

His booty call By Ivy brown Chapter 4

Two days past with a sluggish pace that leave my skin crawling. Classes and assignments distract me from Quinn, for a while. Though the thought of him ending our agreement before I put my plan in action nags me.

"This is embarrassing but I need your help." My brother, Oliver, says from the other side of the phone.

"What is it about?" I ask curious. He never asks me for help it is the other way round.

"I will meet you in the evening at your place to explain."

"Okay." I say unsure if to be worried about the whole help thing.

"Bye C." He says his nickname for me before hanging up. A way to get me to agree to whatever he is planning.

I tap my feet impatiently, I look behind me and across. The hall is deadpan silent. I look down on my phone. Only a message from Roxana stares back. It is an emergency meeting, requesting we meet at Cole's Cafe at lunch. I curse at Quinn cause after all this years he is yet to trust me to give me his personal phone number. Now I have to stalk him like a creep to talk to him.

Few minutes later, a group of students walk out. They lazily stalk down the hall. My eyes roam around, scanning for Quinn. I spot him walk out, he has a bag draped on his shoulder. With his infamous bored look, his hands are buried deep inside his pockets.

He stalks towards the gents bathroom. I wait before making my way towards the bathroom. I know what am about to do goes beyond our agreement rules, no public interactions. I push the door. He is at the urinary and lucky me he is alone. I lock the door behind me to make sure no one gets in.

I stand by the door, just to be satisfied when he turns around and finds me there. He yelps when he turns and finds me standing there. A scowl etches across his face.

"What the hell? What are you doing in here?" He asks irritated.

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I give him a wicked smile. "Am h***." I say winking mischievously.

I move closing the distance between us. He moves to a closer sink. He washes his hands and splashes water across on his beautiful face.

"I am unsure why you are telling me this." He says.

“Cause I need you.” I use his usual words.

His eyes are wide like a saucer and his mouth wide open. Though he is quick to wear his don't care look.

My hands move to his chest. He is wearing a black T. Shirt that wraps his whole torso like a second skin.

“Don't play games with me.” He hisses.

“Am not.” A small smile plays on my lips. Quinn just gives me a serious bored look. He is so stingy with smiles.

There is small noise at the door. He glances at the door.

“Don't worry I locked it.”

I tiptoe to get to be on the same height with him. I plant a small kiss on his sealed lips. He doesn't move, which is a disappointment because I expected him to reject me. I trail kisses down to his neck; teasing him all the way, after all I have learned from the master himself. He just stands there like a statue. It is like kissing a tree.

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I stop and look at him. He is staring back, looking bored. I never give up easily. I have a mission.

“So... are you gonna kiss me now, or what?” I ask frustrated.

Am disappointed when he gives in easily. He pushes me against the wall, trapping me with his muscular body. Without any hesitation he pushes his tongue into my mouth. He starts slow, tasting and teasing. Am send over the edge. The kiss progress fast into a wild one, sending me into an overdrive. I have to remind myself. Am on a mission.

My hands work on his body, I push him slightly, he doesn't budge. Next, I push him harder. He released me from my cage without breaking the kiss. I take that as an opportunity to take back control. I abruptly end the kiss, stepping away from him. I stand few steps away. Admiring the work of my seduction skills. It is a perfect work of art. His lips are full from kissing, his eyes are hooded in a dark stare full of lust. My eyes dart to a bulge on his trousers.

I smirk at him.

He scowls.

“Payback tastes like a cold plate of pasta.” I say satisfied and turn dramatically. And start to walk away.

“You are playing with fire.” Quinn yells at me.

I turn and smile at him, “And am the fire extinguisher.” I say and lock the door.

I take few steps before a familiar voice stops me. “What were you doing there?”

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I turn to find Chad leaning casually on a metal pole. He is wearing a white wife beater with a black leather jacket, he combines this look with ripped black jeans. He always has an aura of a bad boy. One of the reasons, Roxana is crazy about him.

Two girls pa** us, they check him out and giggle.

“None of your business.” I says walking past him.

The male bathroom door open and a angry Quinn walks out. His eyes locks with mine in a warning and walks away.

“I see.” Chad says, “Aren’t we casting our net far from our reach.” He moves from the pole towards me. His mouth stretches into an evil grin. “An heir to a multi billion empire with a nobody, now that’s scandalous.”

“You have quite an imagination, Chad. Maybe you use it and stop being a gold digger.” I beckon.

“Maybe I will.” The way he says it, makes me shudder.

He gives me one last stare before leaving.

My Audi is seated on the parking lock I unlock it and get comfortable behind the wheel. I had missed it. I smile at myself victoriously, I was able to go through with step one of my plan. I now hope the book, ‘How to make him yours’ I bought on Amazon works.

Step one, take control. Tick. Now I just have to sit and wait.