

His booty call By Ivy brown Chapter 7

The group orders their meal. Am a nervous wreck around them. Every single stare from them makes me shudder. It's like they can tell I don't belong here, am a fake.

"The gala is still Saturday night, right?" Jermaine turns to Quinn.

Quinn just nods.

Jermaine goes back to his phone, after a few minutes he lifts his head, with a victorious smile.

"I just secured a date to the gala with Elsie." He announces.

"Elsie with the big b***s?" Lee asks.

"Mmh." Jermaine nods.

Ryan scrunches his nose in distaste. He rarely talks.

"Up top" Lee high 5's Jermaine.

"What about you Ryan?" Courtney all over sudden asks.

When our eyes meet, I can see a mischievous glint in them.

"I plan to go with my parents." Ryan answers.

"That's sad. Why don't you ask Cara over here." She purses her lips together as she looks at me. "She looks like a sweet girl." She adds.

Someone clears their throat. I turn and find it is Quinn. His eyes are narrowed and jaws tightly clenched.

I shift uncomfortably on my seat.

"Am sure she doesn't want to go. Gala dinner isn't her type." Quinn slithers.

ADVERTISEMENT

I clearly know what he just meant. In other words he is trying to say, Ryan isn't my type. Am about to ask him what my type is when Courtney cut in. "Why do you keep talking on her behalf?"

Ryan's voice draws all the attention when he speaks, "Cara, will you be my date to the gala?"

His question makes me feel exposed, as everyone goes silent on the table. All eyes on me, expectantly. I know there's only one right answer to this. Quinn's eyes begrudgingly stares at me. I rub my palms together, under the table and clear my throat. "I would love to." I answer.

Quinn releases a sharp breath. I look at his figure, his hands are gripping on the cup roughly.

He stands up, "Let's go." He tells Courtney.

"Already?" She asks with feigned disappointment, before her eyes finding mine.

"Yes, already." He doesn't wait for her to stand, he starts to walk.

Seems like am not the only one he has no patience with.

I arrive at my apartment at seven in the evening. I got carried away with my work. After Quinn and Courtney left; Jermaine and Lee left few minutes later. Ryan lingered a bit to discuss about the gala. He too, left. I lurked at the Café to finish my assignment. I never like the pressure of the last minute work.

The light, tells me my brother is still there. Guilt floods me. I am supposed to have met him an hour ago about his distress call in the morning.

I push the door and step in. I find him laying on the couch. He's watching cartoon. Sponge Bob, to be precise. He loves that cartoon. At his age, he can't stop watching it.

"Sorry. I lost track of time." I apologetic say. I put my bag away and shoes.

"I made dinner," he says without turning to look at me.

"I'll set the table." I offer.

He doesn't respond. I walk to my small kitchen than that holds my four seater dinning table.

ADVERTISEMENT

He made curry chicken and rice. It must have cost him a lot of work. I arrange the cutleries before disappearing to my room to change my outfit.

I find Oliver already seated on the table. I plant myself opposite him.

"Thanks for the dinner." I say halfway.

He says nothing.

I proceed to ask, "You said you needed help?"

His eyes light up. They are a reflection of my mother's, gray, with a dark ring around them.

I look away.

"Don't be judgemental, but I need to borrow your apartment for the weekend."

"You are not throwing a party in my house." I try use my authoritative voice.

Instead Oliver laughs, "Am not throwing a party Mom, I just need the space to spend time with my girlfriend."

I raise my eyebrows, "Girlfriend?"

"What about your place?" I ask.

"Under renovation." He flatly says.

His eyes dart away from mine and I know immediately he's lying. "That apartment of yours is a death trap. But I doubt that stingy landlord would be kind to renovate it." I fill my mouth with the delicious rice.

Unlike me, Oliver, is a terrible liar.

"Fine, you got me. Her name is Nimo, I might have lied to her that I come from money..."

ADVERTISEMENT

“We do.” I cut him off.

“But not anymore.” He reminds me.

He continues, “The thing is, she’s high maintenance and if I take her to my apartment, that will be the end of us.”

“I don’t think that is a good idea. You should be with someone who likes you for who you are.” I try to reason with him.

“I plan to reveal parts of my true self slowly until she’s comfortable with who I am. Isn’t that not what you are doing with Quinn?”

I take in a deep breath before responding. “My case is different.”

“No it isn’t.” He says with resignation. “So will you give the space for the weekend?”

He knows too well I can’t say no to him. He’s still the little cute baby, my mother brought home, eighteenth years ago.

“Fine.” I sigh. “Just the weekend.”

Oliver stands from his seat, wearing the biggest smile I have ever seen. He takes long strides towards me. He effortlessly lifts me from my seat before swinging me in the air.

“Thank you.” He repeatedly sings.

He sets me down and plants a sloppy kiss on my cheek.

“Ew,” I rub my cheek against his chest.

“You won’t be disappointed. You will find your house in one piece.” He promises.

“I better.” I say. Though disappointed for the bad example I have set for him. He’s a pure soul that I have corrupted.



