

## **His booty call By Ivy brown Chapter 18**

“I brought a peace offering.” He waves the book in the air.

I turn and pretend am picking something from the fridge and crack a secret grin before swiveling my head to face him with feign seriousness.

“You didn’t have to.” I shrug.

He slumps his shoulders and settles in a relaxed poise.

“Am not much of a reader. The book was just gathering dust sitting on the shelf.” His eyes are piercing through me.

He moves and stands meters away, if he moves any closer to me I will faint. He contemplates and sits on the seat near the island and places the book in front of me. “Am placing it in good care.” He taps the book softly. “It looked good in your hands.”

I feel flattered. “Thank you.” I wipe my hands before picking it up and flipping through it. Just can’t wait for the weekend to get here soon. I stay in bed with hot mocha and read it. The thought is so fulfilling.

I look up and find Quinn’s eyes trained on me with an emotion I can’t place.

There is a stretched silence between us and I can tell Quinn is feeling confused. This is not his kind of thing. I keep my eyes away from him. I don’t want to be reminded he threw me out. I just want to cherish the fact that he’s here.

“You shouldn’t have come to the manor.” He finally speaks.

And the bubble is bursted.

“You didn’t come to cla\*\* today and I was worried.” I look up and meet his intense gaze.

“Why?” His tone is flat and bares no emotions as he questions.

I cover my stew and zero my full. attention to him. “Cause the last I saw you, you were wounded. Had to make sure you weren’t dead in some ditch.”

He sighs and carries forth, “Would it matter if I were?”

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“Yeah. Why not?”

I stares at me in confusion, like he made a grave mistake. “I shouldn’t have come here.”

He turn and limps with unsure steps, my question stops him. “Is it so hard to just say am sorry.”

“Have to mean it. To say it.” He doesn’t turn to look at me.

Talking or arguing with him is hopeless. I don’t even know why I try. The only thing we ever agree or do well in is s\*\*.

“Why did you then come here?” I manage to ask.

He stands still, he crooks his head and lifts his hand to touch the back of his head. “Wanted to thank that boy that saved my life.” He responds.

“That boy is my kid brother.” I find myself giving information he never asked for.

I don’t know why but he finally turns to look at me, surprise written all over his face. “Is that kid not on the SOS program?”

I nod, “He’s on the students on scholarship program.”

“Are you?”

“No.” I shake my head.

Being on the scholarship program at this campus, it is like having leprosy. No one wants to a\*\*ociate with you.

He just stares at me with c\*\*\*tail of confusion. His eyes glint faintly as they warr with whatever he is thinking.

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Am glad when I hear the front door open, that makes Quinn divert his attention.

“I’ll be on my way.” He says.

“You should stay for dinner, my sister makes a mean beef stew, if am not wrong from the delightful aroma.” Oliver suggests as he walks in the cramped kitchen.

I give him a deadly glare for even suggesting that.

He smirks at me. “Hi, siz?” he kisses my cheek and drags himself to the fridge, leaving a waft of gasoline in the air.

“Really?” Quinn’s mood suddenly changes to that of amus\*\*\*\*t.

Oliver jumps and sits his a\*\* on the island. “No kidding. She’s a killer in the kitchen.” He exaggerates.

Quinn becomes mores amused, “Oh, she isn’t a killer in the kitchen only...” He says in low tone, though Oliver catches his drift and lifts his eyebrows.

I hiss at Oliver, “Am sure Quinn doesn’t want to stay for dinner.”

“I do.” Quinn chips in.

“No you don’t.” I seethe at him.

“I do.” He whispers to my ear as he moves and takes some bowls to set on the table.

I can never understand him. When we are together alone he can’t wait to get away from me and to top it, he is super rude, but around people he is at least pleasant and always keeps on talking in my place like am dumb.

Oliver descends from his sitting position. “Lemme clean up, work at the mechanic shop was messy.” He wriggles his dirty greasy fingers.

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Oliver whispers, “Enjoy.” and disappears down the hall.

I watch Quinn as he sets the table like an expert, again for the second time am surprised. First I discover he enjoys reading and now his majesty Quinn can do something so feminine like set a table!

“Staring is a bad habit and we aren’t going to eat plates bring the food over.” Quinn announces.

I roll my eyes and do as instructed.

Silence engulfs us, i can feel his stare drilling into my skull as i arrange everything.

“I...am..” He stutters and shifts uncomfortably. He then clears his throat.

“Amsorry...” The words are rushed.

I look up at him, he diverts his eyes. Clearly embarra\*\*ed. Instead, i break into a grin.

“Don’t ever except such words from me again.” He adds.

“I don’t.” I reply.

Oliver returns all clean in the varsity’s sweatpants. He gives me a wicked smile as he takes his seat.

We eat as we engage in small talks which comprises only of Oliver and I. Quinn chooses his own silence as companion. The dinner ends with Oliver announcing he will be on his way.

He leaves and am left with Quinn.

“Am leaving too.” Quinn says with uneasiness.

Before i can say anything he’s gone. Once again am left with more questions than answers.

