

His booty call By Ivy brown Chapter 26

My hair is perfectly curled against my face, i finish by pushing two b***y pin on each sides. I ran my hand over the red strapless dress Quinn picked for me, the fabric is so smooth and soothing.

My eyes land on the bookshelf. I luckily managed to slip the photo back before Quinn found me.

The buzz of my phone on the bed steals my attention. I pick it and unlock it and read Andre's text, was hoping is my brother. I haven't heard from him since yesterday night.

Andre: Where are you @?

Me: @ Quinn's penthouse.

Andre: Seriously?! I was worried sick

Me: Sorry... I will make it up to you.

Andre: By bringing down the Nickel's?

I smile thoughtful.

Me: It is a promise.

I take my bag of makeup. A black pencil, mascara and lipgloss. I draw the thinnest line round my eyes, and a layer of mascara. I finish with the lipgloss. Satisfied i slip into black stilettos. I love anything with an inch, figuratively and literally.

"Took you long." Quinn says once am in the living room. He's already dressed. He's in a black T.shirt, black jeans and leather boots. Black has never looked good. Am about to compliment him but remember he hates it.

"And that was fast..." I gesture at his appearance.

"Used the guest bathroom." He answers standing up. "Ready? The night awaits." He adds.

"Where are we going?" I ask deciding to go with my little purse i always carry in my handbag.

He heaves a sigh of annoyance, “You always have endless question!”

“If you are going to be an a**, then i rather not go.” I say.

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“Fine.” He huffs and throws his hands up. “It is a surprise.” He admits and starts to walk away.

“Is that hard?” I ask.

“More than you can imagine.” He says over his shoulder.

It is going to be a long night.

The car ride is silent. I can’t help but wonder where Quinn is taking us, but most importantly who Misha is.

My curiosity is eating me up like a caged animal demanding to be released. The music playing doesn’t make it easy for me.

“Who is Misha?” I decide to shoot straight at the eye.

Quinn stays silent. His demeanor remaining unchanged except for his fisted hands on the steering wheel.

He clenches his jaws and speaks, “I knew this was a bad idea.”

I try to sound humoring, “I thought we agreed on knowing each other.”

“Yeah, but with the basics!” He snaps at me.

The air between us becomes thick with uncomfortable tension and regret of even asking.

He turns to face me, his eyes slimmed into slits. “Did i not specifically tell not to touch my things?” He seethes.

I nod and shift as the car’s seats become uncomfortable for me. I hate confrontations.

“Don’t you have any boundaries?” His voice goes high.

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A case of the kettle calling the pot black. He’s the stalker.

“Don’t even bother...” He concludes before i speaks. “Let’s just get the night over with.”

“Yeah.” I agree to, can’t wait to get this over with to clear path for my revenge.

Quinn pulls into a secluded fast food joint. Not a place that suits Quinn’s cla**. He is still angry with me and am not in any way sorry. I don’t know why i ever thought anything more would mushroom between us. Always bickering.

If i want to enjoy this, i might as well ease the mood. “Is this a date?” I c*** my brows suggestively.

Us dating is the joke of the century.

He grins clearly moved by my joke, “You wish.” He alights from the car and i follow his lead.

The Café is almost empty when we walk in. I note the looks that are cast to our direction, especially Quinn. He points at a booth and i slide and sit. He decides to sit opposite me.

A waitress is quick to come over. She a middle aged woman with a chubby look.

“Quinn i almost missed ya’ there. I see today you brought company.” She speaks and pats her tight tied grey hair.

So he comes here often. Doesn’t look like a place hangs out.

Her eyes find mine, they are quite intimidating. She pats her hair again. “A girlfriend?” She asks.

“No.” We answer in unison.

She looks between Quinn and I, “I see.” She says with a mischievous smile like there’s something she knows and we don’t.

We both stay silent. She pats her hair again. “The usual or something else?” she addresses Quinn.

“I will have the usual Miriam.” Quinn answers politely.

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She turns to me, “What about you honey. What can i get fo ya’?” She pats her hair, which i must say is becoming a distraction.

“Excuse me, i will be back.” Quinn excuses himself.

We both watch him walk towards the exit. I pick the menu to acquaint myself with their meals. Am busy deciding which to pick based on the prices when Miriam speaks, “He is a keeper.” She winks at me.

“Excuse me, but we aren’t dating.” I inform her.

She pats her hair, and places her hand on my shoulder. “He always comes here alone, you are the first girl he has brought here.”

Like that is suppose to make me feel special. I stare at her in a questioning look. If only she knew...

“He comes here often?” I decide to fish for information instead.

She nods, “like once a month, atmost twice. Always sits here for hours typing on his laptop.” The woman is a gossiper and i like her. She leans towards me and whispers, ” He tips the best.”

Wow, i guess Quinn is a course you can’t finish studying or graduate in. Too many sides of him.

My eyes skim over the menu and i chose the usual. “I will have the fries.” I say.

However the woman is more interested in gossiping. “I can tell he likes ya’. Do ya?” She asks writing down my order.

“Like i said, we are only friends.” I say defensively.

“No for long.” She winks down at me and pats her hair.

Quinn is back, “What were you ladies gossiping about?” He enquires.

“Nothing.” I answer fast before Miriam does. She raises her eyebrows and leaves.

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Once Quinn’s honey glazed lamb chops are placed on the table. I regret my choice of meal.

“The weather is nice...” Quinn catches me off guard.

I tear my gaze away from the tantalizing meal and find his stare trained on me. My cheeks heat up in embarrassment.

I don’t respond immediately. So Quinn perceives it otherwise. “I really suck in this, small talk isn’t my strongest skill.” He waves his phone. “I had to google icebreakers.”

Miriam returns with my fries, she places them in front of me. Her eyes glinting with mischief and never leaving mine.

“Where is the Ketchup?” Quinn asks. “She doesn’t take her fries without ketchup.” He demands.

Am shocked he noticed.

I expect Miriam to be offended by his tone. But instead she smiles at me knowingly. “Ya’ got him where ya’ need him to be.” She whispers to me and turns to Quinn. “I will bring it shortly.” She marches away.

“Why did you bring me here?” I ask.

“You wanted to know me, so tonight i will take you to the two places i love the most.” He answers.

“And where is the second place?”

“You will find out.”

I watch him sanitize his hands, i do the same and pick a piece of my fry.

“Why do you love the place?”

“The secrecy and most importantly the seclusion.”

“With Miriam i doubt there’s any secrecy.” I point at the counter where Miriam is watching us with keen interest.

“I wasn’t wrong. You two were gossiping.”

“She did most of the talking.”

Miriam is back again with the ketchup and a plate of chicken wings. “On the house.” She mouths, pats her hair twice and leaves.

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I soak my fries with ketchup till they look like a messy gruesome murder scene.

“Why do you love your fries like that, it is just gross?” Quinn asks.

“I picked the habit from my mother.” My voice shakes at the as i say. “My turn to ask.”

He shrugs his shoulder giving me a go ahead.

“Why are you the way you are?”

“How? I am just my own person.”

“I mean cold, plainly rude and unexcited?”

“Am a man of few sediments.”

“My turn.” “Why is it you can afford to attend the campus yet your brother is on scholarship?”

I want to answer and say, because we couldn’t access our trust fund, especially when everyone thinks you are dead.

“My father taught me about the securities market at a tender age, so i have been able to invest from a young age though not enough for the two of us.” I answer truthfully.

“I wasn’t wrong. I suspected from the start you aren’t who you pretend to be.”

My heart pace picks. “What do you mean?”

“I mean, when i met you. You were a virgin. Never been kissed or f***ed. And yet you wanted to demean yourself to become a b***** and didn’t want anything in return. That did strike me as strange.”

I gasp to his unfiltered words.

I first swallow a fry before answering, ” Let’s just say you ruined me for other men.”

He chuckles not amused, “Don’t patronise me. You know i hate unfounded compliments that are driven by lies.” He says dead serious. He then adds, “The truth is you are a pretender and sadly as this is our last interaction, i will never know why.”

Oh !you will know why.

I exhaled and speak, “I am not, having no parents doesn’t make me a pretender.” I try to redirected the conversation into another line.

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“How did they die?” He asks with concern..

I clasp my hands together under the table, “Murdered.”

“Am deeply sorry.”

“The perpetrators will not go unpunished.” I ball my hands into balls of fist until my nails dig into my palms.

“I have been on that road of revenge it never ends well or give you the satisfaction you want. Losing someone you love is a hard thing, trying to avenge makes it more harder.”

“Is this about the g***** the photo, Misha?”

“Yeah. Please don’t say her name again.” He can’t hold a stare.

“You must have loved her.” I comment.

His eyes hold an empty look momentarily, one can miss it if not observant. He shakes his head and wipes the edges of his mouth with a serviette.

“I was young back then, but now i know better.” His voice is flat, bare of any emotions as he says.

I search his face to see if, it can show some feeling. It remains stoic, and unreadable.

“You shouldn’t give up on love.” I say briefly.

He looks down at his phone and looks up at me.

“You can’t give up on something you don’t have.” His voice is flat as he speaks. “Are you done? we still have a final stop for the night.”

The night is turning out to be great. As much as Quinn is reluctant to say much. Anyway it is a significant improvement. Am more curious to know where our next stop will be, he is unpredictable.

I smile with satisfaction. He signals for Miriam to come with the bill. As he reaches for his wallet i do the same for my purse.

“You kids are done already?” Miriam asks disappointed.

“Sadly we are. Can i have the check please.” Quinn says.

She hands it to Quinn and moves to wait on another table where a group of some roudy teenage sits.

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I place some money on the table.

“You better take it back where it came from.” Quinn warns and places some money between the pad.

“This isn’t a date, i can pay my own bill.” I stay firm.

“For your own good stop being stubborn.” His stare is in slits with a dare. I give up but still tip Miriam.

Miriam return few minutes later in a sour mood.

“Where has this generation sold their manners to.” She says to no one in particular.

I turn to look where the group is seated. They are heckling like street hooligans as one tries to swallow a whole hotdog.

“When will i see you again?” Miriam asks.

“As usual.” Quinn says unsure.

“And you better bring...i didn’t get your name.” She turns to me.

“Cara...” I say.

“Beautiful... bring Cara with you.” She warns Quinn.

I blush when Quinn cast me a quick glance.

“We will be on our way, Miriam.” Quinn says.

Quinn stands and i do the same. “It was nice meeting you.” I wave at Miriam who picks the check and walks back to the counter.

Quinn places his hand round my waist and we head towards the exit.

“Ready for round two?” He asks.

I smile and nod.

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“An Airport?” my squeaky voice comes out as a disappointment.

Quinn casts me a quick look and picks up a six pack of beer before getting out of the car. I follow his action, pick my frozen yogurt, which he bought begrudgingly and get out.

I look around the deserted area with dirt and the fence that separates the airport and us. Can't deny we have a great view of the runway. But I can't picture Quinn enjoying plane spotting.

He sits on the hood of the car and I do the same.

"What is so great about this?" I ask.

"I just love seeing a big powerful machine float in the air." He sighs.

I give an inward groan, "Men and Machines."

"That should be on a T-shirt, M&M." He says.

I give him a toothy grin.

He opens a beer. He hands it to me and picks up another one. I watch him take a gulp.

I swing mine and take a sip too.

"What is your dream destination?" He all over sudden asks.

Some noise hinder my immediate response. I turn to its origin. It is a 747 taking off. I watch how it is the only thing on the runway. The way it moves before it is off the ground. With its wings spread apart and its nicely shaped flamboyant body. It eludes power. The feeling is just magnificent. I understand why Quinn loves watching planes.

It flies over us and I lean back to get the better view of it. The last time I was in a plane I was eight years old. A year before my dear father died. He had promised me a trip to Paris as soon as I was twelve.

"Paris." I say softly.

"How cliché." Quinn huffs.

"Did you just say Cliché. Are you some closet 'softie'?" I knit my eyebrows to met the surprise.

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“Would that turn you off. ” He dares me by moving dangerously close.

“A little.” I utter and take big swing of my beer.

“Too bad. My greatest fantasy has always been to f*** here.” He caresses the hood of his car. “— as the planes fly over.”

I feel my pants get soaked. The fantasy is so hot. He fulfilled mine when he went down on me. It is only fair if I fulfill his. I shake my head to clear the thought.

I change the topic, “And where is your dream destination?”

He shrugs, “I have been to every part of the world.”

“Which was your favorite?” I pick a second can of beer.

He leans back until he is completely laying down.

“Bali.” The book; Eat, Pray, Love, is what comes to mind when he mentions Bali. “And maybe Congo. Other than the clashes. The country is very rich in resources.” He adds.

His phone rings and pray it is not Panda. That will just ruin everything.

“Hi Buddy?” He starts to video chat. It is the sad boy I saw at the Gala. It is quite late for him to be awake.

“Can’t sleep.” He groggily states.

“I will sing you to sleep. Just lay down and put your phone beside you.” Quinn instructs.

After some minutes he starts to sing unfamiliar kid songs. He has patience. He repeats the song repeatedly until soft snores are heard. Who is this guy? I have never knew him to be such patient or like kids. And the plot thickens to Quinn mysteries.

I open my mouth to tease him but he beats me to it by lifting his finger. “We never speak of this.” He warns.

I lift my hands in surrender, “Never. Although I think it is sweet.”

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“There’s nothing sweet about me.” He says seriously.

Can’t agree more.

“He is lucky to have you as a big brother.”

He gives me a weird look. “He’s not my…” He hesitates and stops. “He is.” He whispers with a feeling I can’t place.

He jumps to his feet suddenly. “Can we go, now!” he orders.

I make a face, “I haven’t even taken my frozen yogurt.” I pout.

“Let’s just go.” His mood is back to sourness.

“And this time I get to pick the radio station.” I say.

“As long as it isn’t that Fix you s***.” He litters the area with the four cans of beer we have drunk. Hope we don’t get pulled over by the traffic police.

“That song is great.” I defend my second favorite band, Coldplay.

“You can’t fix someone.” He says with resignation and I follow him to the car.

The ride back to his penthouse is disturbingly silent. The radio remained turned off the whole ride. His eyes were occupied outside. I kept wondering what I might have done to piss him off. By now I should be used to Quinn unpredictable mood swings. But am not.

“You can sleep in my room. I will freshen up.” He says once we are at his duplex. I watch his retreating figure and slump on the sofa, once he’s out of sight.

I remove my stilettos and lay down for a while. I sit up again and decide to snoop around cause am sure I will never get another opportunity to be in any of Quinn’s place.

I start by walking towards the room Quinn earlier disappeared to and came back with the b***** agreement. The door creaks as it opens. I expect to be met by

a dungeon or a s** room. But am surprised it is a study room. With a large oak table and a easy chair. However the many bookshelves sprouting from the wall, fascinate me more. How many books does he own? Does he read them all? One side of the wall has academic books such as literature, law, finance. The other is just novels.

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This time I have more self control. I don't get tempted to go through the novel section. I move to his desk. The computer is switched off. There are countless files on the desk. I sit down and start going through each one of them. None of them have what I want until; I spot one printed on top, Accounts.

I open it and my heart leaps with victory. It has information for some of the Clients in his father's Audit firm.

I feel like rubbing my hands together and giving an evil laugh like those villains in superheroes shows. The file has just enough recipe to shake the Nickels' Audit empire.

I take my phone and take quick photos. Just when am about to place it back, Quinn's voice freezes me.

"What are you doing in here?" He barks.

I stutter, "I... I... "

"What part of don't touch my stuff don't you understand?" He seethes.

I compose myself and plaster a seductive smile. I place my index finger into my mouth and start biting it, "I have always had a fantasy of being taken on a desk, I push the files and they s***ter on the floor. Am relieved when the Accounts file mixes with the rest.

He sigh with annoyance, "Am not having s** with you."

Am a bit hurt with his rejection.

He notices my hurt, "Because if I do, then all this night would have been for nothing. " I make a face of not understanding. He expounds further, "Tonight was a night of breaking the rules and one of those rules is we do what we don't

normally do and that includes not having s**.” He explain like a 101 course for dummies.

I nod with understanding though disappointed am not getting any. And also pleased Quinn honored each rule. He might have been withholding in talking about himself but at least I got to see a different side of him.

“Let’s get some sleep.” He yawns.

“Are cuddles and sp***ing part of the breaking rules thing?”

His mood has improved. He smiles. “Only if you are a good girl and take a bath.”

Am embarra**ed, do I smell? but still smile looking forward to the night.

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It’s drizzling as Quinn stops outside my apartment building. I watch a drop stream down the windshield.

I prepare myself to welcome him inside but he is quick to speak, “You should get going.” His eyes are set on three guys that are walking towards his car.

The trip from his penthouse he spend most of it on his phone. I remember he ended the call a**uring the caller he will be there. Now seeing the muscular and tattooed guys striding towards us I connect the dots and conclude, Quinn was talking to one of them.

He moves and reaches for the shotgun door and opens it ushering me outside. I step out and the rain mercilessly pounds on me.

“Just go, please.” Quinn begs as his eyes hold a queer emotion.

The fact he said please is enough to for me to know there’s more to this. I take some steps forward before turning to give Quinn a last glance. The three guy are already boarding his Lamborghini, but not before the one at the shotgun shoots me a long glare. He has dreadlocks and an eyebrow ring. I shudder at his scary eyes. Quinn what are you involved in?

I almost jump in relief when I open the door and hear the TV talking. Oliver is home. However as I get closer I realise the intruder isn't my brother when the Game of Thrones soundtrack comes through. I know one person who is a die hard fan of GOT.

"Andre!" I sigh his name.

He swivels his head to meet my eyes. I drop my bag on the floor and walk to my bedroom to find dry clothes.

Minutes later am back and I fall onto Andre's open arms and nuzzle closer.

"There! There!" Andre pats my back.

"Quinn is such jerk!" I groan under him.

"Tell me something I don't know." He pauses his show. "He is the mayor of jerk town." He adds.

I exhale and pinch the tip of my nose frustrated. We had a great night only Quinn to ruin it this morning.

"So I guess this time you are totally over with him?" Andre questions.

"Totally." I sigh.

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"That's what you said four years ago. Could it be that neither of you want to admit you have feelings for each other."

Ugh! "We have s**ual chemistry. Like I would fall for Quinn." I huff.

"Then why have been holding back to avenge what his family did to your father?"

"I haven't, I just lacked tangible evidence to attack them."

"Fair enough. But, knowing you if you wanted to strike, you would have found a way."

I hate to admit he's right.

“I also wanted to graduate first cause I thought by now Quinn would have been head over heels for me.” I say and we both laugh.

“He has no heart. You should know by now.” Andre concurs.

I relax and smile, “Sorry about yesterday.” I whisper.

I can’t believe it was just yesterday Quinn beat up Mr. Marcelo. It feels like it was a week ago. I wonder what happened to him, Quinn said he will take care of it.

“Don’t be. What do we have so far?” Andre moves and I shift to fit in his arms which he snakes them round my body.

I pick my bag and retrieve my phone and a photo. I show Andre the accounts photos I took, which in turn he shares to his phone, with assurance that the Nickel will not know what bite them. Lastly I show him a photo I know Quinn will kill me if he found out I stole it. It is the picture with Quinn and Misha, I secretly took it this morning.

“I knew this girl.” Andre says with surprise. “I can’t believe he had a thing with her. If this was to surface to public it will be a big scandal.”

My interest is triple peaked, “How do you know her?”

“She worked at the Nickel Manor as a maid. I remember her cause I had the biggest crush on her as she served us brunch whenever I visited with my parents.”

“Was she beautiful?” I ask an obvious question.

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“Very. She was a bit older but I would totally do her.” Andre nods. He carries forth, “And then some months later I stopped seeing her.” The says slowly.

Quinn dated his maid? Wow!

I sink deeper into Andre’s embrace. He resumes playing his show. And my mind wanders back to Quinn. We had a great night but in the morning he was a different person.

I

don't remember falling asleep, I stir to find an almost fist fight in my living room.

"Get the f*** out of here." Andre hisses at Ryan.

I sit up and rub my eyes.

"Cara tell this monkey to piss off." Ryan drags me into their fight.

I raise my hands to shush them. "What the hell is going on?" I ask confused.

"You didn't come to school yesterday and today. I called and left endless voicemail but you didn't answer so I had to make sure you are okay." Ryan explain.

My heart flatters when he expresses his worry.

"See she's okay, so just leave." Andre snaps at him.

"I will leave if Cara asks me to." Ryan says and stares back at me.

"I will see you tomorrow Cara." Andre hugs me. "When am done with that thing." He coughs. "I will call you."

He picks his coat and car keys and leaves.

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"You shouldn't hang around guys like him." Ryan warns.

"Just because his family is your business rival that shouldn't make him a bad guy." I say.

"He's still a tool and has no moral compa** on him." Ryan moves to stand few steps from me.

"Anyway I wanted to invite you to a gig I will be deejaying." Ryan says.

I just don't want to lead him on, especially when I now know his mother knew my mom.

“I can’t. I had a long night.” I stretch and hope he catches on.

His shoulders hung low, “Are you seeing someone else?” He asks in a hush tone.

“I was but not anymore.” I admit.

“Do I know the guy?”

Your best friend.

“Not exactly.”

I glad when there’s a knock on my door. I jump up fast almost tripping on my face. Ryan is quite persistence.

I swing the door open with a lot of force.

“Roxanna!” I call out in surprise.

She breaks down in tears, “You were right Chad is a killer.”

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I allow her in, putting my arms around her for support.

“What happened?” I ask and guide her to sit down.

“I caught him cheating on me with Marya, on my bed in my Condo.” She sniffs.

“That snake!” I spit.

Ryan leans on the wall like a statue as everything unfolds before him.

“I will get you some water.” I offer.

“Let me do it.” Ryan offer to a**ist. I point to him where the kitchen is.

I settle beside Roxana and pull her closer.

“My own best friend betrayed me.” She says absentmindedly.

My eyes travel to where she's clutching her arm. I push her fingers away. She is hurt, there's dry blood on it. I then realized her face also has hand prints.

"Oh my God! He physically a**aulted you." I say anger building inside me.

She weeps more and I push a box of tissue towards her.

"We got into an ugly argument after and he beat me up like I wasn't a person. I still can feel his blows on my body." She lifts her legs to her chest. I have never seen Roxana this broken. "He told me he will kill me like he did with his foster father who used to 'touch' his little sister." She sniffs.

I tenderly brush her back.

"Am scared Cara." She cries more.

Ryan is back, "We should go back there and get that a**hole arrested." He says in distaste.

"No!" Roxana answers abrupt.

"It's okay. You are safe now." I a**ure her and look up at Ryan. He places the gla** of water on the table.

He clears his throat. We both looks at him. He gets nervous as he tries to scratch the back of his head.

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"Am sorry, I really am." He says to Roxanna. His eyes find mine, "I guess it will be just me who will be going to that gig." He speaks fast and awkwardly. "I totally understand you can't come with me cause your friend needs you." He rubs his hands together.

"Probably another day Ryan." I speak.

"I want to go to that gig." Roxana says.

We both stare at her in disbelief. She looks horrible and unstable.

“It isn’t a good idea. You need to be calm first before we sent that jerk to jail. Partying shouldn’t be a priority now.” I try to reason with her.

“I need anything that can make me forget what I have gone through.” She insists.

“This is not a good idea.” I remind her.

“You told me that about Chad I didn’t listen now look where it got me.”

“I didn’t know it would lead to this.” I say.

“You know what? Let’s go to that party. Screw men!” She says.

“Okay.” I agree. Anything to take her mind off.

“Are you sure?” Ryan asks.

I nod and drag Roxana with me to put on our party attires.

The gig is three towns away. It starts at eight in the evening, at least that is when a majority of people arrive. It is a birthday party for some politician son.

Ryan is busy on the deck, spinning and playing everyone’s request. He has played Perfect by Ed Sheeran twice as a dedication to me.

Roxana is drowning herself in booze. “I love him so much. I pushed him to hit me.” She slurs takes another sip from the red cup.

“I should text him and apologize.” She takes her phone. Am quick to grab it from her grasp.

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“He’s a monster. He did this to you.” I remind her.

I almost break into tears when I see the emptiness in her eyes. Chad broke her in an unimaginable way.

She breaks down again in uncontrollable painful tears. I think of a way to console her. I pull her to her feet when Ryan puts another club banger. We squeeze ourselves through the sweaty bodies swaying our bodies to the beats as the music silence our demons.

Roxanna clutches on my shoulders and we scream as we dance. Seems like my plan worked. She is dancing her youth away like the word problem is yet to be discovered.

“I should find my rebound here.” Roxana shouts at me.

I shout back, “No, we are here for fun, ‘screw men’ remember?”

Just then I spot Courtney, Jermaine and Lee walk in. She looks superb in her white denim shorts and a pink chiffon top. I look around to see if Quinn is am*** them. Am relieved when he isn't.

Lee and Courtney move to sit somewhere near the swimming pool. Jermaine disappears into the crowd. I hope Courtney doesn't see us.

“Don't go anywhere.” I order Roxanna. “I will be back.”

I navigate the big house to find the bathroom. Am too pressed and a bit tipsy from the Alcohol.

I finally find one on the first floor. It is filled with scantily dressed girl, am no exception. They are busy with make ups. I stumble into an empty stall. Minutes later I find myself walking back to find Roxana until someone blocks my way.

“Hey! I remember you.” I look up to find Jermaine's hazel eyes on me. “You are Ryan's new girlfriend. You should come sit with us.” He says and starts to lead me where Courtney and Lee are seated.

I try to talk but the music is too loud to even hear me.

My eyes circle the area, Roxanna isn't where I left her.

“My friend is missing.” I shout at him and he stops.

“She somewhere having the time of her life.” He replies.

“You don’t understand.”

“Okay, if I help find her you will join us in a truth or dare game?” Jermaine asks.

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“Sure.” I say sarcastically and start walking calling out Roxanna’s name.

I hear Jermaine footsteps behind me. “What was she wearing?”

“I didn’t agree to join your little group.” I say to him.

“Am just helping, you don’t have to.”

We search everywhere for her, am panicking. She was drunk and not in her senses. We decide to go inside the house. There are fewer people who are making out. All worst case scenarios are running through my head.

What if she has gone back to confront Chad. She did suggest we go break his motorcycle.

I stop when I hear her familiar laughter. It is emanating from one of the rooms. I rush towards it and burst the door open. She is half naked kissing a stranger.

She sees me and laughs, “Let’s have a t*****.” she slurs. The stranger laughs with her. “Or an o***.” She adds after seeing Jermaine.

“Is that your friend?” Jermaine asks.

I nod.

“She’s crazy and a wild thing.” He comments.

“The fun is over.” I say taking her by her hand. She adjusts her dress to hide her n*****.

The stranger groans but falls back to bed.

Jermaine scoops her in his arms and I follow him back to where his friends are. He lays her on a hammock.

Lee and Courtney are now seated in a circle with another bunch of people. Courtney casts me a quick look and mutters, "This is going to be interesting. Cara you should sit beside me."

I really don't want to play this childish game but I sit anyway.

"I will start." Courtney offers.

Her eyes are on me, her lips plucked. "Cara, Truth or Dare?"