

His booty call By Ivy brown Chapter 21

Ryan's Mercedes Benz slows down and he enters a code at the gate. I recall what transpired after Nimo realised I remembered her. The raw shock and shame on her face. And the innocent look of smitten Oliver. He had no idea. Poor guy! As I left I told her to end it with Oliver or I will.

“Here we are.” Ryan says joyous.

His house bleed opulence. It is hum***ous like the term itself. A castle to call it. Well trimmed garden. A grand driveway and a statue of Mary, mother of Jesus. A religious family, I may say.

He takes my hand in his. A familiar wave of electricity travels down to my spine. I tug my Prada bag closer to me. I look down at my simple white dress that goes beyond my knees, and my brown doll shoes. It looks the part.

He pulls me with him towards the porch. A man meets us by the door. “Welcome master Ryan.” He says taking my coat and bag.

Ryan flashes him a significant smile, “Thank you, Will.”

His mother appears wearing a bright smile. “Welcome dear.” She gives me a motherly hug.

Ryan hugs and gives her a kiss on her cheek. He must be close with his mother.

“You have a lovely home.” I compliment, my eyes feasting on the interior decor.

“Thank you, and call me Sophie.”

She leads us to the living room. A spacious big room with a fireplace that gives it a smell of forest, white cl**y couches, a big flat screen mounted on a wall. The walls are bare of any decorations.

There are albums on the coffee table. After am seated and have relaxed she hands me one, “Dinner will be served in a few, meanwhile just relax. Water or juice?”

“Water is fine.” I nod.

“Am happy you came.” Ryan says seated beside me.

“Me too.”

He shifts uncomfortably, his eyes blink severally. “Mmh...” He clears his throat. “— I wanted to ask you this earlier at the Cafe.” He hesitates momentarily, “Cara, Will you be my girlfriend?”

Quinn hinted it at the Cafe but hearing it from Ryan, it still stupefy me.

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“I don’t know what to say.”

“Yes, is the perfect answer.”

Ryan is good looking, he has that boyish charm. His silent nature is the most attractive and mysterious aspect in him. I can’t say I don’t like him.

“Can I at least think about it?” I ask.

“Okay, maybe this will make you think faster.”

Before I can comprehend, I feel his soft lips against mine. The act paralyses me on the spot. His sweet lips move against mine, his tongue coercing its way, “Please baby...” he whispers. That is enough to make me give in and forget we are at his parents house. He pushes his tongue inside. I melt in his arms, his tongue tango with me like an expert. His

hands feasting my hair. My body feels alive like a spark has been ignited, he pushes me close until our bodies are flushed together, I can't get enough until someone clears their throat.

We both jump away from each other. I feel my body heating up in shame. I know it his mother, until Ryan speaks.

“What are you doing here, Quinn!” He barks in anger. “I thought you were having dinner with Courtney's parents.”

I look up and am meet with Quinn cold stare. He doesn't blink as his eyes glare back at me and for once I can read his emotion, anger; murderous anger. What is wrong with him?

He stays silent, his eyes never breaking away from mine.

“What are you doing here?” Ryan repeats again.

Quinn neither responds nor keep his eyes from me. Am happy when Ryan's mother walk in and rescues the moment.

“Dinner is ready...” She stops when she sees Quinn, “I didn't know we had more company, I will ask Maria to add more plate. Ryan show your guests to the table.” She instructs.

Ryan begrudgingly nods at Quinn, His mother tugs at my arm when I attempt to follow them. “You are now my son's girlfriend, huh?” She asks when the boys are out of earshot.

“Aah...” I get confused on how to answer that.

“I walked on you two kissing. Just don't hurt him. He's fragile than he looks.”

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The table is all set, candles all lit. It is a long one made of dark wood with benches on the sides. A feast is laid on the table. Everyone is seated

except me and Ryan's mother. His father is seated at the far end like a king watching his subjects. He is all clean, dressed in a killer Armani suit and a napkin on his neck. I look where to sit, there's an empty seat between Ryan and Quinn. I choose otherwise and decide to Side the other side which is unoccupied.

"Dear, why don't you sit between Ryan and Quinn. You will be all lonely there."

She walks to sit beside her husband who gives her a smile and before she sits she gives him a quick warm kiss.

I sit between the two boys. Ryan smiles at me. However, Quinn scowls at me.

Sophie, Ryan's mom, commences the dinner with a prayer.

"Cara, Ryan tells me you school together. What are you studying?" His father intimidating voice echo in the large room.

I swallow and wipe my mouth before speaking, "Am a finance student."

"A numbers girl." He says.

"Numbers never lie." I add.

"They sure don't and you can take that to the bank." He jokes.

There's another pregnant silence as the cutlery produce a chatter sound. "I love the chicken, can taste all the s***es in it, Sophie." I turn to his mother.

Her eyes light up, "Some of this days I will show you how it is made." She can't hide her enthusiasm.

I feel Ryan's hand cover mine under the table. I turn and he gives me a grateful smile. I then feel another hand on my thigh under the table, It is Quinn. I turn to look at him but his eyes are on his food, he's busy eating

with his other free hand. Ryan's finger circle mine absentmindedly while Quinn's hand travel further to a dangerous place. Their touch both arouse different things in me. Ryan's touch arouses my heart, while Quinn's touch arouse my body.

Quinn's hand keep on moving close to my s**, all this time he is talking to Ryan's father about business, pretend or not acknowledging he's torturing me. He stroke me, and I shudder by his touch.

Ryan feels my shiver and turns to me, "Are you cold?" He asks.

Quinn turns to us and smirks at me. His finger brush me again before pushing my p**** to the side and softly pinches my c****.

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"Are you okay, Cara? You look flushed." Quinn asks in a mock tone, and continues his game of torture. My body is hyperventilating and pray no one can tell the sensual look on my face.

Son of a butcher! He's enjoying this and I can't take this anymore. I push my seat, his hand falls to his side and excuse myself.

The house is too big, I keep getting to where am not supposed to be. Will, the Butler, guides me to what he calls the guests powder room. Once in my company I take a deep breath and stare at myself. I wash my face, dry it and walk out.

I text my brother: You okay?

At the dinning room, I find people have dispersed. "Cara, join me in the kitchen." Sophie call me.

At the kitchen the maids and cooks are busy cleaning and cooking. Sophie hands me a cup of tea and a slice of red velvet cake.

Later, I follow her to her garden. It has cantilevered seats, coming out from a wall, creating the illusion of a bigger outdoor area. We sit on the one under the arbor, it is filled with scented climbing plant.

“Are you in love with my son?” She asks after a sip of her tea.

“He’s a lovely boy.” I dodge the bullet.

“He’s, but that doesn’t answer my question.”

“We are just in the process of getting to know each other.” I manage to answer.

“Don’t take too long. We dated only three months with my husband before getting hitched. And we have been happily married ever.” Her eyes glitter under the moonlight as she speaks.

My heart swells and I momentarily imagine myself in her shoes. Married to the love of my life. I wouldn’t know what to feel cause I have never been in love.

It is like she reads my mind, “Don’t worry dear, someday you will find love. It is beautiful.”

At that point, the only person that comes into mind is Quinn.

She opens one of the albums, she carried. I move closer to get a glance. Most photos are when Ryan was a baby, a chubby one. Then I come across one that freezes me on the spot. My mom’s.

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I stare at the image. It is my mother on her wedding day. Her lips are curved in the most beautiful smile. Sophie is standing beside her, as a maid of honour.

“You look so much alike.” Sophie speaks.

I can't bring myself to tear my eyes away from the photo. A million emotions are boiling Inside me.

“Do you know her?” My voice breaks as I ask.

“She was my best friend since college.” She puts her tea aside.

It comes as a shock because my mother never told me about Sophie. I knew Andre's mother as her best friend.

“Do you know her?” Sophie repeats my question.

Am tempted to lie but I nod instead, “She was my mother.”

I just feel this strong motherly connection with Sophie. I can trust her.

“Figured that at the Gala, that's why I asked Ryan to invite you over.”

I get agitated. “This wasn't a get to know you dinner but a manipulation to interrogate me!”

I remember Ryan telling me his parents can be nosy. I immediately regret admitting that the woman on the photo is my mother.

In a blink am on my feet. Why do I keep forgetting the world we live in and the extent people are willing to go for personal motives.

“This is part of me trying to get to know you.” She says softly.

“Do you even like me, or it was just a pretense? And why did my mother never talk about you?”

“Because...” She opens her mouth and shuts it again. After a short while she finally speaks. “Because I stole the man she loved.”

“Did something happen between you and my mum?” Ryan asks as we wait for Quinn.

“Nothing. We just talked.” I shrug.

“Well you don’t seem okay, neither does she.”

“I would have appreciated if you took me home instead of Quinn.” I change the topic.

With the revelation the night has brought. Quinn is the last person I want to deal with and his twisted mind games. And tomorrow is Wednesday. The day am supposed to steal God knows what for Mr. Marcelo. So I need a good rest before I die or go to jail .

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“My mom needs me. Next time, I promise.” He gives me a sly look beneath his eyelashes.

“You are such a mama’s boy.” I tease him.

“No, am not. Am just considerate.”

“So you would choose to stay with mom than take your girlfriend home?” I taunt him more.

“Is that you saying yes to being my girl?” His green eyes sparkle with hope.

“Did I say that?”

“You have no idea what you are missing out.”

“Like what?”

“All of this will be yours.” He gestures his entire body. Which I must admit looks delicious. “And I will chauffeur you anywhere, anytime.”

“Me above all?”

“Yes.”

“Even mom? ”

“Let’s not get ahead of ourselves, but yes.” He smiles softly.

I break into a laugh and Ryan joins in. I even feel a little bit better. He so much easy to hang out with.

After my confrontation with Sophie and the confession she made. I felt more confused. Was my mother in love with Ryan’s father. Did she love my father? And most of all now that Sophie knows who I am, what happens to me and my brother?

In that happy moment, the devil decides to show up.

“Let’s go. Have better places to be.” Quinn announces walking past us.

“Has he always been a d***?” I ask Ryan.

“That is his best version.”

Quinn hoots his car, “Can we go or I show my d*** version?” So he heard me.

I roll my eyes and hug Ryan goodbye.

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Quinn opens the door to his red Lamborghini. He’s so obsessed with red. If there was one colour he could paint the world with, is red.

He speeds away before Ryan can finish waving.

“You should stay away from him.” Quinn says once we hit the main road.

“You are not my father to tell me what to do.” I snap at him.

“You have never objected with me telling you what to do, you always call me daddy like an obedient child.”

The s**ual innuendo doesn't go unnoticed. He's right and that should come to an end, now.

When am about to give him a piece of my mind and ask if he was spying at me. It is not a coincidence he just shows up at Ryan's house unannounced. His phone rings, it is on the console so I steal a glance. The caller is saved as Panda. He casts it a grimace glance, let's it ring for a while before picking it up.

The moment he answers it, I turn my attention outside and watch the city.

“Who was she?” I can't help but ask as he pulls into my apartment building.

“None of your business.” He answers and kill the engine.

“Okay.” I say in a care less tone.

“That's new.” He says surprised.

“What is?” I enquire.

“Am used to your endless questions. Why now?”

“Cause am tired of your games Quinn.” I mean everything.

“Is this because of Ryan?”

“Maybe but it is a personal choice.” I set myself ready to get out of his car.

“You don’t know him like I do so don’t get your hopes up.” He says slowly.

“Jealous of your friend?”

“Am just steering you away from trouble. He just wants one thing from you.”

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“How is that different from you?”

“At least we were both honest with what we wanted from each other from the start. I didn’t have to take you to my family to get into your pants.”

“Well he wants more, and am willing to give it a try.”

I reach for the car door, but he places his hand on top of mine, stopping me.

“I don’t want you to continue seeing him.”

“I will do as I please.”

“That doesn’t please me.”

“Well, lucky me that’s just an added bonus.”

The next action is unexpected. I find myself flying high and landing gently on top of Quinn’s laps, straddling him.

“You have a big mouth.”

He leans forward until our lips are close. I can smell his cologne. It smells of money and arrogance. I pluck my lips. His Adam apple blob up and down. My heart starts pounding, my mouth going dry. He stares at me intensely, almost threatening. I make a mistake of leaning forward.

Our lips touch, lighting a wildfire in me. He pulls me closer as a way of telling me what he wants. His lips brush mine slightly, he repeats the process. Torturing me. He is a sadist!

I wrap my hands round his neck and bring his lips down to mine. He kisses me with fire and vigor. I was born for this. I forget where we are and the building security guard can walk on us any minute. He cups my breast over my dress. His other hand moving to lift my dress up.

At that moment his phone starts to ring. We try to ignore it and continue kissing and caressing, however the caller is persistent. I break the kissing and glance at it. It is Panda, again.

Finally Quinn answers it. He nods a “mmh”.

“I will be there shortly.” He ends the call.

“I have to go.” He can barely look at me as he speaks.

Is that his new b*****? Was she the reason he ended our agreement.

Devastated already, I manage to get off his lap and out of his car. He doesn't say anything, he just drives away. He is never getting a second of my time ever.

I get to my apartment. Oliver already left but left food in the microwave in case I was hungry. I just love him. Then I catch a glance of a box I had not seen earlier. I quickly open it, it is a black super short bandaged dress and a note that says.

‘Wear that tomorrow.’ Your loving teacher, Mr. Marcelo.

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“I feel like am in those Global TV shows.” Andre says looking through his binoculars.

“As a detective or a criminal?” I ask and stare outside.

“Both.” He turns to face me.

“What dirt did you find on Mr. Marcelo?” I ask.

“None, just imagine. He is a clean Slate, no criminal record not even for drunk driving or a parking ticket.”

“Too good to be true.” I turn again to stare outside.

I can feel his stare as I gaze the Emerson Hotel. A large banner is suspended above it written; Varsity Congress and workshop. It is going to be a one week workshop and I wonder if this is one of the reasons Mr. Marcelo wanted we meet here.

“What do you think he’s going to ask me to steal?” I ask Andre.

“I don’t know but money is what I would bid on.”

I look down at my attire, the short, tight dress. It isn’t the kind one would wear to go on heist but on a seduction mission.

“I doubt that.” I answer.

“Enough with the worry, I will be here listening” He points at his headphones. “Just do as we have agreed on until you get enough information, if he attempts to get physical I will be there in a flash.”

“What if he shows up with a gang to rob the Hotel.”

“That’s why we came here early. We a**ess the situation before going in.”

He’s right.

Andre and I have been friends since childhood. He is the only one I can trust. For all those years he has been my secret keeper and helper.

A new number flashes on my phone and I tremble. This is time I dreaded. I answer it.

‘Meet me at the lobby!’ Mr. Marcelo orders and ends the call.

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“You will be fine cause I will be here.” Andre promises as I step out of the car.

I inhale and exhale slowly and repeatedly. I finally master the strength to walk into the hotel. True to his word he is seated at the lobby reading a travel magazine.

I finally breath when I realize he’s alone. He lifts his head above the magazine and breaks into wicked smile. He stands up, I note it is the first time am seeing him in casual clothes. He is wearing a black hoodie matched with cargo pants and converse. He looks good but for what he’s making me do. I find him repulsive.

“You made the right choice.” He whispers to me once I get to his position.

I scoff.

He ignores me and takes my hand and places a key card on my palm.

“Meet me in few minutes.” He says and walks away.

This is not how I thought things would go down. Once he is out of sight and start following him but not before someone calls out my name.

I turn to find Courtney Emerson standing behind me, on her hand she is holding a tablet. Her eyes are a***ysis me like a case study.

“What are you doing here?” I ask trying to cover my nervousness. I hope she didn’t see Mr. Marcelo and I.

“I own the hotel.”

“Of course. Nice to see you. I will be on my way.” I say and don’t wait for her reply as I rush towards the direction Mr. Marcelo disappeared to.

I look down at the keycard, room number 12. Am on the right wing. The room isn’t hard to find, I slide the card and the door to doom opens. I find him seated on the bed talking on his phone in a hush tone.

‘Love you too babe.’ He ends the call.

Poor girl!

“Who would have guessed, any sane person could love a psycho like you.” I sneer at him.

He chuckles, “Unfortunate I have been praised for being a gentle lover, go figure.” he says dismissively.

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My eyes circle the room, too plain for my eyes to take interest. The bed is the best item in it. A king-size. With plush pillows I would love to lay my head on.

“The hotel is hosting varsity heads for a workshop, I want you to steal data from the vice chancellor’s computer.”

I feel like I have been knocked in the lungs. “What? Are you insane?” I yell.

My hands brush a necklace Andre gave me, installed with a microphone. Everything Mr. Marcelo says, Andre can hear it and record.

“Am not insane am a man with purpose.”

“How am I supposed to pull that?”

“Easy, the old w***er has a thing for pretty young things. Flash him your teeth and t**s and he will be taking you back to his room. You will put this pill in his drink.” He places some red pills on the bed. “Then you will have a ample time to steal the data. The wrinkled b***** will not remember a thing tomorrow. So easy.” He spreads his hands as he imagines his victory.

Andre voice rings in my head, ‘Get enough information’

Am yet to get the most important information, so I ask. “What does the data contain?”

Mr. Marcelo gives me a quick sweep of my entire body and replies, “That’s none of your business.”

I decide to stand firm, “Am not going to steal something I don’t know.”

“Suit yourself. Hope you kissed your loved ones goodbye. Prison isn’t all roses especially for insider trading criminals.”

I get more agitated with his blackmail, “I also hope you did the same, cause I have you all recorded here.” I point at the necklace as the realization of what have confess hits me.

He now knows this is was a trap, to get him talking. My knee get weak when his dark eyes meet mine.

“You manipulative b****!” He jumps towards me. I turn running towards the door. He’s fast and he gets to me before I can open it.

He yanks my hair and pulls me back to the bed. I try to fight him but he’s too strong. He tosses me on the floor. The back of my head hits one of bed’s edges and I yelp in pain.

“Let me go and I won’t tell anyone.” I beg.

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He bends and takes the necklace on his hands and forcibly yanks it from my neck, leaving me in sheer pain and probably bruising it.

“You think you can play me and get away with it.” He seethes down at me.

Where is Andre? He promised to be here if things took a drastic change.

Just then the door is kicked open. It isn't Andre, it is Quinn. My knight in shining armor.

“Get away from her, dirty sc**!” Quinn orders.

In a flash, he jumps at Mr. Marcelo. He pushes him off me. I scrum and scrounge at the furthest corner. Quinn lifts his fist high and takes a swing at him sending Marcelo to the floor. He lands with a thud, but that doesn't stop Quinn from kicking him and cursing at him.

Everytime Marcelo attempts to stand, Quinn is quick to send him back to the floor with his heel or fist.

I finally stand and push him away from Marcelo when I realize he might kill him.

“Stop.” I beg him, but Quinn still kicks him.

“Stop.” I whisper again. Quinn hits him again.

I finally yell, “Stop, damn it!”

That gets his attention. His eyes are blazing in anger towards me.

“You better have a good explanation, otherwise God help me to what am going to do to you.” He clenches his jaws as his hoarse voice warns.

He takes off his jacket and dr***s it on my shoulders. He puts his hand round my waist and pulls me closer to him. I have never felt safe.

“Let’s get you home.” He says in a soothing voice.

I want to whisper am already home.

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I cling to Quinn like my life depends on him. He guides me to the opposite direction I earlier came in. At the furthest end there’s is a private elevator that takes us to the bas****t where his car is parked.

I break the silence even though I know he won’t answer me. “How did you find me? Are you stalking me?”

“Stalking you?....please” He snorts. “I was with my.... Courtney when I saw you. You had fear written all over your face so I followed you.” He answers to my surprise.

His red Lamborghini comes to sight.

He unlocks it and turns to face me.

“Get in!” He orders.

“You seriously need to stop ordering me around.” I say.

“I can’t help it am a Nickel.” He grins and opens the door for me.

I try to hide my smile by biting my lip. Quinn releases an involuntarily moan. He bends until we are on the same level. His soft lips are inches apart, I can smell his aftershave. “Stop doing that if you don’t want me to take you here like a caveman.” He hisses and shuts the door.

I watch him walk to the drivers seat. He waste no time in starting the car. Once we hit the road he tunes the radio. It is a hip-hop station. I hate

hip-hop. I reach for it and tune. I stop where I find coldplay's song fix you playing. I lean back satisfied and start to sing along. My joy is short lived. "Total crap!" Quinn snaps and tunes it back to the original station. "People aren't things to be fixed." He spats.

I don't bother to argue with him I sigh and look outside I then realise we are on a different route.

"I thought you were taking me home." I say trying not to panic.

"I am."

"This isn't the route to my apartment."

"Am taking you home." He assures.

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I close my eyes and let my ears bleed from listening to the terrible music and hope Andre is play and not worried.

I am home.

I am where I once called home.

Quinn kills the engine in front of a fancy apartment. It is the west side of the city where the abnormal rich folks live. The building before me, was once my father's property before my uncle sold it to the Nickel's.

Memories of my childhood and my father floods me just looking at it. I compose myself before I break into tears.

Am almost there. I remind myself.

The ride up on the elevator isn't eventful. Tension is thick in the air. I can see regret on Quinn eyes. One of the rules of our b*****

agreement is to always meet on a mutual place like an hotel for our s**ual encounter. However, this isn't a meet up for a s**ual encounter. Though him bringing me here is a big deal, considering he can't even give me his phone number.

The elevator opens and my mouth goes ajar.

“You live in a penthouse?”

Un-freaking-believable!

“Yeah,” He shrugs.

The duplex evokes luxury, particularly thanks to the stunning panoramic view of the city. I allow my eyes to be mesmerised by every little thing. My greed to quench my curiosity takes over, I move and stand near the glazed slide door. He has a pool on the balcony and a garden. I feel Quinn take long strides to my position and settles behind me.

“Now, tell me what you were doing at that hotel!” He commands.

I first weigh whether to lie or come clean. “He was blackmailing me to steal something from the vice chancellor.” I go with the truth.

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“Were you sleeping with him?” He asks with a snide.

My response is immediate, “God, No.” I say with disgust.

“Good, otherwise I would have gone back there and knocked him again over and over.”

“What will happen now?” I ask in worry.

“leave that to me. ” He says and starts to strip the dress off my body. It is too tight and he struggles to remove it. He settles on ripping it.

I gasp.

“What!” He asks in feign shock, “I hated that dress the moment I saw you in it. It reeks of cheapness.”

His hands gently brush my arm, setting my body on fire. His lips too leave feathery kisses on my shoulders. My subconscious, she keeps on reminding to stop, otherwise this will be a vicious cycle of perpetual torture with Quinn. Him pushing me away, him coming back when am about to start over. Instead, I stomp on her to shut up, by swirling around to face Quinn. I put my arm around his neck and bring his lips down to mine.

The moment his lips find mine, my body comes alive. His hand wander further to my b***, he gives it a tiny squeeze before he lifts me. My legs going round his waist. He walks us to a nearby Micheal Jackson sofa. All this while kissing.

Like a baby being put to sleep, he gently lays me on it. He breaks the kiss once am fully laying on it.

“Perfect, you look like you came with the sofa.” He attempts to sound sober.

I attempt to pull him back to me by his jacket. But, shakes his head moving back. “Patience is a virtue.” He says.

He removes his jacket and tosses it on the floor. He then resumes to position to lay on top of me. He starts to kiss my neck, moving to my ear, nibbling it. His hand straying down to my s**. I arch my back to better access.

Suddenly he flips us over like pancakes. Am now on top of him.

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“Come sit here.” He says and pats the armrest near his head.

I do as instructed, am still in my underwears and red stilettos. I bend to remove them.

“Don’t!” Quinn is quick to object.

I settle into the instructed position, Quinn parts my legs, “Open for me baby,” He begs with eyes full of lustrous pa**ion.

I obey. I suddenly feel exposed with my legs open and him under them. He starts by slowly kissing my ankles, moving up trailing kisses until he is at the inside of my thighs. He swiftly removes my red thong and throws it away. He doesn’t attempt to remove his clothes. I then realise what he wants to do and embarra**ment creeps up.

He starts to rub my c***oris in a Come Hither manner and I arch my back further to welcome all the pleasure. I feel a warm breeze and realise it is Quinn’s lips. I have never been kissed there. I try to close my legs but Quinn holds them still while the sofa’s armrest digs into my skin.

He doesn’t stop, he inserts a finger while he continues to use his tongue to torture me. He continues while my nails dig into his shoulder and the other on the sofa for support.

“Soft like silk.” I hear him comment. Though my mind is in a s** frenzy.

He continues the process, pressure builds up in my lower stomach, giving me the urge to pee. Finally in a wave I c** undone.

My breathing is erratic, my legs are shaking, so is my whole body. I stay in that state before I feel Quinn kiss my core softly. Am afraid to look at him. Quinn the bossy pants just went down on me! Humbling I must say.

He moves and kneels in front of me. I should offer the pleasure too, which of course I know Quinn’s response but I try anyway by reaching for his belt.

His eyes turn murderous. “Don’t even think about it.” He warns.

At least I tried.

He gathers me in his arms like a feeble child, and together we lay on the small sofa.

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We stay in a comfortable silence for a while. My eyes taking the decor in his apartment. And my mind recalling how tactical Quinn beat Mr. Marcelo like it is something he does. I remember the many times I saw bruises on his knuckles and face. And the time he showed up at my apartment stabbed.

“Where did you learn to fight like that?”

“I trained myself.”

“Impressive.” I utter.

“I will order pizza is that okay with you?” Quinn asks suddenly untangling from me. Obviously trying to change the subject. Probably there’s something he’s hiding. There’s never anything straightforward or conclusive with him.

My voice is raspy from the stretched silence, so I shake my head and cough. “Pizza is too overrated, do you have any groceries I prefer real food.” I answer and my stomach grumble announcing its starvation.

“No, I don’t live here.” He says.

“Then whos apartment is this?” I ask worry sipping in.

“Mine. I just don’t like living here.”

And here I thought I was special for bringing me to his place. Probably here is where he brings the girls and am no different.

I manage to stand up, “I should be going.” I mutter.

“You don’t have to, you can spend the night.”

“I think this should stop, you are already engaged.”

This time I promise myself to mean and walk the talk. I bend and pick my thong. I wear it before collecting my tattered dress. I groan when I realise it can’t be worn.

“I am—” He admits the bitter truth.

Something sharp pierce through me.

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“— just one night. I think we both deserve it after all those years.” He mutters.

I avert my gaze, afraid he will see my small personal smile.

“What happened to rule 1 never spend the night together.”

“We can break it for the first and last time. After today it will be officially over. My engagement will be publicly official on Saturday so am still a free man.”

The offer is so sinful tempting and I would be a fool to let it pa**.

“Under one condition.” I say.

“Okay, am all ears.”

“You will be nice to me and you will at least tell me about yourself.” I say and move unconsciously.

“What happened to never talk about ourselves, Rule number 5. If remember well you are the one that proposed that rule. To quote you, you said; ‘To know someone, you open your mind, and when you open your mind, you open your heart to like them or hate them’. You said it was the only way none of us would fall in love with each other, and it worked. No one has fallen in love.” His voice is strained as he says.

I don’t overthink. Am just surprised he remembers that, i said it almost four years ago.

“Do we have a deal?” I ask.

“It is a deal, After tonight this is over. We will sign the termination of our b***** contract. But until then i have an idea...” He walks and disappears into a room.

I sigh with nostalgia. I know this time Quinn will honor his words because he honored the agreement. For four years he has dated different girls but only slept with me.

He comes out holding a folder and i immediately recognize it. It is the b***** agreement.

“Come over...” He motions towards the table.

Once am on his side, he wastes no time talking, “Why don’t we break all the rules that bind the agreement before we call it quits except the last two.”

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My eyes skim the rules we made and signed in front of a notary. I read them.

Rule 1: Never spend the night together

Rule 2: Purely s**ual relationship, nothing more.

Rule 3: Never talk about the agreement with third parties.

Rule 4: No public interaction. We are strangers to the outside world.

Rule 5: Never talk about ourselves, ever.

Rule 6: The s**ual escapades to happen on a neutral place.

Rule 7: MUST take quarterly health tests.

Rule 8: Can date, but never engage in any s**ual relations with other parties.

Rule 9: No oral s** for Quinn.

Rule 10: Never fall in love with each other.

I look up and smile at Quinn, “Let’s break the rules.”

“Good girl.” Quinn places his hand on my shoulder.

“Thanks Daddy...” I tease him.

” Call me Daddy again an....”

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I don’t let him finish his threat, “Daddy, papi...” I say in a fit of laughter.

And he does something unexpected and unlike him. He starts to tickle me, making me lay back and him on top. A roar of uncontrollable laughter erupts from me. When he stops my lungs hurt from the laughter.

He stares down at me, and for the first time i see a different Quinn. A Quinn that can tickle. His eyes gaze upon me, i lick my lip and i can see how hard he is holding back a snap.

His eyes hold a conflicted look. For a moment i think he is going to kiss me. Instead he unpeels himself from me and stands. He takes both my arms and lifts me up to my feet.

“Why don’t i show you the bathroom you freshen up. We have a long night to ourselves.” He offers.

I closely follow him when he starts walking. My eyes fixed on his a**. When he halts i almost fall when i hit his back. His hands are quick to hold me in place.

“The bathroom is there.” He speaks, though my jaw is on the floor. It is his bedroom, i note through a large pencil art of Quinn. But that isn’t why my jaw is wide open. It is the size of the room that is amazes me. It is like half my apartment.

The room doesn’t look different from the one at the Manor. Unlike the other rooms which are glazed. This isn’t, the curtains are drawn together giving it a darker look. It has only a bed, a nightstand and a bookshelf with many, and i mean many books. I thought Quinn said he barely reads.

His eyes follow where mine are trained. “Don’t dare touch any of it stuff.” He seriously warns.

Like i ever listen.

“Towels are in the bathroom.” He says and walks out locking the door behind him.

I move to the bookshelf, looking through the collection of the books. They are aligned alphabetically. Who is this guy? I take some, read the synopsis before returning them. Most look like have been read recently. There’s no speck of dust, which i find it as odd for a room no one lives in.

At the furthest end i find Romeo and Juliet. The book looks old and worn out compared to the rest. I always say i will read it, but am those people who lose interest in something if it is praised too much. It a has a folded page probably where the reader stopped. I hear small noise at the door. I quickly return the book to its initial position before Quinn finds me. Something falls.

I bend and pick it up. It is a photo of a young Quinn with a girl. They are both locked in a tight embrace kissing. Quinn with a smile that reaches his eyes. He looks very happy. I turn to look at the back. There is a quote, 'These violent delights have violent ends. And in their triumph die, like fire and powder

Which, as they kiss, consume'. Then it is signed, with love, Misha.

