

Loving Quinn Chapter 43

("Quinn)

Trauma Trigger Warning

Then next morning as I am stepping off the elevator to head to my office, the first thing I hear is an irate female voice. I know that voice. If she is here, then I know who she is yelling at as well. Shaking my head in amusement, I head to my office first. Aaron is on his own for now

"Good morning. Did you get those files I asked you for?" I ask my assistant as I reach her desk.

Sherry, a very nice grandmother of three, smiles up at me. "They are on your desk next to your morning newspaper and coffee."

"You are a saint. Grace had an attitude this morning, so things were a little hectic at my place. However, from the sound of it, they are hectic here too. How long has Rylan been here?"

"About ten minutes."

I glance down at my watch, judging by how long she has been here, I have about five more minutes before she slugs him or storms out. After giving Sherry a nod, I head into my office to put my briefcase on my desk, remove my suit jacket, then head over to Aaron's office.

As I get closer to his office, everything goes silent. The last thing I heard was Aaron telling Rylan to shut the hell up. Since I didn't hear, the sound of her fist connecting with his jaw, I can only assume she complied. That isn't like Rylan at all, so I step into the doorway to make sure my friends are ok.

What I see makes my eyes widen and my jaw open in shock, Well, I am not really shocked, more like surprised Aaron finally made his move. Took him long enough.

He has one hand on Rylan's back, and his other hand is on the back of her head to hold her in place. By the way she gradually relaxes, I can tell she is not opposed to the kiss. Which is something I have known for some time now.

Rylan has had a crush on Aaron for years. He has just been too blind and stubborn to see it. With a shake of my head, I back out of the doorway and silently make my way back to my office. This is a moment between them that doesn't need a witness.

When I get back to my office, I take a long drink of my now lukewarm coffee. There are reports to look at and calls to make, so I get busy with the phone calls first. My first call

is to the architect that helped us design the outreach shelter, Andrea Thurston. I let her know that our plans have changed since she gave us her last design.

That was for an existing building we were planning to refurbish to our needs. Now we will need to build from scratch. Much to my surprise, she readily accepts the challenge. Andrea says she will incorporate her original design into the new building so that everything we wanted will still be possible. I thank her for accepting the challenge, then end the call.

Aaron and I talked about the problem with the design after our meeting with Evan yesterday. It will push our timetable back until Andrea reworks her plans, but with our other projects still in the works, this will give us plenty of time to find a contractor for the new project. I have hope that Max will accept my offer.

By taking me u

up on my offer, it will get him out of New York and away from the devastating situation his wife and best friend put him in. He will also be closer to his family while he deals with the end of his marriage and what his next steps will be. I meant what I said to him about paying for his crew's travel and living arrangements while the construction is ongoing.

Though the living arrangements are already taken care of. G&C Enterprises owns several apartment complexes in the area that we let our workers live in. They pay for the utilities, cable if they choose, and their food. Rent free is a big sign-on bonus for most construction workers, add in their hourly pay, and we tend to have happy workers.

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Besides, I don't know any New Yorker who wouldn't enjoy an all expenses paid trip to California for a job.

So, my next call is to our corporate attorney, Gavin Wyatt, to have him draw up a contract for Max, as well as individual contracts for the crew. He thinks he can persuade fifteen of his crew to join him here. I tell Clavin to draw up twenty contracts just in case he can convince

more to come

As I end the call with Gavin, Aaron walks into my office. There is a scowl on his face, which doesn't surprise me at all. He has been in denial about his feelings for her for way too long, is it had that I am rager in watch my best friend full at Rylan's feet in defeat?

“How did it go with Rylan? You are not bleeding, so I can only assume you two had a civil conversation for once?”

He plops down on the leather sofa across from my desk along the wall, then lets out a deep sigh before his sensations flow through his eyes like water in a raging river. I have never seen him so shaken before.

my eyes. So many wild

“I don’t like that woman, Quinn. There is something about her that just irritates me to no end. Yet, I kissed her like I was drowning, and she was the air I needed to breathe. One minute she is calling me an insensitive baboon, and all I could think about was how much I wanted her to shut up. The next thing I know, my mouth is on hers and my mind went blank”

He rises to his feet as anger ashes into his eyes

“I don’t want this. I do not want this, Quinn, Rylan works at the hospital now, but that is as far as my interactions with her are concerned. Now, if you don’t mind, I am going to go spend some time with my lunch date.”

Before I can respond to him, Aaron storms out of my office, leaving me to figure out how to help my friend. He is fighting his emotions, and it is ugly. How long can he fight how he feels about Rylan? I can see what he won’t admit to himself.

Aaron is attracted to her, but it is more than that. I think the reason he is fighting his feelings for her is because he is afraid to face any emotion deeper than the superficial ones that he shows the women he dates. If he allows that to happen, it will open the floodgates to all the other emotions he has suppressed over the years.

Darker emotions.

Sadness, shame, emptiness. Those are emotions I felt in the past for the things that I did for my country. Not everything I did from my country under the idea of peace was good or heroic. There were many times after a mission that I felt despair after the dust settled and I saw the innocent lives that were destroyed.

Emptiness, depression, and fear. Those were emotions I felt after I came home from each deployment. I lived my life while all those memories, images, and sounds played on a loop in my head every night. Sometimes I felt completely empty, hollowed out, barely human. Then other times guilt of being the one to live while some soldiers I fought beside didn’t make it home.

Survivor’s guilt is what my last therapist called it. Why did I survive when others died? Why me and not them? I lost many good friends over the years. Each one I keep with

me in the leaves of my tattoo. Names and dates are all they are to some, but to me they are so much

more.

To me, they were my friends, my fellow soldiers, my brothers and sisters in arms. I will never forget any of them. Ever.

Breaking myself from that dark path my mind went down after Aaron left, I stand up from my chair. I think it is time to do what I promised Annie I would. I grab my jacket, briefcase, and keys before I walk out of my office.

“Sherry, I am going to be leaving for the day. I don’t think Aaron will be back, either. When you are done with your current task, you can leave for the day as well. I will pay you for the whole day. Tell Grady the same thing.”

“Is everything ok?”

“I am not feeling well, so I am going to go home. Aaron’s parents are coming into town tonight, so he is probably going to make sure all This plans for them are still in place. You two have a good weekend, and I will see you on Monday.”

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Sherry nods her head. I give her a small smile, then head to the elevator, I need to get my head in the right place before my date with Annora tonight. All these thoughts and emotions running swirling around me like a dark cloud threatening to suck me into the void.

So, when the elevator doors close after I get on, I call my therapist to see if he is free to see me. It has been almost a year since my last session, but he usually has Friday afternoons free. All I can hope for is that he will agree to see me,

in hour later

An

“Can you tell me what has been going on in your life since we last met Dr. West asks.

“I have a daughter. Grace is her name.”

West's eyebrows rise in surprise. I can't blame him for that. There was the time when I expressed to him that I never wanted to have children. It was after a particularly bad day and memories of that last day with Dionne were running through my head.

What she put me through made me believe it was good for me in the long run. I was feeling sorry for myself and strongly believed that I would have been a horrible father to our child. With Grace, I know that isn't true.

"She is eleven. Her mother was my first love. We met before I went off to bootcamp."

"How did you learn about her?"

I give him the short version of how Annora and I met again, how she told me about Grace, and how we agreed to co-parent. He asks me how that has been going, so I tell him how those first six months went, then I delve into how our relationship is developing now.

"It see

seems like things are going well for you. What brought you to me today? Where did those dark thoughts come from?"

I start with the conversations with Alex and Vivien. My father. All the feelings that were brought to the surface about my mom. That leads me to tell West about my nightmare and the subsequent conversation with Annora after I woke up. All those emotions were still with me this morning, but under the surface.

Then there is my best friend.

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"Aaron. He is struggling with something, and it got me thinking."

"What is he struggling with that put those kinds of dark thoughts in your head?"

A woman

West gives a slight chuckle. "How are you and Annora? Have you been able to talk about your struggle with her?"

I

"Briefly, I promised her that I would go back into regular therapy. I was planning on calling you to set that up, but work has been keeping

me busy."

“We can work on getting you to where you can talk to her about your PTSD triggers when we resume our sessions. I will have my assistant set up a schedule with you that works for both of us. Now, let’s get back to what caused today’s trigger.”

I tell him about Aaron and Rylan at the office. How my best friend is struggling to let her in. He asks how and why that got to me. As I break down my thought process for him, he makes some notes, asks more questions.

“All those thoughts and emotions are hard ones to resolve. We worked through many of them before you ended our sessions. Do we need to start from scratch or pick up from my notes?”

I think about that for a few minutes before I answer him. I am in a good place in my life. G&C Enterprises is thriving. My relationship

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with Annota and Grace is growing stingier by the day. However, after sharing the memories of the bomb, I know it could be beneficial to go over those feelings from the past.

“What if you briefly touch base on the ones that we think we resolved, see where I am now, then go from there?”

West nods his head. We spent the next thirty minutes talking about what I was feeling in the office today after Aaron left. When we get to a good stopping point, he closes his notebook and leans forward in his chair. His eyes are soft when he looks at me.

“The changes in your personal life have been big ones. Normally, I would say proceed with caution, but I think you are more stable now that you were when we last met. We will pick this up again on during your next session.”

“Thank you for seeing me on such short notice, West,”

I was told you were on the phone, I knew it must be something serious, so I made the time. Stay calm, and we will talk soon.”

After leaving his office. I feel calmer than I was when I left mine hours ago. I am happy that I have progressed as far as I have, One thing! know for sure is that had I met Annota again when I was at my darkest point, we would have imploded.

Dionne, for all her faults, helped me. However, she was also the catalyst that propelled me into that dark void I ended up in two years ago, I want that woman out of my life and I hope it happens sooner rather than later.

West helped me find my way out of that pit. There is no way I want to go back to the way I used to be. I have too much to live for now and too much to lose.

My family. The one that I finally feel I deserve to have. Thanks to Alex and Vivien Winters. They welcomed me into their family with open arms and made me feel worthy of their approval.

I will do everything I can to not let Annora, Grace, or her family down

I am worthy of love.

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(Annota)

My morning started off terribly. Grace was being extremely petulant. When I asked her what was wrong while I made her breakfast, all she did was glower, I tried to get her to tell me what was bothering her while I drove her to school, but she sat in the passenger seat in sullen silence.

She was in a great mood before we left the penthouse to head to my parents' last night. I suspect that had to do with Quinn's suggestion about our living arrangements for the next six months. Her mood continued to be good during dinner and extended to the drive home.

Oh, or my mom can get her to talk about it

Since my mom is picking her up later, all I can hope for is that her mood improves at school, or my tonight. Grace is rarely like how she was this morning. Her mood dumbfounded Quinn.

He tried his best to get her to talk to him, but he failed just like I did. I have the urge to just pick her up from school myself so that we can talk. However, she is eleven years old. I have to allow her to tell me what is bothering her when she is ready.

Baby is growing up! I don't like it, but she is. It

1. It is time for me to stop hovering and let her have a bit of room

The rest of my day has been going well. The three surgeries I had on my schedule went better than I expected. All three of my patients will make full recoveries, but I will monitor their progress as they heal.

Now I am sitting in my office updating their files. When my cellphone rings. I glance over at the screen to see who is calling. It is a number I don't recognize, so I send it to

voicemail, then go back to my files. A few minutes later, the same number calls again. I growl in frustration at being interrupted but answer the call despite my better judgement.

“Hello?”

“For a woman who thinks she has it all, you are about to learn a lesson. The voice on the other end of the line is deep and artificial sounding. “The harder you hold on to something, the easier it is for you to lose it. What you have isn’t yours to keep. The sooner you learn that, the better. Pain is coming for you.”

“Who the hell is this?”

“The who is not important. How is that daughter of yours? It would be a shame if anything were to happen to her.”

The line goes dead before I have time to speak again. Fear like nothing I have ever felt before propels me to my feet. I grab my purse and rush out of my office. The only thing going through my mind is getting to Grace’s school as fast as possible.

on the

Whoever just called me may not have directly threatened my child, but what they said was enough for me. I barrel out of the elevator once it reaches the parking garage. My heels slow me down, so I stop briefly to take them off. The sound of my feet sl concrete echo off the walls of the garage as I run.

My hand trembles as I pull my keys out of my purse. I grip the keys in my hands tight while I unlock the door. Fear for my daughter causes my adrenaline to s**e as I toss my purse into the passenger seat. With jerky movements, shove the key into the ignition, then

turn the car on.

once I get to

the

As I pull out of my parking spot, my mind briefly thinks about calling the police and then Quinn, However, I can do that school to confirm that my child is safe. Another thought flashes through my mind as I pull up to the guard shack to exit the garage.

This is Dionne,

She must have gotten out on bail. Will that woman kidnap my child to make a statement? Does she think it will nmke me leave Quinn? If she is responsible for that call, will I leave him to keep my daughter safe?

It will break my heart to leave him, but if our daughter's life is on the line, then I might.

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The drive to the school goes by in a blur, but when I pull into the parking lot, nothing seems out of place. It takes all I have to calm my emotions so I can go inside. I don't seem like a crazy woman looking like she is storming into the school to hurt someone.

I run my hands down my head to smooth my hair down, then I grab my purse and get out of the car. My emotions are going crazy as I walk to the entrance of the school. My heart and mind are screaming at me to run inside, rush to the admittance office, and demand to see my child.

Mrs. Morgan smiles at me as I walk up to her desk. "Hello Dr. Winters. Are you here to sign Grace out early?"

"Yes. She

has a dentist appointment that I forgot about. We will be late, so if you can call her now, that would be great."

She nods her head then looks up what class Grace is in right now. When she picks up the phone to call the classroom, I glance around the hallway. Whoever made that call knows where my daughter goes to school. The security here is tight. I have never once been afraid of sending her to school until today.

"She will be right down." Mr. Morgan says.

"Thank you."

I walk away from her desk so I can see the main hallway for the school. My emotions are going haywire as I wait for her. I can't help but tap my foot nervously the longer it takes for Grace to join me. However, a few minutes later, I let out a sigh of relief as I see her walking towards me with a frown on her face.

When she opens her mouth to ask me what is wrong, I shake my head, then take her hand. We walk silently to the car and the moment we are both secure inside, I pull her into my arms. Grace stiffens at first before she hugs me back.

"Momma?"

"Did you see anyone at school today that you didn't recognize?"

Grace frowns again but shakes her head no. "What happened?"

“Promise me that if you see anyone in or around the school that you don’t recognize, you go to a teacher and tell them. Promise”

“I promise.”

I let her go then sit in my seat telling myself that everything will be alright. Grace is safe. That is all that matters right now.

“Let’s go. I need to get you to grandma’s house so I can go run some errands. I am sorry I scared you, Grace. Something happened at work that made me emotional, so I need to see you.”

It is a lie and I feel bad about it, but she doesn’t need to know what really happened. It will only scare her more th She will be safe with my parents tonight. My first stop after I drop her off will be the police station to report that call.

Tready did today.

With the way the person masked their voice, I have a feeling there will be no number to trace. They probably used a prepaid bumer phone. At least that is what happens in situations like this in movies. The bad guy always uses a bummer so it can’t be traced back to them.

Dinge is smart, but is she smart enough h to think of that?

Unless it wasn’t her. There is one other person who hates me enough to scare me this way. Kyle Wells. My crazy ex-husband. He hates me. However, this doesn’t sound like something he would do. He is currently in jail for violating my restraining order.

My mother waits in the doorway as I get out of the car. She looks surprised that we are early but is happy to see Glace. She hides her worry well. Her keen eye for knowing when her children are upset makes me squirm internally as I walk Grace to the door.

Grace gives my mom a hug, then walks into the house.

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“What has you looking so pale, Wanle?”

I stick to the same lie I told Grace. “Work stress, I will be line, mom.”

“Maybe you should take some time off?”

sat isn't a bad idea, but my patients need me right now. "Maybe in a low works. We shall see."

That

"Ok. You have a good night with Quinn. First official date night in twelve years is a big deal?"

She gives me a knowing smile then walking to house, closing the door behind her, Date night completely slipped my mind. After the fear that phone call cause, my date with Quinn tonight is the last thing on my mind.

It is on my mind new.

I was looking forward to whatever he has planned. Should we still have a date night after what happened? I ball my hands into fists as pull up to the police station. If this is Dionne and I let her get to me like this, then she wins. However, if I don't take her veiled threat against Grace seriously, then my daughter could get hurt.

That b**h will not win, and I will take her more seriously from now on.

Taking a deep breath, I get out of the car, then head into the station. An hour later, I leave again in frustration. The same detective that Quinn spoke to before took my statement and promised he would do all he can to find out who made that call. He understood that my first instinct was to make sure my daughter was safe. However, he low-ley insinuated that their tech team would have had better chances if I had come to the station first,

I know that, but my heart and mind were only concerned with Grace. So, if they find who is responsible, I will press charges. If they don't, then there isn't anything I can do but be more vigilant.

Now that I know my daughter is safe with my parents, and I have done all I can to put the incident on record, I leave the police station to head to the mall. I will go through with date night. So, I need something nice to were and something s**y to wear underneath for later

tonight.

A trip to Victoria's Secrets is in order.

So, a few hours later, I leave the store with more bags than I intended I couldn't help myself once I was inside. I looked over lingerie, tried more on than I bought, then walked out with more satin and lace than I have ever owned before,

To pamper myself further, I head to the spa on the bottom floor of the mall. Getting a manicure and a pedicure will relax me. The wax I will get afterwards will be all for Quinn. That man has a way with his fingers and tongue that just makes my toes curl in pleasure. The

least I can do is make sure he has a nice field to play on.

By the time I leave the mall, I have a smile on my face. All my earlier fear and anxiety are still in the back of my mind, but I am sure once I tell Quinn about it, we can figure out what to do from there. Now, all I have left to do is head back to his place to get ready for tonight.

I am so wrapped up in thinking about what Quinn has planned for our first date that when my phone rings: It causes me to jump in surprise. Since I am driving, I ignore the call until I get to the next traffic light. Briefly, I glance over to where my phone is on my center console. With one eye still on the light, I reach over and press the side button on my phone to see who called.

It was Quinn. The light turns green, so I have no choice but to wait until I get home to see what he wanted. Unless I pull into a parking lot to check my messages. After glancing into my side mirror, I switch lanes, then pull into the first parking lot I come to.

Quickly, I park the car, then dial my voicemail. His deep s**y his voice makes my heart flutter.

ery voice sends thrills

thrills through my veins like it always does. However, the fear in

“Annie, Grace called me. She told me about what happened at her school, how you picked her up early. Are you ok? I am on my way to

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meet my lawyer. Dionne is beinde arraigned on Monday, I will talk to you more about it when I get home later, I just want to make sure you are ok. I love you.”

1 end the call with a mixture of emotions going through me.

The worry in his voice was so sweet. I should have known that Grace would call him. It just didn't occur to me, since this is all still so new. I am too used to being her only parent. That will take some time to change that.

Then there is the knowledge that my fear induced car ride to Grace's school today was not caused by who I assumed it was.

Dionne is still in jail. She didn't make that call today, I am not sure how that makes me feel. Could she have had someone do it for her? There are too many unknowns right now and nothing I can do about it in my car. So, I start the engine, then pull back onto the road. I really need to talk to Quinn. Only he can help me figure this out.

I haven't gone very far from the parking lot when I hear a loud engine from somewhere behind me. Briefly, I glance in my rearview mirror to see a large black truck with tinted windows speeding up behind me sport up to switch lanes.

The truck follows

My heart beats faster as fear courses through my veins for the second time today, I try one more time to switch lanes to get out of the way. I am now on the outside line by the curb. Again, the truck follows me. I could be imagining things, but I feel whoever is driving that truck has an agenda.

A few seconds later, I am proven right when the truck rear ends my car hard, then backs up, sideswipe the driver's side door, sending my car up onto the concrete curb. The last sound I hear as my vision blurs is the sound of tires squealing.

I can't avoid passing out.

When there isn't another impact, I take a deep breath. Pain radiates through my entire body. I try as hard as I can

I fall.

Mrs. Morgan? The next paragraph says her desk, not his...

Loving Quinn Chapter 45

(Quinn)

The call I just received rocketed me to my room. It is a phone call that I never want to receive again. Anuora was in an accident, and she asked the emergency room nurse to call me. I rush out of my lawyer's office to drive to the hospital,

Every horrible thought of what could go wrong flows through my mind. An image of her bleeding, in pain, and alone causes my heart to beat so fast that I think I am having a heart attack. I speed through traffic, then slow down when I realize getting arrested for speeding won't do me any good right now,

It takes every ounce of willpower I have to calm my breathing so I can drive to Merry General. At least they took her to a hospital where she is known by the emergency room staff. I know from my records to the doctors and nurses there are all top-notch. She is in excellent hands.

That is the only thought that keeps me from storming into the LH, to rush to her side when I pull into the parking lot. As I exit my car and walk into the hospital. However, this is the first time I have been to the LH since we bought the hospital.

calmly as I can,

My mind is bombarded with sights, sounds, and smells from the past, can feel my body start to shake as I am almost overwhelmed by all the memories crashing against the wall that I built around them. Thankfully, a nurse steps up to me, pulling my attention back to the

reason I am here.

My beautiful Annora.

“Sir, can I help you?”

“Annora Winters, she was brought in after a car accident.”

“Oh, yes. Dr. Winters is in bay three. She is currently making a statement to the police,” He says as he points toward the two police detectives. Both men are listening intently and taking notes.

I give the nurse a nod, then swiftly walk over to bay three, it is only when I see the anger in her hazel eyes that I let out the breath I was holding in on the walk over. She glances at me when I step up next to the examination table. Instantly her eyes fill with tears and her arms

open wide.

Not knowing the extent of her injuries other than the scratches on her forehead, I step into her arms and gingerly embrace her. I feel her trembling against me as I hold her. Her silent sobbing breaks my heart and fuels my rage. I glance at the detectives, who have gone silent since she started crying.

“What happened to her?”

“Are you related to Dr. Winters?”

No. ***!!

“He is my boyfriend.” Annie sniffles. “You can tell him everything.”

Before either detective can speak, an orderly steps up with a wheelchair. “I need to take her for a CT scan

After Annora is wheeled away, I turn back to the detectives. I motion for them to follow me, then lead them to the doors to the administrative office on this floor. I swipe my keycard then open the door for them to proceed me into the room.

One of them gives me an odd look as the door closes behind me. “I am one of the owners of the hospital. I have access the building. This is a conversation that I would rather not have out there.”

s to everywhere in

The detective who had asked me who I was earlier gives me Amara’s count of what happened as well as corroborating eyewitness statements. This was no accident. Whoever was in that truck was out to hurt Annie.

“Was there anything caught on traffic camera nearby?”

“We are checking g into that now. We have a partial license plate to go from all accounts, the windows and the truck were all darkly tinted, so no one could see the driver’s loop. So, we will work with the partial plate we have and try to find something on the traffic

camera.”

The second man turns to me with a speculative look. “You come in when we were asking her if she knew who could be behind this. Do you know? Does either of you have any enemies?”

I know two people off the top of my head. One of them is in jail now. The other is her jealous billionaire husband who could have hired someone to do it. Why Ethan would target Annora is beyond me. Unless he will do anything to hurt me for hurting his wife. I have an intense gut feeling that Dionne put Ethan up to it.

“Dionne Masters and Ethan McAllister.”

“What is the nature of your disagreement with them?”

Annora. I chose I give the detectives a condensed version of my history with Dianne and my current problems with Ethan. “Dlonne hate Annora over Dionne. Ethan hates me because of the l** Dionne told him about me from the past. It is teenage drama that has now gone

too far.

watch as they both take notes. The rage building inside of me is close to bubbling over. If I don't get out of this room and back to Annora soon. I may get snappy with these two men. They are just trying to do their jobs.

1

"Dionne is in jail now for violating the restraining order I have against her on more than one occasion. She could have put her husband up to this or Ethan could have hired someone to do it.

"We will start with him, then." One detective hands me his card. "If you can think of anyone else, or if Dr. Winters remembers anything more, call me."

"Thank you both."

Once they leave the office, I walk out behind them a few minutes later am calmer than I was when I first came into the E.R. so the sounds around me are not as intense as they were earlier. It makes it easier for me to walk back to bay three to wait calmly for Annora.

As I wait, I can't help thinking that what happened to Annie today was somehow my fault. If Dionne or Ethan are responsible for the attack on her, they did this because of me. Dionne has a grudge against me for a reason I have yet to figure out

Her words to me were clear when we first started dating Love was not an emotion she believed in. All she demanded was honesty, Oh, and just like that, clarity has been achieved. I understand now, This isn't just jealousy. This is payback for withholding information from her.

I kept Annora's memory to myself. I never corrected her when she assumed my first love was dead. Then to come face to face with the very woman she thought was dead. Did I hurt her by keeping my memories of my angel to myself?

Guilt swamps me suddenly. Did I do this to her? Wait, no f**king way is this my fault. I may have kept a part of my past a secret, but she did far more than that. That b**h had secrets of her own but demanded all of mine.

I am torn from my thoughts as Annora is wheeled back into the exam room. The orderly takes the chair away once she is back on the small hospital bed. The moment he closes the curtain over the doorway, I sit down next to her on the bed, then pull her into my arms.

A shuddering breath leaves me as I pull back to study her face. Those scratches on her head. I lay a gentle kiss over them before I tilt her chin up so I can feel her lips against mine. I keep the kiss short and tender.

There is worry in her eyes when I pull back. "They will find whoever did this, Annie."

"Something else happened today. I already reported it to the police and was planning to tell you when I got home later."

I open my mouth to ask what else happened, but we are interrupted when the curtain is ripped open. A tall woman with wild red curls wearing scrubs rushed into the exam room. Her go straight to Annora before she glances at me.

"Annie, are you ok? I saw your name on the patient log when I signed in for my shift at the

nurses' station. What happened?"

"I am fine Shawna." Annora says.

She turns to face her friend but doesn't move out of my embrace. I shift so that she can turn towards Shawna but still feel me in my

embrace. Shawna nods her head at me when I look at her.

"A car accident? Is Grace ok?"

*Was

she with you?

"Shawna, relax. I am fine and Grace is at my mother's."

"Ah, why am I not surprised you are in here rather than checking in with the charge nurse on duty tonight, Shawna." A deep voice says from behind her.

I look away from Shawna to see a tall man in a white lab coat behind her. His features are sharp, but his eyes are soft. What bothers me instantly is that he addressed Shawna, but his eyes linger on Annora. I don't miss the look in his eyes before he covers it with a professional look.

Lust.

Now is the time to make my presence known to this man. He obviously didn't see my arms around her. I glance at the name on his identification badge. Dr. Jake Paulson. I scoot back from Annie, then stand up off the bed and extend my hand in greeting to him

“Dr. Paulson, it is nice to meet you.”

He turns his face toward mine and blinks as if he is only just now realizing I am in the room. He was so focused on Annie that he didn't bother to look at anyone else small exam room. Normally I am not a jealous man, but this guy picked the wrong day to get on my bad side. D

“Oh, hello” He takes my hand and shakes it firmly.

Awkwardly, he takes a step back, then holds Annora's chart up to read it. I feel her hand slip up my back, which causes me to glance back at her. She raised one eyebrow as she gives me a speculative look. I can tell by that look that she didn't catch the look in Paulson's eyes when he walked into the room.

Paulson clears his throat. “Your CT scan looks clear. The X-Rays look good. Nothing is broken. I would like to get an MRI just to be sure everything is all right.”

When he looks back up from the chart, he looks at Annora for a moment, then quickly looks back down. I can tell by the way he swallows hard that he knows I saw how he looked at her. He is nervous now. Good

“With all due respect, Dr. Paulson, I don't think that will be necessary. hit my head and my shoulder. The CT is clear, and the X-Ray showed no broken bones in my arm. I would like to go home. Quinn here is taking me on our first date in twelve years.”

Paulson jerks his head up at that. His expression flows from confused to angry. A very unprofessional look crosses his face as he looks at Annora, then me. Shawna catches it too and laughs before walking away.

so, you are dating a doctor in the hospital you now own. Isn't that a bit unprofessional?”

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Chapter 45

I take a deep breath to stop myself from punching him in the face. Before I can respond to him, Annor beats me to it. Lucky for

or him.

“How dare you! My personal life is none of your business, Paulson. I knew about your crush on me, but I ignored it because I wasn't interested in you. I don't date people I work with ”

He scoffs at that and points at me. “What is he then? He is the owner of this place. You work together.”

“No, we don’t. Quinn may own the hospital, but we are not working...” She breaks off and growls. “I don’t need to defend my actions to you. BUT just to clarify something for you so that there are no more misunderstandings.”

She stands up off the table, then steps in front of me.

“I have k

known Quinn since I was eighteen. He is more than just my boyfriend. He is the father of my daughter Grace. Not that it is any of you g**n business. Now, I am going to the nurse’s station to have Dr. Young sign me out.”

With that, she pushes past him and marches out of the exam room. I give him a moment to decide if he is going to say anything more or walk away. When he tilts his head at me with a challenging look in his eyes, I take that as my cue to speak.

“How long has she been ignoring your advances?”

“If you are her kid’s father, where have you been all this time? You let her marry that a**hole, Kyle?”

I roll my shoulders, **k my neck; then look back at him. After thinking about it carefully, I decide that he isn’t worth anymore of my time. “That, as my lovely girlfriend pointed out a minute ago, is none of your business.”

Just like Annora did, I brush past him and exit the exam room. She is standing next to Shawna as I walk up to the nurse’s station. Shawna gives me a wide smile.

*Please tell me you punched him.”

“No, but I wish I could have.”

Shawna laughs, then turns and gives Annora a hug. “Call me tomorrow

Annora nods as she reaches out to take my hand. We walk out of the emergency room hand in hand. This is a much better outcome than all the other ones that were running through my head as I dove here earlier.

When we reach my car, I push her back up against the passenger door. Then, because I need to calm down, I lean in a place my head into the curve of her neck and shoulder. The warmth of her skin and the smell of her shampoo are enough to steady the sudden erratic beat of my heart.

Annie’s fingers make quick work of the button on my suit jacket. Her hands slip inside, then around my waist to touch my back. The heat from her palms causes me to relax against her.

“Hey, listen to me. I am fine. That **rd didn’t hurt me.”

“This time. Oh, Annie. I was so f**ing scared when that nurse called me. All the worst plausible scenarios flew through my mind as I drove here.” I mumble against her neck.

“Take me home, Quinn. I need a quiet night with you. Make all our problems disappear until tomorrow. Please.”

I can hear the tiredness in her voice, So, I do what she asks and drive us home. Our dinner reservations may have been canceled, but the rest of my plans for tonight will work out just fine.

Tonight, I will show her the sauna in the pool room....

Loving Quinn Chapter 46

(Amora”)

When we pull into the garage at the penthouse, Quinn parks, then gets out of the car. The worried expression on his handsome face causes me smile as he strides to my side of the car. He opens the door for me, then crouches down to scoop me out of the car. He is smooth about it too.

I expect to hit my head on the frame of the car as he stands. However, he moves in such a way that I am clear. He turns around and with one foot; he kicks the car door closed. The grin he gives me lets me know he has done this before.

“I thought I was going to hit your head, but I figured out the maneuver

“You haven’t done that with any of your dates in the past?”

I regret asking that question the second I see his eyes darken. He clenches his jaw and strides to the elevator. David comes out of the security office to push the button for him. I can tell he senses the tension because as promptly he walks back to his office after he pushes the button.

Great, my assumption was wrong, and I now feel like a jealous b**h. I should have just taken his action as a tender gesture and not said a da. I sigh when he walks onto the elevator after the doors open.

“Quiph...

“Look, I have had a sleazy history, but I have been upfront and honest about it with you. If you are going to throw it up in my face when try to do something charming or romantic, then we should have a conversation.”

“I didn’t...”

“We can’t move forward if you have issues with the way I lived my life in the past. I was no angel, and you know it.”

He goes silent as the elevator stops at the penthouse floor. His grip tightens on me as he walks to the door. Here, he crouches down so I can slip my feet to the floor. Quinn makes certain I am steady, which physically I am, but emotionally I am a mess now.

I am an idiot and now I need to explain him I didn’t actually mean anything by my remark. It just slipped out. I realize he has a past, and I know why he was with all those women. Am I jealous of them?

No.

No, I am not.

Well, maybe a little. However, I know it was merely sex for him. Nothing deeper than sheer carnal lust. I am not jealous of those women. If anything, I am envious of them because of my lack of experience. While Quinn has had countless women, I have slept with two men in my

Quinn when I was eighteen. Kyle years later. Now, Quinn again. So, maybe three. Because the man standing in front of me unlocking the door is so much more than the young man he used to be.

I lick my lips while I stare at the hard planes of his back. Those wide shoulders have filled out so nicely. That d**n suit jacket hides so much, yet the way it clings to him makes me just want to rip it off him.

My eyes travel down his back. I can see all those hard muscles in my mind that I know are hidden under his clothes. I love the way they tingle with power under my fingertips when he is buried deep inside me.

The sound of the door opening rudely pulls me out of my erotic thoughts. I can feel heat creeping up my neck and onto my cheeks as he

1/5

walks into the penthouse. Embarrassment makes me drop my head as I follow him inside.

When he tosses his keys onto the hall table, I close the door behind me. I glance up at him. He has turned to face me, and the look of anger in his eyes sets something off in me. Before I have time to think about it, I rush to him, push him back up against the little hall table, then pull his mouth down to mine.

Quinn's body stiffens at first. He even tries to pull away, but I am stubborn and grip his hair to keep him in place. I rub my lips back and forth over his, then bite his lower lip. Just like I want him to, he opens his mouth in shock. I take full advantage of his shock to slip my tongue into his mouth.

The moan that escapes him encourages me. With sensual slow strokes, slide my hands up his chest, then further until I reach his shoulders. I need his jacket off and I need it off now. Urgency speeds my movements as I slide the jacket off his shoulders, then rip it down his arms.

A deep chuckle reverberates through his chest as I deepen our kiss. With his help, I free his arms from the jacket, then toss it onto the floor. I don't know what came over me next or where the strength came from, but I put my fingers into the gap between the buttons on his shirt and rip it open.

Buttons go flying, but all I am focused on is the feel of his Desh under my palms. All that smooth, hairless flesh over hard muscles. I tear my mouth from his to push his torso back against the wall with one hand. With my palm on his chest to hold him where I want him, I slowly lean forward to flick my tongue across his skin.

I lay a trail of kisses down his chest, his stomach, then I sink to my knees and flick my eyes up at him.

"What has gotten into you, Annie?"

His voice is thick and husky. The heated look in his eyes fuels the fire in my belly. I want that I

look directed at only me for the rest of our lives. Instead of answering him, I give all my attention to getting his belt unbuckled. When it is free, I pull it out of the belt loops like I would a piece of rope,

That is something I have only seen in movies, and much to my surprise, it worked. All I want now it to wrap my hands around that hard erection of his that I can see bulging in front of my face. I undo his pants, then flick my eyes up at him again as I slowly slid his zipper

down...

Quinn's breath hitches when my fingers close around his shaft. I can't help but smile to myself before I pull him free of his pants. There is a glistening bead of pre-c**m on the head of his shaft that is begging for my attention

I give all my attention to his erection now, With a flick of my tongue, I lick the glistening drop off the tip of his d***k. Quinn groans as I drag my tongue slowly up his thick shaft. When I wrap my lips around him, I feel his body shudder for me.

I haven't felt this in control of anything in my life. Hearing his moans as I suck and stroke him sends a shuddering as I give him pleasure makes me feel that fire in my belly ignite into something more.

1

Something I can't put a name on. Whatever it is, I like it. I want more of it.

"Oh, f**k," Quinn moans.

through me. Feeling him

His hands come down to pull me to my feet, but I smack them away. I wrap my hand around his shaft, then look up at him after I pull him "free of my mouth. "I am not done yet."

The corner of his mouth twitches up, then his hands grip the edge of the hall table. "By all means."

"Keep your hands right where they are. I am in charge."

"That is so f**g hot?"

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Chapter 46

His body shudders again as 1 take him back into my mouths. Having him follow my orders makes that tense of control skyrocket. I feel liberated somehow. I have let go of all my inhibitions and let out my inner goddess.

That b**h is front and center, rady to make him beg-

So, I let my baser instincts take over, and soon I am in full control of the situation. Quinn is meaning my name as I stroke him, fondle his halls, and suck his c**k until his breathing becomes erratic. When his hands leave the table to fist into my hair, I let him.

The loud groan that escapes his mouth as his o**m hits gives nie the curatest satisfaction I have had in the last eleven years. After licking my lips clean, 1 stand up and look at his face. There is a sheen of sweat on his face. Desire for me shines from his beautiful eyes as he meets my gaze.

"I don't know what possessed you just now, but that was just....."

"From the way you moaned my name, I would say it was amazing-

Quinn stands up fully, roughly pulls me against him, then smiles. "It was more than that. My turn is next, but first, let's go get changed into more comfortable clothes. Then, since I canceled our dinner plans, I will make dinner."

"You can cook?" I ask in surprise.

"Hey now, just because you haven't seen me cook yet, doesn't mean I can't"

"Fair enough."

Thirty minutes later, I am seated at the kitchen counter watching Quinn cook. Admittedly, I was surprised he knew his way around the kitchen so well. For some reason, I never imagined he would be interested in cooking. I am happy to be proven wrong.

It is a very s**y side of him.

As he cooks, he tells me how Tori taught both him and Aaron the basics. Then, he blushes as he admits that used to watch a lot of cooking shows on the internet when he had downtime on deployments. This makes me smile.

"How did Victoria react when you told her about Grace?"

Quinn slides a crepe stuffed with mushrooms and Gruyere cheese onto the plate in front of me then adds more batter to the pan. My mouth waters just looking at it. I am starving.

"She was shocked. Then she was angry with you for keeping Grace from me. However, after I talked to her and explained how I felt, she calmed down. I know she will have some questions for you, but please keep in mind that they come from a place of love."

"Oh, that I remember. She can be fierce when it comes to her boys."

He slides his crepe onto his plate, turns the burner off, then joins me at the counter. There is a surprised expression on his face when he

glances at me as he sits down. I think he isn't away that I know that about her.

"We had some girl-talk that afternoon you too me to meet her that summer. She sent you and Aaron to the store. We talked while you two

THO

"Oh really? What did you two talk about?"

"Like I said, girl-talk." I give him a wink.

Quinn shakes his head at me, then we eat our dinner. I am pleasantly surprised at how good his food is. I can add another skill to the list this amazing man of mine has. Every day, I learn more and more about him and I love it.

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Chapter 46

After we finish eating, Quinn pots our plates in the sink, then pulls me off my stool. "Come, the next part of date night will help with any sore muscles you have after the accident today."

Being reminded of the accident make me wince. I hoped we wouldn't talk about it at all until much later tonight. Now, everything that happened today is back in the forefront of my mind. I can feel my body tense up and all that fear return.

"Hey, don't go back there. Not yet, at least, We have plenty of time to talk about it later. Clear your mind again."

"Quinn, it isn't that easy."

"Then I will help you. Take my hand, then close your eyes. Trust in me

I take a deep breath, then do as he says. He leads me slowly through the penthouse. I have no idea where he is taking me until he opens a sliding door, and the smell of chlorine hits my nose. We are in the pool.com.

What is this man planning?

*Stay right there for a minute and don't peek."

He lets go of my hand. I can hear his bare feet on the tile floor as he walks away. He is gone longer than a minute and the anticipation is

driving me crazy. Just when I am about to c**k one eye open to peek, I hear its footstep again.

"You were going to peek, weren't you?"

I feel his hands on the hem of my t-shirt.

"Keep your eyes closed and lift your arms."

He wants me naked, that much I can tell, so I lift my arms to let him pull my shirt over my head. His hands then go straight to the waistband of my yoga pants. I didn't put panties on when we went to get dressed before dinner.

wn a waste of

I fully planned on getting him naked in the living room and having my way with him on the couch. Panties would have been a time. Now I am glad I didn't. One less article of clothing for him to remove.

"Oh my, no panties. Good girl. Now give me your hand."

a

I give him a small smile and do as he says. He leads me forward a few feet, then stops. I hear a soft click, then he leads me forward again.

"Open your eyes"

What I see when I open my eyes takes my breath away. The room we are in is lit by candles he set up on a small table against a wall. There are rose petals all over the floor.

"I was going to do this a little differently, but suddenly inspiration struck me. I snagged a few of your roses while you were in the shower and brought them down here. Now, look to your right."

I follow his gazet

to see a sliding glass door that leads into a small room with wooden walls lined with raised benches. Holy s**t. Quinn his his own in-home sauna. Why am I not surprised?

"This is why you stripped me naked. I am so going to enjoy letting the beat just relax my body."

"Get in there.

"Are you joining me?"

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Chapter 46

"I have one more surprise and then I will strip these sweats off to join you."

After giving him a sly smile then I do as he says, Just as I get comfortable, a song plays through the room's built-in speakers. I have heard

song on the radio, but until tonight I never thought about the meaning that it can have to me.

this

I stare at him as he walks into the room and slide the door closed behind him. All those toned muscles on display for my eyes to devour. He gets the steam going, then turns back to look at me while Ed Sheer sings.

“You are perfect, Annie. Inside and out.”

“Sex without love is as hollow and ridiculous as love without sex.” Hunter S. Thompson

Author Note

Prepare for some steam my lovelies...

Loving Quinn Chapter 47

(Quinn)

I watch as Annie lets the steam work its magic on her aching muscles. The gleam of sweat that covers her body is enticing to me. My mind is still reeling from the way she slammed me up against the hallway table. Initially, I assumed she was irritated with me.

She promptly drove every thought I had from my mind when she ripped my shirt open.

“You were wild earlier, Annie. What got into you?”

Annie raises her head off the c**ed headrest and c**ks an eye open to peer at me. A slight s

mile forms on her lips. Then she blushes crimson. Between the sweat and the blush, I feel my c**k twitch with need for her.

Down, boy, you will have your action later.

“What I said when you lifted me out of the car caused me feel like a jealous shrew.”

“I haven’t been a saint, but I promise you I haven’t been with anyone since well before you chose to make what we have work. There is nothing to be jealous about, I am yours.”

She shakes her head, then leans it back on the c**n. “I am not jealous of them. Not in the manner you think.”

Her wonderful breasts jigg**e as she laughs. My eyes follow that glistening bead of sweat that rolls down her left breast. It is tantalizingly close to her nipple, and I really want to lick it off. The sauna was an excellent plan, but now it is torture.

I prefer to have her thoroughly relaxed before I proceed to the sensual part of our date. Steamy sex in the sauna wasn't entirely part of my strategy, but it is now. The rest of my plan for tonight will work just fine for when we are in our room later.

"In what manner are you jealous of them?"

"It isn't that you have been with a lot of women that bothers me. I am envious of how much more experienced those women are compared to me."

Her breath leaves in a huff as she finishes speaking. My innocent beauty is envious of all the more experienced women of my past. I think it is my turn to tell her I find her innocence attractive.

"I have only slept with two men in my life, Quinn."

Well s**t. I was her first. In the back seat of my car on an old dirt road, To be her first and her last will be my pleasure. For the rest of our lives. I have been laying on my back on the bench along the wall to her right. Now, I sit up and put my feet on the floor. It is time to explain to her why her innocence is an asset to her.

"Annie, come here. Please."

She lazily raises her head up off the c**n then opens her eyes to glance at me. Her hazel eyes take on a heated expression as she looks at my body. I watch her as they wander from my face to my c**h, then back up again. The flush that spreads on her cheeks causes me

chuckle.

I feel like her personal piece of eye candy. With Annie, I feel desired on a different level than I have ever experienced before. It is real for her. Nothing fake.

I point to the floor in front of me. "Here."

1/5

Chapter 47

Annora sila up, tinrosses her legs, allowing in a tantalizing view of her p**y before the rises and walks to me. She stands in the spot instructed fier to and then shyly glances up at me, Gone is that bold woman from earlier. My shy Annie is back.

"Do you want to know what you have over those greedy women from my past?"

Me moves her hands to cover her breasts at the reference of other woman.

“No, don’t cover yourself.”

She drops her hands to her side.

“Your innocence is your weapon against me.”

I scoot backwards on the bench until my back is against the headboard. Then, with my eyes on hers, I spread my legs until there is room between them for her a** The way her eyes follow my every move makes my c**k twitch for her.

“Come here. Sit with me, but I want you to face the door, I crave that licious a** of yours against me.”

The way she licks her plump lips lets me know she is eager to learn what I am planning. Honestly, I am just going on impulse. She tried something similar to this with a mirror before, but this time it will be provocative. The glass on this side of the sliding door is a two-way mirror. I want her to see what I do when I look at her.

When she is in place, I draw her back against me. The image of us like this displayed in the mirror is an erotic sight to look at. Her pale skin gleaming with sweat, my arms wrapped around her waist, and the rise and fall of her breasts as she breathes is incredibly arousing.

She lets out a shocked sound when her eyes meet mine in the mirror.

“Do you want to know what I see when I look at you like this?”

I

I place my palms on her belly, then ever so slowly raise them up her seat slicked flesh until I cup both breasts in my hands. Her head rolls back when I brush my thumbs over her nipples. I want her to watch what I am going to do to her, so I move my hands off her body.

Annora jerks her head up and opens her eyes in confusion.

“I need your eyes open. I want you to watch while I pleasure you. Can you keep your eyes open for me, Annie?”

“Good girl.” Continuing my actions, I put my palms back on her breasts, “I see a woman where a young girl used to be. You have blossomed into a goddess.” I give her breasts a firm squeeze, then massage them. “I loved your body back then, but I worship the woman you grow into”

Her eyes flutter closed for a moment as I brush my thumbs over her nipples again.

“You like i

that, don't you?”

“Yes,” she breathes out in a tone that has gone throaty with desire.

“Your Innocence in the ways

s of sex is very provocative to me. I crave to be the one to show you new things and explore more forms of

pleasure with you.”

Anora's eyes widen after I tell her this.

With one hand, I reach down to raise her left leg up and over mine. This spreads her open for my eyes to devour. I move her right leg over mine, then plant my palm on her hips. My erection now between her spread a** c**ks.

2/5

Chapter 47

“Touch yourself for me. Show me how you pleasure yourself, Just like the night we had phone sex. Show me what you did to moon for me.”

“oh, Quinn... I don't think.....”

“You don't think you are s**y? Oh, Annie, you are my f***g goddess. Can you feel that? I flew my hips to rub my cre

stock against

Her eyes flicker to mine in the mirror. A smile forms on her lips. Then, with hesitant movements, she strokes herself, I am so divided about where to look she grows more confident in her actions. I want to watch her face as she pleases herself. Oh, but the image of her fingers fluttering over her cl**t is by far the most erotic sight I have ever witnessed.

When her eyes flutter closed, and she lets out a shuddering moan, the need to sink myself deep inside her is more than I can take. I scoot my ass forward on the bench, lean back a little. When my erection is at her opening, I fill my hips up and slip inside her core

Annie's fingers quit moving and her eyes open to find mine in

“Don’t stop.

1. I want to feel your walls clench around me when you o***m.”

“Oh, f**k,” s

f**k.” She moans my name, then moves her fingers again.

Our eyes are locked on each other’s as she surrenders herself to the steamy scene in the mirror, My hands are on her breasts, thumbs caressing her nipples or occasionally tweaking them. Her sighs of bliss echo off the wooden walls of the sauna.

My goddess is on fire.

moan tears from

Soon, Annie’s **bs of ecstasy rise in volume as her **m rips through her. Her eyes widen in awe at the force of it. A mo my lips as the walls of her p**y clench around my c**. The ripples of her **m are so f**g powerful.

When the ripples in her core fade and her breathing slows, I reach up with one hand to turn her face to the side. Her beautiful hazel eyes are hypnotizing as they meet mine. “You completely undo me, Annie.”-

Our eyes close, and our lips fuse. With my mouth on hers, I move inside her. Slow strokes. I withdraw almost all the way, then lazily slide hack in. Then, before I get overly carried away, I tear my mouth from hers and turn her face back towards the mirror.

“Do you see that, Annie?” I thrust upwards into her, then pull out until only the head of my c**k is inside her. “Watch as I make love to you. Keep your eyes open.”

Her mouth opens as she moans my name, but her eyes find mine in the mirror. “Oh, Quinn. This is like nothing I ever imagined. Please don’t stop,”

Quickly, we are both lost in the throes of passion as our pleasure builds, Sweat glistens on our skin as the sauna does it lob and our bodies move together. Annora finds a rhythm of her own as she pushes down on me as I thrust up into her.

Her sighs of pleasure encourage me to pick up my pace. I can feel my o***m speeding closer with each thrust. Seeing myself slip in and out of her lush p**y is an Incredible vision. It is heightening the pleasure to an almost painful degree.

I didn’t realize this would be so arousing when the idead first popped into my head. I know why it is. It isn’t just what we are doing and how we are doing it. It is all Annie. Watching her watch herself. Seeing pleasure flush her skin a luscious pink. Then watching myself with

her is something out of my wildest dreams.

All of it is because of her.

My shy yet sensuous, Annie. The bud of her innocence is now blossoming into the most exquisite erotic flower. I submit to her completely Everything I am is hers to hold in the palm of her hand. I am putty before her, and I love every single minute of our time together. In and out of the bedroom. Love for her makes sex with her that much more pleasurable. It is because our connection is bone deep.

3/5

Chapter 47

“Oh, Quinn,” she moans loudly as she sinks her nails into my outer thighs.

The o**m that hits her sends me over the edge with her.

“My goodness, Quinn. That was unbelievable,” Annie sighs.

ise her un

Imise

up while I still have the energy then slip out of her cushy care. Annurn slides off my lap like a limp noodle and flops onto the bench beside me. Her breathing soon returns to normal as she relaxes Buck against the headrest. As my brain functions return to normal, it is probably an excellent idea to take us up to bed.

Slowly, I stand up off the bench to shut down the steams function for the sauna. Then I open the door, step out of the sauna to grab two towels. The candles have already burned out, so I can clean that up tomorrow.

“Come on, my love, it is time for a shower and then the last part of our date night.”

“There is more? I don’t think my body can take much more.”

Her voice is h**se from all the moaning and tired sounding from physical exertion. I toss the towels aside and just scoop her up in my arms. The trip from the sauna to our bedroom feels longer than it actually is. After we shower and get dressed for bed, the last part of my plan is ready

“Now, for your surprise,” I tell her as I lead her out onto the balcony.

With a flick of a switch, the entire balcony is lit with pale yellow fairy lights. Slow jazz music plays softly on the exterior speakers. The look on her face shows her pleasure and lets me know this was the right move.

“Quinn, this is beautiful. When did you do this?”

“I had them installed this afternoon. David supervised.”

I walk to where she is standing and pull her against me. Her arms wrap around my neck as I wrap mine around her waist. Slowly, we sway to the music in a slow dance. Annie lays her head on my chest as we move together. We can dance together like this forever. I don't ever

want to let her go

20.

She is my safe haven.

“Quinn, I want to go off my birth control, Annie whispers against my chest.

That makes me stop swaying her around to glance down at her face. She is looking up at me with a speculative look. A baby. Another baby. She wants to have another baby now.

“Are you sure!”

“Yes. Let's give Grace a sibling. I haven't been so sure of anything else in so long. I love you more than I ever thought I could love anyone other than our daughter. There is so much love between us that another baby would be a blessing

Images of her glowing with pregnancy, round with a life we created together, fill my head. I smile widely at her. It is something I have -wanted since she told me about Grace. “Then let's make a baby. However, I have one request.”

“What's that?”

“Walt right here.”

I let go of her, then turn around to rush inside. If we are going to make another baby. I want her to become my wife. The ring I bought her and was planning to use in six months, after we sort out our living situation, is in the safe in my closet. I will ask her tonight.

4/5

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on? Maybe, but there is no going back now. I can't

my life without her and Grace in it. Now it is time to see if she feels the

After grabbing the black velvet box out of the safe, I return to the balcony. Annora has her back to the doorway when I get back outside. Perfect. I walk quietly behind her, then sink to my knees and open the box.

"Quinn

She turns around as she

for

Her mouth drops open and her

tears. My heart flutters in anticipation of her answer.

"Marry me, Annie."

Author's Note

I hope you are enjoying

Loving Quinn Chapter 48

(Grace)

"Grace, is your homework done?"

Gran calls up the stairs. I shake my head to myself as I open my backpack. Since it is Friday and mom pulled me out of school early, I only have one homework assignment. It is for English class. My favorite class. My assignment is to read five chapters of the current book we are studying.

I can have that done by Sunday.

Thinking of Sunday makes me push up off my bed to go downstairs. I don't want to go back to our house when the weekend is over. I want to live with my dad, but more than anything, I want to have both of my parents together in one place.

Living together as a family is something I have been dreaming about since my dad came into my life.

Gran is in the kitchen making dinner when I walk in. I love watching her, but I love it when she lets me help her more. When she looks up at me, she nudges her head to the side, then glances down at the counter.

“Wash your hands, then you can help me bread the chicken. Your grandpa wants fried chicken

to the

n for dinner tonight.”

I grin up at her, then rush to the sink to wash my hands. When I step up beside her, she scoots over to the stove where the chicken is frying in the pan. Once I get started, we fall into a comfortable silence. I want to ask her a question, but I am nervous.

“Do you want to tell me why you were grumpy with your mom and dad this morning?”

Anger fills me again, just like it did this morning. Yesterday, I was happy with what my dad suggested. Living with him for a week, then him living with mom and me for a week. This morning when I woke up, I realized Sunday is a few days away and we will go home.

I look down at my hands, not sure how to talk to my gran about this.

“Come on, Gracie, talk

to me”

“I just want to live in the same house as both my parents. Dad came up with a plan and I was fine with it last night, but not today.”

Gran places the last piece of chicken on the plate to drain, then turns off the burner. I help her clean up before she asks me to. I can feel the tears fall down my cheeks as we do the dishes. Gran stays silent until we are done cleaning up, then she takes my hand and leads me

into the sunroom

“Sit down, Grace”

The tone in her voice makes me look up at her as I sit on the sofa. There is understanding in her eyes, but the way she sighs makes me think I disappointed her. I frown as I think back to everything that I said to her.

Nothing I said since I came downstairs was bad.

“Tell me about the plan your father came up with,” she tells me as she sits down next to me.

Gran’s voice is soft, but that look is still there. It makes me squirm in my seat. I feel like I am in trouble. Lowering my head, I tell her what dad suggested last night. When I am done explaining it to her, I look up.

“So, what I am hearing is that both your parents are meeting you halfway. What I am not hearing is that you are appreciating it”

“But why can’t we just live together as a family now? They are together as a couple, so why can’t we be together as a family too?”

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Gian shifts on the sofa so that she is fully facing me. “Gracie, tell me something. What is the driving force behind your need to have your family living together in one place?”

I don’t like where this is going. I wanted her to be on my side, but now I can see she isn’t. Why can’t someone just be on my side with this? Why is this so hard to make happen? I know my parents love each other and me, so why can’t we just live together?

Like all my friends do with their parents.

I know I shouldn’t let it bother me, I know I should be happy with what I have. It is just that now that my father is in my life; I don’t want things to go back to the way they used to be. Living with mom during the week and only spending time with dad on the weekends.

“All my friends live with both their parents.”

This time, when Gran sighs, I can feel my anger boiling over. I just wanted her to be on my side. I can feel hot, angry tears rush down my cheeks, brushing them away, I jump up off the sofa and rush upstairs to any room. The sound of the door slamming behind me is satisfying, but only makes me cry harder.

This sucks.

A few minutes later, there is a soft knock on the door. If I ignore her, she will go away. Gran isn’t confrontational. Normally. When the door opens, I fling myself onto my bed, then hug my

pillow as I feel more tears spilling down my cheeks.

“Now, what is the cause of all this?”

The sound of grandpa’s voice makes me tip over to look at him. I sit up with my pillow in my lap. He won’t be on my side either. I swipe at the tears on my cheeks with angry movements, glaring at him as he comes to sit on the side of my bed.

“Your gran mentioned you are upset with your parents. What is going on?”

“You mean she didn’t tell you why I am mad at them?”

He c chuckles at that, then smiles softly. “She told me, but I want to hear it from you.”

I roll my eyes at him, then repeat everything I told Gran. When I am done, I huff out a breath and flop back on the bed. How many times am I going to have to repeat myself tonight for someone to understand me?

“Ok, kiddo, sit up and pay attention. It seems like it is time for you to have a real-world conversation with me. A grown-up type of

conversation.”

I know

that tone in his voice. It is the one he uses when he has something important to say. Usually, it is to chastise me for something I did wrong. With a frustrated sigh, I sit up again to look at him. He has a frown on his face when he sees the tears on my cheeks.

“This has you all worked up, doesn’t it?”

All I can do is nod my head.

Here is the thing that I think you need to understand, Grace. A house does not make a family, and not all families live together. Just biscose your friends do, doesn’t mean the same thing is right for your family.”

I open my mouth to say something, but he holds up his hand to stop me.

“From what I can tell, your parents are thinking about you. How would you feel if the three of you live together now but six months later find that it doesn’t work out? You would feel hurt and confused. This trial run sounds like they have your best interests in mind.”

This makes me frown.

Chapter 48

“Grace, I know you want to have the same living situation as your friends, and I understand that. However, you haven’t even given the idea your father had a chance. All you are thinking about is how you want things to be now,”

“But why can’t it be like that now?”

“This is new to all three of you. Until now, it has just been you and your mom....”

“And Kyle.”

He wrinkles his nose at the mention of my stepfather.

“You have had your mom by your side your whole life. Quinn is an unknown element to the dynamic you two have. As much as you want to rush into this, they know that there will eventually be some stumbling blocks.”

“How so?”

He gets up to grab the tissue box off my dresser, then sits down again after he hands me the box. I take the box and wipe my tears. When I look back up at him, he is no longer frowning

“Quinn is new to this whole parenting thing. He needs time to learn about your day-to-day life, your habits, and what the rules are with your mom at home. The three of you need that time to get to know one another. Trust me when I tell you this. Your father wants this just as much as you do, but he wants to make sure it is done right and lasts.”

Now I feel like a selfish jerk.

The sound of my fist connecting with the punching bag echo off the walls of my weight room. My breathing is harsh and uneven as I work all my frustrations out. The wraps on my knuckles are stained red with blood and the sting of pain keeps me going.

I want to hurt.

I deserve to be in pain.

Normally, I would work my frustrations out between the thighs of a willing woman. Tonight, however, my mood is so dark and foul that I don’t want to take the risk. I could hurt someone and not realize it until the haze clouding my mind clears.

After I left Quinn in his office, I went straight to my favorite bar where certain blonde I know works. She always knows how to help me work off some steam. However, and much to my extreme frustration, the minute her lips met mine, all I could see was nother woman's

face.

Pain races through my knuckles as I punch the bag as hard as I can.

I don't want this.

I can't stand her.

So why is it that her face is the last one I see at night before I fall asleep? What has she done to me? What the f**k does she want with

me?

all the men in the world that she could have, why the f**k does she want me? She has men drooling over her everywhere she goes. Yet she gives me looks of longing that pi** me off. I am not good for her.

The image of Rylan standing against the wall behind my punching bag makes me falter in my vicious attack. Her raven black curls are loose to flow down to her waist. Those piercing blue eyes of hers are locked on mine. Her plump s**y lips are curved up in a knowing

smile.

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Chapter 48

I let my mind wander to her body. Her figues bill so much of that toned body of hers. My hands ich in grope her s** bubble bort. could stare at that a**for hours. Then there are her world class t**. These beatles are une laundred percent natural.

The way my**k throhs in my pants makes me growl in frustration. My jody and mind want to jump right into the delicious feast that is Rylan Danvers, My heart is an entirely different story.

As much as I want to take that risk with hw, I know it is the worst idea possible. There is to much darkness buried deep in my sal for me to let anyone close. Even if that someone has seen the results of we like I love,

Rylan was in Quinn's unit for a while before they transferred her to further her medical training. Then she was a doctor at the base hospital. I know she saw more death of our own troops than I did. That must be a heavy weight on her heart.

Yet I took more lives than I saved.

I have spent that last five years trying to run from those memories. Drinking, boxing, and f**g myself into exhaustion. Quinn has been the same, but I have been ten times worse than he ever thought to be. There is so much that I haven't shared with him.

Part of me wants to talk to him about this stuff, but now that he is finally coming out of that darkness, I don't want to drag him back down with me. He deserves to be happy after the way his father ignored him or just forgot he existed.

Now that he has Annora and Grace, there is hope for my best friend.

There is none for me.

me in way

ways that I want

So, I will continue to fight this war inside me. This push and pull that I am living through every day. Rylan pulls at me desperately to give in. My mind pushes me to run far away from everything she offers.

I am tired of it.

So very tired of it all.

I slam my fist into the punching bag so hard that it c**s. Dropping my hands to my side, I close my eyes and concentrate on wiping everything from my mind. The dripping sound of something hitting the mat under my feet makes me look down. Drops of my blood are dripping from the wounds on my knuckles.

My entire body has gone numb from the pain, and I didn't realize my k**es were that bad until now. Grabbing two towels off the chair beside me, I wrap them around my hands. First order of business is to clean my wounds and bandage them properly. Then a hot shower is

in order.

An hour later, I am in a fresh set of clothes and on my way out of my house. I am heading to my favorite night club. Some bourbon and a few willing women are just what I need right now. Anything to distract my mind. Maybe tonight is a good night for more than two.

Th** are a lot of work, but

at that s

suits my mood and needs just fine right now.

However, my face falls from excitement over the prospect of a sex induced coma to resignation when I see who is on the other side of my door when I open it to leave.

Rylan's hair is a mess, her lipstick is smeared, and the tears in her eyes make dread fill my stomach. When my eyes land on handprints on her throat, a haze of red covers my vision. The s**b that escapes her mouth when she sees me break something open in my chest that I have been trying for years to avoid.

In the

crimson

Rage like nothing I have ever felt before courses through my veins as I open my arms for her. My touch is gentle as I lead her into the

12 her. house. I swear up a storm in my head as her body shakes in fear. I will find out what happened and who did this

When I do, they will regret ever being born.

Loving Quinn Chapter 49

(Quinn)

My heart feels like it is stuck in my throat after I ask her to marry me. There are tears in her eyes. However, I am seeing hesitation, something that I didn't expect to see. I expected all kinds of ensations come from her, but I didn't this

It really is too soon for this.

Realizing that this was a mistake, I stand up off the ground and close the velvet box. Her hand reaches out quick as a snake to grasp my arm as I start to turn around. When I turn my face back to her, there a frown on her face.

"I was too soon. I am sorry.

"Stop."

I close my mouth and just observe her face as she gathers her thoughts,

“Yes, I will marry you, Quinn.”

Confusion goes through me. This wasn't how I thought this to go. I imagined this in my head differently. This was a spur-of-the-moment proposal, but I never considered she would hesitate to say yes like she just did.

Now she is saying yes.

“I am sorry. I got swept up in the moment after we talked about having a baby. Just pretend this didn't happen and I will ask again when it feels right.”

This time, I walk away from her and into the bedroom. I move straight to my closet to place the ring back the safe. When I hear her call my name as she enters the room, I turn to glance at her, the velvet bas still in my grip.

“Quinn, what are you doing?”

“You are not ready for this,”

“Stop and listen to me.”

“Your hesitation speaks volumes, Annie.”

She crosses the room quickly. Those hazel eyes of hers blazing fire as she stops in front of me. I can feel her anger like a living thing whirling around me. I am not sure why she is mad at me. It was her hesitation that told me all I needed to know.

“Will you just listen to me?”

With a sigh, I brush past her, then walk to the bed. Taking a seat on the edge of the bed, I glance up at her and gesture with my hand for her to talk. I realize I am overreacting, but I can't seem to get over the pain that her hesitation caused me.

I wish to marry you more than anything. Quinn. I want that life we dreamed of when we were eighteen. You don't know how many times I visualized of your fare at night.”

“Now just isn't the time.”

“No, now is the perfect time. I want all of that now, but I am scared.”

The way she stares at me before she comes to sit next to me causes me frown at her.
“What are you scared of, Annie?”

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Chapter 49

“Dionne and Ethan are already after us both. One of them tried to kill me today. I know it even if we don’t have proof. Before that happened, someone called me using a voice masker and threatened Grace...”

I jump off the bed at that statement. “When? Why didn’t you call me?”

Her face shows surprise, then guilt when the anger I feel shows in my voice. I sit back down and gently take her hand. Then I wait for her to tell me what happened.

“Whoever called didn’t come outright and threaten Gence. They just said it would be a shame if anything happened to her. My first instinct was to get to my child as fast as possible. I wasn’t thinking about anything else.”

Her child. Not our child. That stings. I pull my hand away but keep my eyes locked on hers as she continues to tell me what happened.

“I thought about calling you on my way to her school, but my instincts to get to Grace were in full control. Our daughter could have been hurt or worse. All I wanted was to see her safe. I am sorry that I didn’t call you or the police after I got the call.”

Her breath hitches, so I pull her into my arms. I can imagine what she was thinking and going through. I would have done the same thing. If I had received that call instead of Annie, I would have gotten to Grace as fast as I could.

Now I feel like an a** for that knee jerk reaction. The hurt I feel when she refers to our daughter as her child. She has had eleven years with Grace where I have only had the last six months. Calling Grace her child is habit, Calling her our child is new,

I get it, but it still hurts

“The second I saw her walking down the hallway, the feeling of relief that swept through me was euphoric. I said nothing to her until I got to the car. Then I hugged her tight, I took her to my parents like planned, then went straight to the police station.”

“What did they tell you there?”

“That I should have called them first, but they would look into it.”

“Why didn’t you call me then?”

“I wanted to tell you in person. That wasn’t a conversation for a phone call. So, I figured I would wait and just tell you at home before date night. Then I remembered date night.”

Her eyes go wide, then anger fills her eyes.

“What?”

“There is over a thousand dollars in lingerie in the backseat of my car I wanted something s**y for tonight. So, I went to the mall. I got a little carried away. Then I got a massage and a wax. I was all primed and ready for tonight. Then that b**d hit me.”

The mention of the accident has me up off the bed and pacing the room, It reminds me that this is all my fault. Maybe her hesitation is a good thing. As much as I want to move forward with her and Grace, there are threats against us that need to be resolved first.

“It is my fault that they came after you. If it is Dionne and Ethan. It is because of me and my actions that you and Grace are now in the

-crossfire

Annora jumps off the bed and stops in front of me. “Look at me, Quinn.

Reluctantly, I lift my head to meet her eyes. The anger in her eyes is justified, but there is also pain, I know what we have to do now, but it will kill me to do it.

Today, when I feared for Grace, it crossed my mind that if I put distance between us, she would be safe, I showed that away as soon as I thought about it. We are stronger together. Grace needs solidarity. Let’s give her that.”

“I will never forgive myself if something were to happen to the two of you because of me. This is because of me. There is no doubt about

Annie cups my face in her hands. “Listen to me. We are stronger than this. We have loved each other while being oceans apart. Twelve years didn’t dampen the love we found as teenagers. Nothing that **h and her crazy a** husband can do will change how I feel about

“Yes, but what if?..”

She presses her finger to my lips.

“No. We will not let that b**h win. Do you hear me? 7 We will take every precaution with our daughter that we can. You have hired guards

for the hospital...”

“But they still hurt you.”

“I think what I did was exactly what they wanted. I fell into their trap, Quinn. That won’t happen again, I promise.”

There won’t be a second time. I will hire bodyguards for Grace and Annora. I will do everything I can to ensure their safety when they are

not with me

“Ask me again.” She says as she takes a small step back, letting go of my face as she does.

Her soft voice makes me look into her eyes. There, in those beautiful hazel depths, is all the love she has for me. Raw and vulnerable for me to do with as I please. I want to give her the world. Even though my proposal didn't go as I imagined, if her answer is the same as thought it would be, I will ask her again.

I hold the velvet box up and open it. Her eyes widen and fill with tears as she sees the ring. The two-carat marquise cut diamond is on a white gold band. On each side of the center diamond are three small emerald cut diamonds. It is simple in design, but it called out to me

when I saw it in the store.

“Annora Winters, will you do me the honor of becoming my wife?”

She nods her head as tears roll down her cheeks. I slip the ring out of the velvet box, to the box over my shoulder, then grab her left hand in mine. There is no hesitation as I slip it on her ring finger. The moment it is on, Annora flings her arms around my neck and fuses her

mouth to mine.

I pick her up, then carry her to the bed. After laying her down, I strip of my shirt. The way her eyes travel down my chest, then back up to my face, makes me smile at her.

“Like what you see?” I pull her ass to the edge of the bed, then stand between her thighs.

Annora reaches up, then trails a finger down my chest until she reaches my v-line abbs. Before I can lean down to kiss her my phone rings. The ringtone is for David. If he is calling, that means someone is here trying to get upstairs.

Reluctantly, I move away from Annie to answer the phone. As soon as he tells me what is going on downstairs, I hang up the phone, then grab my shirt off the floor. Date night is over.

“Do you have any medical supplies with you?”

Annora sits up fast with a concerned look on her face. “What happened?”

“Aaron is on his way up

p with a friend of ours. She was attacked but refuses to go to the hospital. He mentioned your name, and she agreed to be brought here. I am not sure you have met her yet, but she now works at the hospital”

She gets up off the bed and walks to the closet. The view of her a** distracts me for a moment, but the black bag she pulls off a shelf makes me frown. How long has that been in there? Guess she is more prepared for anything than I am.

“Take this downstairs while I get dressed in more presentable clothes.”

The tiny shorts and tight tank top she is wearing works for my plans, but there is no way I want anyone else to see her smoking hot body. I nod my head and leave her to get changed. There is a knock on the door when I reach the bottom of the stairs.

I drop the medical bag onto the floor, then hurry to the door. The sight that greets me when I open the door makes anger flare through me. Aaron is in there with Rylan cradled in his arms. Her raven hair is a mess, and her face is buried against his shoulder.

Aaron’s face is pale but the fire in his eyes is like nothing I have ever seen before from him. This is an entirely different level of anger. I know this anger. I felt it today when Annora was hit by that truck. This kind of rage comes from a deep, primal place within us both.

He loves her and now I know it.

1

“Come in. Annie is on her way down.”

“Bring her up here to the guest room,” Annora says in

Aaron

From the top of the stairs.

says nothing but follows her orders without hesitation. I follow behind them, grabbing the medical bag off the floor as I do. The rigid set of my best friend’s back is all I can see as I follow him upstairs.

“What happened to her? Who did this?”

“She won’t talk. At all ”

That is unlike Rylan. If she isn't talking, then I know whatever happened to her was bad. Whoever did this will regret it, because if or when Aaron finds out their name, he will make them pay. I will help him. Rylan is more than a fellow soldier. She is my friend. She is the sister I never had.

"Put her on the bed. I also think it would be best if you two left. If what I think happened to her, I will need to examine her fully."

Aaron gently places Rylan on the bed. Her hand reaches out to grip his arm when he tries to move away. Something flickers over his eyes as he looks down at her face. An emotion that I have never seen before when he looks at her. His eyes are gentle.

"Annora is here. You will be safe. Quinn and I will be right outside. I promise no one can hurt you here."

Rylan nudges her head then lets go of his arm. Aaron steps away, then rushes from into the hall. The sound of his fist slamming into the wall echoes down the hall.

from the room. I hand Annora the bag, then

then follow hi

him out

"Annora will do all she can. Come downstairs with me."

"I need to stay here."

*I understand that but hitting the walls here will only scare her if she hears them. You can beat the s**t out of my walls downstairs while you tell me what happened."

Aaron growls in frustration but then nods his head and walks away. I close the door before I follow him back downstairs. The sound of glass shattering against a wall is the first thing I hear when I reach the bottom of the stairs.

This is going to be rough.

"Talk to me, Aaron,"

I spent the day wallowing in my own issues. After I left your office, my first stop was Melinda's. However, all I saw was Rylan when Mel was kissing me. That propelled me straight home to work out my frustrations out on my punching bag."

Aaron sinks to his as he stares at the ground.

“I am no good for her, Quinn. Yet when I opened my door tonight, Rylan was there. Not my imagination, but her in the flesh. I sighed before I got a good look at her.”

Without saying a word, I help him off the ground and lead him to the sofa. I sit across from him on the other sofa. He needs the space, and I don't feel like getting punched, so this is the safer spot.

“She won't talk about it. Her face shut down and her eyes took on that lost, empty look. I will kill whoever did that to her, Quinn.”

“I will help you”

Loving Quinn Chapter 50

(Annora)

Trigger warning

The moment Quinn closed the door, I sit the bag of supplies on the bed, since there was no time for introductions, I decided to break the ice and introduce myself. If I can get her to realize she is safe, maybe I can get her talking to me.

From a doctor's standpoint, I would really like to get her to a hospital. If she was raped, they will need to do a rape kit and a police report made. I will do what I can and then try to convince her to go in for a more extensive exam.

“My name is Annora.”

Her head swivels to look at me. The glassy look in her blue eyes clears for a moment and tears spill down her cheeks. What surprises is the recognition that passes through her eyes when I tell her my name. Did Quinn talk to her about me?

“He finally found you again, huh? I am Rylan”

I give her a smile. After grabbing a pair of surgical gloves out of the box in my kit, I put them on. The wounds on her neck are nasty looking. The fingerprints stand out the most, but the cut at the hollow of her throat concerns me, too,

“I am going to examine your throat first. Tell me if there is any tenderness.”

Rylan closes her eyes and swallows before lifting her head slightly upward for me. Tenderly, I press my fingers along her neck where the red indentations of the fingerprints are. She winces a few times and I take mental notes.

She will be bruised, but the deeper tissues seem undamaged, I clean and bandage the cuts, then look at her arms and hands. I can see a few scratches on her left arm, so I take out a few swabs to collect any evidence I can.

She flinches and pulls away from when I go to clean them. "I wasn't raped. There is no need for that."

"I know we don't know each other, , but if I can collect DNA from your attacker, it will help the police catch him."

Without saying a word, she holds up her left hand, palm up. I can see blood under her fingernails. "I scratched him before he slammed me against the wall. Take that."

I collect what I need, then put everything in sealed plastic bags. If she wasn't raped, then there isn't much else I can do. Unless she strips and lets me fully examine her. Something I don't see happening. So, I close my kit and sit on the bed beside her.

-Will

"Will you tell me what happened?"

"He seemed like a nice guy at first. We have been dating for a few weeks now. He has been nothing but a gentleman until now. Opening doors for me. Picking up the tab at dinner. Buying me flowers. Romantic gestures. I should have f**ng known it was all too good to be

True.

Rylan closes her eyes and takes a deep breath. I get up and go into the bathroom to fill a glass with water. When I had it to her, she looks up at me with a ghost of a smile.

*You are prettier than he let on. I had a crush on him once. Quinn shot me down right away. Told me there was a girl back home waiting for him. I respected that and moved on."

"He is pretty s**. I can't really blame you for that crush."

This time the smile she gives me is bright. However, it fades just as quickly as it appeared. Hurt and anger replaces it swiftly, I can tell her

1/5

Chapter 50

kon

mind is back on what happened to her tonight

“He took me to dinner tonight. I thought all throughout dinner about Bally letting him do more than kiss me. We had a few hot and heavy make out sessions but I always made him stop. We went back to his house after dinner, had some wine, then things got heated”

She takes a sip from the glass, then throws it at the wall. Anger is expected, so I keep quiet. She needs to get this all out. Then later, she will have to tell Aaron and Quinn what happened. Those two will demand to know and I know they won't let it drop until she tells them who did this to her.

“When we moved to his bedroom, something felt off. I am still not sure what it was, I asked him to stop. Instead of stopping, like he normally do, he got angry. He told me I was a tease and led him on for weeks. That was when he slammed me against the wall.”

With shaky hands, she reaches up to touch the back of her head, I follow the movement with my eyes, and I am glad that I did. I didn't see the blood in her hair until now. The wound on her neck was my focus and was a mistake on my part.

I stand back up and reach into my back for some gauze pads and antiseptic wipes. Keep talking while I look at this.”

“It dazed me, but not for long. He took advantage of it though and pulled me to the floor. I slapped his hand as he tried to pull my skirt up. I am not sure when his hands went around my neck. That was when I realized he meant to rape me.”

Rylan hisses as I clean the scratch on her scalp. It isn't serious, so I put antiseptic gel on it. Once that is done, I put the gel in my kit and sit back on the bed.

“My self-defense training all came flooding back to me, but he was so much stronger than me. I scratched him and when he moved one hand off my throat, I slapped him as hard as I could. It shocked him that I was fighting back. That gave me the opening I needed. I kicked him in the balls, then punched him in the throat. I got the hell out of there while he was gasping for air.”

My heart bleeds for what she went through. I am proud that she fought back and got out of there. However, there are two men outside the door waiting to hear what happened to her. I don't know what her relationship with Quinn and Aaron is like.

For Quinn, she is his friend. He is loyal to his friends and will do anything he can to help them. That was something I loved about him when we were teenagers. The relationship he had with Aaron was deeper than friendship. They are brothers in every way that counts.

If the look on Aaron's face is anything to go by, I would say his relationship with Rylan is different. When he looked at me before putting her on the bed, I saw pain and love in his eyes, but he looked away quickly. I would say their relationship is complicated.

That will be something to ask Quinn about later.

"Do

want to talk to Aaron and Quinn now?"

"The first thought in my mind after I left that b**d's house was to get somewhere safe. I wasn't really paying attention to where I was going until I was at his door." Rylan lets out a bitter laugh. "He was all dressed up to go out when he opened the door. His face fell when he saw me. No, I don't want to talk to Aaron. I will talk to Quinn, but can you stay in here with me when I do?"

"I will stay as long as you need me."

1

After getting

up off the bed, I walk to the door. Before I open it, she mutters. "I love a man who I can never have. I don't want him to see me as weak or broken. Do you have anything I can change into besides this dress?"

Rylan is close in size to me, so anything I have will fit her well. I nod my head, then leave the room as quietly as possible. I don't want to alert the two men downstairs, so I make my way to my room quickly, yet quietly. After grabbing a pair of jeans, a shirt, socks, and a fresh pair of underwear, I head back downstairs.

Quinn is waiting for me in the hallway.

"How is she?"

2/5

Chapter 50

"She has superficial wounds, and I have treated them. I would still
won't."

I like her to go to the hospital for treatment, but I have a feeling she

He not's his head. "She can be very stubborn. Did she tell you what happened?"

glance at the door, then look back at him. "She did."

"Will she tell me and Aaron who did it?"

"No, she will only tell you. Let me give her these clothes and then I will let you in when she is ready."

(Rylan)

When Annora leaves the room, the tears I have been holding back slip free. I feel like what happened tonight was my fault. I teased him for weeks just to see if he was really interested in more than sex. That b**d proved me wrong.

In my mind, all I wanted was a place to go that I could feel safe after that. I drove straight to the one place I should have avoided. To the one man I hoped would make me feel the anger I needed. His reaction when he saw me was exactly what I expected.

Aaron was dressed to impress. It meant he was going out. No doubt to a nightclub or some other seedy nighttime establishment. Somewhere he can lose himself in-between the thighs of another woman. He has thrown his wh**s in my face before.

It always hurt.

When he opened that door and saw me standing there, he sighed, like I was that last person he wanted to see on his doorstep. I was. Yet for some reason I keep deluding myself into thinking he will come around.

After the way he kissed me in his office today, my heart leapt with joy. My entire body was on fire as his mouth devoured mine. The way his body reacted to mine as he pressed us closer together was almost o**ic.

I would have let him f**k me right there in his office. As long as he touched me in the way I dreamed of for years. Then, just like that, reality came crashing back in on us. He tore his mouth from mine and gave me such a hateful look.

I slapped him hard, then stormed out of his office. Going to his house tonight was a mistake. I don't know what I was doing. All I could think of was the way I felt safe in his arms while he kissed me. That was an illusion.

When I saw his face after he opened the door, I couldn't stop the tears from falling down my cheeks. I am in love and obsessed with a man who has no heart. Yes, he let me in and comforted me, but this time I am no longer delusional about him.

Aaron Carter will never love me.

So, after tonight, I will build a wall around my heart. There will be no communication with him unless it pertains to my job and the veteran's program. He will be nothing more to me than one owner of my place of employment

I will thank him for bringing me here, then I will go home.

The door opening makes me wipe my face before I look up. Annora enters the room with a handful of clothes. Her eyes are soft and warm.

I would love to get to know her better. Quinn deserves to be happy. I can see the two of us being good friends,

"Here. These should fit you. We are about the same size."

"Thank

You

"Quinn is outside."

"Where is Aaron?"

3/5

Chapter 50

"Quinn took him downstairs. 116 is outside on the balcony. Do you ward him up here?"

"Absolutely not."

She nods her head then leaves the room so can get changes. The jeant she gave me dit perfectly, which makes me smile, I try harm a new shopping buildy. The shirt she gives me makes me laughs. It is a flags Bunny and Road Romper scene.

I

Bless her heart, she even brought me fresh panties. The lace is nice. I like her taste. After getting dressed and throwing all my clothes in the trash can in the bathroom, I open the bedroom door.

bo

Quinn is leaning against the wall across from the door with Annora wrapped in his arms. My heart throbs in pain at seeing how they k together, but not out of jealousy because I want to be where she is. I wint what they have together with someone who values me.

His eyes flicker to mine when he hears me step into the doorway. The warmth I see there makes a s*b c**log my throat. He steps away from Annora and opens his arms. He was a brother in arms at one time in my life. Now he is the brother I need right now.

I step into his arms, and he wraps them around me, then he leads me into the bedroom. Annora follows us and closes the door behind her. As soon as the door closes, the dam on my emotions breaks again. Quinn moves me to the edge of the bed, then sits with me while I

This time my tears are for what I went through tonight and what I never had with Aaron. I feel like a lovesick schoolgirl crying in her father's arms after a boy I liked broke my heart. I didn't really do that then, so I need to stop doing it now.

I am stronger than this.

This will not break me. Neither of those men is worth my tears. I will go on with my life.

"What happened Ry?"

"I wasn't raped. He tried to, but I stopped him."

"Who was it? We can make a police report."

"He is a pathetic man who I thought was different."

Quinn looks at me with anger in his eyes, I know if I tell him who did this to me, he will find him and hurt him. As satisfying as that would be, it would only cause more trouble that it is worth. However, something occurs to me as Quinn looks at me.

If I say nothing, that b**d could do this to someone else. If he hasn't already in the past. His kind are usually serial offenders.

"He is a doctor at Mercy General. We have been dating for the last few weeks. Tonight, he refused to take no for an answer. After I tell you, can you take me to a different hospital and call the police?"

"Tell me his name and I will do whatever you want."

"Jake Paulson."

Loving Quinn Chapter 51

(Quinn)

What the F**k! That b**d from the hospital earlier? The one who gave Annora

sh on her for who knows the lustful eyes? The same motherf**r who has had a how long? After we report this to the police, he is so get...g fired.

I watch Annora's eyes go round in surprise. Her face pales as she connects the dots. It means that Paulson must have gotten off work and went straight for his date with Rylan. I can also imagine where her thoughts are going.

Paulson was angry before his shift ended. We p***d him off. Did how we spoke to him push him to take out his frustrations on Rylan? I f** hope not. If that caused this, then I will strike fear into him and he will regret ever meeting Rylan

and Annora.

"You were dating Jake?"

Rylan's head shoots up off my shoulder and her eyes snap to Annora's face. Her hazel eyes are round as she stares at Rylan. Her lower lip trembles. Yes, her mind went where I thought it did. The two women stare at each other in shock. I move away from Rylan to get up off the bed. Annora's face is pale, and I don't like where her thoughts are heading, even if mine went down the same path.

"Hey, look at me. What that b**d did to Rylan was not your fault. He is sick."

"What are you two talking about?"

"I was in an accident earlier and Paulson was on duty in the E.R. He was my doctor.

When he came in to check my charts, the look he sent me was not very professional. Jake has had a crush on me for about six months. I turned him down every time he asked me out."

"What does that have to do with me and what he did?"

I can see the rage building in Rylan's eyes. She is connecting the dots. This could end badly if she sees it the way I did. I just hope she doesn't blame either of us for Paulson's actions. Before Annora can say anything, I give Rylan a brief rundown on what happened. I need her to know that I am as much to blame as Annie is if that pushed Paulson to attack her.

"You think you **d off enough, and he took his rage out on me?"

Annora looks down at the floor while I look straight at Rylan. "I don't want it to be

true. If it is, I am so sorry.”

“Stop it. Both of you stop it right now. You had no way of knowing what he was capable of. Neither of you even knew I was dating him. This isn’t your fault. It is all on his sick shoulders. I also highly doubt that I am the first woman he has done this to. Mark my words, though, I will be the last.”

I nod my head. Relief that my friend is going to stand up for herself. “When do you want to go to the police?”

“Now.”

“What about Aaron?”

A pained look crosses her face, then it is like a shutter comes down over her emotions. Her eyes go blank like those of a soldier who is trained to not show emotion. My best friend fought too hard to keep Rylan from breaking down his defenses. He fought so hard that he lost his chance and she built walls of her own.

What a sad loss for them both.

“Fair enough. Come on then, and I will take you to the police station.”

“Annora, can you stay with me when I talk to the police?”

Annie nods her head then walks to grab her medical bag. “The DNA swabs I collected with be helpful. Though I am not sure if they will not want to collect their own.”

Rylan nods her head and then the three of us walk downstairs. Aaron is waiting for us at the bottom of the stairs. His eyes go straight to Rylan. I watch as he battles with himself before he steps forward. Surprise flashes through his eyes when she steps away from him rather than towards him.

2/8

Chapter 51

Rylan glances at me before she gives Aaron her full attention. Annora and I move away to give them space. If Rylan really is done with waiting for him to come around, this could get ugly. I doubt it since she looks resigned to her decision, but with her temper, I always expect violence,

“Are you ok? What happened to you? Who did this to you?”

ze she

Aaron peppers her with questions. Rylan looks at him with that same flax did when I mentioned his name. Oh yeah, she is over it. My best friend f***d,

“I will be fine. The pr***k didn’t rape me. So, your knight-in-shining-armor duties are over. Thank you for being home when I needed you and for bringing me to

Annora.”

“Who is he?”

“Why? So that you can go scare him? Why bother? I am going to the police now. Thank you for helping me.”

Rylan turns to walk away, but Aaron reaches out for her arm. She jerks away from him. If looks could kill, my friend would be ashes on my floor. He opens his mouth to say something but closes it. Something close to pain flashes through his eyes.

before he looks away from her.

When he looks back at her, his eyes are blank and emotionless. “I hope you make him pay for what he did to you.”

She steps up close to him, leans in, and whispers something in his ear. His face falls when she steps away. Without a second glance, she walks to the door, then waits with her back straight and her head held high. My heart breaks for my friends.

I understand his reasons for pushing her away. Yet I also know that she could be the one person to give him a reason to fight the darkness within his mind. If only he would let her. For now, however, it seems like he has lost his chance.

“Rylan...” his voice is soft when he calls out to her.

“Goodbye Aaron.”

3/8

She opens the door and walks out into the hallway. Annora follows her and closes the door behind her. Aaron looks at me for a moment, then walks to the cabinet f keep my liquor in. He has a key, so he uses it to unlock the door. Silently he pulls out a bottle of vodka, opens it, then drinks straight from the bottle.

“I guess I deserved that. If you don’t mind, I am going to go uses your s**ng room, and drink until I pass out.”

“What about dinner with your parents?”

“Mom canceled dinner tonight. Their flight was delayed so they will get in late tonight. Dad booked a return flight for Monday afternoon.”

Before I can say anything more, he turns away and heads towards the gym. I have been in a similar dark frame of mind. Aaron was there for me the whole time. All I can do now is take Rylan to the police station, then take her home.

I will come back and stay up with Aaron until he falls asleep. Then in the morning I will make sure he is cleaned up, sober and clear minded enough to spend time with his parents. If he isn't sober enough to meet with his parents, his mother will never let him hear the end of it.

Nor will she let me off easy.

With a sigh, I go to grab my keys off the hall table, but they are on the floor instead. Memories of what Annora did to me against that table earlier tonight make me smile. I shake those thoughts clear and rush out of the penthouse. I lock the door behind me and rush after Annora and Rylan.

I am not sure I how I feel about the two of them becoming friends. One the one hand, Rylan could use a friend out here in California. She is from Montana and her family isn't close. Though I hired her half-brother recently as the hospital's CEO. Their relationship has always been a little strained.

The two of them becoming friends will also be good for Annora. Having her get to know more of my friends from my Army career will make it easier for her to get to know that part of my past. To put faces to the names of the people I will tell her about as we move forward in our relationship.

Chapter 51

Rylan is a good start. What happened tonight makes me want to kill Paulson. However, the man isn't worth more of my time than I will give him tonight. This report is grounds to suspend him from his duties. When it is proven that he did what Rylan says he did, then it will cost him his job, and some jail time.

I hope.

(Three hours later)

“Where did Aaron go when we left to take Rylan to the hospital?”

Annora glances at me as we get off the elevator on penthouse floor. I forgot to tell her he stayed behind after we left. My first order of business when we get inside is to check in him. It has been three hours since we left and if my guess is correct, he

has finished that bottle of vodka.

“He stayed here to work off some energy in the gym.”

“Is that what we are calling it now? Energy? I was thinking flat out frustration of the heart. Why is he fighting his feelings for Rylan?”

I stop in my tracks and look at her in surprise. “How did you know? Did she say something?”

Annora laughs, then nudges me to keep walking. “I caught the look in his eyes when he placed her on the bed.”

I did too. Aaron is in trouble. My best friend is drowning, and I have no idea how to help him. He did so much for me when I was at my lowest point. Now it is my turn to keep him from giving in to the darkness that lurks under the surface.

“Head upstairs and I will talk to you about it after I make sure he is ok.”

After I unlocked the door, she gives me a kiss then goes up to our room. I make my way to the in-home gym where Aaron said he would be. When I open the door, the smell of blood and vodka hit my nose. It is like I just stepped into a fight club after hours.

Aaron’s steady snoring is coming from where he is laying on the mat under the now destroyed punching bag. There are bloodstains on the bag and as I get closer, I can see he didn’t use hand wraps. He bare-knuckled the hell out of that bag.

“My friend, you are a mess.”

I bend down to pull his a** up off the floor. In his unconscious state, he is dead

weight against me. I throw one of his arms over my neck and brace my shoulder up in his armpit. He is heavier than I thought.

“Been packing on the muscles, huh? Let’s get you to the couch. Then I will clean those knuckles.”

Aaron grunts, then goes back to snoring.

After I get him onto the couch, I cover him with a blanket, then leave to get the first aid kit out of the cabinet by the mini fridge. I have used this room for almost the same reason he did tonight. To chase the darkness of our past away. The pain of

knowing that we lived while others didn't make it home.

While I am cleaning his knuckles, Aaron opens his eyes. I can feel the heavy weight of his stare, so I glance up at his face. His eyes are glassy with sleep and the amount of vodka he drank.

"I am scared, Quinn. How did you make it out of this hell?"

"Slowly and with your help. I am with you until the end of the road, brother. You are not in this alone. You have me, your family, and all our brothers and sisters in arms. Let us be your light."

Aaron hisses when I put antiseptic cream on his knuckles, then shudders as he leans up on his elbow. "Quinn, I am so f***d up. I have been hiding it from you for too long and I am scared."

This makes me frown at him. "Why hide it from me?"

"You are in a better place now. With Annora and Grace, you have something to stay positive for. I don't want to drag you back into the dark sh**t with me."

I put all the medical supplies back in the case, then look up at him. "That s****t never fades from my mind. After you left my office today, it was back, because I know why you keep pushing Rylan away. You feel unworthy of her love because of all the s**t you did. I had a dark moment or two and went to Dr. West."

His eyes go round, then he looks down at the couch. "Did my rant push you to that?"

"No, it was already in the back of my mind from a memory I shared with Annie. You are not responsible for anything there."

"Why am I so f**d up, Quinn? I **g blew my chance with her, didn't I?"

"Maybe. Give her time. Get yourself in a better frame of mind. Then, when you are ready, talk to her. Explain it to her. Rylan may not have seen a lot of combat, but

she saw some awful s**it too. I think she will understand."

Or she will be mad as hell that he didn't think she could handle his demons too.

Aaron doesn't respond, which makes me tilt my head to look at his down-turned face. His eyes are closed, and he is snoring again. Gently, so I don't wake him, I move his elbow, so he is now laying on his side. Just in case he is sick later.

Once I am sure he is still asleep, I stand up and leave the room, turning the light off before closing the door behind me. I have failed my best friend in the worst way. I was selfish. Now guilt swamps me. I was too focused on my dark feelings that I missed the battle he was going through right beside me.

He hid it well. Now the c**ks h*ave formed in the wall he hid behind. Now, as my lovely Annora told me recently, I will be the wall between him and his demons. I will be my brother's shield in the battle coming war.

You are not alone, Aaron. You are worthy of love, just like the rest of us. One day, you see that for yourself. Until then I will give you be right here with you.

I will have your back until the day I die.

Loving Quinn Chapter 52

(Annora)

I am pulled from sleep by a sound somewhere in the bedroom. My eyes flutter open and closed a few times, then fly open when warm hands slide up my hip. My body is pulled back against Quinn's chest and his arms go around me. He buries his face in my hair at the back of my neck.

"I am sorry that date night ended like it did."

I wiggle around so I am facing him. I wave my engagement ring in his face. The diamonds glitters as it catches the moonlight coming in through the window. He flashes me that gorgeous smile that I have always loved. He leans forward and gives me the most tender kiss he has ever given me.

Quinn's lips hover over mine in a whisper soft touch before he presses them more firmly against me. He rubs his lips back and forth over mine, then kisses the corners of my mouth softly. He ends the kiss after giving me a few quick pecks on my lips.

"I can't wait for you to become my wife. To watch you walk down the aisle towards me. To know that you are mine and I am yours for the rest of our lives."

"What do you think about getting married at my grandparents' place? On the lake where we met for the first time."

"I haven't been back there in years. Going back there with you and Grace will be perfect. Full circle. I love that idea."

I snuggle my face in his chest as he pulls me close against him. Soon my ear is pressed against his chest so I can hear his heartbeat. Listening to the sound of his heartbeat is so soothing to me. I could lay right here in his arms like this for hours.

“I went to my therapist today.”

His voice sounds rumbly, with my head pressed against his chest. I love the sound of his voice. However, what he says makes me pull my head away so I can look up at him. His eyes are closed, but they open a few seconds after I look up at him.

1/8

Chapter 52

“Aaron and Rylan had an incident in his office today. He kissed her. After she left, he came to my office in terrible shape. He said all he wanted was for her to shut up, so he kissed her.”

“Why is he fighting his feelings for her?”

“Aaron doesn’t want to be a burden to her or drag her down into that pit with him. He has been hiding how bad his mental state is from me for too long and for the same reason. He was by my side through all my struggles. Now I need to be the one to help him stay out of that dark pit.”

“You two are so much more than brothers. I remember how close you were in the past. I am glad you had him, and he has you. Is that what made you go to your therapist today?”

“I promised you I would start going again. Work has been busy. Then all this drama with Dionne. It slipped my mind. After Aaron had his breakdown in my office and I realized why he was fighting her so hard, I went to a dangerous place in my head. So, I called Dr. West and he fit me in.”

This is a good direction for us to go in. It can help give me the courage I need to talk to him about what I lived through with Kyle. Tonight, however, is not the night for that.

“When do you want to get married?”

Quinn’s voice is soft as he asks me that question. We have been laying here for the last few minutes just idly touching each other while listening to the sound of the thunderstorm outside. The rain started an hour ago. The first clap of thunder made me jump, causing Quinn to chuckle.

“I see your fear of thunderstorms hasn’t changed.”

My body shivers when I hear more thunder. I have always been jumpy during

storms. The loud booming noise freaks me out. I snuggle closer to his side after he lays flat on the bed.

“Do you remember the afternoon when we were caught in the rain while we were fishing? We left all our gear by the edge of the pond and raced to my car.”

2/8

Heat pride in my telly at the husky tom his voter hat taken on. The memory of pels

that afternoon fiached thermagh my mind. We fogged up the windows of his car as mu make not ertation tumed into mach we

“You peeled me out of my jeans and...*”

“Want to recreate that afternoon? With a slightly different twist.”

Oh boy do I ever. All I can do is nod my head in answer to his question. Quinn lets out a dark laugh that sends shivers down my spine.

*I want to do something to you, if you are willing. It will require you to trust me.”

My core throbs painfully as the tone of his voice turns husky. “What do you want to do?”

Quinn responds by moving away from me, then getting off the bed. He walks over to his closet, opens a drawer to grab something, then he turns around and walks back to the bed. In his hands are two of his ties.

“I am going to tie your hands to the headboard. Then I am going to touch, lick, and nibble every inch of your body. Do you want that?”

All I can do is nod my head as I feel the wetness between my legs.

“Use your words, Annie.”

F***k! His voice has gone low in tone, and I can feel his eyes roam over my body as he saunters back to the bed. My body is feels like it is on fire from the heat of his gaze. If he touches me now, I may go up in flames.

“Yes. I want that.”

“Say please.”

He stops at the end of the bed, takes his sweats off, then stands there waiting for me to do as I am told. I get lost in thought as my eyes travel down his glorious body. No matter how many times I see him naked, it always feels like-I have died and gone to heaven.

“Please,” I whisper.

“Stand up and strip.”

There is no hesitation at all as I roll off the bed to strip off the t-shirt and shorts that I am wearing.

“Leave the thong on and get back to the center of the bed.”

His voice is so commanding that I shiver in anticipation as I climb back to the bed.

“Good girl.”

Once I am in place, Quinn walks to the side of the bed, then reaches for one of my hands. He tenderly kisses each of my fingertips, my wrist, then he kisses his way down to my elbow. I watch as he trails his tongue all the way back up to my wrist.

Those s** eyes of his are on mine the entire time.

“I love how soft your skin is, Annie.”

The way he grazes his hands over my skin makes me shiver. Those whisper soft caresses are driving me crazy with need. This is divine torture. I want him to **k me so badly.

“Give me your other hand.”

I do as he says eagerly.

Quinn takes both of my wrists in his hand, then wraps one of the silk ties around them. He loops the second silk tie over the middle of my wrists, then ties it to the headboard. He trails a finger down my body as he walks back to the end of the bed.

The raw desire in his eyes makes it feel like an electrical current is running through my body. Everywhere he touches me, I feel tingles of anticipation run through my bloodstream. I am close to begging him to f**k me.

“Tell me how bad you want it.”

“Quinn, please...” I whimper as he crawls onto the bed.

4/8

Chapter 52

“Use your words, Annie. Tell me how bad you want me to f**k you.”

His big hand grips my left ankle, then he leans down but doesn't do anything more. He flicks his eyes up to look at mine. There are so many dark promises in those green eyes of his.

“Tell me, Annie.”

“I want you to spread my legs and ***k me right now.”

“Well, you will get your wish when I am ready.”

Quinn kisses my ankle, then blows his hot breath over my already heated skin. He kisses his way slowly from my ankle to my knee, stopping after a few kisses to run his hands over my skin. When he gets to my knee, he bites the tender flesh at the back of my knee. D

This causes me to cry out in surprise.

He pulls his mouth away so he can glance up at me. “Don't make a sound until I tell you to, Annie. Bite that plump bottom lip instead. If you make a sound, I will s**k that juicy as** of yours. Understand?”

Holy f***k, that is hot. I love the commanding tone in his voice. The way he has taken charge. This is a side of him I want more of.

“I won't make a sound.”

“Good girl.”

When his lips go back to my knee, he continues to worship my body, one inch at a time. I almost moan loudly when he reaches my p**y. This is where I want his tongue so badly. I bite my lip to stop from groaning in frustration when all he does The blow gently over my wet core before he works his way down my right leg. D

Quinn flips me over onto my stomach then kisses the base of my spine, causing me to shiver in delight. He knows how much I used to get turned on when he would kiss his

way up my spine. I bite my lip to suppress a moan as he licks and kisses his way up my spine to the back of my neck.

5/8

Chapter 52

“I am going to flip you back over now. When I do, I want you to spread your legs open for me.”

Before I have time to react to his words, Quinn flips me over onto my back. I spread my legs wide open for him. The look he gives me as he places his body between my thighs makes me want to clench my legs closed.

It is a very predatory look. One that clearly says he wants to eat me alive. I will happily let him and enjoy every second.

“Are you ready for me?”

In answer, I arch my hips up off the bed towards his erection.

“Oh, so eager. Well, I will not **k you yet. I am not done paying homage to this body of yours.”

Quinn kisses his way up my body until he reaches my breasts. His tongue flick out strokes my left nipple. I pull at the bindings around my wrists because I want to sink my fingers into his thick hair. I want to hold his head close as he sucks at my nipple.

I bite my lip when his free hand slides down my body to cup my p**y. The lace of my thong is the only barrier between his hand and where I desperately want his tongue to be. I lift my hips to press myself against his hand.

“You want me there, don’t you? Have patience, my love. It will be worth the wait. I

promise.”

Quinn takes his c**k in his hand and rubs the head of it over the lace covering my core. He thumps the head over my c**t a few times and I almost moan before I

remember he told me not to. The smirk he gives me lets me know he approves of

my control.

Then, to my complete frustration, he turns his attention back to my nipples. I pull at my bindings once more, then bite my lip as his teeth graze my nipple. This man is pure sin, and he knows it. I can feel the smirk on his lips as I pull at the bindings.

He moves my lace thong to the side, and it takes every ounce of willpower I have to

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not moan aloud when his fingers slide into my core. I am soaking wet and now he knows it.

“That is good. I am going to f**k you now.

Quickly, he sits back onto his knees, then removes my lace thong. The red lace goes flying behind him. Then, to my relief, he finally moves between my legs.

My body jerks off the bed when he shoves inside me. I am more than ready for him. So ready that after a few hard thrusts, I am right on the verge of a.gasm. He stops moving when I am right on the edge. When he pulls out completely, my eyes fly open to look at him.

“Now you can moan for me.”

He slips back inside me slowly, then thrusts forward hard and fast. I moan as he pulls back enough to find my g-spot. Then rubs his thumb over my c**t. The o**m

that rips through me causes my back to arch off the bed as I scream his name.

“That’s it, Annie, c**m for me.”

As my or**m fades, Quinn wraps my legs around his waist, then leans up to untie my hands from the headboard. He unties my wrists but wraps my arms around his neck. Then he gets on his knees, spreads his legs, and uses his thighs to thrust up into me.

This time he goes slow. This man loves to torture me with that slow, sensual sex.

He is so f**g good at it. If he wants to make love to me slowly like this, he will get no complaints from me. Every stroke of his c**k feels exquisite.

Quinn slides his hands up my back, placing one hand between my shoulder blades and the other at the small of my back. “Let go of my neck and lean back.”

I open my eyes, then do as he asks. My legs are still wrapped around his waist and my leaning backwards causes my back to arch as my shoulders hit the bed. I unwrap my legs so I can rest my feet on the bed. That seems to be the action he wanted me to do because he moves his hands out from under me.

He places one hand between my breasts to hold me down while his other hand cups

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my core. His thumb strokes my c**t as he picks up speed. This is what I want more than anything else right now.

“F**k me, Quinn,” I moan as he goes harder and faster.

My moans fill the room as he gives me just what I asked for. My breasts bounce wildly with each jarring thrust of his hips. I can hear the thunder outside but for once in my life I am not afraid. Every storm after this will remind me of night.

“Oh, **k. Yes, right there!” I scream as he hits my g-spot.

“Is that the hot spot, Annie? Right here?”

Quinn hits that spot repeatedly until I sc***m out his name as I o**m harder than ever before. I feel his body shudder as my **y milks his c**. He throws his head back and growls loudly as his release thunders through him.

Holy f**g s**it.

That was amazing.

“Annie, you are a goddess. I will spend the rest of my life worshipping you.”

I laugh as he lays next to me and pulls me into his arms. “If I get sex like this, then I will let you.”