

## His booty call By Ivy brown Chapter 2

“This is amaziiiiing,” Roxana says, She dips another fry into the yoghurt and takes a bite.

“I told you lemon biscuit flavour is the best.” I say.

She takes the last remaining fry and turns to me, “You win, lemon biscuit it is. Though chocolate chips is still bae.”

“Speaking of bae’s where is yours, i don’t see his stuff around.” I say, my eyes skimming the expensive condo she lived in.

She is the daughter of the country’s top fashion designer Ignad Rivers. The sole heiress to Ignad fashion Company. She comes from money like everyone else in our campus.

The inst\*\*ute is for the rich and famous kids. The who and who attend the school.

Her eyes fall, her hands fiddle with the yoghurt cup. The back of her hand wipes a single tear that is about to fall. Roxana always loves to play tough, even when she isn’t feeling all tough. Like she recovered from a nightmare, she smiles at me.

“I kicked his cheating a\*\* out. I can’t feed, house and clothe a grown a\*\* man and still take me for granted.” Her cracked voice betrays her.

Am about to speak when she resumes, “I know you are going to say told you so. I should have listened when you told me he looked too twisted.”

“Am sorry.” It’s all i can afford to say.

“And you,what secrets do you keep? You’re also twisted.”

I look at her, her eyes are piercing through me. I fight the urge to look away. if i do, she will see through my lies.

“I have no secrets, other than the normal one a girl keep in her drawer and it uses batteries.”

Her brows c\*\*\* in confusion and as if a bulb when on, above her head; She lets out a little chuckle, “Who knew Cara, the quiet Cara can be so naughty. So have you done it?”

I wrinkle my nose in feigned pretence, “No.”

“Not even with Marceelooo, oh yeah baby.” She pretends to make sensual noises.

I playfully slap her hand and collect the dishes. She follows me still making the noises to her kitchenette.

She supports herself, on the island. She is sporting a white short and a chiffon b\*\*\*on down shirt. Roxana, is usually on the pet\*\*e side. She is pretty; brown eyed, thin lined eyebrows and a small upturned nose.

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Her full lips tug up in a knowing smile, “Let’s go to the back to school party.”

I look down at my phone. It’s only 11.39 p.m.

It’s still early, considering it’s the first day of the semester. We have no school work load, so am not tired.

This time i don’t object, “Do you own a red dress?” I ask.

She nods.

“Let’s go.”

This my first party since i joined Campus, yet am three months away from graduating.

“You know.....Chad always insisted you were gay.” Roxana’s voice is loud from her walk in closet.

I roll my eyes because am sure, she can’t see me.

“But i told him, it’s because you both never got along.”

Hating the guy, is an understatement.

“He was nice in his own ways,” I lie.

She walks out all dressed with a red dress on her arm. She is dressed in a little fun dress, with prints of ice cream cones. She finishes the look with purple heels. Her hair is loose.

She hands me the dress. I quickly strip down from my denim jeans and cashmere sweater. The dress is amazing. It is Short Lace-Applique-Bodice A-Line dress. I match with some Christian Louboutin heels.

Minutes later we find ourselves in a magical world of disco lights, laser beams, and the irreplaceable glow of black lights shining on people. It's a frat party, decorated to look like a club.

I look around and have to wonder who has time to organize such parties. They seriously need to get a life.

My eyes land on a familiar figure, he is seated in a group of people. He lifts his head, his eyes find mine and he does a double look. A look of surprise mask his face but it quickly fades. Courtney Emerson is seated on his laps. Her head too lifts to where his eyes are trained on, me.

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She whispers something to his ears. Quinn doesn't look at my direction again.

I start to speak turning to Roxana. "Parties....." She is nowhere to be seen.

I was with her just few minutes ago. I start to panic, i push myself through sweaty bodies. Where can she be?

The air is filled with a stench of alcohol. A girl who is dressed to almost nothing, pa\*\*es out before me. I don't bother to check her, not my monkey; not my circus. I jump over her looking for Roxana.

I turn and start walking backwards. Then suddenly i hit something hard and feel a cool liquid running through my dress into my back. I swivel my head, i am met with green eyed boy. I immediately recognize him. Ryan, he is one of Quinns friend, he's very quiet. "Sorry," he mutters.

It is the first time i have heard his voice. His eyes widen in surprise when he sees me, "Cara.." He smiles at me.

Am surprised he knows my names.

“You look hot,” he says.

My eyes moves past him. “you gotta be kidding,” I groan.

Roxana and Chad are making out.

“Am not kidding, you are.” Ryan says unaware am talking about something else.

In that moment, Quinn walks in. He is alone, his eyes don’t even look at me. Not that i care, am used to it.

“What is taking you long, dude?” Quinn asks, his voice is raspy and hoarse.

I take the opportunity to slip away. Not before i hear Quinn say, “She isn’t that hot.” When Ryan attempts to stop me.

Chad lifts his head when he senses my presence.

“Ugh, Can you please die already.” He groans when he realizes it’s me.

“You wish. Roxana, we are leaving.” I attempt to grab her hand but she ducks towards Chad, as if am the enemy and he’s her protector.

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“Leave her alone.” Chad says.

“No, I came with her.”

“I don’t want to go. Just leave.” Roxana slurs, then i realize she’s drunk.

I move in and grab her hand forcibly, reminding her that Chad cheated on her.

She pushes me away and i end up stumbling back and falling over a table. I am drenched in alcohol since the drinks on the table fell on me.

“Fine.” I angrily huff and storm away.

On my way out. I text my brother to come and pick me up.

The weather is chilly outside, and i regret the choice of my outfit. Few minutes pa\*\* before i spot a dark smoke and i know it's my brother and his damn car.

Guilt washes over me, at how easily he can drop everything, when i need him. It should be vice versa, am the oldest.

I walk to where he is parked, and jump in.

“My God, am not going to ask what you're doing here, but did you go swimming on an alcohol pool?”

“Just take me home.”

The first i do when i get to my apartment is shower. It's short and sweet.

My phone vibrates from my nightstand. It's a private number. I already know the owner.

I open the text.

Quinn: I need you.

