

## **His booty call By Ivy brown Chapter 8**

I close my eyes and squeeze them shut for a moment. I expected Quinn to call or text. I am a little disappointed. Okay, very disappointed. My little guide book, 'How to make him yours' is supposed to make him beg. Okay, maybe am exaggerating, I just put in action one step out of twenty steps.

A figure blocks my path, deterring me from reaching my destination. I lift my head, the morning sun blocking my sight.

“Good morning sunshine? Miss me?” Chad asks.

I blink twice to get a better view of him. The sun has kissed his face making him look like an angel with a halo, while in real sense he is the devil.

“Get out of my way Chad, not in the mood.” I groan.

He leans forward as if inspecting my face. I take a step back.

“Looks like someone is ‘inflammatory’ and didn’t get a dose of DIClofenac last night. That makes two of us.” He says.

“So you are finally admitting you are gay.”

“Oh I can show you how gay I am not.” He wringles his eyebrows suggestively.

I scrunch up my nose in disgust. “Am sure you didn’t wake up this early to just come and hara\*\* me.”

“I woke up this early because, my bed was lacking someone. And whose fault is that?”

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“Am not in moods for your parables.” I start to walk away, before he stops me by roughly grabbing my hand.

“I will narrow it down to you. You will undo the damage you did, you told my Roxy not to get back with me and she followed you advise. Now you will tell her you were wrong and breaking up with me is a mistake, am one in a million and she can’t afford to lose me.” He finishes his egoistic speech.

A sense of pride washes over me that Roxana took my advice instead of Marya's.

"Or what?" I dare him.

"I can be very resourceful or should I quote 'Use my imagination', and your little affair with Quinn will be out."

Publicity means people digging into my life.

No matter how desperate I want a relationship with Quinn, I can't risk our affair coming out, maybe later when he confesses his love but not now. That will ruin my plan.

I swallow a lump, and take a deep breath. He can't know am scared. "You have no proof." I manage to say.

"For now, but like I said, I can be very resourceful." He states with an evil smirk.

His shoulders brush mine as he steps to walk past me, not before he winks down at me with a 'see ya' look.

I watch his retreating figure before it disappears out of sight. One thing I know for sure is that Chad is capable of anything, as long as it serves his needs and very manipulative.

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The locked door of my cla\*\* tells me that it is in progress. The thought of walking in and attracting all the attention and the questions from the lecturer, dissuade me from entering. Instead, I opt to go to the library. If Chad wants to play dirty by blackmailing me, then let's play. But first I have to find something to use against him. It has taken me close to four years to come up with my plan and am not letting anyone ruin that when am just so close.

I find Roxana waiting outside the Library when I walk out. Am glad when I note that Marya didn't tag along.

"It is so unlike you to miss a single cla\*\*." She says.

"Woke up late."

She is dressed in a multicoloured mini dress, paired with sandals and a single strap bag which I doubt can fit any book. She kills the look with dark sunglasses. She slides them over to look at me. “The mystery guy, huh!”

“There’s no mystery guy.” I dismiss her.

“I thought yesterday you confirmed that there was a mystery guy in your life.”

I mentally slap myself, for forgetting about that. I can’t afford to forget what I say otherwise the mask will peel.

“Anyway, you will tell me all about him as we shop. Let’s go.”

The word shop catches me off guard. And I think of a way to get myself out of it. I know how Roxana is thrift spender and am sure i will be forced to do the same to keep up with my facade. After all am a daughter of a ‘wealthy business man’.

“Shop? Sorry Roxana I can’t join you, I left in a hurry in the morning I forgot my credit card.” I swiftly lie.

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“No biggie, today is my treat as long as you don’t spare me any details of your mystery guy.” She shrugs as if it’s nothing.

It’s an offer I can afford to refuse considering I have a fancy gala dinner to attend.

She has a similar Audi to mine. She unlocks it as I take the shotgun.

“My parents are forcing me to go to this stupid gala tomorrow night, insisting it a good place to network blah, blah. Now I have to find a dress. To piss them off I will attend wearing their business rival latest design instead of theirs.” She whines as she reverses from the parking lot. Another reason I think she dated Chad was just to piss off her parents.

“Hammliton business award and gala dinner?” I ask.

“Yeah, how do you know?” Her eyebrows raise in surprise.

“I will be attending too.” I say trying to keep my excitement at minimum.

What she asks next is unexpected .

“Really, with your parents?” She asks with all her attention on the road.

My body tenses at her question. A topic I have lived trying to avoid.

