

His booty call By Ivy brown Chapter 3

The road to hell is paved with back arching toe-curling o****s and devilish looks that silently whisper “baby please”.

‘baby please,’ Is the look Quinn gives me.

Yeah, am weak as frail twig. I gave in to his I need you text, and here I am.

His head is tilted, staring at me through his long thick lashes and trying to feign a baby face. Which is a ma**ive fail, because he is Quinn. His features are rough. His perfect chisel face is purple, bruises print his face. Probably he was in a fight. It is not in my place to ask or care. That is the kind of our relationship.

His faces inches forward, his cold lips brush mine. My body trembles at the simple act.

I feel him smoothen the fabric of my red dress. “I like the one you wore earlier.” He whispers.

“Please,” Am surprised I can form any coherent word.

His lips slightly brush mine in a teasing manner. My body aches and my fingers itch to grab him and have my way with him, and end his little torture game.

He moves from my lips to my cheek and then onto my neck and earlobes. Both licking and kissing at the same time. My body goes freaking wild. He grabs my hands, lays me down on the bed and puts my arms above my head, and slowly runs his hands down my arms; kissing me all the way down to my belly b***on.

“Please...” I beg. My voice is croaked laced with nothing but frustrated desire and want.

He stops and stands between my legs. His hands slowly removes my dress. He runs his tongue over his lower lip and I involuntarily bite mine.

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“Stop!” It’s a command. “Haven’t I taught you better.” It is more of a statement than a question.

Before my mind can function and answer he kisses around the n****s first on either side, then look up at me as he finally lick my n****s. I let out a groan and arch my back. If he doesn't stop am going to come.

Gently, he bites one n**** with the lightest of bites and twiddles the other one, giving me double the pleasure. My legs automatically wrap around him. Pushing him closer to me. I can't wait anymore. As soon as he is close enough, my hands start fiddling with his belt. He hates not being in control. It is a risk I have to take.

His hands tighten around mine. Am afraid to look at his face. And when I do, I regret it. He is pissed. Very pissed. I can only see the forced movement of his clenched jaw.

Suddenly, he picks me up and bends me over.

“Let me school you again.” He says, before he spans me.

Instead am turned on more.

“Am in charge. I take control.” He spans me again. Before now turning me over to lay on my back.

Quinn loves to be dominant, to be the one to offer the pleasure. He is more of take the lead kind of man. Sometimes I like to think it runs in his family or there is more to why he never wants to feel powerless. Letting for a second to him, is like giving one a sharp knife.

My purpose is just to be lavished. He hates to be touched, caressed or even pleased. And having to just lay there and do nothing, it gets old and boring.

Maybe someday he will break those walls and let me in. For now, one step at a time. Baby steps.

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A surprise moan escapes me when I feel him thrust inside me. I didn't even realise he had undress. The feeling is so raw and wild. I can never get used to it. Quinn is the only man I have been with my entire life. I doubt their is anything that can compare to him.

He nuzzles his head into my neck, cooing into my ear, “You like that, huh?”

I arch my back further. He is more motivated. The pounding is like a symphony to my ears. Each and every movement producing a different key. We unleash our hunger on each other.

Am breathless, the pleasure is too overwhelming. And what am about to do, I doubt Quinn will be so forgiving. “R–Ro...Rosso.” I struggle to speak.

Quinn stops immediately. He looks down at me his face with naked concern. “Are you hurt?” He asks.

Rosso, is our pa**word for one to stop if something is not right. It means red in Latin. He is obsessed with Red.

I have come a long way to stop now so I might as well try, “No. But I need an answer. Otherwise none of us is going to come. Why do you want to end this?” I finally ask.

His eyes turn a couple of shades darker. He stays silent and I feel myself shrink into my imaginary coc***. This is the day I die.

“Are you trying to blackmail me by withholding me from coming?” His voice is rough.

I inhale deeply. It sounds ugly coming from his mouth. But that is what am doing. I nod.

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“Cat held your tongue?” He is straining to stay composed. A vein is running down on his forehead. Probably, s**ually frustrated.

“Yes.” I say.

He huffs and pulls away from me. I watch as he moves to stand beside me. I know he can’t hurt me but am scared. You can never know what a s**ually frustrated man can do.

He still has a hard on. Despite everything, I shiver and get more wetter.

I gasp when his hand starts to work on his length. The entire time he makes sure not to break our eye contact. His speed accelerates, but his face still remains static. Even when he comes there is no emotion of pleasure on his eyes.

He wipes himself and picks up his clothes.

“Next time try harder.” He says once fully dressed. “And never try to blackmail me again.” He adds.

Am at a loss of words even as I watch him put his shoes on.

He stops mid air as he tries to open the door. He looks back at me. Am still naked lying on the four poster bed. He has this look, and it looks odd on his face. A look of guilt. He shakes his head before opening the door and slamming it. I listen as his footsteps disappear down the hotel’s hallway.

This going to be hard than I imagined. Making Quinn fall for me.

