

What Happens In Vegas - Free Novel by C. Qualls

Chapter 7

I wake up before my alarm with a leg strewn across my torso. I turn my head to look at her. I watch as she sleeps peacefully. Her leg begins to move down and she tosses her body away from me. I think she is awake, but soon her breathing steadies out again. I take the opportunity to get out of bed. I turn off the alarm to let her sleep. I get in my morning workout then come back to my, our room to shower. She's on her belly hugging my pillow. I chuckle to myself. I shower and dress then go to put the towel in the bin. Right on top is a pair of light blue lacy boy shorts. I let out a breath, these are so sexy. After seeing her panties, my mind starts to wander. I wonder what she'll look like in just panties or in a bikini. I stop myself right there. The time will come when she's ready. I just have to be patient. For her, I can be.

I make a few arrangements with Mrs. Bailey and head out. I have a breakfast meeting to attend. The meeting is fruitful for both sides and quickly contracts are signed. I shake hands and return home. Julia is dressed but half asleep when she comes down the stairs. I ask for a cup of coffee so I can join her while she eats her breakfast... a bowl of children's cereal. The box is red with a cartoon rabbit. I wonder what the appeal is. "Would you like some coffee?" I ask as she puts a spoonful in her mouth.

Her cheeks are puffed and her eyes shoot daggers at me. She finally manages to swallow. "Have you ever seen me drink coffee?"

She's been with me for 3 months and not once have I seen her with a cup. "No, I haven't."

While she takes a drink of her orange juice I steal a bite of her cereal. "Hey." She grabs the spoon and points it at me like she's brandishing a weapon. "Never steal the cereal. You could die for a lot less than that." I puff my cheeks and crunch down as grotesque as possible. It's actually not terrible. As soon as I can, I steal another bite. She grunts at me, but doesn't say anything.

Mrs. Bailey enters with an envelope. I open it and go over it's contents. I set it in front of Julia. "What's this?" She opens it up and looks through it.

"They're for you. There is a credit card with no limit for you to use as you please. I would like it very much if you would use it. There is also a copy of our marriage license and certificate so you can update your ID. Unless I'm

with you, Corey will take you anywhere you need to go and will accompany you from now on. I think it best to arrive separately to work for the time being. I like to have my own car anyway.”

She drinks the milk from her bowl. “Do I really need a babysitter?”

I hand her a napkin. “Corey is a bodyguard, my best in fact. And yes you do. He has other duties to perform while you’re here or in the office, so it won’t be an inconvenience to him.”

Julia looks me over. “Are you going somewhere?”

I take a drink of my coffee. “No, I’ve already returned. I had a breakfast meeting.”

She stands up and walks in front of me. “In that case.” She unbuttons my jacket and slides it off over my shoulders. She then removes my tie and unbuttons my top two buttons. “Much better,” she tells me with a sweet smile. She lands a quick chaste kiss on my lips. “Why didn’t I know you had a meeting today? I’ve never scheduled a meeting for Sunday.”

I feel my phone buzz in my pocket. “I arrange some of my more important meetings.” I tell her as I pull out my phone.

She glares at me. I look at my caller ID, it’s Shelby, again. I grunt and press end call. “Ms. Cavanagh?” I look up and nod. “Give me your phone.” I give her a look that says no way in hell. She scoffs, “don’t you trust me?” I narrow my eyes at her, but eventually cave. I do trust her. I unlock my phone and hand it over. She has my phone for about 10 seconds then hands it back.

“What did you do?”

She smiles at me. “I just blocked her number. Now her calls won’t go through and you won’t be bothered by her.” I could smack myself for not thinking to do just that. An alarm goes off on her phone. “Damn it, I’m going to be late.” She runs off up the stairs.

I’m disappointed that she’s not going to be hanging around here with me. I follow her to where she is in the washroom, brushing her teeth. “What are your plans for today?”

She spits out her toothpaste and rinses her mouth. "I'm going to visit my dad." She has a box sitting on the counter with various items for face and hair. She rubs a white cream on her face then begins searching through the box. She finds an elastic band and keeps digging.

"What are you looking for?"

The clinking of the items in the box stops, "my hair brush, I can't find it." I walk over to the nightstand where she left it last night. I pick it up and make another mental note regarding her. I return her brush to her. She has an embarrassed look on her face. "Thank you."

"May I accompany you? I would like to meet your father."

Her ponytail is neatly in place. "Of course you can." She bites her lip. "Daddy knows that you and I were in Vegas and got married. He doesn't know that we were drugged... By the way, if I ever see that friend of yours, he's getting a slap."

I smile at her ferociousness. "I'll be sure to point Jarret out while we're in Vegas."

She nods. "Deal. Let's go." She grabs her bag. I lead her to the garage and she stops in her tracks. "Are you kidding me?" Her eyes travel back and forth. She steps up to my favorite car. "You have a 1970 Barracuda! And.. is that a 69 Chevelle?" She begins walking down the line naming the cars one after the next. "Porsche, Lamborghini, Maserati, Alpha Romeo, even a Corvette. Typical. I've seen the BMW. Oh my gosh, a Rolls Royce. That Lexus is so pretty." I'm in complete shock. What woman knows about cars? None in my social circle, that's for sure. "Can we ride in the Lexus, pretty please. She's so beautiful." Her hands are praying in front of her and her eyes are bright. How can I deny her. I go to the lock box and retrieve the appropriate key. I place the key in her hands. Her eyes grow even larger. "No way! You're letting me drive?"

I shrug my shoulder. "Why not."

She jumps up and down, she's like a kid at Christmas. She opens the door and slides in. She caresses the steering wheel. "It still smells new. I can't believe you're letting me drive. You're really a saint." She buckles in and starts the engine, the car purrs to life. "I can't believe this. This is so cool!" She leans over the console and kisses my cheek. She presses the pedals then shifts into

gear. She takes off with obvious skill. I tell her how to get to the facility her father is now staying in.

She looks around the building as if she's making sure it meets her standards. We're greeted by a candy striper. "Mr. Thomas Lewis, please." Julia asks.

The girl stands up. "This way."

We follow her to the mental health area. Julia converses with the girl about the facility's practices. Ultimately she's satisfied with the results.

As we approach her father's room, I can hear a woman's voice. She's yelling with a bad attitude. Julia rushes in. "Mom, what the hell do you think you're doing here?"

Julia's mom crosses her arms. "Don't you talk to me like that, you disrespectful brat. I am your mother. Your dad obviously came in to money and he's refusing to pay me. He still owes me. I was kind enough to let it go, but I'm done waiting."

Julia steps right up to her face. "Respect is earned. You filed for child support after you left me behind. I lived with dad the whole time. You are nothing but a worthless money grubber. Go beg your latest husband if you want money. Daddy doesn't owe you a thing. Now get out of here or I will have you thrown out. And if I see your face near my dad again, I will take you to court and you will have to return every penny you took from him. And just so you're aware, daddy didn't come into money. My husband is the one that paid for his care. And don't even think about bugging him. Now piss off." Julia's mother scoffs and storms out.

"Jules, that is still your mother." Julia's father tells her.

"Daddy, don't get soft on me now. You know dang well what she's like." Mr. Lewis hmphs. "Daddy this is my husband, Fredrick Draven. Fredrick, this is my dad, Thomas Lewis."

I step forward to shake his hand. "It's an honor to meet you, Sir. I thank you for your service. As a businessman I understand how important service men and women are. I must also thank you for bringing Julia up to who she is today. She is an incredible woman."

Mr. Lewis nods. "That she is. I'm very proud of her. You on the other hand, I thank you for all you've done for me. But I'm not happy about the situation between you two. When my Jules loves, she does wholeheartedly. I don't want to see her hurt."

I nod my head. "Understood." I answer, but deep down I'm suddenly worried. Could Julia really love me? I can't return her love. At first, a year felt like an eternity, now I'm wondering if it will be.

Julia's POV

I'm worried that what my dad said will affect Fredrick. I don't dare to look at him right now. I'm scared that just one look will give me away. He'll know I'm already falling for him. "Daddy, you'll never believe what I drove here." Cars always get my dad's attention, he's a sucker for them.

"Tell me. I bet Mr. Draven has many cars."

I nod enthusiastically. "It's a Lexus LC 500. I got to drive it! He has a whole garage full of cars. He even has a Barracuda."

Dad looks up at Fredrick. "Is that right, Mr. Draven? I would love to see it. I love classic cars. I had a 57 Bel-air that I loved to work on. My ex-wife sold it out from under me while I was on my third tour. I miss that old girl. She was a beauty."

Fredric smiles at my dad's excitement. "Yes, I'm a collector. I only have 2 classics. I may just have to add a new car to my collection. Please, call me Fredrick."

We spend a few hours with my dad. When his lunch is brought to him Fredrick and I leave. My stomach growls just as we reach the car. "Here, you drive. I'm too hungry to think straight." I give him back his key and he opens my door for me. Ever the gentleman.

"What would you like to eat?"

I think for a minute. "How about a burger and a shake?" He drives off. Fredrick finds a restaurant that specializes in posh burgers made by a celebrity chef. The food is delicious, I thoroughly enjoy myself. After we finish we head back home. Fredrick has some work to take care of so I join him in his study. We

spend the rest of the day together talking and getting to know each other more.

It's Monday and I have my final class. Corey drives me to my campus and escorts me inside. He waits outside my classroom door like a statue. I turn in my assignment and take my final interview. Corey then escorts me to the student union where I pick up my cap and gown.

It's only after noon so I decide to get lunch near the school. It's a normal diner that Shannon and I frequent. I don't want to eat in front of Corey, so I ask him to join me. I get a club sandwich with fries and tear in. "How long have you worked for Fredrick?"

Corey swallows a bite of his burger, then responds. "We met in college. I used to fight MMA. He hired me as soon as he took over the company."

I drink my lemonade. "So you're actually friends, then?"

Corey bobs his head from side to side. "More or less. We trust each other completely and we talk about things that we don't share with others, but we don't really hang out. We keep the line of employer/employee pretty clear."

"Bitch, why didn't you tell me you would be here. We could've met up." Shannon sits beside me and steals a fry. I'm surprised to see her, but welcome the interruption.

"Order something, my treat."

She waves a waiter down. "Sweet. I'm starving."

Corey clears his throat. "I'll leave you two alone, Miss." I

wave him off. "No, stay. You haven't finished eating yet. You two should meet anyway. Corey, this is my best friend Shannon. Shannon, this is Corey."

"The husband?" Shannon cuts me off and gives Corey the stink eye.

"No. Don't jump the gun. He's my bodyguard."

Shannon relaxes into the booth. "Why do you have a bodyguard? No offense."

Corey shrugs his shoulder, "none taken."

Shannon looks to me waiting for an answer. “My husband just worries for my safety?”

Shannon orders and I tell them to rush her order. In no time at all her food is brought and we all eat. I go to use the washroom and leave them to chat. I come back to a smiling Corey and a laughing Shannon. I’ve never seen Corey smile, not even before actually meeting. We finish our food and I give Shannon a hug. In the car Corey asks, “where to, miss?” I look at my watch then decide to head to the office.

Fredrick should be in a board meeting right now, so I decide to take care of some tasks. “Ms. Lewis. I thought you have school today? Are you trying to get a head start for your first day tomorrow?” Mrs. Harvey sits in the desk everyone walks by when they exit the elevator.

“Yes, Mrs. Harvey. I finished early so I decided to come in. Do you have anything for me?” Mrs. Harvey and I work closely together a lot because we both answer only to Fredrick. Everyone else answers to her. She’s really professional and good at her work. She treats everyone with respect. I like her. She hands me a stack of files. I sit at my desk and get busy.

I’m engrossed in my work. “Are you trying to score brownie points with the boss?” I nearly jump out of my seat. Fredrick is chuckling behind me.

“Good afternoon Mr. Draven. I finished early at school so I have extra time. I wanted to get a head start.”

Fredrick smiles. “Very good. Make me a coffee.” He turns around and heads into his office. I go to the break room, make his coffee, then go to his office. I knock on his door. “Enter.” I go inside and close the door behind me. He’s standing in front of his window with his phone to his ear. I place the coffee on his desk, then turn to leave. “Where are you going, Mrs. Draven?” I stop in my tracks to look at him. He has his usual smirk on his face.

“I didn’t want to disturb your call.”

He pulls me to him and kisses me. “I’ve gotten so used to you being around I didn’t know what to do without you here. I missed you.”

I unbutton his jacket and reach my hands in. I smooth my hands over his shoulders and take it off. “Much better.”

He smiles. "I have a lot to do today. I'll send you some files that need to be worked through. Will you stay here with me until I finish? We can go to dinner afterward."

I smile. "Of course." I kiss him then turn to leave.

He sends me several files that take a lot of time for each. The office steadily clears out. Soon, I'm the last one here. I knock on Fredrick's door. "Enter." I walk in to find Fredrick at his desk typing away, without his jacket. "What is it?" He asks as I lay a few files in his in basket.

"Everyone has left. Can I get you anything?"

His eyes haven't left his screen and I wonder if he's in a bad mood. "No. I'm almost finished here anyway." I walk around behind his desk, behind his chair. I start to rub his shoulders, they're tense and stiff. He relaxes into his chair. One hand reaches up to grasp mine. He kisses it gently. "Thank you."

I place a kiss to his neck then peek at my mark. It's still there. "Better?" I ask him.

He turns his chair around and pulls me onto his lap. I'm sitting sideways as he wraps his arms around my waist and buries his head in my neck. My arms circle his shoulders. He hums in content. "Much better." Fredrick continues his work with me on his lap. After a while, he closes out his files then grabs his phone from his desk. "Say cheese."

I smile at his camera. The flash blinds me for a few seconds, then I look at the picture. We're both smiling and look like a happy couple. "I like that, send it to me please." He forwards it to me then he stands me up. He grabs his suit jacket and slings it on. "Wait, I want another picture." I lace my fingers through his left hand so both our rings are front and center. I take a picture of just our hands.

"Send me that one. I'll make it my screen saver." I forward it to him then we leave.