

Wild Night 20

Chapter 20 - Pretty Ordinary

"Focus Bryan!" The photographer called in irritation for what was probably the fiftieth time already that day. It was so unlike Bryan to be distracted during photoshoots, but he seemed so absentminded since he arrived at the studio that morning.

"Just give me a moment." Bryan told him before walking out of the stage. He signalled Mia over, "Have you heard from her yet?"

"Not yet." Mia said with a shake of her head, leaving a frown on Bryan's face.

"Okay." Bryan said with a nod before returning to the stage where his pictures were being taken. He didn't like that he was feeling so apprehensive over Sonia's sudden disappearance. He knew he ought to be glad that she had disappeared from his life the way he had wanted her to, but she had left without a proper goodbye and without demanding anything meaningful from him either, although she had taken the engagement ring with her, and he knew the ring would fetch her quite a sum.

His mind kept returning to their conversation the previous night, "So what do you want to do?" He had asked her.

"Well, I want us to talk."

"Talk?" He had repeated like he couldn't believe her.

"Yes. I want to have a heart to heart conversation with you, and then maybe I can get ideas from you for my next story. I want you to be my muse for tonight." Sonia had said with an excited smile making Bryan look at her suspiciously.

"Just that?"

"Just that... unless you want us to have sex." Sonia said as she stood up from the bed and picked up the now empty dishes. Bryan's eyes followed her movement as she dropped the dishes in the living room, and washed her hands in the sink before heading to the bar to pick up a bottle of alcoholic wine and two glasses.

"Care for?" She had asked as she dropped on the bed next to him, while Bryan watched her with something akin to interest.

"I have an early day tomorrow, can't get drunk." Bryan had said with a shake of his head.

"I guess I'll drink for two then." Sonia had said as she poured the wine into both glasses and held each up in both hands, then clinked the glasses in a silent toast, before sipping from one of the glasses.

"What sort of a person are you?" Bryan had asked after watching her silently for sometime.

"The sort you don't come across everyday. So are you ready?" She asked as she dropped the wine glasses by the headboard of the bed, and picked up her phone.

"What are you doing?" Bryan asked, looking at her phone.

"I want to record our conversation of course. How else am I going to get ideas for my story if I can't remember anything you say by morning?" Sonia asked with a smile, as though he had just asked a silly question, "Don't worry, nobody else is going to hear this. And even though I write about this in a book, only you would be able to tell that you're the one I'm talking about, since I'm not going to be mentioning your name in the audio." Sonia assured him.

"Can I take your word for it?" Bryan asked uncertainly.

"Of course. So first question, what's your favorite color?" Sonia asked, deciding to start with something simple so he could relax.

"White and Gray. Although I think if you were a fan you would have known that by now." Bryan said passively.

"Your favorite food?" Sonia asked, ignoring his statement.

"Pizza."

"That's a snack."

"It's food for me." Bryan said with a shrug.

"Birthday?"

"April 1st."

"Wow! You were born on the world's fools day." Sonia said with her tongue in cheek, but Bryan said nothing, and his face remained straight. All he wanted was to answer her questions until the alcohol could knock her out.

"Real eye color?"

"What do you mean real? You don't think this is real?" He asked with a slightly raised brow as he pointed to his blue eyes.

"Just asking. Could easily be contacts. So is it real?"

"Yes." Bryan said stiffly.

"Cool. Do you believe in true love?"

"Yes. But not everyone is lucky enough to experience it." Bryan said with a shrug.

"I suppose that is why you are single?" Sonia asked as she picked up one of the wine glasses and sipped from it, while waiting for Bryan to answer her question.

"That is a personal question." Bryan pointed out with a frown.

"Which requires an equally personal answer." Sonia said with a dismissive shrug, making it clear she expected him to answer every one of her questions.

"You need help answering the question?" Sonia asked when Bryan remained silent after sometime, "Or perhaps you got cheated on in the past? Got rejected by someone you love? You have commitment issues? Or you prefer guys? Maybe you caught your best friend or your brother making out with your girlfriend? Or it was..."

"Please stop!" Bryan muttered irritably.

"Okay. Go ahead and tell me what I need to know. Why are you single?" Sonia said with a sweet smile.

Bryan sighed, "I'm single because I want something real... Or rather someone real. Ladies these days are too pretentious, and I don't want to get involved with anyone shallow, so I'm taking my time until I meet someone suitable." Bryan explained.

"While being a playboy? That's pretty shallow to me. In fact that is as shallow as it gets." Sonia said with a snort.

"And you would know because you're pretty pretentious yourself. Clinging on to me because of the fame. Had I been a random poor guy who proposed to you, would you have accepted my proposal that easily? Or even kissed me so openly?" Bryan fired back with a snort of his own.

"Of course I wouldn't have accepted you had you been a random guy. I only played along because of your money and fame, and I'm not even going to pretend about that. And I kissed you because I've always wondered what kissing you would feel like." Sonia added with a yawn. She was becoming pretty bored already by his company, and one look at the clock, she knew it was time to leave.

She had only wanted to fun, but he wasn't as fun as she had imagined he would be. As a matter of fact, she was feeling pretty exhausted and sleepy already. The only good thing about meeting him was that she had just gotten an idea for her story.

"And what did it feel like?" Bryan asked Sonia who was yawning again.

"Pretty ordinary. There was absolutely nothing special about it." Sonia said as she stood up, downed the content of both glasses and walked over to the living room.

Bryan had thought she was just going to get some more wine for herself or ease herself, and had dozed off while waiting for her to return so he could ask her what she meant by pretty ordinary.. By the time he woke up in the middle of the night, he was alone in the suite and there was no trace of her.