

His booty call By Ivy brown Chapter 31

At least twenty pair of eyes are on me. I run my tongue over my dry lips and clear my throat. That is enough for me to get out a spluttered, "Truth."

Courtney snorts besides me, "Coward." She mutters.

I hate her.

Her eyes t***le with a mix of vengeance and hate once they find mine. She sticks her tongue out, "Are you a s***?"

Gasps erupts from some of the people. There gazes on me with intent interest. It takes my brain a moment to register her question. She looks least bothered by her insulting question. Her lips are drawn into a content smug. I frown at her, feeling my eyes fill up in tears. I hate getting drunk, it makes me an emotional wuss.

I miss Quinn and his annoying habit of acting as my spokesman. If he was here, he would answer on my behalf.

"Courtney..." Jermaine calls out her name as a warning.

She remains unmoved until she finally gives me a victorious smile. Having had enough of her insult, I spring to my feet set to get away from this mean crowd. I take few strides until I remember I was with Roxanna. Embarra**ed for not having my dramatic walk away, I stride back to Roxanna. Murmurs and whispers go round the circle, probably gossiping about the strange girl.

Roxanna opposes when I try to get her to her feet. However, I finally manage to help her stand. "Chad." She says, a whiff of alcohol and vomit fans my face. "I love you." She says and lays her head on the crook of my shoulder. Minutes later she starts snoring.

Just Great.

I slowly stagger with her until we are at the front of the house. There are fewer people here and countless cars parked and a chopper. How are we going to get home? I remember why I hate parties, even though this is my second party since I joined college. Ryan is still the DJ. I decide to call my brother. The call goes straight to voicemail. This is so unlike him. He has been unreachable for two days. I make a mental note, first thing tomorrow I check on him at his apartment.

I sit beside Roxanna on the gra**, she is soundly asleep. I remove a strand of hair from her face. The make hide her bruises perfectly. I wish it could do the same for her heart.

“There you are.” A voice comes behind us. I turn to see Ryan walking towards us. The moonlight is illuminating his face. He looks like a god.

“Lee told me what happened.” He says once on my position. He settles beside me. He removes his coat and lays on top on Roxanna. I wish Quinn was sweet as Ryan.

“Courtney just hates me.” I say.

“Which is odd, She can be stuck up but never has time to hate anyone unless she deems the other person a threat.” Ryan says.

ADVERTISEMENT

“Which am not. Look at me, what threat can I pose to Courtney?” I innocently ask though I have a clue why.

He gives me a look full of desire, his eyes taking a quick sweep down my body, “You are a threat to all women.” His voice is low and husky.

He always knows how to flatter me and I find such people dangerous. They come too close to my guarded heart.

I take a sharp intake of breath and blow out a sigh. I fight a blush when his green eyes find mine. The glitter at night.

His hand move, I flinch unconsciously and he pauses his purpose. He drops it to his thigh. He lets out a wry smile, “You are beautiful, you know?” It is neither a statement nor a question.

Unable to know how to respond, I smile.

Roxanna stirs in her sleep and rolls over. I stifle a smile and Ryan does the same. Once we stop, an awkward silence stretches between us.

Ryan speaks nervously, “I like you, a lot.”

That’s why I like him. He’s not complex like Quinn. He’s simple and direct.

I ask, “Why are you interested in me?”

He shuts his eyes and opens them. “You bring out a different side of myself. With you, am funny, confident and a risk taker.”

He is too sweet to lead him on. I open my mouth, “I... ”

He cuts me short, “I know how you will respond, I just hope someday you will feel how I feel about you.”

Am speechless. He’s too perfect.

“Let’s go. We have five hours on the road.” He suggests.

ADVERTISEMENT

He’s hurt and his face masks unfamiliar and scary expression.

The next morning I am woken up by the loud pounding on my door. Roxanna groans and pulls the duvet to cover her face.

I pull a pair of sweats and one of my dirty tank tops. I run my fingers through my hair and start walking towards the door. The pounding never stops.

“Coming!” I shout.

I whatever it is, it is worth my sleep. I unlock the door and swing it open.

“My God!” I say to my disheveled brother. He is covered in soot.

His eyes are focused outside, I peep to see what has his interest. It is the tattooed dreadlocks’ guy, Quinn picked yesterday. He glares at us before he disappears down the hall.

“Do you know that guy?” He asks.

Am confused. With him looking all dirty, homeless and the scary dreadlocks guy.

I shake my head, “I saw him with Quinn.”

“I told you that he will bring trouble to your doorstep.” Oliver reminds me.

“What happened to you?” I ask in attempt to breach the subject. Though still worried the trouble Quinn is involved in.

“The mechanic shop burned down to ashes.”

He moves to sit on the couch, I wrinkle my nose and hold back a snarl when he stains it with the soot on his clothes.

ADVERTISEMENT

“I have not been able to reach you in two days.” I snap at him.

“Nimo and I took a spontaneous trip.”

“She didn’t break up with you?” My voice is a bit raised.

“Why?” He innocently asks. “Am even thinking of proposing to her.”

What?

I think am going to have a heart attack.

“You are only eighteen.”

“Almost nineteen.” He replies.

I place my palm against my forehead. Am almost running mad. I can’t let my brother marry that gold-digging b****.

I sigh and sit beside him. He switches on the TV and starts watching SpongeBob.

“I guess now I have to find another job to keep up with Nimo’s high maintenance.” He whispers.

He loved that Mechanic shop, he has worked there since he was sixteen.

“What was the cause of the fire?” I ask.

He swallows a lump and his eyes stay glued to the television. “I don’t know.” He mutters. I immediately know he is lying. The Oliver seated beside me, has changed and I have no idea who is anymore.

His booty call By Ivy brown Chapter 32

Oliver leaves before Roxanna wakes up. Am pretty glad cause I know Roxanna will have questions like, ‘I thought your brother was in Europe?’

Other than the awful hangover, she looks better compared to yesterday. Talking about Chad only harms her. She hides her fear but it very visible.

“Don’t judge, we both know am good at other stuff.” She says and places a plate of pancakes on the table

“Other than cooking... ” I concur.

“And cleaning.” She adds.

“Pretty much everything that would discredit you as a woman if you lived in the 50’s.” I say.

“Thank God for civilisation.” She sits beside me. “What are we watching?” She asks.

We both say in unison, “Anything that is Chuck Lorre.”

I take a bite of the pancake, my gag reflex goes on activate mode and I spit it back.

“I will just have a toast.” I suggest.

ADVERTISEMENT

“When will Ryan be here?” Roxanna enquires.

I stand and pick the plate with pancakes. “In the next two hours.”

He told us that he will pick us up today for a weekend getaway. I was looking forward to spend the weekend curled up on my couch, reading the Great Gatsby which Quinn brought for me. However, Roxanna needs it more.

“He’s cute. Are you two a thing?”

“Nope.” I start waking towards the kitchen.

“Why? You are almost graduating and you haven’t even had a boyfriend, that is what College is all about.”

“I thought it was about studies.”

She rolls her eyes, “You know what I mean. You are going to graduate a virgin. Have you even be kissed?” She asks.

Yeah, everywhere. I smile as I think of Quinn.

ADVERTISEMENT

“Oh my god, there’s someone!” She slaps my arm,” Someone has dirty underwears. Who is he?”

Am dying to tell her about Quinn but we are already over so there’s nothing to tell.

“I don’t kiss and tell.” I says to her.

She pouts but gives up, “I will find out, sooner.”

Ryan arrives at exactly two in the afternoon. He’s wearing shorts for a change. He has great legs with the right edges. Am also wearing shorts with a plain white T-shirt that Roxanna tore at the hem. It hungs just above my belly b***on. She good at designing.

“You look gorgeous.” He compliments as I tie my converse.

“You look good too.” I say and pick The Great Gatsby and slip it into my bag. I might as well read during the trip.

“You like reading too?” He asks surprised.

ADVERTISEMENT

“Don’t you?”

“No, but Quinn does. His bedroom looks like a library.”

“I know.” My tongue slips and I immediately regret.

He furrows his brows together, “Have you been to his bedroom?” His tone is edgy.

I rapidly say, “No, I was just imagining how it looks...” That doesn’t help.

However he let’s out a discontent, “Oh.”

“Sorry for keeping you waiting.” Roxanna joins us. Am forced to take a double look. She has cut her hair until it forms a Bob round her face. Chad did her a number.

“What have you done?” I rush to her.

“Am starting a new

His booty call By Ivy brown Chapter 33

. A brand new me.” She starts to walk towards the door.

“You know she needs help.” Ryan whispers.

As we near Ryan’s SUV I spot Lee at the shotgun. If Courtney is with them am not going anywhere.

“Is Courtney joining us too?” I tip my head at Lee.

“No, it is just Lee and Quinn.”

Quinn?

This worse than enduring a car ride with Courtney.

Ryan opens the door revealing Quinn who Is seated at the furthest corner. His eyes closed and earphones plugged to his ears.

“I want to sit by the window.” Roxanna says. I get in, am seated between her and Quinn. He doesn’t even move or open his eyes.

I whisper a hi to him which he doesn't respond. I roll my eyes and remove The Great Gatsby Book.

ADVERTISEMENT

Roxanna pinches my arm, and whispers to my ear, "You are seated next to Quinn, smell him." she squeaks.

"Am not deaf." Quinn responds.

Roxanna slaps her mouth embarra**ed.

"I hope everyone has their seatbelts on." Ryan says as he starts the car.

"You girls may need this." Lee pa**es a bag of chips to us.

I start to read my novel, Roxanna logs into her instagram. She has quite the followers. Am almost finishing the first page when Quinn speaks. "He dies." He utters.

I turn to him angry for spoiling the book for me. His eyes are still shut. I grab the earphones from him and put one in my ear. There is no music. He was just pretending.

He smirks at me. "Not everyone is excited to be here." He says.

"You should, tomorrow is your big day." Ryan tells him.

ADVERTISEMENT

What is that suppose to mean?

He sighs bored and puts his earphones back. Unable to continue with my book i close it and take out my phone and log in to wattpad.

I don't know when i fell asleep but i wake up just as Ryan's announces we have reached our destination. I open my eyes and realise i have been laying my head on Quinn's shoulders.

I look up at him, he is staring down at me. I wait for him to say something nasty but it never comes.

He smirks at me, “You drooled on my shirt.” He comments.

I wipe my mouth embarrassed and true to his word, there’s a wet spot where my head was.

I then realise my vicinity as Ryan slows down. We are at a ranch, massive acres of land spread before us, all planted with wheat. What angers me is when i read Nickle Ranch at the entrance.

“I thought you said we were going on a road trip?” I try to be calm.

ADVERTISEMENT

“Would come if i told you where we were going?” He asks.

Am quick to respond, “No!”

“No one who is forcing you to be here, You can go back.” Quinn says beside me.

“I needed you to be here with me, sorry i lied.” Ryan apologizes.

Roxanna pouts, “It won’t be that bad, just two days what can go wrong?”

A lot! I imagine as i steal a quick glance at Quinn.

“Why are we here?” I turn to Ryan.

“On Sunday there’s this major 4by4 charity event that involves dirt racing and also...” Ryan replies.

“....Tomorrow is my engagement party.” Quinn cuts in.

His booty call By Ivy brown Chapter 34

What?

He never waits to see my reaction. The moment the car halts, he's out. Roxanna does the same. I stay seated and rooted. Shocked and sad.

"I remember where I met you." Lee's hisses at me.

I look around and realise we are the only ones in the car. Ryan is removing the bags from the boot.

"I said I remember where I saw you." Lee repeats when I don't acknowledge him. My mind is still preoccupied with Quinn's announcement to care what he has to say.

"The chix x*x club." He says with a smug and that is when he captures my attention. All of it. He smirks when he sees the raw surprise on my face. Like someone who has conquered several kingdoms he alights victorious. How did he find out? Am always extra careful not leave any loopholes.

My hands fly to my chest when Ryan knocks on the car's window and asks if am okay. Am still mad at him for bringing us here. I get out and follow him.

"Quinn..." His little brother Mets us at the porch. He launches at him and Quinn holds the little boy who is over the top happy to see him.

"What took you long? You promised to take me horse back riding." He looks up at him. Quinn opens his mouth to answer but the tapping sound of Courtney's heels stops him.

"Theo! Have you finished practicing piano?" Courtney hisses at the little boy who clutches onto Quinn's arm.

"My fingers hurt." He cries.

She huffs, "Sweetie, we can't be perfect if we are afraid of getting hurt." She glares at him.

Quinn sighs before talking, "Just go tell John to prepare one of the horses am coming to take you riding." He squats to Theo's height.

The boy dashes back to the house all happy. Courtney is clearly not pleased with Quinn undercutting her authority. "You do realise the engagement party is just

hours away. He hasn't even learned half of the songs I want played." She half shouts at Quinn.

He remains calm and that is when Courtney sees us. Her eyes wander past me and back again to me. Like a bull ready to charge, her eyes turn dark and her nose flares up.

"What is she doing here?" The anger in her tone is sharp.

"She's my guest." Ryan, a few meters away from me, answers and looks at me. I avert my eyes from him.

Quinn walks past her into the mansion. Then follows Lee and Ryan with the bags.

Courtney walks towards me. And stands head to head with me.

"I hope you brought enough tissues to watch what you can't have been taken away from you."

I snort. I will not give her the satisfaction of always insulting me.

"I came with enough popcorns to laugh at the show." I look into her intimidating eyes.

Her eyes go wide and she twists her mouth in disgust, "Cross my path b**** and you won't like what befalls you."

I humourlessly huff. "My claws are sharpen, so bring it on. b****!"

She blinks twice clearly taken back that I had the audacity to tackle her. She expected I would recoil in fear. Am just sick of her. She is the one getting engaged I should be the least of her problems. She sizes Roxanna, with her head high she marches back to the mansion.

"What is her problem with you? One would say she's threatened by you." Roxanna says.

My eyes circle our vicinity to calm myself down. The plantation and the rural setting it offers silence and a fresh breath of air. Quite an odd place to host an big engagement party. Especially for two powerful families.

"Let's get in." I tell her.

It has been over an hour since our arrival. A maid received us and took us to the bedrooms. The rooms are vast with an old interior design. I look down from the window. Other than Quinn the rest are at the swimming pool, Roxanna included. Jermaine has also joined the group.

After texting Andre of my whereabouts, I decide to get acquainted with the house. The halls host many doors which I keep getting lost. When am about to turn to a different hall. The sound of the music from one of the rooms stops me. I take few steps to the source and slowly push the door. The music gets louder. I have never heard something so beautiful. I can feel the symphony in my veins. I close my eyes and let the music carry me.

“You shouldn’t be here.” The small soprano voice ends my magical world.

I open my eyes and I am met with Theo’s. They are grey, different from Quinn’s.

“That was beautiful. You really are good.”

“You are a distraction. You should leave.” He answers and am reminded of how Quinn answers simple questions. I smile in nostalgia.

I move to his position. He flinches.

ADVERTISEMENT

“I thought Quinn took you for horse riding.” I say.

“He was to but he had business to take care of with father.” His face contour into sadness.

“I can take you, if you want.” I offer.

“Really?” His face lights up.

I nod. But, all over sudden he’s sad again. “Girls can’t ride horses.”

“This girl can.” I smile at him.

I sit beside him on the bench. He moves away from me.

He looks down at his bruised fingers, “I can’t, Courtney will be angry with me and I promised Quinn to obey her.”

I press a random key and he laughs. I repeat it again and laughs harder.

“Are you laughing at my lack of skills?” I tease him.

“mmmh...” He nods.

“Do you love playing piano?” I ask him.

“No. Am just good at it.” He looks away.

“Theo!” We both turn to Quinn who walks in. Once he sees me he goes silent.

He clears his throat confused, “John has prepared a horse, I will meet you at the stable.” He mutters.

Theo rushes past us in joy. The air becomes thick with tension. He stand torn between what to do. He moves and locks the door. I watch him walk towards me. My heart palpitating fast. My finger run over the piano nervously in an attempt to stay calm.

“You shouldn’t have come here.” He speaks.

That makes two of us.

“I had no idea. If I did I would not be here.”

“Your presence only complicates everything.” He whispers.

I stand and move to his position. “Why?” My hand move to his cheek and it rest there.

He shakes his head and removes it. “You don’t get it. Do you?” He sighs.

I shake my head and start to walk away. No sooner do I take the first step than I feel his arm snake round my waist and he spins me to face him. I can smell his scent, smells of leather and horse. A second doesn’t pa** before I feel his soft lips crash on mine. They taste of whisky. He pulls my lower lip between his teeth and my knees go weak. I cling onto him. Kissing him with all my might like it is the last kiss.

His tongue goes deep and rough. Am sure my lips will bruise when he nips at it but I don't care. Am hyperventilated, thirsty and he is my river of life. I want to drink from it. Drown in it.

“Quinn.” A moan escapes from the back of my throat. His hands cruise into my hair and waves of tremors travel all over my body. Each stronger than the previous.

Just when my body is starting to heat up, he pushes me away and I stumble back embarra**ed.

“Am sorry.” He mumbles at me. That's new. His lips look fuller and his eyes hooded in lust.

I look down at my Jimmy Choo sandals.

“I should go.” He nervously points at the door. He adjust his jeans that look tighter at the crotch to hide his hard on.

I wait a few minutes after he has left before I do the same too.

“There you are.” I turn around to see Roxanna, she's dressed in a simple black dress. “What were you doing there?” She lifts her brows. “Was that Quinn i saw?”

I get confused at her million questions.

Her lips tug up in a smile and shakes her head, “Oh, Courtney and the rest we are going for shopping and facials you should come.”

I shake my head, “You know she hates me.” I remind her.

“She's the one that insisted i ask you. She really wants you there.”

“Really?” I sceptically raise my brows. I know this is not out of goodwill and am quite sure Courtney has something evil planned for me.

ADVERTISEMENT

I contemplate between being left behind and running into Quinn or his parents and joining them and having Courtney being all mean to me. I choose the later. If she attempts anything funny then may the bad b**** win. She already won with Quinn, I won't let her win in humiliating me.

Chapte 32

Am glad when the short trip to the small town centre comes to an end. Courtney kept on talking about Quinn and the engagement. I don't know if she was just rubbing it on my face or she was just simply happy.

It is an old town with dusty paths. I dig my hand deeper into my jacket and shut my eyes for a moment when the wind blows my hair. I open them and look around and realise the natives are staring at us with questionable looks.

“Pfft! Haven't this people seen a Porsche before or a pretty girl?” Courtney flips her rainbow coloured hair.

The small town defines what the gap between the rich and the poor is. On our way I saw acres of lands which the rich owned and then there's the other side of the coin that looked more like the projects. Houses crammed to one another.

“Let's keep up with time before night falls.” Lee warns and casts me a sideways glance. I have been meaning to ask him to keep his finding a secret.

Courtney leads the way she seems to know her way. I wonder how many times Quinn has brought her here. I slow down to keep up with Lee who is texting on his phone.

I breath in before I speak, “Uh—about earlier...” I try to find the correct words.

“Your secret is safe with me if that is what you want to confirm.” He looks me over his phone.

I sigh in relief.

“As long as someday you will tell me who the mysterious Cara is.” He is quick to cut my relief short.

Am about to answer when Jermaine swings his arm round my shoulder.

“What are we whispering about?” He winks at me. I smile in return.

“I... We...” I stammer.

“Am just messing with you. Don't let him.” He points at Lee. “...Charm you, he's a smooth talker.” He slaps the back of Lee who throws him a murderous glare.

I don't know why but I do like Jermaine. He just got a way to warm into your heart.

He turns to me, "Is your friend seeing someone?" He asks me.

It takes me a while to realise he is talking about Roxanna.

"She got out of a complicated relationship recently; I don't think she is ready to dive into dating again." I answer and look at Roxanna as she tries Courtney glazes. They seem to get along pretty well and it does not settle well with me.

Jermaine heaves a disappointed sigh, "What a bummer, She's hot."

I nod in agreement as we walk inside a fancy store. Ryan catches up with us. He has been talking to his mother for a while. He tucks his phone away and leads me to the dress section. The prices give a migraine considering my current financial crisis. I have to keep up with everyone. I don't know how long I can fake it.

"Quinn gave me his card, I buy you girls anything you want, he put more emphasis on you. I don't know why."

I know.

"Maybe he finds me tacky." I shrug and pick a red dress. Courtney and Roxanna join us their arms full of clothes.

Hours later, everyone has their share of clothes. I only chose the red dress, a pair of black pumps and gold coated earrings. Ryan decides to pay for everyone. Just as am about to step out. The store alarm goes off. I stand frozen at the spot and watch two security guards approach me.

"Ma'am you need to step aside." One orders ready to frisk me.

They remove everything from my bag until they find what they are looking for. A Rolex watch. I didn't put it there. I start to panic.

"You will have to come with us." He grabs my arm.

"This must be a misunderstanding, I didn't steal it." I plead. My eyes land on Courtney who has a smug on her face.

She did this. That demon's mother!

“She didn’t steal it. I was with her the whole time.” Ryan tries to stop him.

The guard raises his eyebrows daring him to explain. “Stealing is crime.” The guard speaks when Ryan doesn’t respond.

“What are the repercussions of such a crime?” Courtney asks and rolls her bubble gum on her tongue

Please let it not be Jail. I pray.

ADVERTISEMENT

“Jail” The guard says and everything starts to fade until he speaks again. “Or pay thrice the price of the item stolen.”

“That is extortion!” Jermaine half yells.

“I will pay for it.” Ryan offers.

We go back and forth declining his offer even though I can’t afford the money. Finally as expected Ryan wears me out and pays. Courtney looks displeased with the turn of events.

As we leave, the boys promise to pick us up after our facial. They head to a local pub and we get into a parlour.

We are halfway through the face ma**age until I start to feel a burning sensation on my face. I spring up fast. Fear weaving it’s way into me. What if my face is disfigured? I go in circles trying to find any water until I find a tap and dive my head into it.

I hear sounds of laughter emanating behind me. I lift my head several pair of eyes are staring at me, laughing at my expense. Sadist!

Courtney is at the front, her mouth drawn into a content smug. I pat my face to make sure not a part has been deformed. But I will be more satisfied if I saw it on a mirror.

“That’s just a warning.” Courtney spats.

“What did you do?” I ask, my hands continuously examines my precious face for any anomalies.

“You got served.” Her eyes travel down my body. “You shouldn’t....

I don’t let her finish as I fly towards her and jump on her. My hands move straight to her hair and I pull it with all my might. She groans in pain and kicks me in the stomach and I slide back. Before I recover she bites my arm, and I dig my nails deeper into her shoulder.

“Get off me...” She shouts at the top of her lungs.

I knee her to the floor. “What did you do to my face?” I ask her.

“Get off me!” She withers beneath me like a chicken ready to be slaughtered.

More anger builds up, “What did you do?”

She spits on my face, I raise my hand to slap her only to feel my body floating in the air. I turn and find it is Ryan who lifted me.

“What is going on here?” He asks.

Courtney stands up, her hair is a mess so is her masked face. She huffs, “You will pay for this!” She points at me, turns and walks the opposite side.

“What happened to your face?” Ryan’s eyes grow bigger. “It looks burned on the right cheek.” I touch it, it is very painful.

“It will be okay by morning.” Roxanna says.

“Did you know she planned for this?” I ask surprised.

“It was just a prank, relax.” She rolls her eyes and follows Courtney’s direction.

I exhale defeated and remember her question. ‘What can go wrong in just two days?’

The first thing I do once back at the ranch is rush to my bedroom and find a mirror. There is a big red patch on my cheek. How am I going to conceal that?

The rest of the night I decide to hide myself in my room as I hear the rest talk and laugh in the dining room. I submerge myself into the my novel, Quinn might have spoiled it for me but I don't have any other to read.

After hours of intense reading, I stop and realise the house is silent. Probably everyone is asleep and am hungry.

I slip a robe over my nightdress and walk out. The house is pin drop silent. I manage to find my way into the kitchen. But the open that leads to the back of the house seduces my curiosity. I step out, under the moon.

I keep on walking until I find myself at the stables. I don't find anyone. Then who left the door open?

I decide to go horse riding since I might not get the chance again. My father taught me much about horses. I mount one easily.

We ride through the wheat plantations that swing back and forth to the direction of the wind, until we get to a barn. There's light from the inside. We ride closer to it.

After I have tied the horse to a post I decide to discover what is inside there. I should have been an archaeologist.

I push the door open, I expect it to be empty but I find Quinn. He is typing on his laptop.

"I knew sooner or later you will find your way here. A woman of curiosity." He doesn't lift his head.

His booty call By Ivy brown Chapter 35

Quinn's POV

Her sight brings relief. She's the high point of my day. I have craved her presence since we arrived.

She isn't aware but her presence is always soothing. Something I will take to my grave than admit it to her.

She stands by the open door unsure of what to do. My nerves take a spike as her strawberry scent mix in with the earthly scent that drift in from the open door, accompanied with harsh wind.

She attempts to smile to cover her blush. She looks sad but smiles to hide it too. I want to unravel what she hides but am afraid of what will come later, I tried that with Misha, look where it left me. Shattered and broken.

Am a Nickel, everything we touch crumbles. Am just a shell thanks to my father. I shake my head to clear my thoughts.

“May I come in?” Her smooth voice travels with the wind to my ears.

She is a sight to behold. Enticing.

“You aren’t supposed to be here.” I quip in. My eyes travel her hourgla** form and the robe that is standing between me and my wildest thoughts.

ADVERTISEMENT

She shuts the door, like the little rebel she is. She can drive a man to insanity. She starts to move closer to me. My c*** knows exactly when she is within my proximity. My erection always seems to seek her out.

I shut my laptop immediately, unaware i haven’t even saved the twenty page work I was typing. I stretch to ease the corded muscles in my back and sit upright.

“It is not safe for girls like you to ride at night.”

She rolls her damn eyes.

“It should be,” She bites her soft pink lips and my c*** jerks up. “The night is not safe with girls like me who just want to ride.” And lifts her leg, exposing her smooth, silk thigh to straddle me.

f***! She will be the death of me. I shouldn’t be doing this to Courtney. Am a man of my word.

Her supple body is mounted on me, her t**s on my face. The sensation of her her skin pressed on me is heaven. She is one single woman that has awakened my member in a way no other can. Maybe Courtney, Am yet to sleep with her. She’s

claims to be still pure. I can't deny that I haven't been tempted to find out. But the lack of chemistry inhibits me.

I mentally slaps myself when my thoughts stray. If only she knew the demons that hunted me, she could never look at me the same way. Misha didn't.

"We can't do this, I'm engaged." I say as I spot a red spot on her cheek. My hand gently glazes it. She winces.

ADVERTISEMENT

"In a few hours, but now you are not." Her tone is hateful and I'm left to wonder why.

"She did this to me." She answers my thought when she points at her cheek.

Courtney can be vengeful. She made that clear with me the day she found out about Cara and I.

She presses her hips on me and starts to grind. Her slim fingers start to unbuckle my jeans. I masturbate her before I change my mind. Once done she slides down between my legs in a kneeling position. Before I object she takes my shaft to her mouth.

She bats her thick lashes at me with a wicked smile. She knows I hate that. Only weak men are takers. I'm a Nickel, we give. I thrive in making a woman cum.

"Don't..." I don't get to finish my words her tongue flicks over the tip of my cum in a teasing manner, making me lose all sensibility and speech.

I'm at her mercy, defenceless. I love and hate it.

She runs her tongue up and down my dick. Marinating it for her to devour, when she puts the whole length in her mouth. She starts to suck it. The friction of her mouth roof and the soft tongue is the best combination. If this makes me a weak man, then I want to be weak forever in her sinful mouth.

ADVERTISEMENT

My balls tightened as the pleasure grows almost bringing me to the edge. Before I can cum. She stands leaving my cum cold. I don't get to talk she lightly pecks me,

shushing me. She slide from her robe. She is left in her seductive silk nightie. I wish I was it. She removes it too and she is left naked. God must be woman!

My c*** jerks up again twice longer and larger. I can never get enough of her. Her hand move from her stomach down to a core. I suppress a moan when I imagine she is going to touch herself. She doesn't.

“You like that, huh? Me touching myself.” She teases me as she positions herself to straddle me. I tentatively nod and wonder when she became this wild.

“Am too h**** for that.” Her voice is husky.

My d*** is inches away from her. I want to feel her badly. She slowly moves and sits on it. We take a moment to adjust. She starts to move, her t**s bouncing with her. They are perfectly small, her a** is what I find hot.

Her inner muscles clench around my c***, the clasp of our hips smashing. She lets out a grumbled moan. My finger dip into her hip, my desire is burning high, I take her a** into my hands and start to bounce her on my shaft. Every move leaves my c*** coated in her juices.

She is my last meal before am crucified tomorrow. I dip my head to s*** her breast. I am going to worship her every nook and cranny.

I want to feel her in every possible way. I can feel her almost climaxing as her walls come together milking me to ecstasy. She comes with a high pitched moan shouting my name. I shoot my bullets and my c*** relaxes inside her. She slumps and rests her head on the crook on my neck. And i hold her close to my heart.

