

His booty call By Ivy brown Chapter 1

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He can't see me.

"You have to live a little," Roxana says. She is seated on my left. Her seat is near the window.

I can't take my eyes off him.

I nod, "Mmmh."

"So you are coming tonight?" Her voice is full of excitement.

He runs his hand through his hair. His eyes fixed on his phone.

"Where?" I have no idea what she is talking about.

"Back to school party, duh!"

"No."

"It's our last quarter in campus, you should have fun. Otherwise you will be graduating still a virgin."

He can't even look up. He never looks at me.

"Did you hear what i just said? And what is that you are looking at?" She moves to get a better angle.

She follows my gaze.

"Quinn, such an eye candy. Don't start fantasizing he is out of every girl league except her." She tips her head towards the door.

Courtney Emerson.

The sole heiress to Emerson company. A multinational company

She walks in with grace, her hair freely flowing on her shoulders. Her steps are calculated and intended. Her presence demands attention. The entire cla\*\* watches her, except Quinn who never bothers to lift his head.

She walks straight to him.

He lifts his head, bored.

“You didn’t show up last night.” She attempts to whisper but everyone hears.

Quinn’s head swivel to my direction, our eyes lock.

“Let’s settle down.” A male voice announces.

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Am forced to take a double look just to confirm. Mr. Marcelo’s eyes are staring back at me. I thought i won’t have to face him this semester.

“Cara make sure to see me after the cla\*\*,” he says.

Everyone turns to give me a sorry look.

The cla\*\* starts. I keep my head low though i can occasionally feel the burning stare of Mr. Marcelo through my skull.

The entire period is a blur and am relieved when it ends. I pretend to be packing my stuff as the cla\*\* slowly empties. I look up, hoping Mr. Marcelo gave up and left.

He is still waiting for me.

I might just have to face him now than later.

I take slow strides to him. We are just the two of us, in the room.

“You didn’t show up for our coffee date.” He goes straight to the point.

Mr. Marcelo is the youngest lecturer in the entire inst\*\*ute. He has an angular body posture, his baby face makes him look more younger for his age. And his dimpled smile, make him very attractive.

“I travelled to visit my family during the break.” I lie.

He raises his eyebrows, as if not believing me.

“Okay. Let’s reschedule it to this Saturday.”

I take in a sharp breath and nod.

“Great. See you then.” He happily states.

Roxana is waiting by the door, obvious she has been eavesdropping. She gives me a mischievous look.

I walk past her and she closely follows.

“I have known you close to four years, but you are as mysterious as the first day i met you.” She says behind me.

My phone beeps. It is a private number and i know it’s Quinn. I open the message.

Doctor’s appointment. Quarterly check up. Be there in the afternoon.

I shove the phone back into my bag.

“I have to go. See you later for our fries tradition,” I say.

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Roxana rolls her eyes.

“Where are you going?”

I hesitate trying to find a good lie.

She speaks, “See, this is what i mean. Secrets and lies is what you are good at.”

I laugh a bit as i hug her. “You think too much.” It’s all i can say before saying goodbye.

I rush down the hall to the bathrooms, i text my brother, Oliver. After some minutes of him not replying. I decide to call him.

“Need me?” He taunts me.

“I texted you few minutes ago.”

“So now you want to be seen with me?” I know he is wearing a smug as he says this.

“No. Just met me at our place.”

I end the call before he starts saying the kind of family we are if we can’t be seen together in the campus.

The walk to a secluded part of the campus is slow and agonizing. For i have to occasionally look back to see if anyone is following me.

Oliver's raggedly car is seated by the end of the road. It looks like it's held together with bailing wire and duct tape, and running on prayers and borrowed time.

A dark smoke is coming from its exhaust pipe. I can never understand his love for the old rusty thing of a car.

"I shouldn't be doing this," he says, when I board the car. "

It takes a while for his engine to run.

"Am sorry, but we are almost there Oliver. We will have our old lives back," I say.

He doesn't respond, he only reaches for the radio and tunes to a rock and roll station. He then increases the volume. I know it's his way of shutting me out.

I turn to face out as he drives.

He kills the engine a couple of buildings away from the doctor's plaza. I immediately spot Quinn's jeep.

I step out. "I will be back," I say.

"Am not waiting on you. Am sure you will find other means and a brain to make you see what you are about to do."

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He doesn't wait for my answer nor reaction. He just drives off.

I shake my head before starting to walk towards my destination. It is a short walk and doesn't give me the luxury to think. I push the doors and walk in.

I spot Quinn seated on the waiting area. He is wearing an impatient look.

"She's waiting," he says, at an hearing distance. He never waits for me. Not that I care, the feeling is mutual, for now.

He heads towards a door written Dr. Anika. I can never get used to doctor's visits no matter how many times I get to experience it.

She is seated on her desk. She doesn't look up when we walk in, despite Quinn slamming the door to get her attention.

She finally closes the book she was writing. She wakes up. She has the posture of a soldier. Every action she takes is precise and purposeful. She smiles in the cold and distant way professionals do. I can never relax around such expressions.

She goes through her files looking for ours. It is a routine procedure we go through three to four times a year.

She sits down and starts with the normal regular questions. Do we have other partners we are s\*\*ually involved with other than us? She asks when i last had my cycle, blah blah.

We both answer, she takes our blood samples to test for any STI's and serology. She goes further to test me for presence of HCG hormone.

My b\*\*\*\*\* agreement with Quinn is that we don't have other s\*\* partners. Of course Quinn, gets to date. He has a p\*\*\*\*\* name to live to but he never beds his playthings. We get check ups regularly. And the important part is our relationship is purely s\*\*ual. Out there in the real world, we don't know each other. We are total strangers.

"We are clean." The doctor comes back with the results.

Quinn stands up ready to go. He barely acknowledges either of us as he walks out.

I give her a fake smile.

"It was nice working with you. As per Quinn he said this is your last check up. Be safe." The doctor says.

Last check up?

I find Quinn about to leave.

"Why is this my last check up?" Am feeling all confused. Because i know what this means. He wants to end our agreement.

"Yes it is." He doesn't answer what i asked. His demeanour is that of a bored person. And his att\*\*ude is 'I am Quinn i can do what i please, i don't care.'

"Why?" I ask frustrated.

"I don't i owe you any explanation neither do you. I will call you when i need you."

I watch in horror as he gets in his car and drive off.

"This is amaziing," Roxana says, She dips another fry into the yoghurt and takes a bite.

"I told you lemon biscuit flavour is the best." I say.

She takes the last remaining fry and turns to me, "You win, lemon biscuit it is. Though chocolate chips is still bae."

“Speaking of bae’s where is yours, i don’t see his stuff around.” I say, my eyes skimming the expensive condo she lived in.

She is the daughter of the country’s top fashion designer Ignad Rivers. The sole heiress to Ignad fashion Company. She comes from money like everyone else in our campus.

The inst\*\*ute is for the rich and famous kids. The who and who attend the school.

Her eyes fall, her hands fiddle with the yoghurt cup. The back of her hand wipes a single tear that is about to fall. Roxana always loves to play tough, even when she isn’t feeling all tough. Like she recovered from a nightmare, she smiles at me.

“I kicked his cheating a\*\* out. I can’t feed, house and clothe a grown a\*\* man and still take me for granted.” Her cracked voice betrays her.

Am about to speak when she resumes, “I know you are going to say told you so. I should have listened when you told me he looked too twisted.”

“Am sorry.” It’s all i can afford to say.

“And you, what secrets do you keep? You’re also twisted.”

I look at her, her eyes are piercing through me. I fight the urge to look away. if i do, she will see through my lies.

“I have no secrets, other than the normal one a girl keep in her drawer and it uses batteries.”

Her brows c\*\*\* in confusion and as if a bulb when on, above her head; She lets out a little chuckle, “Who knew Cara, the quiet Cara can be so naughty. So have you done it?”

I wrinkle my nose in feigned pretence, “No.”

“Not even with Marceeloo, oh yeah baby.” She pretends to make sensual noises.

I playfully slap her hand and collect the dishes. She follows me still making the noises to her kitchenette.

She supports herself, on the island. She is sporting a white short and a chiffon b\*\*\*on down shirt. Roxana, is usually on the pet\*\*e side. She is pretty; brown eyed, thin lined eyebrows and a small upturned nose.

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Her full lips tug up in a knowing smile, “Let’s go to the back to school party.”

I look down at my phone. It's only 11.39 p.m.

It's still early, considering it's the first day of the semester. We have no school work load, so am not tired.

This time i don't object, "Do you own a red dress?" I ask.

She nods.

"Let's go."

This my first party since i joined Campus, yet am three months away from graduating.

"You know.....Chad always insisted you were gay." Roxana's voice is loud from her walk in closet.

I roll my eyes because am sure, she can't see me.

"But i told him, it's because you both never got along."

Hating the guy, is an understatement.

"He was nice in his own ways," I lie.

She walks out all dressed with a red dress on her arm. She is dressed in a little fun dress, with prints of ice cream cones. She finishes the look with purple heels. Her hair is loose.

She hands me the dress. I quickly strip down from my denim jeans and cashmere sweater. The dress is amazing. It is Short Lace-Applique-Bodice A-Line dress. I match with some Christian Louboutin heels.

Minutes later we find ourselves in a magical world of disco lights, laser beams, and the irreplaceable glow of black lights shinning on people. It's a frat party, decorated to look like a club.

I look around and have to wonder who has time to organize such parties. They seriously need to get a life.

My eyes land on a familiar figure, he is seated in a group of people. He lifts his head, his eyes find mine and he does a double look. A look of surprise mask his face but it quickly fades. Courtney Emerson is seated on his laps. Her head too lifts to where his eyes are trained on, me.

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She whispers something to his ears. Quinn doesn't look at my direction again.

I start to speak turning to Roxana. "Parties...." She is nowhere to be seen.

I was with her just few minutes ago. I start to panic, i push myself through sweaty bodies. Where can she be?

The air is filled with a stench of alcohol. A girl who is dressed to almost nothing, pa\*\*es out before me. I don't bother to check her, not my monkey; not my circus. I jump over her looking for Roxana.

I turn and start walking backwards. Then suddenly i hit something hard and feel a cool liquid running through my dress into my back. I swivel my head, i am met with green eyed boy. I immediately recognize him. Ryan, he is one of Quinns friend, he's very quiet. "Sorry," he mutters.

It is the first time i have heard his voice. His eyes widen in surprise when he sees me, "Cara.." He smiles at me.

Am surprised he knows my names.

"You look hot," he says.

My eyes moves past him. "you gotta be kidding," I groan.

Roxana and Chad are making out.

"Am not kidding, you are." Ryan says unaware am talking about something else.

In that moment, Quinn walks in. He is alone, his eyes don't even look at me. Not that i care, am used to it.

"What is taking you long, dude?" Quinn asks, his voice is raspy and hoarse.

I take the opportunity to slip away. Not before i hear Quinn say, "She isn't that hot." When Ryan attempts to stop me.

Chad lifts his head when he senses my presence.

"Ugh, Can you please die already." He groans when he realizes it's me.

"You wish. Roxana, we are leaving." I attempt to grab her hand but she ducks towards Chad, as if am the enemy and he's her protector.

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“Leave her alone.” Chad says.

“No, I came with her.”

“I don’t want to go. Just leave.” Roxana slurs, then i realize she’s drunk.

I move in and grab her hand forcibly, reminding her that Chad cheated on her.

She pushes me away and i end up stumbling back and falling over a table. I am drenched in alcohol since the drinks on the table fell on me.

“Fine.” I angrily huff and storm away.

On my way out. I text my brother to come and pick me up.

The weather is chilly outside, and i regret the choice of my outfit. Few minutes pa\*\* before i spot a dark smoke and i know it’s my brother and his damn car.

Guilt washes over me, at how easily he can drop everything, when i need him. It should be vice versa, am the oldest.

I walk to where he is parked, and jump in.

“My God, am not going to ask what you’re doing here, but did you go swimming on an alcohol pool?”

“Just take me home.”

The first i do when i get to my apartment is shower. It’s short and sweet.

My phone vibrates from my nightstand. It’s a private number. I already know the owner.

I open the text.

Quinn: I need you.

The road to hell is paved with back arching toe-curling o\*\*\*\*\*s and devilish looks that silently whisper “baby please”.

‘baby please,’ Is the look Quinn gives me.

Yeah, am weak as frail twig. I gave in to his I need you text, and here I am.

His head is tilted, staring at me through his long thick lashes and trying to feign a baby face. Which is a ma\*\*ive fail, because he is Quinn. His features are rough. His perfect

chisel face is purple, bruises print his face. Probably he was in a fight. It is not in my place to ask or care. That is the kind of our relationship.

His faces inches forward, his cold lips brush mine. My body trembles at the simple act.

I feel him smoothen the fabric of my red dress. "I like the one you wore earlier." He whispers.

"Please," Am surprised I can form any coherent word.

His lips slightly brush mine in a teasing manner. My body aches and my fingers itch to grab him and have my way with him, and end his little torture game.

He moves from my lips to my cheek and then onto my neck and earlobes. Both licking and kissing at the same time. My body goes freaking wild. He grabs my hands, lays me down on the bed and puts my arms above my head, and slowly runs his hands down my arms; kissing me all the way down to my belly b\*\*\*on.

"Please..." I beg. My voice is croaked laced with nothing but frustrated desire and want.

He stops and stands between my legs. His hands slowly removes my dress. He runs his tongue over his lower lip and I involuntarily bite mine.

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"Stop!" It's a command. "Haven't I taught you better." It is more of a statement than a question.

Before my mind can function and answer he kisses around the n\*\*\*\*s first on either side, then look up at me as he finally lick my n\*\*\*\*s. I let out a groan and arch my back. If he doesn't stop am going to come.

Gently, he bites one n\*\*\*\* with the lightest of bites and twiddles the other one, giving me double the pleasure. My legs automatically wrap around him. Pushing him closer to me. I can't wait anymore. As soon as he is close enough, my hands start fiddling with his belt. He hates not being in control. It is a risk I have to take.

His hands tighten around mine. Am afraid to look at his face. And when I do, I regret it. He is pissed. Very pissed. I can only see the forced movement of his clenched jaw.

Suddenly, he picks me up and bends me over.

"Let me school you again." He says, before he spansks me.

Instead am turned on more.

“Am in charge. I take control.” He spans me again. Before now turning me over to lay on my back.

Quinn loves to be dominant, to be the one to offer the pleasure. He is more of take the lead kind of man. Sometimes I like to think it runs in his family or there is more to why he never wants to feel powerless. Letting for a second to him, is like giving one a sharp knife.

My purpose is just to be lavished. He hates to be touched, caressed or even pleased. And having to just lay there and do nothing, it gets old and boring.

Maybe someday he will break those walls and let me in. For now, one step at a time. Baby steps.

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A surprise moan escapes me when I feel him thrust inside me. I didn't even realise he had undress. The feeling is so raw and wild. I can never get used to it. Quinn is the only man I have been with my entire life. I doubt there is anything that can compare to him.

He nuzzles his head into my neck, cooing into my ear, “You like that, huh?”

I arch my back further. He is more motivated. The pounding is like a symphony to my ears. Each and every movement producing a different key. We unleash our hunger on each other.

Am breathless, the pleasure is too overwhelming. And what am about to do, I doubt Quinn will be so forgiving. “R–Ro....Rosso.” I struggle to speak.

Quinn stops immediately. He looks down at me his face with naked concern. “Are you hurt?” He asks.

Rosso, is our pa\*\*word for one to stop if something is not right. It means red in Latin. He is obsessed with Red.

I have come a long way to stop now so I might as well try, “No. But I need an answer. Otherwise none of us is going to come. Why do you want to end this?” I finally ask.

His eyes turn a couple of shades darker. He stays silent and I feel myself shrink into my imaginary coc\*\*\*. This is the day I die.

“Are you trying to blackmail me by withholding me from coming?” His voice is rough.

I inhale deeply. It sounds ugly coming from his mouth. But that is what am doing. I nod.

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"Cat held your tongue?" He is straining to stay composed. A vein is running down on his forehead. Probably, s\*\*ually frustrated.

"Yes." I say.

He huffs and pulls away from me. I watch as he moves to stand beside me. I know he can't hurt me but am scared. You can never know what a s\*\*ually frustrated man can do.

He still has a hard on. Despite everything, I shiver and get more wetter.

I gasp when his hand starts to work on his length. The entire time he makes sure not to break our eye contact. His speed accelerates, but his face still remains static. Even when he comes there is no emotion of pleasure on his eyes.

He wipes himself and picks up his clothes.

"Next time try harder." He says once fully dressed. "And never try to blackmail me again." He adds.

Am at a loss of words even as I watch him put his shoes on.

He stops mid air as he tries to open the door. He looks back at me. Am still naked lying on the four poster bed. He has this look, and it looks odd on his face. A look of guilt. He shakes his head before opening the door and slamming it. I listen as his footsteps disappear down the hotel's hallway.

This going to be hard than I imagined. Making Quinn fall for me.

Two days pa\*\* with a sluggish pace that leave my skin crawling. Cla\*\*es and a\*\*ignments distract me from Quinn, for a while. Though the thought of him ending our agreement before I put my plan in action nags me.

"This is embarra\*\*ing but I need your help." My brother, Oliver, says from the other side of the phone.

"What is it about?" I ask curious. He never asks me for help it is the other way round.

"I will meet you in the evening at your place to explain."

"Okay." I say unsure if to be worried about the whole help thing.

"Bye C." He says his nickname for me before hanging up. A way to get me to agree to whatever he is planning.

I tap my feet impatiently, I look behind me and across. The hall is deadpan silent. I look down on my phone. Only a message from Roxana stares back. It is an emergency meeting, requesting we meet at Cole's Cafe at lunch. I curse at Quinn cause after all this years he is yet to trust me to give me his personal phone number. Now I have to stalk him like a creep to talk to him.

Few minutes later, a group of students walk out. They lazily stalk down the hall. My eyes roam around, scanning for Quinn. I spot him walk out, he has a bag dr\*\*\*d on his shoulder. With his infamous bored look, his hands are buried deep inside his pockets.

He stalks towards the gents bathroom. I wait before making my way towards the bathroom. I know what am about to do goes beyond our agreement rules, no public interactions. I push the door. He is at the urinary and lucky me he is alone. I lock the door behind me to make sure no one gets in.

I stand by the door, just to be satisfied when he turns around and finds me there. He yelps when he turns and finds me standing there. A scowl etches across his face.

"What the hell? What are you doing in here?" He asks irritated.

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I give him a wicked smile. "Am h\*\*\*\*." I say winking mischievously.

I move closing the distance between us. He moves to a closer sink. He washes his hands and splashes water across on his beautiful face.

"I am unsure why you are telling me this." He says.

"Cause I need you." I use his usual words.

His eyes are wide like a saucer and his mouth wide open. Though he is quick to wear his don't care look.

My hands move to his chest. He is wearing a black T. Shirt that wraps his whole torso like a second skin.

"Don't play games with me." He hisses.

"Am not." A small smile plays on my lips. Quinn just gives me a serious bored look. He is so stingy with smiles.

There is small noise at the door. He glances at the door.

"Don't worry I locked it."

I tiptoe to get to be on the same height with him. I plant a small kiss on his sealed lips. He doesn't move, which is a disappointment because I expected him to reject me. I trail kisses down to his neck; teasing him all the way, after all I have learned from the master himself. He just stands there like a statue. It is like kissing a tree.

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I stop and look at him. He is staring back, looking bored. I never give up easily. I have a mission.

"So... are you gonna kiss me now, or what?" I ask frustrated.

Am disappointed when he gives in easily. He pushes me against the wall, trapping me with his muscular body. Without any hesitation he pushes his tongue into my mouth. He starts slow, tasting and teasing. Am send over the edge. The kiss progress fast into a wild one, sending me into an overdrive. I have to remind myself. Am on a mission.

My hands work on his body, I push him slightly, he doesn't budge. Next, I push him harder. He released me from my cage without breaking the kiss. I take that as an opportunity to take back control. I abruptly end the kiss, stepping away from him. I stand few steps away. Admiring the work of my seduction skills. It is a perfect work of art. His lips are full from kissing, his eyes are hooded in a dark stare full of lust. My eyes dart to a bulge on his trousers.

I smirk at him.

He scowls.

"Payback tastes like a cold plate of pasta." I say satisfied and turn dramatically. And start to walk away.

"You are playing with fire." Quinn yells at me.

I turn and smile at him, "And am the fire extinguisher." I say and lock the door.

I take few steps before a familiar voice stops me. "What were you doing there?"

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I turn to find Chad leaning casually on a metal pole. He is wearing a white wife beater with a black leather jacket, he combines this look with ripped black jeans. He always has an aura of a bad boy. One of the reasons, Roxana is crazy about him.

Two girls pa\*\* us, they check him out and giggle.

"None of your business." I says walking past him.

The male bathroom door open and a angry Quinn walks out. His eyes locks with mine in a warning and walks away.

“I see.” Chad says, “Aren’t we casting our net far from our reach.” He moves from the pole towards me. His mouth stretches into an evil grin. “An heir to a multi billion empire with a nobody, now that’s scandalous.”

“You have quite an imagination, Chad. Maybe you use it and stop being a gold digger.” I beckon.

“Maybe I will.” The way he says it, makes me shudder.

He gives me one last stare before leaving.

My Audi is seated on the parking lock I unlock it and get comfortable behind the wheel. I had missed it. I smile at myself victoriously, I was able to go through with step one of my plan. I now hope the book, ‘How to make him yours’ I bought on Amazon works.

Step one, take control. Tick. Now I just have to sit and wait.