

His booty call By Ivy brown Chapter 11

“s***. Double hell!” I exclaim.

Roxana rolls her eyes, “Just call him, you don’t have to be over dramatic.” She says.

I try to remember if we exchanged numbers with Ryan. He’s supposed to pick me up in less than ten minutes for the gala dinner. I quickly skim through my contacts list, until I spot his name and text him Roxana’s address. I had initially given him my address but Oliver is there with his girlfriend.

“I’ll get that.” Roxana offers when her doorbell rings.

I nod and sit on her dresser to do my makeup.

Minutes later, she storms in angry.

“Ugh! I hate my f***ing life.” She screams in annoyance.

“Now who is being overdramatic?” I ask.

She bangs a box that was on her arms. “Can’t wait to graduate and be free to live my life as I wish.” She rips it apart to reveal what is inside.

It is a dress. “You got to be kidding me.” She says as she lifts it up. It is exactly the same as the one she is wearing and got from Satisfaction.

“Where did that one come from?”

“Where do you think? My parents sent it.” She sighs. “They don’t want to me to embarra** them.” She states.

I say the obvious, “It looks exactly like the one you are wearing.”

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“Probably stole the design from Satisfaction. I will show them what embarra**ment is.” She starts to undress.

The door rings again, and am sure it is Ryan. Am the one who opens it, this time. Am disappointed when Chad’s face appears as soon as I open the door.

He gives me a toothy grin. I snicker and start to walk away. He immediately grabs my hand. "Why the hurry princess?" His hand moves to brush my exposed thigh, suggestively.

"Did I thank you for your cooperation?" He pretends to be thinking, "I should, my Roxy is all over me thanks to you." His hand move higher caressing my thigh. I try to keep my lips sealed, he can't know he has any effect on me.

I grin sarcastically, "You don't say." I manage to utter, he can't know that I also have something against him. My father taught me to strike while the rod is still hot. By the time the night is over, I will have my last laugh.

"Am I interrupting something?" Someone asks. Ryan's faces comes to view.

He's wearing a navy blue three piece suit and a cravat. A Rolex watch is secured around his wrist. Everything screams money even his hair gel.

His eyes sweep my entire body, am in my seductive red c***tail dress. Am aware of the slit that exposes my thigh, when his eyes linger there.

"No, just here to pick my girl." Chad says. He starts to walk towards Roxana's bedroom but stops and looks over us. "Is that your date Cara?" He asks.

I just nod.

"And Quinn?" He lifts his eyebrows, daring me. He smirks and walks away before I answer.

I turn to Ryan who is watching me intently.

"Why would he think you will be going with Quinn?" His tone is innocent and carries no accusations as he asks.

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"I don't know. Don't mind him, he talks to much." I shrug, though I just wish Ryan would just stop with the questioning.

"And touches too much." He comments. And I guess that is the closes Ryan has come to making a joke.

I smile as uncomfortable silence stretches between us. I break it by announcing that I have to say bye to Roxana, so we can be on our way.

The two naked bodies on Roxana's bed, stop me on my tracks. Chad is on top of her. I immediately do a u-turn. I just walked on my best friend having s**!

Ryan detects my embarra**ment when I get back. "You okay?" He asks.

"I am. Let's just leave."

Emerson Hotel is grand and glazed. The hotel extends from the ground up to the skies; heaven maybe, cause it is a paradise.

"Courtney Emerson's hotel, Her father bought for her." Ryan says as a by the way.

It is made of modern state of the art architecture. Ryan extends his hand the moment he steps out of the car. A valet is also quick to pick his keys and drive off.

I stand mouth open staring at what is before me, a red carpet and journalists. Men and women of cla** stream in, all in fancy and decorative attire. I feel out of place.

I place my hand in the hook of his open arm and take my first step on the red carpet. I feel like superstar with the flashing lights from everywhere.

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Inside the hotel it is has black and white surfaces, with an inlaid design.

"Ryan?" A shrill voice calls out.

We both turn to see it's origin. A middle aged couple walk straight towards us, both with their teeth out and a smile that looks like it hurts. "You must be Cara." The woman says.

I look up to Ryan and raise my eyebrows for explanation.

"Cara, meet my parents." He says with excitement.

How could I not recognise them? They own the most successful IT firm.

I turn to face them and I can already see the disappointment that crosses their faces.

“Can we talk to you son?” His mother orders.

“I’ll be back.” Ryan excuses himself with his parents but not before I hear his mother say, ‘I don’t like that girl.’

My eyes circle the room, my initial feeling of out of place kicks in. I wish Roxana was here. I walk and stand at a corner where I won’t attract attention but I can see everyone, a waiter pa**es by and I grab a gla** of champagne. Everyone seems to know everyone. Am yet to spot any familiar faces. I tap my feet and sip my drink slowly.

It’s merely an hour before the event begins but I feel like running out of here like a mad person. I remind myself this is the life I want and belongs to me. Is it not one of the reasons I want Quinn? Fame and money? The life my parents gave to us.

When I lift my head again I almost spit my drink. I blink severally to make sure am not hallucinating or drunk. Two people I didn’t expect to see any time soon. Quinn is standing between the two couple, he says something and they laugh. The have aged over the decade but am sure they are still the snakes that took everything away from me. They killed my parents, they took away my legacy and name.

