

His booty call By Ivy brown Chapter 19

Unknown number: Don't look for me! DON'T!

I read Quinn's text again as i enter a filled cla** the next day. His usual spot is where my eyes land at first, it's empty. Ryan is seated alone. His eyes glued to his phone.

I sigh exhaustly and walk to my seat. I find Roxana on her normal seat but my seat is occupied by Marya.

"You are seated on my seat." I seethe at her.

"It has no name on it." Marya spats with equal venom.

I look over at Roxana to shush her idiotic friend but she makes no attempt to look at me. I have sent her countless apologies but all in vain.

"This isn't your cla**. You aren't suppose to be in here."

We attracting attention as the whispers surround us.

"It is a free country i can be where i want."

I look between her and Roxana, anger boiling inside me. I exhale and turn on my heels to the only empty seat in cla**; beside Ryan.

He doesn't bother to lift his head as i sit beside him.

"Am sorry." I mutter under my breath.

"I will file your apology under "Pending Cases" for now. Just wait for a few days for the results." He speaks

"You are not going to make this easy for me, huh!" That finally makes him look at me.

"Only if you kiss me."

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I search his face to see if it is a joke, but just gives me a continuous long stare.

The tapping sound of a heel on a marble floor makes us break the stare session. Miss Bullocks makes a catwalk grand entry. She is a curvaceous attractive woman in her mid to late thirties, with long legs that can wrap a man twice. Her hips sway with ease as she turns to scribble today's date.

When her b*** jiggles too, there are beastly moans that escape the larger population of male that just come to check her out.

“Cole's Cafe after cla**.” Ryan whisper as the cla** starts.

Ryan's latest Bentley GT is a beauty to beckon with. It is parked on the reserved Campus parking space for the VVIP. A customised number plate with his name adorns it. Sometimes I forget how mega rich his family is. Richer than Quinn's family.

“She's a beast on the road.” He says as he unlocks it.

“She looks the part.” I say and trace my finger on the sleek metal.

“Wait until you are inside of her, pretty tight.” I don't miss his double-etentre.

True to his word she is a cheetah, we are at Cole's at a blink of a moment. I step out feeling dizzy and nauseous. Ryan finds pleasure in my state. As we walk in he can't stop himself from grinning like a fool.

The cafe today isn't busy, it is almost empty. We sit on the booth last week he sat with Quinn and his friend.

Ryan decides to sit directly opposite of me. He places his iPhone on the table and rests his hands on the table too. His silver Ross and Bell watch glisten under the daylight. The only flaw in his expensive look.

“So I have been meaning to ask you if you will be free tonight to join my family and I for dinner?”

If I was drinking anything, I would have spit it out.

“Your family? Your mother hates my guts.” I say.

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A waitress comes over to our booth. She has a pen and a pad on her. After asking us our orders she scribbles them down and leaves us with a sudoku to fill. The winner gets a free family sized meal.

After a pause and the waitress is nowhere near I add, "I can't."

"Actually she wants to apologise for the way she treated you at the Gala. She felt awful when you left because of her."

His mother thinks I left because of her. And am sure Ryan thinks the same way, that I left because of his mother. I left to be with Quinn. I feel bad for doing that him so I decide to agree.

"I will clear my plans for the night."

"Great. But just a warning my parents are quite nosy."

"Something I can handle."

"So what about your family?"

My voice comes out a bit raised, "There's nothing much I can tell about them."

"A prodigal daughter or the black sheep of the family." He insinuates.

"I would rather we not talk about it."

The waitress comes back with our orders. We both ordered fries and burgers. I love ketchup more than the fries, I soak them in it till they are bloody red. Ryan stares at them in disbelief.

We aren't halfway our food before I spot Quinn and Courtney walk in. Her arm is looped with his. He looks much better compared to our last encounter. He is trying to walk without limping which I can tell he is failing.

"Your friend is here." I nod at Ryan.

He turns towards the entrance, "It is about time." Ryan says.

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He stands and they greet each other. Quinn winces in pain when Ryan bumps his shoulders with his.

“You okay, man?” Ryan asks.

Quinn nods, probably his friend don’t know he was stabbed.

His eyes find mine and they widen in surprise.

“You told me you were having lunch with your girlfriend.” Quinn asks astonished.

“Way to spoil the surprise dude, I didn’t spoil yours when you told me of your intention to ask Courtney to marry you.” Ryan

I cough a fry I had just swallowed, Courtney is his fiancée! They all turn their attention to me except Quinn.

“Cara, right?” Courtney asks picking her manicured nails.

“My name.” I sarcastically say.

“Can we have a bathroom moment?”

Who says bathroom moment?

“Sure.” I say but don’t mean it.

The way Courtney is glaring at me. I know whatever it is, it is not good.

She leads the way and I follow behind her.

