

What Happens In Vegas - Free Novel by C. Qualls

Chapter 5

I step out of the building, ready to hail a cab. My work didn't take long and I finished my assignment "Hey you! You're Mr. Draven's assistant, right? I need to see him, immediately."

I look at the tall, impeccably dressed, blond standing in front of me, seeking my attention. I have Fredrick's shirt hanging over my forearm, with my phone in my left hand. My bag is slung across my shoulder. "Yes, Ms. Cavanagh, I'm his assistant. I'm sorry, he's not in the office. He has a business meeting across town and will not be returning today. Would you like me to give him a message?" I switch my phone to my other hand, ready to take a note.

She gasps. She forcefully grabs my hand and brings my ring closer for inspection. Her face is red in rage, she has a look of murder. "You! You're the bitch that stole him out from under me!" I jerk my hand out of her grip. I refuse to say anything. I'm not going to lie and I don't want outsiders to know what we're talking about. Ms. Cavanagh goes into a tirade; "He chose a worthless, lowly assistant over me? Who the hell do you think you are. You better watch yourself. I'm not going to lose him to some skanky tramp. I have every intention of getting him back. He's mine!"

Did she really just threaten me? "Ms. Cavanagh, I think you'll find that, according to the law, he's mine."

Her eyes pierce daggers at me. "You bitch!" I see her hand raise out of the corner of my eye. I flinch in anticipation of the connection. Ms. Cavanagh's hand is caught mid-air by a manly, beige colored hand.

"Shelby, what do you think you're doing? Why are you harassing my employees?" Fredrick effortlessly throws her arm back down.

"Darling, I can forgive you for your momentary lapse in judgment. I got the paperwork for you to fix this little hiccup. Just fill it out and we can still get married." She pulls a stack of papers as thick as a college text book out of a gift bag.

"Shelby, I already told you it's done. There is nothing more to discuss." Three security guards step up behind Fredrick. It's an intimidating site. Shelby

throws the bag of papers to the ground and storms away. I pick the bag up off the ground. "What are you doing?" Fredrick asks.

I wink at him and walk over to a trash can. I drop the bag into the bin. The weight of the stack makes it sink straight to the bottom. I turn back around. He has his charming smirk on his face. I smile at him. "Thank you for stopping her. What are you doing here? You're supposed to be across town."

He tilts his head toward his guards. "I got a message that Shelby was loitering around. I heard everything just now. What happened, how did she find out about you?"

I hold up my hand. "She saw my ring and freaked out."

He nods. "She snooped in my jacket the other night. I'm sorry, I didn't want her to know who you are."

I shrug my shoulders. "Guess the cat is out of the bag now."

Fredrick wraps his hand around my waist. "I guess it is." He kisses me deeply. I'm breathless when he pulls back. "I have to get going." He tells me before he plants another kiss to my mouth. "Corey see that Mrs. Draven gets home safely."

One of the guards steps forward. He's a beefy, yet fit man with lightly tanned skin and a serious face. "Yes, sir. This way ma'am." Fredrick watches me as I walk away. Corey leads me to a black Jaguar XJ, and its slick. He opens the back door for me.

"Thank you," I tell him as I settle in.

He closes my door and gets in the driver's seat. "Where to, ma'am?"

I feel awkward being chauffeured around, but I give in. I tell him my address, then add; "you don't have to call me ma'am. I actually don't really like it."

He nods his head. "Yes miss," then drives off. Corey takes the scenic route. It takes an extra 10 minutes to get home, but I'm still grateful for the ride. I thank him again as I step out of the car. He only nods in response. He ensures I'm in my building before he pulls away.

Fredrick's POV

I'm sitting in a very boring and pointless meeting. I've already decided against using this group for promotions, but they begged for one more chance to impress me, which they haven't. I fiddle with the new weight on my finger while I zone out. Julia's words to Shelby keep playing like a broken record in my mind. According to the law, he's mine. I smile thinking about her. "Mr. Draven, we were tailed for a little while, but I lost them. Mrs. Draven is unaware of the situation, she is home safely." Corey whispers so only I can hear him. I give a nod and he retreats. I pull out my phone out of boredom. I notice I do this a lot lately.

Me-What are you doing?

I wait for her reply. It takes longer than I hoped, but finally she responds.

Julia-I'm making cookies for the movers. What are you doing?

She really is a kindhearted person. She was even nice to Shelby when she was being a shrew.

Me-I'm sitting in a pointless meeting.

-What kind?

-Do I get one?

I wonder what else she can cook.

Julia-They're chocolate chip.

-I've never seen you eat sweets, lol.

-If it's pointless, why are you there?

I'm impressed by her attentiveness, and she's got a point. I stand up. "This meeting is over. You have failed to impress me." I walk out without looking back.

I drive to Julia's place. I knock on her door and wait. "Coming," she cries out. She opens the door, a look of surprise on her face. The aroma of fresh baked goods penetrate my senses. She steps back to allow me in. Boxes are neatly organized in a corner. "I thought you were in a meeting."

I shrug my shoulder. "You made a good point. It was a waste of time, so I left. Now, you mentioned there are cookies?"

She steps in front of me stopping me in my tracks. She unbuttons my suit jacket and glides her hands over my shoulders, removing my jacket. "Much better." She delicately lays my jacket on her sofa. She walks deeper into her apartment. I close the door and follow behind her. Her kitchen is stacked with more boxes. She slides an airtight container in front of me as I sit at an island stool. "Would you like some milk?"

I pick up a perfect cookie. "Do I look like a child?" She crosses her arms in front of her chest and leans back against the counter. She's changed out of her work attire. She's barefooted with shorts and a tank top. Her legs look smooth and soft. Her glasses are off and her hair hangs down past the middle of her back. She almost looks like a different person. Either way, she's still HOT. I take a bite. I look at the cookie in my hand, it's not overly sweet, it's soft and creamy in texture. It's still warm. Perfect.

"Well?"

I look up at her. "They're pretty good."

She rolls her eyes. She pours a small cup of milk and pops a cookie into her mouth. I finish my cookie and grab another. "Pretty good, huh?" She raises her eyebrow daring me to contradict myself.

"I don't eat sweets." She laughs and shakes her head at me. She takes a sip of her milk and places it back down. I pick it up and drink down the rest. She puts the lid on her container and moves it away from me. I walk behind her while she's not looking. I grab her waist and lean against her. "Thank you," I whisper in her ear before I begin to kiss her neck. I remember the mark she left on me earlier. I move down to her collar bone and bite down. Her head tilts to the side while I suck on her delicate skin. I look at the mark and am satisfied. "I'll see you tomorrow. The movers already know where to go. Good night, wife."

She turns around so she's facing me. She puts her hands on my chest. She stands on the tips of her toes and places a kiss to my lips. She pulls back "Good night, husband."

I run my fingers through her thick, dark hair not wanting to leave her. It's still early, but I know she has packing to do. I should help her, but I also have

business matters that still need my attention. I kiss her again and force myself to pull away. "Call me if you need anything," I tell her as I pull my suit jacket back on. I kiss her one more time before closing the door behind me.

Julia's POV

"Shannon, I'm so happy you're here!" Shannon is my best friend since middle school. Our schedules have both been pretty crazy so I haven't seen her since before Las Vegas.

"So tell me, why are you moving?" She agreed to help me pack up. I hold up my left hand so my ring is on full display. "What the fuck! Jules!" She grabs my hand and inspects my ring. "Wow, he did good. So when's the big day?"

I bite my lip. "Actually... we're already married." Her eyes bug and her mouth drops open. I drag her inside and tell her everything while we start packing up, with the exception of who I married. I'll save that as a surprise for later.

We're munching on pizza after packing everything with the exception of what I need for tonight and tomorrow. "So when do I get to meet this guy?" Shannon asks me.

I shrug my shoulders. "Maybe after graduation we can go out?"

She scoffs. "You're going to make me wait that long?"

I shake my head and roll my eyes. "When else would we have time, you nut?"

She grabs her coke. "That's true. So one thing I don't get, why didn't you just get it annulled?"

I think for a minute. "We made a deal. One year and he pays off my school loans and all of Dad's medical fees. He actually moved Dad to a new facility and paid for it too."

Shannon looks at me flustered. "So, he's rich and you're doing it for the money? That's not like you. What's the real reason?"

She knows me better than anyone, even both of my parents combined. "You're right. I've had a crush on him since the first time I met him. But even more importantly, when we were in Vegas I slept with him."

"Jules, I thought you were saving yourself for marriage?"

I laugh. "Well, technically I did."

Shannon raises her eyebrows like a movie villain. "So, how as it?" I feel the heat in my cheeks. How should I know? I don't remember a thing. I can't tell her that, though.

"Th-that's personal. But he is so sexy."

She rolls her eyes. "What happens after the year is up? You're going to be heartbroken."

I lower my head. "You know the saying; its better to have loved and lost."

She shakes her head. "I don't think this is a good idea, but I guess it's too late to change your mind. I'm here for you, you know that. I gotta run. I'll see you Saturday." She hugs me and takes off. I clean up our mess then lay down. Shannon isn't the only one that's worried I'll end up heartbroken.

I wake up to my second alarm and drag myself out of bed. It's moving day. I shower and grab a quick breakfast. I'm packing the rest of my things when a knock sounds at my door. I open it to find Corey surrounded by five other beefy looking men. I let the men, who are all dressed similarly, in. Corey is dressed in his usual suit. "Good morning. Please come in. Everything is labeled and ready to go. The furniture belongs to the apartment. I made cookies for you all when everything is finished."

Corey nods his head to the men and they all get to work. "Thank you miss. Mr. Draven asked me to supervise everything today. I have a feeling I'll be by your side more often in the future."

I smile at Corey, it's the first time I've really heard him talk. I've seen him many times since I started working but we never crossed paths until yesterday. "Why do you think that?"

He looks pointedly at my ring finger. "I'm Mr. Draven's lead bodyguard, he seems protective of you."

The men make quick work of loading up the van. I didn't have to lift a finger. Corey leads me to the same black car we rode in yesterday. He drives off with the moving van following behind. We drive across town to an area of lavish mansions and villas. When Corey pulls past a gate and into the drive, I begin

to get very nervous. "Corey, is Mr. Draven here?" I ask as I'm helped out of the car.

"No miss. He's at the office."

Corey leads me up the steps. An older, pleasant looking woman awaits my arrival. She smiles and greets me. "Mrs. Draven, welcome. I'm Mrs. Bailey, the housekeeper. If you need anything at all, please don't hesitate. I'll show you in." She reminds me of the teapot in beauty and the beast, except you know, human. But she seems genteel and sweet.

I follow Mrs. Bailey into an immaculate living space. Everything is clean and tidy and... big! It's so spacious. This one room is larger than my whole apartment. She leads me up a set of free floating stairs and down a hall. She points out random doors along the way to a set of double doors. She waits for me to open the door. As I enter Fredrick's scent enters my nose. This is his room. Mrs. Bailey shows me an empty walk-in closet the size of my old bedroom. Where are Fredrick's clothes I wonder? "This is your closet. I'll have your things brought in. Can I get you anything?"

I shake my head. "No, thank you."

Mrs. Bailey smiles. "I'll be in the kitchen if you need me." She turns to head out.

"Wait." I stop her.

"Yes ma'am?"

I am a stranger in a new, gigantic, place. What am I supposed to do? "Can I join you? I don't know my way around yet."

Mrs. Bailey smiles. "Of course ma'am. This is your home, you can do whatever you please."

I relax a little. "My name is Julia. I don't really like being called ma'am, it's too formal."

Mrs. Bailey's smile is a permanent fixture on her face. She shows me around the place with more detail and a lot of patience. Finally we reach the kitchen. There are five others inside eating and chatting about. Mrs. Bailey clears her throat and all eyes are on me. "This is Mrs. Julia Draven. She does not like

formal titles. She wishes to join us while she becomes familiar with her new surroundings.” The two men bow while the three ladies curtsy. Seriously, what is this Downton Abbey? I smile to everyone.

A stern looking woman with calloused hands and a white apron steps forward. “I’m Geraldine Graham, the chef. Can I get you anything to eat?”

Although moving was pretty simple, it did take time and I do realize I am hungry. “Yes please, anything is fine. Except I don’t like bell peppers or seafood. Also I’m a wuss when it comes to spicy food.” I think I should tell her now so there are no issues in the future.

“Very good. Would you like a salad or a sandwich perhaps?”

Neither option sounds good now, I need something hearty. “Do you have any pasta?”

She nods. “Sure thing.”

She makes me a bowl of chicken Alfredo and I am in heaven. I sit at the kitchen island to enjoy my meal. I notice out of the corner of my eye that they’re all watching me with interest. I look up at everyone in confusion. “Why is everyone staring at me?”

A younger girl steps forward. “Sorry, miss, but wouldn’t you prefer to eat in the dining room?”

I shake my head. “No, this is fine.” It’s then I realize I’ve interrupted their down time. “I’m sorry, you must think I’m so rude. You were all chatting when I came in. I didn’t mean to disturb you all.”

Mrs. Bailey giggles beside me. “That’s not it at all, dear. You’re very polite. They’re just used to the way other ladies behave. We are usually in the background.”

I look to everyone, they all seem to be in agreement. I laugh. “You all are too funny. I guess you don’t know who I am. I work for Mr. Draven too. I’m his assistant at the office.”

Shock and awe are clear on everyone’s faces. Mrs. Bailey speaks up for the group. “But you’re Mrs. Draven?”

I wave my hand to shoo that thought away. “Yeah, that’s an interesting story for another day. I am Mrs. Draven. We are married. I’m still in college, I graduate next Saturday. I had to take an internship for my business degree. Mr. Draven approved of my work so he hired me. Monday is my last class, I officially start my job on Tuesday as his assistant.” I finish my food and thank the chef. I make my way up to the room, that I now share with Fredrick, and begin unpacking.