back to the article. “Shannon is a good journalist. I wonder how she gets her information.”

He hands my phone back to me. I didn’t realize she wrote the article. “I don’t know. I remember her professors all loved her, though.”

Fredrick's POV

Darius takes a seat. "So, a prison fight. I noticed Jeremiah and Baker were both taken out. Is that what you wanted to see me about?"

Darius shakes his head. "No, sir. They were supposed to get roughed up. The prison fight wasn't us. Coincidence?"

I shake my head. "I don't believe in coincidences."

He makes a face. "Neither do I, sir. I came here to tell you about Calloway. My guys squeezed him pretty hard. He gave us some pretty good Intel. I got names of potential threats. We got to them before they could get to you. Jesse and Ms. Cavanagh are all that's left."

I take a deep breath. We're not completely out of the woods yet, but at least we're not sinking. "Good work. Thanks, Darius." A knock sounds at my door. "Enter." Shelby walks in puffy eyed and red faced. I stand to greet her. "Shelby? How did you get in here?"

She looks to Darius. "Corey let me up."

My hand goes to my neck. What the hell is Corey thinking letting her in. "Darius." I nod in the direction of a corner.

Shelby scoffs. "I need to speak to you alone. It's important."

I look to Darius. "Stand by. I may need an escort for an unruly shrew." Darius chuckles as he takes position in a corner.

Shelby huffs and snuffles. "You really are an asshole."

I sit comfortably in my chair. "What do you want?"

She pulls a tissue from my desk and wipes her nose. "My father. He was killed. He died and it's your fault. You killed him."

I lean back in my chair and cross my fingers. "How do you figure that?"

She snuffles more and dabs at her face. "I asked you to help him and you didn't even care. You backed out of a deal, you made him lose everything."

I cock my eyebrow. I'm trying to stay calm, but I'm losing it. "I warned him. He didn't listen to me. He chose to gamble away his shares, then he chose to kill

my father. His choices are what killed him. Not me. You want to blame someone, blame him.”

Her inner bitch comes out with claws. “You bastard! How dare you. You even told me yesterday to give your regards to him. I know you’re behind it. You and that skanky bitch ruined his life and mine. If it wasn’t for her, I would be married to you and my father would still be alive.”

I stand up and get in front of her. “Listen to me you devious little harlot. I will not take the fault of the actions of your father and neither will my wife. I know what you did to my baby. If it wasn’t for my wife, the same thing would’ve happened to you. Your father’s death is cause for celebration as far as I’m concerned.” Shelby screams as a flash of silver passes my vision.

Julia's POV

I hear a scream from Fredrick’s office. I rush to the door. Fredrick is on the floor. Darius has Shelby Cavanagh pinned to the ground. Darius yells out. “Call an ambulance. He’s been stabbed.”

I rush over to Fredrick. There’s blood everywhere. I turn him over. What looks like a letter opener is sticking out of his neck. “Mrs. Harvey! Call an ambulance!” I put pressure on his neck, leaving in the letter opener. I listen to his breath. It’s faint but there. “Fredrick, can you hear me? Come on, honey. Open your eyes!” Fredrick’s eyes move, but stay closed. “Hang on Fredrick. Help is coming. Stay with me.” I put my ear to his mouth. He’s still breathing. I put more pressure on his wound. The blood continues to flow. I press as hard as I can.

Paramedics rush in to the room. “I got it miss. Back away please.” I step back, but keep my hand on his neck until the paramedic puts pressure over my hand. I slide my hand out and stand up. The paramedic gets to work. His partner is handing him tubes and needles. They get Fredrick on a gurney and rush him to the elevator.

“Ms. Jules. Go with him.” Darius tells me as I stand there staring. I look to Darius then rush to the paramedics. “That’s my husband. I’m coming with.”

The paramedic waves me over just as the elevator opens. I rush in and squeeze into the corner, out of the way. It’s chaos in the ambulance. The paramedic is working one handed as he hooks up various machines and tubes to Fredrick. “Do you know his blood type?”

I reach for a package he's having trouble opening. "He's O-." The paramedic grabs the item out of the package and inserts it into Fredrick arm.

I'm outside of the OR. Four of my guys are in the waiting area. The rest have duties in the office. I'm pacing the door. What the hell happened? Why was she there in the first place? How did she get in? Fredrick. He was alive. He is alive, he has to be. I stop in front of the doors. There's nothing visible through the tiny windows. Where is the doctor? What is taking so long? It's been hours.

Shannon rushes over to me. "Jules." She wraps her arms around me. "Any word?"

I shake my head. "Not yet."

She pulls back and looks at my face. Her hands slide down to my hands. "Jules, you're covered in blood. Come on. There's a washroom right there. Let's wash your hands."

I shake my head. "I'm not leaving him. After the doctor comes out, I'll wash up, but I'm staying right here."

Corey comes up to stand next to Shannon. They embrace like a normal couple would. Corey should have stopped this, right? Darius was there, thank heavens. I got there as fast as I could. Did I do it right? Should I have left the letter opener there? No, I did it right. Daddy always told me to leave it in if someone gets stabbed. Apply pressure. Make sure they're breathing. Always stay calm. You can freak out later. I don't know how many TV shows he's criticized for being fake. How many times he yelled at the actor for being careless in an emergency. The medic in him drilled it in my brain. Daddy, thank you for the guidance. Fredrick should be okay. I need to know he's alive and well. Come on. Somebody tell me something.

Shannon puts her arm around my shoulders. I look into her green eyes. It's ocean blue eyes that I need to see right now. She pulls out a tissue and wipes at my face. I didn't know I was crying. Stay calm. I take the tissue and almost laugh. Fredrick would hand me a handkerchief, the old man. Come on! Someone tell me something. "Can I get you a drink or anything?" A male voice is speaking, but it's not Fredrick's voice. I'm vaguely aware anyone is speaking. I just keep staring at the stupid blue door. Why are there so many stickers on the door? It's absurd. No one really reads them. A figure walks into the hall through the window. That better be for me or I swear I'll scream.

The door opens and a woman in blood covered scrubs steps out. "Are you Mrs. Draven?" I can't speak, so I just nod. I'm Mrs. Draven. That's me. "Mrs. Draven. You're husband is stable for now. The blade pierced the carotid artery. He lost a lot of blood, we had to transfuse him. He also developed a blood clot, but we caught it early. The paramedic said you took care of him until they got there. Good job. If that letter opener was pulled out, he would have died." I choke out a breath. The doctor smiles. "He's in recovery. He's weak from the loss of blood. Right now he's asleep from the anesthetic, but you can see him." I nod, but can't move.

Shannon leads me to a room and stops me in front of a sink. Warm water falls on my skin. The color of the water changes to red, but slowly begins to turn clear. Shannon runs a slippery substance over my hands. The smell hits my nose and I realize it's soap. I look around me. I take a deep breath. I focus on my breath. Shannon wets a paper towel and wipes at my face. I look in the mirror and see patches of blood that she's taking away.

Wake up Jules! I close my eyes and shake my head. I open my eyes. "I can do it, Shan. Thanks." I wipe away the blood and do a once over in the mirror. There's blood on my sweater, so I take it off.

Shannon hands me hers. "Here, doll. It's cold in this hospital."

I take it and slip it on. "Thanks, Shan. I'm okay now." She looks at my face, then nods.

Fredrick is laying on the bed. His eyes are closed and his skin is pale. He has bandages and a brace around his neck. His IV line is connected to three different bags hanging on the pole. I touch his fingers. They slowly, but automatically wrap around my own. I kiss his hand and look at his sleeping face. He looks so peaceful. I kiss his perfect lips. His hair is a mess. I run my fingers through his soft locks. "I'm here, Fredrick." His hand tightens around mine.

Shannon pushes a chair up behind me. "Sit down until he wakes up. I'm going back to tell Corey and the guys how he's doing." I nod and take the seat. I lay my head against his arm and wait