

His booty call By Ivy brown Chapter 17

The Nickel Manor is the irony of its name. It is ostentatious to a point of intimidation. A multi-million mansion sleeping on a large estate. Plain murky brown coloured bricks pride it, with a grandiose circular driveway and ornate fountain at the center. It has immaculate italianate garden with orchards, arboretum and well trimmed walled vegetable gardens.

My Audi's engine dies in front of it. It is not a cheap machine but it is out of place parked among the luxurious cars. I sit behind the wheel to access my vicinity. It is an estate with character and charm. I hope I have the charm too, considering it wasn't appealing enough for Quinn's father. I also don't know if Quinn lives on his own or lives here with his family and if he does; he will be pleased to see me.

After doing a retouch to my make up. I step out of my car and take a deep breath. I take careful steps to a large oak door and knock twice. The door flies open, a middle age woman in a black attire and a tight bun faces me.

"How may I help you?" She asks politely although her face tells otherwise.

I clear my throat. "Am here to see Quinn."

"And you are?" She raises her perfect thin lined eyebrows.

"Cara. His classmate." I answer with a smile to ease the mood.

"He never gets any visitors. Is he expecting you?" Her tone is doubting.

"No. He didn't show up at school today and I wanted to make sure he's okay."

"He's okay. You can call him to confirm." She points at my phone that am holding.

I could if I had his number.

"I did. He said he was okay but I know he isn't." I lie and hope she believes me.

A genuine smile forms on her red coloured lips. "Actually he is not and am glad someone cares enough to visit him. Come on in."

She opens the door wider as a welcome sign. My mouth is wide open. Wow! The inside is magnificent; a thing of beauty.

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The room is bathed in daylight, my eyes follow the perfect twisted spiral staircase, my head hurt by straining to look where they end.

“So are you one of his girlfriends?” She innocently enquires.

I raise my eyebrows to match her naive question.

She captures my insult. “Sorry, he has a reputation. You know.” She corrects herself.

“Just a friend.” I say.

She doesn't believe me but she doesn't show it.

She shakes her head. “Where are my manners. I will not keep you waiting. His room is third floor, the first door on your left.” She says before excusing herself.

My hand fall on the rustic rail and put my weight on the stairs and hope once Quinn sees me he doesn't throw me through one of this cathedral windows. Am panting by the time am on the third floor. I need to exercise more.

My heart is beating so fast. I don't how Quinn will react. Am sure am the last person he expects to see. Am not his friend, girlfriend or his b***** anymore.

I knock but don't get any response. I decide to allow myself in. The door creaks as it opens. There's no one inside, then I hear the water that is running. He's in the shower.

His room is dull, it looks inhabited. The curtains aren't drawn to allow any light and I guess this is how the inside of Quinn looks like.

I decide to make it my responsibility and draw them apart, as the light immediately fills in. I stand by the window unsure of what to do until my eyes land on a bookshelf. Who would have guessed he actually reads.

My curiosity gets the better of me and match to it. The first book I spot one hundred years of solitude. I haven't read it so I decide to move to the next, The Great Gatsby. Am familiar with it so I pick it off the shelf and sit on his bed. The

book is dusty like it hasn't been read in a while. Am so absorbed in it until someone s*****es it away from me.

“Get out!” I look up. Quinn is staring at me super mad.

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He storms to the window and draws the curtains together cursing like a sailor. He then proceeds to return the book back to its initial position.

He turns to look at me.

“I want you gone and stop checking me out.”

He is in a towel that's showing his v-line making it hard to concentrate. While his stomach is still bandaged.

“Am not leaving after driving all the way here.”

“I didn't ask you to.”

“Neither did I ask you to show up at my apartment wounded. Only to wake and find you sneaked out on me without even a note.”

“A mistake I regret.”

“Which part?” I ask.

I look at him hopeful. Thinking he will say the part he left without a goodbye.

“Coming to your apartment. A Nickel never shows weakness.”

Unbelievable!

“So you would choose to die than getting help and be seen in pain?”

“Yeah.”

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“But you still chose to come to my apartment. Why, Yet you have so many friends?”

“Because...” He stops and gives me a hard stare. “Is it money you want?” He asks.

The next action I take surprises me too, I raise my hand and slap him across his cheek. The collision leaves my palm in pain.

Have never slapped anyone before. Quinn twists his mouth and clenches his jaws. He’s trying to control himself.

He wraps his arm around my waist and pulls me closer until we are chest to chest. He gives me cold chilling stare and forces words out of his mouth. “Do that again and I will not be so polite not to retaliate.” He warns.

He releases me and I stumble back to his bed.

“Now be gone. My folks are about to return and other than the housekeeper no one who knows am here and I want it to remain that way.” He warns.

“With pleasure.” I pick my purse and slam his door as I leave.

On my way out I don’t come across the housekeeper and am glad we won’t have an awkward moment after how Quinn treated me.

The drive back to my apartment is stressful as today’s events replay in my head. First, the lecturer, then Roxana now Quinn. I pray I won’t find another mess from Oliver. Contrary I find my house empty and everything in order after the renovation. I settle and decide to make dinner. I hear my front door open and assume it is Oliver so I don’t bother looking up when the footsteps halt at the kitchen.

“Quit staring and help here.” I jokingly say.

“With pleasure.” That is definitely not Oliver’s voice.

I look up to find Quinn glaring at me, on his hand he’s holding the book I was reading earlier, *The Great Gatsby*.

