

What Happens In Vegas - Free Novel by C. Qualls

Chapter 6

Fredrick's POV

I return to my home after a draining day. "Mrs. Bailey where is my wife?" I ask as soon as I walk through the door.

"The Missus is in the bedroom. Sir, she informed me that she feels uncomfortable being called ma'am. I've informed the staff to refrain from doing so."

Julia is a simple and laid back woman. Of course she wouldn't like the formal title. I nod, "very well." I open the door to my bedroom when my ears are assaulted by alternative rock music playing. It's the same kind of music I listen to when I'm in the garage or working out. The music is coming from her closet. I remove my suit jacket and take a peek inside. She's taking items from boxes and placing them on the shelves. I lean against the door frame and watch as she dances along with the music. Her yoga pants are tight and show off every curve. She's wearing a white tank top with a knot in the back. It's long and reaches mid thigh, but it's slim and hugs her body. Her hair is in a ponytail. She looks ready for a work out. I could give her a hell of a workout, and man I really want to. This girl absolutely does it for me. I want her.

She empties a box and turns around. "Holy shit!" She jumps in fright, her hand goes to her heart. "You scared me."

I laugh at her outburst. "That was obvious by the way you cursed just now."

She shakes her head and gains control of her breath. "How long have you been standing there?"

I stand up straight and approach her. "About two songs." I grab her hips and pull her body closer. She's glistening with perspiration and her scent is stronger. My appetite grows, so I devour her mouth. My hand slides down her back and cups her cheek. I give a squeeze. Her flesh is soft and yielding. She's bigger than the girls I've dated in the past, but she's not fat. She's just built thicker. I like it. I'm not afraid to break her.

She pulls away, but I don't let her go. I keep her hips right where they are, where they belong. "Fredrick, I'm all sweaty."

I wrap both my arms around her and press my body against her, so she can feel how she affects me. "It's pretty sexy." Her face turns crimson, her innocence shows through her eyes. I took her virginity when we were drugged. Mentally she's still a virgin. I need to keep this in mind. I pull away and go straight to the cold shower. I dress in a t-shirt and jeans then head to my study. I feel like a scoundrel for the way I treated Julia. She's innocent and sweet. I feel like I should be protecting her from men like... well, me. As her husband it's my job to keep her safe. I resolve to be better to her.

I work a few more hours then ask Mrs. Bailey to have dinner brought up. I work until I can no longer see straight. It's getting late so I close down my files. I walk down the hall and stop when I hear the sound of billiard balls cracking. I curiously turn toward the game room.

Julia is knocking in one ball after another. "Your cues are bent." She says as she sinks another shot.

I walk around her to a closet. "Those are for the staff to use. What size do you want?"

She places the stick in the holder on the wall. "I use a 52 inch 20 weight."

I reach up on the shelf and pull a case down for her. I grab another case that holds my best cue. She skillfully puts the three piece cue together and applies chalk. I rack the balls. "Ladies first. Loose or tight?"

She takes the cue ball and lines up her shot. "Tight." I roll the balls a few more times and remove the rack. She sends the cue ball flying. The balls scatter and she sinks a striped ball. She lines up her shot and sinks another. "Where did you disappear to?" She misses her next shot, I suspect it was on purpose.

"I was taking care of business in my study. What did you do?" I take my shot and sink it, followed by the next.

"I finished unpacking then ate dinner with the staff."

Her words surprise me and I miss my shot. "How do you know how to play?"

She leans across the table to get the best angle and sinks her ball, knocking mine out of the way in the process. "My dad. He taught me when I was younger. I would play in college to earn some money to pay his bills." She sinks another ball.

“You’re really good, better than me.”

She shakes her head. “You saw me miss just a second ago.” She walks around the table looking for her next shot.

“On purpose.” She smirks then adjusts her posture and takes her shot. She jumps the cue ball over mine and sinks her ball. She knocks in one more placing the 8 ball into the perfect position. She knocks in her last ball then taps the corner pocket. She banks the 8 ball off of the far bumper and sinks it. I raise my brow. “Well done.” She begins to rack up another game. I think about earlier, how scared she looked. Like a doe in the headlights, so cliché, but fitting. “I’m sorry about earlier, I was too abrupt.”

Her face reddens slightly. I can tell she’s uncomfortable. “It’s okay. It’s nice to know you find me attractive. I’m just inexperienced. I’m not sure what I’m supposed to do.”

She shakes the rack and puts the balls in place. She tilts her chin up signaling for me to break. I crack them. “You’re not supposed to do anything. I find you extremely attractive and I want you in every way possible. But I will respect you. If you’re not comfortable tell me.”

I didn’t sink any balls on the break so Julia has free reign. “Where do I sleep?” She asks as she sinks two solid balls with one shot.

“I would like you to sleep in our bed. It’s big enough for both of us. I’m not going to try anything, you can trust me. But if you’re still uncomfortable, I can have another room made up for you.”

She takes her time to sink another three balls then says; “I trust you.”

My lips pull up at the sides. She sinks the other 2 balls and calls her pocket. She steps in front of me so I move aside, just barely. She lines up her shot, I lean forward so I’m in her personal space. I can see the mark I left on her last night. “My mark is almost gone,” I whisper just as she goes to shoot.

She misses the 8 ball and instead sinks the cue ball. She turns her head toward me. “Cheater.”

I hold her hand as I walk her to our room. She looks at the bed and asks. “How many other women have you had in this bed?” She looks up at me with sincerity.

“None. You’re the only one.” I look at her biting her lip, like she’s holding back. “Ask me.”

She blushes. “How many women have you been with?”

I hold up three fingers. “That includes you.” I can tell she wants to know more so I continue. “Ms. Cavanagh drugged me twice. Before her was a girlfriend from college. She cheated on me with my father.”

She gasps. “With your father? That’s sick. What a terrible woman. Why would your dad do such a thing to you?”

I shrug my shoulder. “He was not aware of our relationship. I thought I was in love with her, but she was only after my money.”

Julia steps in front of me and nods her head. “That explains a lot.”

I tilt my head. “In what way?”

She shrugs her shoulder. “Your relationship with Ms. Cavanagh. You were willing to marry a woman you don’t like. Then you find out you’re married to me and it didn’t matter, you just went along with it. You only want to be married once and only for a year... You don’t want to be heartbroken again. You don’t want love.” I swallow. I have no way to rebut her words. They are the truth. I look into her young, innocent face. I don’t say anything.

She places her hands around my waist and leans her head against my chest. My arms automatically wrap around her shoulders and I lay my head on top of hers. It’s comfortable and feels so right. I kiss her head. She steps back and looks me up and down. “I like the casual look on you.”

She lifts my t-shirt up. She has to get on her toes when she’s not in her heels. Her head only reaches my chin. I help her when she can no longer reach. Her hands go to my chest. She tip toes up and puts her mouth to my collar bone. She bites down and begins to suck. It feels incredible. I inhale through my teeth. I reflexively knot my fingers into her hair. She traces the bite with her tongue, then sucks harder. She pulls back and looks over the mark. “That should last longer this time.”

I move the collar of her shirt aside. Her mark is still visible. “That’s the first time I’ve ever done that.” I tell her.

She smiles. "Me too."

I touch my collar bone. "You're very good at it."

She giggles. "I'm going to get ready for bed."

I point to the washroom door. "There are towels on the shelf in the washroom."

I change into a pair of pajama pants that I find in the back of my closet. I debate whether I should wear a t-shirt, but decide against it. She likes my chest. I shake my head. Why do I care what I wear to bed? Because I like her, that's why. It's been such a short time and already I'm attached. I place my ring on my dresser, then change my mind. I slip it back on then go to my bed. I set my alarm and lay out, just like I normally would. Why am I so nervous? We're just going to sleep, nothing else.

The washroom door opens and Julia steps out in a silky tank top and shorts pajama set. Her hair is wet hanging over one shoulder and she's using a towel to dry her hair. I swallow at the vision before me, she's breathtaking. "Where do I put the towel? I had a basket for my dirty laundry, but I don't know what happened to it."

I tilt my head toward my closet. "There's a hamper in there. You can put your things in there as well."

She opens the door. "Separate closets, of course. This is a really nice place. I like it a lot." I feel proud that she approves. She settles her things then comes to the bed. She sits on the side and begins to brush her hair.

"May I?" She gives me a questioning look. "Your brush." She hands it over. "Turn around." She pushes her hair onto her back and sits up straight. I begin brushing her hair. It's soft and smooth like silk, and fragrant from being freshly washed. I brush out all of the tangles and return her brush.

"Thank you." She lays down under the covers facing me. "I should warn you, I move around a lot when I sleep. If I kick you, I'm sorry in advance."

I turn my body to face her, assuming the same position. "I'm sure I'll be fine." I stare at her pretty face. Her eyes are bright but tired. Her lips are smooth. I trace her lips with my thumb. She smirks at me, opens her mouth then

catches my thumb in her teeth. She takes my hand and laces our fingers. She kisses my hand then closes her eyes.