

## His booty call By Ivy brown Chapter 16

I had too little sleep last night. Sleep here and there.

I show up on Monday at campus in my dark sungla\*\*es. My eyes are sporting dark ugly bags for lack of enough sleep.

Everyone in cla\*\* keeps on staring at me. Of course wondering why a sane person would be wearing sungla\*\*es inside a cla\*\*room.

The two people I want to see aren't in cla\*\* today, that is; Quinn and Roxana. The two people I don't want to face show up, that is; Ryan and Mr. Marcelo. Ryan is seated where Quinn normally sits. He keeps on throwing dirty glances at me and when my eyes lock with Mr. Marcelo's, his demeanor changes.

“Cara, meet me after the cla\*\*.” As if the sungla\*\*es weren't attracting attention already. Everyone turns to look at me. I bury my face in a financial management book as the cla\*\* starts.

The cla\*\* today is a bore, it progressess in a slow deathly manner. Mr. Marcelo today doesn't find pleasure in casting glances at me. If anything I would say he's annoyed. That makes two of us.

The cla\*\* ends with him announcing to expect a sit-in CAT next week, which earns him disappointed groans.

The cla\*\* slowly empties and I wait the last person to exit. I take slow strides towards Mr. Marcelo's desk. He's busy packing his articles and looks up as if not expecting me.

“You know what I hate more than liars.” He stares down at me, “I hate people who don't honour their words.” He spats.

He takes me by surprise, other times he's usually friendly, a flirt here and there. Now he's just a complete a\*\*.

Am unsure what to say, so I agree. “Me too.”

He shrugs me off, “I have asked you severally for coffee date. Which you agree but never show up.”

I fiddled with my out of fashion Chanel bag.”Am sorry. Am usually held up.” The lie roll off my tongue easily.

“I see. When you came to me last semester requesting a referral letter which your other professors had denied you so you could work at Telmsi hedge fund. I didn’t hesitate. I drafted one for you but now that your need has been gratified, you have become a lousy tease.” His eyes skim my body disgustingly.

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I can barely collect my mouth from the floor. I then decide to be straight forward with him too. “What exactly do you want from me?”

“Now we are on the same page.” He smirks.

I cross my fingers and pray to God that he doesn’t want me to sleep with him.

“I need you to steal something for me.” He doesn’t beat around the bush.

I blink twice that was unexpected. Asking me to sleep with him was at the top my list but not that.

“I can’t.” I adamantly answer.

“You can’t or you won’t.” He confirms.

“Both.”

“Okay. I just hope you know the legal charges on insider trading.”

Of course I know what insider trading is and the legal action. I then realized what he means. “What insider trading?” I ask.

“The insider information about Gelian company stock.” His face is a smug as he says.

I feel confused, “I don’t know anything about Gelian’s Stock.”

“You don’t but it is only you and I that know that. Am a respected Lecturer people will believe me when I say you are the one that leaked the information.”

I didn’t! How can I leak what I don’t know.

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“Do you remember why left Telmsi Hedge fund?” He asks in a mock tone.

Of course! I was fired. The company’s CFO tried to force himself on me. And accused me of trying to trade information when I reported the matter to the HR. That son of a butcher!

I get more agitated, I won’t let him blackmail me. Chad tried that and he failed, so will Mr. Marcelo.

I put on a fake smile and ask, “What do you want me to steal?”

His face has a victory grin. “Now you are talking.” He places a key card on top of the table. “Meet me at Emerson Hotel on Wednesday.” He says.

That is Courtney Emerson’s Hotel. The realization is enough to get to back out but I don’t.

“See you then.” I say and exit the cla\*\*room.

I release a long breath once am outside. My life can’t get more complicated.

“Well, well if it isn’t the backstabbing bestfriend.”

I was wrong, it can get more complicated.

I look up to find Roxana and her b\*\*\*\*y friend, Marya.

I make a rush towards them but Roxana is quick to brush me away. “Are you okay? Why did you skip cla\*\* today.” Am glad to see her.

“I am, if you thought sending that email about Chad would break us, for you to steal him.”

What is wrong with everyone today or what is wrong with me?

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“What?” Am surprised.

“Unbelievable!” Marya joins. “Stop pretending.”

“You thought emailing me about the murder of his Forster parents would break us. Well shock on you bestie. I knew about it before.”

Am more shocked Chad told her, than the fact Roxana knew and she still dated him.

“The guy might be the one who killed them. Did you read the statement he gave the police. It is full of inconsistency. He lied. Am trying to protect you.” I try to explain.

She screams attracting attention of all the students around. “Protect me or your interests. Do you know the kind scars you have awakened in him. He was only a thirteen year old kid, when it happened. ”

I feel like a horrible person.

“You know I always defend you whenever Chad says mean things about you. But now I think he’s right. You are an imposter, liar and pretender Cara Lauren Black.”

Everything she says is true and it stings worse than a bee.

“We are no longer friends, and don’t ever speak to me.”

She does her dramatic u-turn. Marya sneers at me and falls into steps beside Roxana.

I look around and students are still watching me, with some recording the whole ordeal. I click my tongue I turn the other way.

I silently promise Roxana that I will prove her wrong about Chad. But for now, I head to the Nickel’s manor to find Quinn.

