

His booty call By Ivy brown Chapter 6

Cole's Café is a fifteen drive distance. All the way I listen to Hey there Delilah by plain White T's. It was my mum's favourite. And eventually grew to become mine. I was nine years old then, when the song was released. She told me the song reminded her of my father.

"Why?" I would innocently asked.

"Because a long time ago before you were born. We were poor. Very poor. But your father would remind me that one day his dream would pay the bills."

"Just like he promises Delilah that his guitar will pay the bills." I would understand.

I pull into the Café parking space. Today is on Thursday and the day is usually slow and lazy. As expected the Cafe is almost empty. Friday's and Monday's is when the students hog the tables. To discuss plans for the weekend and later discuss the events from the weekend.

Cole's Café is an eccentric shop. Not your usual yuppie coffee place. More like a bar, with Occasional barbecues.

I spot Roxana immediately, she lifts her hand and waves, as I get closer I realise she isn't alone. Her friend Marya is seated adjacent to her. I slide next to her.

"Took you long." Roxanna says.

"I was just a little busy."

"With the mystery man?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Chad texted me." She waves her phone. "So who is he?" She asks with excitement.

"No one in particular. Just a guy I met at the party." I shrug. Hoping Chad didn't tell her who this mystery guy is. The public knowing my involvement with Quinn is bad for both of us.

A young lady approaches us. She takes our order by writing them down on her pad. Then leaves.

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“Tell me more.” She presses more.

“There’s nothing to tell. We are here to talk about your emergency not me.” I try to take the attention back to her.

It works. “Okay. But I need more later.” She says In defeat.

The waitress from earlier returns with our orders. Silence falls as she places them on the table.

“Chad wants us to get back together.” She says when the waitress leaves.

“That’s great. You two looked good together.” Marya, says.

I have never liked the girl. Call it sixth sense, there’s always something about her that’s fishy. I met Roxana on the first day of College while, She’s been Roxana’s friend since highschool, and happen to go to the same university. I have kept my opinion to myself since she knows Marya better than I.

“He cheated on her, not once or twice but a couple of times.” I say, glaring at Marya.

“Am confused, he says he has changed. I can feel it.” Roxana cries.

“Maybe he has.” Marya Insists.

“Or he hasn’t. Just don’t believe everything thing he says. Before you broke up. You always said there’s some things you didn’t understand about him. Take your time and understand them now. Then make the decision. If it were up to me, I would kick his a**. But it is not up to me.” I finish saying and take a sip of my ice tea.

I find Marya’s eyes in slits, gazing upon me. Her lips her sealed in a thin line. She forces a smile as she turns to Roxana. “She’s right Roxy, but remember guys like Chad don’t come twice in a lifetime.”

I snicker and continue with my ice tea and burger. Am sure anything I say is hopeless, I already see the fear and confusion on Roxana eyes, especially after what Marya said. She loves Chad too much for her own good.

We eat our meals with just occasional chit chat. Most of it is contributed by Roxana and Marya. An hour later they leave and I choose to stay to use the Café Wi-Fi.

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Am deep into my work until voices from the entrance, capture my attention. I raise my head with little interest. Quinn is the first to spot, Courtney is besides him, their arms looped together; behind Ryan, his best friend follows, Jermaine, a tall dark handsome guy is besides him and lastly Lee is also am*** the group of friends. The five of them make up the inst**utes most elite group. In looks and bank account.

Quinn walks past my table, he doesn't cast any glance at my side. I roll my eyes and zero my attention back to my laptop. Until a shadow distracts me, I look up to find Ryan's green eyes, looking down on me, his lips dancing with a smile.

"Hi, Cara." He says, though I can see he is nervous.

"Hi, Ryan." He relaxes when I say his name.

His hand hovers on his neck in a nervous attempt to stay calm. "Wanna join us?" He asks, pointing towards his table with his friends.

My eyes flicker towards it, I lock my eyes with Quinn's. I know the look he's giving me. He doesn't want me to join them.

I flash my brightest smile to Ryan, "Sure, why not?" I answer.

Quinn is no longer looking at me, his attention is with Courtney.

"Wonderful. Let me help you with that." Ryan says, a**isting to carry my stuff.

Ryan does the honor of introducing me to his friends. Though Quinn and Courtney don't even pay attention. Jermaine says hi as he goes back to his phone. Lee, stares at me like he's trying to figure out something about me.

“You look familiar.” He finally says.

I let out a small chuckle, “Maybe around the campus.” I say, because i don’t share any cla** with Lee.

“No I mean. We have met before...”

Quinn interrupts him, “I doubt, she doesn’t have a face to remember.” His face has no hold of emotion as he says this.

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“I swear, I know her from somewhere.” Lee, insists.

“Just drop it, dude.” Quinn half shouts, he looks irate.

His outburst attract everyone’s attention on the table, am now under the scrutiny of four pair of eyes, which is incredibly intimidating.

Courtney’s bright eyes flicker to my figure as she speaks, “You two know each other?” She asks Quinn.

“Yes, we go to the same cla**, you should know that too.” Quinn replies.

It is the first time Quinn admits to the public we know each other, however insignificant. I feel like a winner, that little book is working.

She locks eyes with mine again in a chilling stare. Her smile doesn’t flatter, Her demeanor remaining pleasant with Quinn. “Weird, have never seen you in any of our cla**es.” She says.

“She’s a quiet one.” Quinn cuts in.

I know Courtney won’t have known me, after all she hangs around other rich heiresses.

“So who’s your father?” She immediately asks.

A question you get to hear more often around the campus.

Thankfully, Ryan comes to my aid. “Guys cut her some slack, you are already scaring her.”

Am glad when they turn their attention away from me. However, the few dirty looks from Courtney tells me, my life is about to get complicated.

