

His booty call By Ivy brown Chapter 12

I briskly take calculated steps towards them. My heart is beating so fast for a moment I imagine myself falling from a heart attack.

Am hoping a small part of them will recognise me, but I also pray they won't. Over the past ten years I have lived trying to erase my past and planning my revenge.

The man is the first to look towards my direction, our eyes lock and I feel disgusted by just looking at him and what he did to my father; his brother by blood. Yes, sadly, he is my uncle.

Quinn, follows his gaze. His eyes sweep my entire body and I see him swallow a lump. Himself, he looks good in a tuxedo, a black bow tie and Oxford shoes. I search his face to see if he's angry because I didn't respond to his I need you text yesterday.

Finally, I stand before them. I want to take my eyes off them but I can't. I just can't believe the people I once called family could be such monsters. My aunt's eyes search mine. Crises form on her forehead. She now looks more sophisticated than the woman who looked after us. Long gone are the cheap weaves and perfumes. Her hair is perfectly straight, a gold necklace adorns her neck, which my hands ache to put on and strangle her. Her gold dress tells no story of being cheap.

I open my mouth to speak but she beats me to it, "You remind me of my niece, God rest her soul in eternal peace." She says remorseful.

I want to scream, 'because am her' in fact I want to scream am Marie Cara Cooper. The daughter of the legendary Cooper, the man who rose from rags to riches, the man who topped the Forbes list. The man you and your husband killed and attempted to kill his children too.

"Have been told I don't have the face to remember." I say.

She feigns surprise, "Who told you so? I think you are very beautiful and that is a face one can't forget."

I look up at Quinn and smirk at him. In return he gives me a rueful smile. I extend my hand and speak, "Am Cara, Quinn's cla**mate."

“I see why he loves school. The girls are too beautiful.” My aunt says.

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Am supposed to feel flattered but I want to gag, I just can't pretend to stand them. Am thankful when Quinn's parents join us, an accomplice to my father's downfall. They are accompanied by an elderly man who I assume is Quinn's grandfather, a young woman, his elder sister and a small boy.

“Mr and Mrs. Cooper, glad you could make it.” His father greets both my aunt and uncle. Then turns to me, “You are?” He asks.

“We school together.” Quinn answers in my place.

“I didn't ask you, I believe I asked the young lady a question.” His father's voice carries so much authority it makes me want to shrink and disappear. As per Quinn, he looks like he's ready to attack.

“A-am- uh- Cara.” I stutter.

“Cara Who?” His voice is so deep and scary.

“Dad, just let her be.” Quinn defends me.

“Have to know everyone who hangs around my son. You are not anyone. Remember that.” He addresses Quinn.

“Let's go honey, the event it's about to start.” Quinn's mother tells her husband. She is a pet*^e woman with a night sky dark hair, tied in a tight bun. She gives me a sad look and turn to my aunt, “See you at 4 by 4 charity event next week.” She says.

Quinn doesn't look at my direction as he follows his family. My aunt and uncle also move to talk to other business men and women.

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Once again am left on my own. I look around and see where Quinn and his family sat. Courtney joins them, the way they are interacting tells me they like her very much. But I don't miss the look on the small boy's face, a look of sadness.

“Cara!”

I turn to find Andre staring at me. “What are you doing here?” He asks surprised.

“Exactly what you are doing here.” I answer.

“My Father’s company has been nominated for the best IT firm award. I had to be here. You?” He shrugs.

“She’s with me.” Ryan says as he approaches me.

I don’t miss the look of surprise and disappointment on Andre’s face. Am caught off guard when Ryan circles his hand round my waist possessively. Andre’s eyes follow the movement.

“See you around Cara.” Andre says and leaves.

Ryan removes his hand and gives me a serious look. “How do you even know that guy? Their firm run illegal activities. I have sources that have confirmed they give criminal new ident**ies and steal people’s data. Morally; I wonder how they got nominated, very unethical, I may say.”

I open my mouth but the screeching sound of the microphone makes me reach for ears to prevent the irritation.

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“Let’s gather around ladies and gentlemen. Time is money as money is power.” The MC announces.

“Is that Blackmore? He is like the biggest personality in media.” I absently ask. He’s the host.

“Yeah, now just follow my lead.” Ryan instructs.

Heads start to turn and murmurs buzz in the air like bees once we are seated. I also turn to see what is causing the fuss. Talk about fashionably late, Roxana walks in with Chad. She looks like a hobo, wearing buggy ripped jeans and a Gothic T. Shirt. Chad is wearing dark jeans with a black leather jacket. They look lost in a black tie event.

She sits at a table near the corner where her family is seated. Ryan, I and his family we are seated on the front row, Quinn is three tables away from us, I steal glances

at him. His fingers are intertwined with Courtney's; Though his mind seems to be far away.

As for my aunt and uncle I hope they drown on a fountain I saw earlier. The event starts with dinner, award ceremony and a short charity event.

I find the event very tedious and long. Ryan's mother has given me uncountable disapproving looks, every time I yawn. It is no secret the woman hates me.

Once the event is over I excuse myself to use the bathroom. Truth is, I want to get away from everyone. On my way I email Roxana the information I found on Chad.

No sooner do I walk out than a hand grabs me, pinning me on the wall. Quinn's cologne fill my nostrils and his minty breath fans my face.

He leans and whisper into my ear, "I don't like to be ignored."

