

His booty call By Ivy brown Chapter 9

The question is so unexpected such that I am not prepared to come up with anything to say.

My mouth works faster than my brain. “No, they are held up in a business trip.” I babble.

“Funny that have never met your parents the entire period we have been in campus.” She says.

I know what she means; in this institute, the surname is what gets you known and respected. Almost all parents are deeply involved in school activities except the few hapless kids that get admitted here on scholarship basis. They are bullied and demeaned in all possible ways.

“You will during the graduation ceremony.” I reply.

“And your brother who studies in Europe?” Her eyes twinkle with curiosity as she asks.

“Also him.” I say with resignation.

That shuts her up and am glad when she stops asking personal questions. She pulls up at a large shopping store. With the words Satisfaction proudly typed on the front door. Am not acquainted with it. I take my sweet time to admire it.

I closely follow her as she walks in. An attendant meets us by the entrance. Her white teeth on display like on sale.

“Welcome to Satisfaction, Where Satisfaction is your transaction.” She says in a singsong.

We walk straight to dresses section.

“So enlighten me about your mystery guy.”

“You will see him tomorrow at the gala dinner.” I say.

“Am not paying a couple of thousands for only that. I need details.”

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“Let me say he’s someone you know and share the same cla**.”

“Really?” She raises her eyebrows sceptically.

“What about you?” I try to divert the attention.

“I will be attending with Chad.”

His name brings reminds me of our earlier encounter. I have to give it to him, he has kept his personal life private; nothing prosecuting I found on his social media. However I asked my tech guy, Andre, to looking him up.

“So you didn’t break up with him?” I ask what I already know.

“I did but I just want to aggravate my parents.”

Am aware that what am to say next is betrayal. It will be like throwing her to a wolf, but for now I have a lot at stake.

“I think you two should get back together. No one is perfect and if he says he has changed you should believe him.”

She gives me ‘Are you serious’ look before speaking, “Why the change of opinion?”

“He made you happy.” That’s the one of the few things I have been honest with.

Roxana drops me back at school where I parked my car. Am tired from all the shopping.

I find Andre, Leaning on it. He is in blue faded jeans and a white T-shirt. He has always preferred to keep a short hair, making him look so damn clean and hot.

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“Is that your mystery guy?” Roxana points at him. “He’s hot” she adds.

Andre is the definition of hotness. He’s just those guys you lack exact words to describe them. No one can guess he’s a computer geek. He defies the nature of being a geek with his looks.

I say goodbye to Roxana.

“See you tomorrow.” She says and drives off.

“She’s pretty in person.” Andre says, as his eyes watch Roxana drive away.

“She is.” I agree, “So did you find something?” I ask trying to keep my desperation in check.

He notes my desperation.”It must be bad.” He states.

“It’s something that jeopardises our effort.” I respond.

“Any way I can help?” His voice is carries a lot of concern as he asks that.

“When I need your help I will tell you. For now just make sure that there are no loopholes that connects my brother and I to our old lives.”

After a moment of stretched silence I go back to my initial concern. “Did you find anything?” I ask again.

“I don’t know if to say he’s good at trying to hide his dirt or he’s just good.” His eyes glitter with admiration.

My heart beats with excitement. “You found something.” I can’t help my enthusiasm.

“Other than he has been in and out of Juvenile a couple of times while in highschool. I think you should see this yourself.” He hands me a white envelope.

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I take it and retrieve it content. My eyes hungrily roam at the information. I feel my lips involuntarily lift to form a smile. This is good and bad. The kind not only to get Chad off my back but also out of Roxana’s life.

“How did you find it?” I ask.

“Are you forgetting how good I am?” He gives me a Colgate smile.

“No,” I shake my head. “Thanks” I give him a half hug.

“Am always here for you.” He reminds me what he has always promised me since we were kids.

I get back at my apartment late in the evening. The whole apartment has been rearranged, giving it a look of masculinity. My vases are missing so are my photos.

A note is pinned on the kitchen counter.

Nimo and I will be arriving at four in the morning from a party. Be gone by then.
Love you. Oliver.

I roll my eyes before walking to my bedroom to put my gala dress and jeweleries away. Roxana managed to get me a red floor length c***tail dress, with a sweetheart neckline and a slit that ends at my inner thigh. I didn't get to see hers since it was specifically made for her. She just received it wrapped in a box.

Am about to put my bag away when my phone vibrates. I retrieve it to check.

A small smile forms on my lips, when I read the text. Finally.

Quinn: I need you.

