

## **His booty call By Ivy brown Chapter 14**

A million thoughts cross my mind as to why Oliver is in jail, but none of them make sense. Oliver is a noble kid. He adheres to every rule and regulation in a book. I want this to be a case of a mistaken identity, but then again I wouldn't be driving past midnight if I wasn't definite it was Oliver.

The Uber driver parks outside the central police station. I make my way towards the entrance, a portbellied middle age man disrupts my mission when he stands at door. A girl my age or two years younger; give or take appears behind him, his daughter supposedly. Evidently she isn't, when she starts to kiss him passionately.

"What are you looking at?" She barks at me.

Her and her sugar daddy walk away, at least creating way for me. The place is a buzz with arrested drunk people and hope that is why Oliver is here not something serious.

"Am here for Oliver Black." I tell the officer in duty. He eyes me inquisitively, before handing me some paper to fill. Minutes later I hand them back, he stands and walks to a nearby cell.

"Thank God. I was in hell." Oliver hugs me, the instant he is released.

He looks appalling. His hair is chaotic, his face is printed with horrible bruises and his shirt is torn with dry blood stains.

Blood! Oh God!

"What happened? Did you kill someone?" Am so worried right now.

"I hope I did" he answers; he looks like he could tear someone apart. "Let's get out of here, will explain later."

I let go, for now. We quietly walk out to pick a taxi. The ride too is uncomfortably silent. I find my Audi parked outside my apartment building. Probably Roxana had someone bring it.

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As I unlock the door, Oliver keeps on giving me unexplainable glances. All is explained when I open the door, my house is a mess, everything is trashed.

“What the hell!” I drop everything I have and rush to the kitchen. It is also a disaster, my China plates are broken into pieces, there are even shoes in the fridge!

My bedroom is the worst, blood and condoms on the floor. My favorite bed sheets are torn.

Am going to kill Oliver!

I hear his footsteps halt at the door and I turn to face him.

“I...”

I don't let him speak, “Better have a good explanation.” I yell at him.

“The party got out of hand and...”

“Party?” I cut him off, “You promised no party.” I get more agitated.

“It wasn't my idea. I went out to get Nimo some fries. Only to come back and find a house full of people.”

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None of these make sense, “That doesn't explain the jail and my trashed house.”

He pockets his hands and move to lean on the wall, “Well, I got mad and called out Nimo for going behind my back, she started crying and retired to your bedroom. After a while I felt so bad I went after her to apologize only to find her in bed with her Ex boyfriend.”

Poor Oliver.

I look at the blood and start joining the pieces. “Don't tell me you killed him.”

“After what he and his stupid gang did to your house. I should have.” His hands ball into fist.

He moves to stand in front of me. His gray eyes pierce through mine. He takes a deep breath and exhales softly, “Am sorry, I know what you think of me, I can't be

trusted.” He’s right. He extends his hands to gesture around. “This is not how I pictured the day ending and certainly not in jail.” He continues.

He knows I can’t stay mad at him, all I feel now is hatred towards the Nimo girl. It is her fault.

“It is Nimo’s fault. She’s no good for you.” I say.

“It’s partly my fault too. I really like her. I don’t even know if she will want to see me again after today.”

I scoff and remind him, “Because of her you were in jail, because of her you pretend to be someone you are not. And God knows to what extent you will go because of her.” The mere thought of the troublesome girl irks me.

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I add, “There are many good girl around. Why her?” I try to understand him.

“You won’t understand.” He says and leaves.

The next one hour we try to sweep, clean and wash what we can. It is quite a task as we find ourselves falling asleep anyhow. At around 3:50 a.m. Someone rings the doorbell.

“Who could that be?” We ask in unison.

“Maybe Nimo’s ex has returned to finish what he started.” Oliver says standing up. He yanks the door open, ready to fight.

He clears his throat and I hear him apologize. His figure is blocking whoever it is.

“Cara... ” He calls my name.

He then move aside to reveal Quinn. I blink twice and pinch myself to assure myself am not dreaming. It is Quinn, in flesh and at my apartment. How did he know where I live?

He doesn’t wait to be invited in, he stumbles in. Then I realise he is severely bleeding.

