

His booty call By Ivy brown Chapter 13

I scoff in disbelief. He's unbelievable. He ignores me throughout and only wants me for one thing. But again isn't that what I am to him; his b*****.

He leans forward and kisses me and I kiss him back with more fervor than I had before, and we stand there kissing and kissing. I feel lightheaded from his sweet kisses.

I am swoon.

The kisses are more different from the other times. He gentle and pa**ionate unlike the other times he is driven by his animalistic desire.

He breaks the kiss, making me feel empty from the absence of his soft and warm lips. He lifts me like am a bag of feathers, weighing close to nothing. He carries me back to the bathroom and locks it.

He rests me on top a sink, pushes my legs apart. His hand move up the dress slit to where it exposes my garter. He moves past it to my s**. He brushes a finger through my p**** before bringing it to his nose and sniffing it. I gasp involuntary, I have never been so turned on.

“You smell of sin.” He says as he brings the finger to his lips. “Only two strikes can redeem you.”

His hands finds their way back to my s**, he doesn't even ask for my consent before he rips my Victoria Secret p**** and tosses it away. He plays with my c***oris, pinching and circling before inserting one finger, “Strike one” Quinn whispers, his movement in, out and twiddle is sweetly torturous and I enjoy it every second, “Strike two,” I don't have the right brain cells to comprehend what he means before I feel him insert a second finger, at first the feeling is foreign and uncomfortable. I except it to disappear with time like when one loses virginity but it doesn't. It a combination of pain and pleasure, I love and hate it.

Quinn notes my uncomfot and stops. I can see he is in a battle with himself, whether to apologize or not. I don't expect him to. Instead he says, “Should we continue this elsewhere?” It is more of a suggestion than a question.

“I nod.” Am still in s** haze.

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“Meet me in five minutes.” He gives me a key card and exits the bathroom. The only thing on my mind as he disappears is what a nice a** he has.

When I get back to the table, Ryan is unavailable and am glad since I will not have to explain where am going, though I do feel guilty since I was his date. I pick my purse from the table and Ryan’s mom chooses that moment to show up.

“I didn’t get your last name.” I can tell she’s baiting me.

I plaster a fake smile and turn to face her. I straightened my back, square my shoulders and look her straight into her green eyes, “Cara Lauren Black.” I state.

She blinks severally in disbelief. “Lauren Black!” She whispers, absently like she’s trying to remember something.

I take that opportunity as my Go-moment. “Excuse me,” I say and walk towards the elevator.

Am lucky to reach in time as it opens. Two drunk couple are bundle at the corner making out. The girls eyes find mine and I avert my gaze. The key card is only printed P so I press p on the b***ons. Am relieved when the lovebirds alight at the twentieth floor. The rest of my journey is uneventful.

I have to make a double look to make sure am on the right floor, sure it the ‘P’ floor but it is nothing close to the other floors. I feel like am in a dimensional world. It looks more like a residential apartment contrary to the other hotel floors that had more than hundred rooms this has only three doors and one wing.

I get more confused because the key card doesn’t indicate the room am supposed to go. Quinn will not be pleased if I go knocking on each door. So I just stand there.

A message pops on my mobile screen. As usual it is private number. “First door on your right. Am watching.” It reads. I look up and see a CCTV camera.

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I roll my eyes at how bossy he sounds.

A second message pops “Don’t roll your eyes at me. Or a third strike will be awaiting you.”

I ignore his threat and do as instructed. I slide the key card to which the door opens automatically. I put a hand on my mouth to stop from screaming when am welcome by a naked Quinn standing before me.

“Let’s get this over with. Courtney is waiting.” He mutters with a feeling I can’t place.

I don’t know why I thought when he gave me the key card, today will be different and maybe we could spend the night together.

This time there’s no kissing or caressing. It is down to the business. My dress is thrown on the floor on a pool with every piece of clothe I had on me.

He doesn’t even get us past the door as I stand naked facing him. He just pins me on the wall and pushes himself deep inside me. With no foreplay. How romantic. Can’t help but think.

He is no longer the teasing and excited person he was at the bathroom. He looks distrated and angry.

My phone starts to ring. We ignore it. He keeps pounding on me silently, which is new. My mind is distracted but my body is saying something else. My phone starts again to ring.

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“Should you pick that?” Quinn asks as he keeps thrusting.

I try to answer but no words forms on my lips. I don’t want whatever we are doing to stop. I start moving forward to encourage his movements. The pleasure builds up and I feel it coming. Warmness spreads in my lower stomach. The persistent caller doesn’t stop calling. I cant stop, we can’t stop. The thrust becomes rapid and in one thrust my world becomes a faze as a wave of pleasure spread down my legs leaving me shaking.

Quinn releases me and I slide down on the floor to catch my breath. Once he is dressed he turns to face me.

“This is our last encounter am getting engaged Next Week so we can no longer be doing this.” He doesn’t wait for my reaction.

He moves to the door, he hesitates then adds, “Be gone before people wake up.” With that he slams the door as he leaves.

Am still in shock as my biggest fear has come to pa**. Quinn ending it all. My phone disrupts my thoughts when it rings. I collect my disappointed self and pick it up. It is a new number, I answer it.

“Cara?” It is Oliver.

“Can you come bail me out, am in jail.” He pleads.

“Jail?” I ask astonished as the line goes dead.

