

Chapter 7: Just Forget

Quinn's POV

Landon's gure disappeared from my vision as the car sped towards the highway. I honestly had no idea what happened or why I felt the way I did. Once I had turned back around in the back of the car, I felt myself melt into the seat. Realization about what had happened seemed to hit me. My head was reeling, and I didn't know where to begin. Shane, who I thought was a nice guy, was one of the worst. Landon said he heard me outside, but how did he know I was down that alleyway? I hadn't made much noise, and Shane had been whispering.

Had he followed me to make sure I got to my car okay? That didn't make much sense for someone I had just met. Why did he seem so protective of me? Also, why did I feel like I'd known him my entire life and needed to be near him? This was all too much; maybe I just needed to forget this whole thing ever happened. There was an unlikely chance I would ever see this guy again. Wait, why were tears stinging in my eyes at the thought of never seeing him again? Why could I still smell his smokey scent, and why did it comfort me?

I must look ridiculous to this driver. Here I was, silently crying in his backseat after everything that happened, and as the emotional wave came crashing down. Wiping my eyes on the back of my hand, I looked down at my phone to see a message from Brianna. She wanted me to call her to ensure I was safe when I got home. I could have used that phone call ten minutes ago, I thought to myself. I spent the rest of the car ride staring out the window while Landon's intense, handsome face swirled in my head.

He had to have been the most attractive man I had ever seen. His deep brown eyes were so intense and held love and care behind them. The dark beard covered a lot of his face but twitched into a smile once the danger had passed. He stood well over six feet tall since he towered over me at ve feet ve inches. The way his leather jacket was pulled tightly across his massive arms, they exed in a sexy way when he decked Shane in the face. God, what was wrong with me? Get a grip of yourself, girl. You'll never see him again, and it would be a lot easier if you just forgot about him like we said before!

"Ma'am. Ma'am..." a voice called to me.

"What?" I asked, coming out of my daydream about Landon.

"We're here," the driver told me. I hadn't even realized we had stopped or where we were.

"Oh, right," I said, unbuckling my seatbelt and opening the door. "Thank you." Slamming the door, I ran to the entrance to our apartment, busting through the security door and sprinting up the stairs to our door. I all but fell inside the apartment before closing the door and ensuring it was rmly locked. The need to be in bed took over, and I collapsed on my duvet, still in my clothes and full makeup. Quickly, I texted Brei to let her know I had gotten back okay, so she didn't call the police. Placing my phone on my nightstand, I decided to at least wash my makeup off before face-planting into bed.

After washing my face and changing my clothes, I got into bed and pulled the covers up to my chin, staring at the ceiling. What a day this had turned into. From that massive crash in the morning to Shane trying to assault me, then Landon coming out of nowhere to defend me. Rolling over to my side, the last thing I saw before I fell asleep was his face, brown eyes staring into mine, and the feeling of electricity that jolted through my hand at his touch.

"Quinn! QUINN!" Someone was shouting and shaking me at the same time. Prying my eyes open, I saw the face of Brianna hovering over me. Her long black hair tied into a loose top knot and residual mascara gave her the illusion of dark circles under her eyes.

"What?" I asked, closing my eyes again.

"What do you mean 'what?!' Wake up and tell me what happened last night! Did you go home with that hot guy? Also, what the f*ck was up with Shane and his friend?"

"Why are you even up?" I asked her. "What time did you get in last night?"

"Enough about me; what happened with you?" she persisted, opping down with half her body on mine.

"Jesus, Brie!" I huffed, trying to shove her off of me, but all that made her do was grab onto me and hug me while she laughed.

"So that hot guy," she said again, looking at me with raised eyebrows.

"It's not like that," I told her, heaving myself up from under her body weight.

"What was it like then?" she asked, sitting up and propping herself up against the wall, the remnants of last night evident with glitter in her hair and half her makeup smeared across her face.

"I don't know," I admitted honestly. Brie gave me a confused and skeptical look.

"The way he looked at you when I came up told a different story," she said with a smirk. "Go on, I want all the details!" She slipped her legs under the side of my duvet and pulled it up so she was completely covered.

"Well, I guess it all started when Shane took me outside. I just wanted some air, and he took me around the side of the building, and we started kissing. I didn't hate it at rst, but then he started to get aggressive," I explained.

"Ew," Brie added with a disgusted look.

"I told him to stop and that he was hurting me, and that's when, out of nowhere, this guy comes up and just ings him like a rag doll!" I told her, throwing my hand to the side as if it were Shane being ung across the pavement.

"Holy sh*t!" she exclaimed, eyes going wide.

"Yeah, it was as if Shane weighed a pound to this guy! So, Shane gets up, goes after this guy, and Landon nails him right in the face!" I punched my closed st into my other palm, making a slapping sound. "Shane left after that, and then you found Landon hovering over me."

"Yeah, it looked like he was undressing you with his eyes," she smiled. "What happened once you left the bar to go home?"

"I ordered a car and started walking down the alley to the main street. That's where I met Shane again. This time, he had a lot more than just s*x on his mind."

"Fu*k," Brie said. "He came back into the bar for his friend and looked pissed, blood all over his face. I just assumed that he'd gotten into a drunken ght and then got kicked out."

"He got into a ght," I told her. "But he didn't leave. They tried to corner me in the alley, and I completely froze and couldn't move."

"Da'n, ght, ight, or freeze," she joked.

"And I froze big time; it felt like time stood still. I wasn't sure how I would get out of this situation, but then here comes this guy again and just ran into Shane like a bull straight out of the gate."

"Wait, how did he know where you were?" she questioned.

"I don't know! Maybe he followed me to make sure I got home safe. I have no idea, but he kicked Shane's a** again, and that time, he and his friend left for good. Landon walked me to the car and made sure I was safe."

"That was very chivalrous of him, but how did you know he wasn't looking for the same sh*t Shane was?" she asked me, bringing her knees to her chest and hugging them.

"I don't know; there was just something about him. I knew I could trust him," I admitted.

"You knew?" she asked me skeptically.

"Yeah, I don't know what it was, but the second his eyes met mine, I just felt like I'd known him my entire life," I told her.

"Aww, Quinn's in love!" she teased, falling on the bed so she was smiling up at me from her back.

"It's not like that. I know I'll never see him again, so I'm just trying to forget it all ever happened," I added.

"How do you know you'll never see him again?" she asked, rolling over and propping herself on her elbows.

"What are the odds I'll ever see this random guy from a bar that came to my rescue? I only know his name and nothing else about him. This isn't a fairy tale, Brie, it's reality."

"Well, what happened last night sounds like it was straight out of a movie," she said with a wink.

"Whatever, I'm over it," I explained.

"If you say so," she said, sliding off my bed. "There's half a pot of coffee left when you eventually get your lazy a** up."

"Thanks," I laughed.

"I think you should try to nd this guy," she told me from the doorway. "You could use a good fu*k!"

"Brie!" I yelled after her, launching my pillow towards the door. She just laughed and closed the door with a sharp click. Shaking my head, I laid back on my bed, taking my phone off the bedside table. It was then that I had a thought. Opening social media, I searched his name and scrolled through person after person, looking for his account. After several minutes, I gured he didn't have an account since I couldn't nd him. I tried every other social media platform I could think of, but it was as if he was a gment of my imagination.

Throwing back the covers and inging my legs over the side of the bed, I took my phone with me and headed down the hallway for coffee after a quick trip to the bathroom. I was surprised when I got to the kitchen to see Tanner sitting on the couch with Brianna, watching TV.

"Good morning, sleeping beauty," Tanner smiled when he saw me.

"Morning," I told him, taking a coffee mug out of the cabinet and pouring myself the remaining coffee.

"I heard you had an exciting night last night," he said, biting his bottom lip. I looked at him with raised eyebrows before turning to Brie, who was smiling.

"It was eventful," I added as I poured cream into my coffee before joining them on the couch. "How was the rest of your night?"

"Well, I met my future husband," Tanner declared.

"Oh yeah?" I asked. "What was his name?"

"It was...It, um, sh*t," he laughed.

They began telling me about their adventures the night before, but they didn't get far when my phone started to ring.

"Fu*k, it's the hospital," I said, quickly answering it. "Hello?"

"Hey, Quinn. I know it's your day off, but Frankie just left early, and we're understaffed today. Can you come in and cover the rest of his shift?"

"Phoebe can't come in?" I asked, not looking forward to going in on my day off.

"No, she can't. We need you today," Mabel said, almost in a begging tone.

"Alright, give me an hour, and I'll be there," I told her.

"Fantastic!" I hung up the phone, and I groaned.

"What did they want?" Brie asked.

"They want me to come in today," I told them, taking a large gulp of coffee.

"What the he**?" Tanner protested, furrowing his brow.

"Frankie left early, so they asked me to cover the rest of his shift." I got up and drained the rest of my mug, setting it in the sink.

"You're going?" Brie asked, spinning around to look at me over the back of the sofa.

"Yup, I told her I would," I said, heading back down the hallway for a much-needed shower. Once showered, I threw on a sweatshirt, leggings, and sneakers. When I returned, Brie and Tanner were still on the couch, watching a movie.

"You should tell them you're sick!" Tanner told me.

"Too late for that," I told him, grabbing my purse and keys.

"Don't work too hard!" Brie yelled after me as I closed the door and went down the stairs and into the parking lot. Even though I tried hard, I couldn't get Landon's face out of my head. The entire drive to the hospital, he's all I thought about. Why couldn't I forget about him?