

What Happens in Vegas

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 hostess "Mr. Draven's table please?"

The hostess leads me to a back room with fewer tables that are more private. With the exception of the wait staff, I'm alone in the dark and intimate room. "Can I get you a drink, miss?" The waiter asks.

I smile. "Do you have strawberry lemonade?" The waiter nods and walks away. I check my watch. I'm a few minutes early, but Mr. Draven, Fredrick is a punctual person. I look over the menu while I wait. There are fancy dishes that I've never heard of. What catches my eye the most is that there are no prices.

"Have you been waiting long?" Fredrick sits across from me.

"Not at all. I've only ordered a drink."

The waiter brings my lemonade and a drink for Fredrick. He must have ordered it when he walked in. Fredrick unbuttons his suit jacket, but leaves it on. He pulls out the black ring box. "I would like you to wear your ring so other men know you are off limits." I guess that's a reasonable request. I slip it on. My hand feels noticeably heavier. The waiter comes over to take our orders. I pick up the menu again. I can feel Fredrick watching me. I glance at him and he smirks. I haven't made up my mind when I hear "the usual" from Fredrick.

I place the menu down. "What's the usual?"

He takes a quick drink his eyes never leave my face. "Beef Wellington and scotch."

I nod. "I'll have the Wellington also, no scotch for me." The waiter nods then leaves us. "I want to thank you for taking care of my father."

He shakes his head. "It was part of the deal."

I sip my lemonade. "No, it wasn't. Paying off the medical debt, yes. But moving him to a closer, better, facility was not. So, again, thank you."

He nods. "You're welcome."

The silence feels awkward so I think of a new topic. "You must come here pretty often."

He raises his eyebrow. "Why do you say that?"

I give him my duh look. "The usual? I wonder how many other people have a usual."

He shrugs his shoulder. "It's the best." The waiter brings our food and it look amazing. It looks like a dish you see on the celebrity chef cooking shows. "Are you going to take a picture of it?" Fredrick asks.

"Why would I take a picture of it?" Weirido.

"So you can post it." He puts a bite into his mouth.

"I'd rather just eat it." I say as I take a bite. My mouth dances with flavor, no wonder it's his usual. The meat is tender and juicy. I'm practically humming, it is that good. I almost want to close my eyes and focus just on the food in my mouth. In no time I've already eaten one of the two pieces on my plate. I take a sip of my lemonade and quickly regret it.

I must have made a noise or a face because Fredrick asks; "what's wrong?"

I wipe my mouth before answering. "My lemonade. It tastes funky with the Wellington."

Fredrick signals for the waiter. "What would you like instead?"

I bite my lip. "I don't know. What goes good with it?" Fredrick raises his glass and gives me his 'duh' face. I crinkle my nose and shake my head. "Perhaps try a red wine."

I shake my head again. "I don't drink alcohol. A dear friend of mine was killed by a drunk driver, so I don't." Fredrick nods his head in understanding. In the end I settle with water.

Our meal goes by smoothly. We chat about random things.

Fredrick is and was raised by his father. His mother was a model and she left to pursue her career, before overdoing on crack. He took over the business from his father when he was 17. I tell him about my Dad. He's a Lieutenant Colonel. He finished tours in Iraq and Afghanistan before my mother left him because of his PTSD. He wasn't diagnosed and was able to take another tour, where he took shrapnel to his spine. He's paralyzed from the waist down and one of his arms is weak. His mental health is what keeps him in the facility. "When do I get to meet him?" Fredrick asks.

"Whenever you want. I'm hoping he'll be able to attend my graduation next weekend, but I've been having trouble getting him a power chair and a nurse to accompany him."

Our meal is finished and I can't eat another bite. "Would you like to order dessert?" Fredrick asks.

I wave my hand. "No way, I'm stuffed." I look at his plate. "I even ate more than you. You must think I'm a pig."

A small smile appears on his gorgeous face. "On the contrary, I think you just enjoyed your meal."

I nod. "You were right, it is the best."

He stands up. "Shall we?" I stand up and he holds out his elbow for me to take. He leads me out to a flashy BMW M. It's in pristine condition. "Would you like to go to our place so you can see where you'll be staying?"

The sly dog. "It's okay. I can wait. I need to start packing anyway."

He heads off to my place. I don't have to give directions, he seems to already know where to go. We arrive at my building and he parks the car. "I'll walk you up." He steps out of the car before I can respond. He opens my door and again offers his arm, which I take. I live on the third floor of a five-floor walk-up. Fredrick takes me all the way to my door.

I unlock my door and turn toward Fredrick. "Thank you for dinner."

Fredrick caresses my lip with his thumb the same way he did earlier. "Goodnight, Julia."

My lips part and I catch my breath. I anticipate his kiss but it doesn't come. I clear my throat. "Goodnight, Fredrick."

I go to turn away but he grabs my wrist. I'm pulled to his chest, his hands catch me at my waist. I dare up into his dreamy eyes. He stares back at me. Neither one of us look to move. After a few breaths, Fredrick asks. "Do I need permission to kiss my wife?"

I shake my head. "No."

He nods. "Good." He bends forward and caresses my lips with his own. My eyes close. "I'll see you in the morning." He says as he pulls back. I open my eyes as he turns away and walks down the stairs.

Fredrick's POV

I really wanted to kiss her, but I knew that if I did, I wouldn't be able to stop. She has got to be the hottest woman. And she's mine. I drive to my house, our house. I call for Mrs. Bailey, she's the housekeeper. She's in her early 30s and has been with me since I moved out of father's home. I proceed to my study, awaiting her arrival.

"Sir?" I'm looking out my window when she comes in.

"I need you to inform the staff that my wife will be moving in this weekend. Remind them of their contracts and confidentiality. This is to be her home now. She is the new madam and she is to be treated as such. Also remove anything that belongs to Shelby." I don't turn around, but I just know Mrs. Bailey is shocked and probably confused.

"Yes, sir." She exits, closing the door behind her. I settle into my desk and try to figure out a way to get rid of Baker.

When I sleep, I dream of Julia. She is walking toward me in a simple white wedding dress. She is barefooted on a beach. We say our I do's, then dash into the crystal clear water. Her smiling face is like sunshine, warm and comforting. We splash each other and wrestle around on the shoreline. All the while we are happy and laughing. It feels so real that I wake up confused.

I can't get my dream out of my head. I'm in the shower and can't focus on anything but Julia. I turn off the water and get ready for my day. I skip breakfast just so I can get to the office before her. It's still early when I sit at my desk. I wonder what she'll be wearing. That's ridiculous, I know what she'll be wearing: a long pencil skirt that shows off her luscious curves and a button down blouse that hugs her waist and breasts, but leaves the rest to the imagination. She wears heels, but they're not like Shelby's. Julia's are always the same pair. They're black with a chunky heel and a strap across her toes and another strap around her ankles. I actually like her heels, they're incredibly sexy.

A knock sounds at my door. "Enter."

I'm disappointed when Mrs. Harvey walks in my door carrying today's workload. "Ms. Lewis signed her contract, it needs your signature before we can process it. She requires this Monday off for school, but will officially start on Tuesday."

I pull her contract off of the top of the stack. Mrs. Harvey continues to talk about upcoming meetings and their content. I wave her away and look back to Julia's contract. A soft knock resonates in the office. I get excited, this time I know its her. "Enter."

She walks in wearing a fire red, short sleeved blouse and a black pencil skirt. Her shoes are the sexy ones she always wears. She has her black framed glasses on, but instead of a bun, her hair is in a ponytail. Soft brown trusses hang down her back with curls on the ends. Seeing her makes me smile. She shuts the door and crosses to the sofa. She's ready with a pad of paper and a pen, awaiting instruction. Ever a professional. "Itinerary, sir?"

My smile drops and I raise my eyebrow. "What did you call me?"

She smiles ever so slightly. "Fredrick."

I nod as she proceeds to go over my day's schedule. I notice as she's checking her notepad that she's not wearing her ring and it bothers me. "Where's your ring?" I cut her off.

She looks up from her pad and her face goes almost as red as her blouse. "It's in my bag, I didn't know you wanted me to wear it in the office since we're still on the down low."

Her choice of words amuse me. "Yes, I want you to wear it. In fact, go get it and bring it to me." She sets her pad and pen down on the coffee table then rushes out the door.

She returns quickly. She places the box on my desk and sits back down on the sofa. I open the box and find the jeweler's name. I look on my computer and scroll through a dozen rings until I find it. It's only a three thousand dollar ring. After spending time with her last night, I realize she's easy to understand. This ring suits her. Anything more would be too extravagant for her comfort. I begin to wonder if she picked it out. I add another phone call to my to-do list. I click on the selection for the matching men's ring. I purchase the ring and select pick-up. I enter Julia's information as the pick-up person. I take the box and walk over to her. I sit on the coffee table while I sandwich her legs with my own. I take the ring out of the box. I pull her left hand forward. I look in her eyes as I kiss the ring on her finger, "Mrs. Draven." She blushes again. I kiss her hand then place it back on her lap. I go back to my desk. I nod for her to continue.

She clears her throat then proceeds with the list. When she's finished, she stands up ready to leave. "Will there be anything else, Fredrick?" Her sweet voice says my name like a kitten purring. I stay in control with difficulty.

"Yes. I skipped breakfast this morning. Along with my coffee I'll need something to eat. Also I have an errand for you to run. I'll text you the address, you can pick it up today at your convenience. It is under your name." Her eyebrows crinkle inward. I pick up her contract. "You didn't make any changes to your contract. You could have asked for anything, more money, your own office, really anything. Why didn't you?"

She smiles. "What more could I need? I'm married to you." I stand up and rush to her. I grab her hips and kiss her cherry lips. Her hands land on my chest. I deepen the kiss just a little more.

She pulls away breathless. "I should get back to work, Fredrick. My boss is a workaholic, I'd hate to get fired."

I chuckle at her little joke. "We wouldn't want that to happen, Julia." She blushes again as I give her a quick peck and let her walk out.

Julia's POV

I go straight to the break room to try to figure out something for Fredrick to eat. I doubt he's an oatmeal and yogurt kind of guy, but I also know he works out and is therefore health conscious. There are varied fruits and vegetables along with eggs and cheese. I decide to make him an omelet. I start the coffee pot and begin cooking. I cover his food and load everything onto a small tray to take to his office. I knock on his door and wait for his "Enter." Fredrick is on the phone so I place the tray on his coffee table. He smirks as a way of saying thank you. I turn around and exit.

I'm working at my desk, taking phone calls and arranging Fredrick's schedule when I get a text.

Fredrick-Where did you find the omelet? It was delicious. I smile, glad he liked it.

Me-I made it for you in the break room.

He responds with several texts one after the other.

Fredrick-My wife can cook, who knew?

-Thank you.

-By the way, I like the ponytail.

-Now stop texting and get back to work.

I roll my eyes and set my phone on my desk. I touch my ponytail and I recall how his hand combed through my hair yesterday. He said that I'm pretty. He doesn't seem to mind that I'm thick either.

"Did you hear the latest? Mr. Draven and Ms. Cavanaugh broke up." "He had her escorted out of the building yesterday. We all saw it happen."

"So that means he's single now, right?"

"Like you would have a chance with him."

"Like anyone does? I dare you to even go up to him."

"Yeah right, he'd skin us all alive."

I listen to the office gossip and shake my head, if only they knew. Prior to dating Ms. Cavanaugh, Fredrick was known for his bachelorhood. He was never really labeled as a play boy, so that's a good thing. Who is this man I'm married to? I open entertainment news articles, then change my mind. That's all just a bunch of gossip. I switch to business articles and begin to read. I have one last paper to turn in on Monday about my internship, that would be a good excuse if anyone catches me researching him. I really need to finish my assignment, though. There is a wall at my back, but there is also a hall at my side that leads to Frederick's spacious office. I pull up my unfinished page paper. I only have pages left to write. I segue into the topic of Fredrick and his accomplishments within the company.

"Ms. Lewis, are you doing homework on company time?"

I jolt at the sudden voice behind me. I take a deep breath. "Mr. Draven, as I'm still finishing up my internship, this is part of my job description."

He smirks. "Then by all means, continue. Reschedule my lunch for a later time. I had a late breakfast."

I smile to myself. "Yes, sir."

Fredrick sends me a text with an address. I decide to go on my lunch break to pick up whatever it is. I arrive at a jewelry store and proceed inside. A man standing behind a glass case full of diamond necklaces greets me. I proceed with caution. I have no idea what Fredrick has me picking up. "I'm here for a pick-up. My name is Julia Lewis."

The man looks my name up on his computer. He proceeds to pull out a black box identical to the one my ring came in. The box terrifies me. "You're all set. Thank you for stopping in today." I refuse to open the box. I put it in my bag and head back to the office.

Most of the floor is cleared out for lunch when I return. I knock on Fredrick's door. I hear a faint "Enter."

There's no one in the room when I walk in. I turn around to the room behind me. It's basically a bedroom for when Fredrick works late. The door is open. I speak up as I walk through the door. "Fredrick, I got your..."

I stop in my tracks. Fredrick is standing in front of his closet, pulling out a clean shirt. His other shirt is on the bed with a wet mark on it. His smooth perfect chest is right in front of me, and it is delicious. His golden tanned skin is like a beacon signaling me to him. His abs and pectoral muscles are solid and strong. "You like what you see?" There is no sarcasm nor ridicule in his voice, he genuinely wants my opinion. I slowly nod. He tosses his clean shirt on the bed then takes a step closer to me. He takes both of my hands and places them on his chest. He guides my hands down to his abs and back up. "It's all yours," he whispers in my ear.

I look into his eyes. He stares back at me. The look in his eyes is almost a challenge. I don't know how I got so brave, but I lean forward and nibble on his collar bone. I hear him hiss through his teeth as he takes in a breath. His hands tighten around mine. I bite down a little more and suck hard. His head falls back as he let's me mark him. I pull back to admire my handiwork. I'd never given a man a hickey before. I nod, just happy it worked, and step back.

He slips his shirt on. I help him with his buttons. He tucks his shirt in then grabs his jacket. "Why do you always wear a jacket? Wouldn't you be more comfortable with out it?"

He looks at his jacket, then back to me. "Never really thought about it. I've always worn a jacket. Do you object?"

I look him over. "Yes. You look more approachable without it. The shirt and tie alone is pretty sexy."

He smiles. "You think I'm sexy?"

I roll my eyes. "Well... who doesn't?"

He adjusts his tie. "Can you take care of my shirt for me. I spilled water on it." I nod then retrieve the shirt. It's warm and smells like him. "Oh, what did you need me for?" He asks as he's walking back to his desk. I reach in my bag and pull out the black box. I hand it to him. "Do you like it?" He asks me.

I shake my head. "I didn't look."

He opens the box and turns it toward me. It's a mans ring with the same filigree that is on my ring, a matching pair. He takes it out and slips it on his ring finger. He nods in satisfaction. "I'll be out of the office the rest of the day. The movers will be at your place at o'clock tomorrow morning. As soon as you're finished here you may go. I know you have some packing to do." He leisurely strolls up to me. He places a chaste kiss on my lips then heads out the door.