

Loving Quinn Chapter 61

(Annora')

Trauma Trigger W**

This night has gone better than I expected. The auction was fun to watch. When Aaron went up on stage, I couldn't help but laugh. He looked like he belonged right there. That is far from the teenage boy I met so long ago.

Those were the days when his attire ranged from ripped jeans and t-shirts of his favorite bands to swim trunks and flip-flops. Now, looking at him, it feels like I am looking at a stranger. His humor is the same and I see that boy in him sometimes. Yet, his eyes are different.

Gone are the soft eyes of innocence. Now he is guarded. His eyes give very little away unless he is angry. Quinn is the same way sometimes. That guarded, often haunted look is fading from his eyes, but now and then I see it there.

I wave to Rylan and Aaron as they leave.

"Are you ready to go home?" Quinn asks.

I glance over at

him. He is looking at me like he would rather be anywhere but here right now. On that, we agree. I nod my head, then watch as he stands, then hold his hand out to me. With a smile on my face, I take his hand and let him pull me to my feet.

Before he pulls me against him for a kiss, the sound of fireworks going off fills the air. Quinn stiffens as he shoves me behind him. His head moves as if he is looking

for a threat. When he doesn't find one, he turns around to face me.

I

The wild look in his eyes makes it feel like my

lurched

into my throat.

"I can't be here, Annie."

His voice sounds raw with panic as he continues to wildly look around the area. I can see the sweat form on his brow as his eyes go wide again when the next round of fireworks goes off. He must be back in the war zone he lived through.

I lay a hand on his arm, which instantly causes his head to swivel back to look at me. "Eyes on me. Focus on my voice and follow me to the car. Stay with me, Quinn"

After taking his hand, I lead him through the crowd. There are still a lot of people out here, so it is taking longer than I want to reach the car. Every time another round of fireworks goes off, Quinn's body jerks as if he has been hit, and he squeezes my hand tight.

By the time we reach the car, my hand hurts and he is shaking from head to toe. This is the most vulnerable I have ever seen him. Well, that isn't true. The night he met our daughter for the first time, he was pretty vulnerable. However, this differs grutly from that.

"Quinn, I need the car keys"

When he doesn't acknowledge me, I step close to him, then shove my hand into his pocket. The second my fingers close around his keys, I yank my hand out, then spin around to unlock the door. Once the doors are unlocked, I maneuver him towards the passenger

Getting him in the car was easier than I expected. He just slid into the seat like a wet noodle. The way his eyes are all glazed over worries me. I have no clue what to do for him. Getting him home is my priority.

After closing his door, I race to the driver's side door.

"Get him somewhere quiet it soon as you can. Then just talk to him. That usually works for me."

The sound of a male voice has me looking behind me. A man I have never met before but saw Quinn with earlier tonight is standing behind me. From the way he reres up when the next round of fireworks goes off makes me think he is a veteran

Mac he supplies his name for me when I give him a questioning look.

1/5

Chapter 61

"Ah, he has mentioned you before. Have you ever driven a car like this, Mac?"

"I have."

drive us home?"

He laughs and nods his head. I sigh in relief, then toss him the keys. Since there is no back seat, this is going to be awkward."

"Sit in his lap and buckle in

Ok, not as awkward as I thought. Why didn't I think of that?

Quickly, I ran back around the hood of the car to the passenger side. After getting to a comfortable position on Quinn's lap, I buckle us both in. Mac climbs into the car, then glances over at me after he closes the door

"He used to talk about you during boot camp. I am glad he found you again."

"I am too"

I wrap Quinn's arms around my waist, thread my fingers through his, then hold on as Mac starts the car. Once we are on the road, I can feel Quinn's body relax. He buries his face in the crook of my neck and safely hides in my hair.

The ride to the penthouse was quiet as Mac concentrated on just driving us home. I wanted to ask him what Quinn was like during that time, but kept quiet instead. Both men have seen their fair share of pain and I don't want to drag that up now,

When we pull into the garage at the penthouse, Mac pulls into a spot close to the elevator, He gets out of the car, then walks around to the passenger door to open it for me. Quinn unwraps his arms from my waist and waits for me to climb off his lap.

After being cramped in the same position for so long, my legs have fallen asleep. So, when I step out of the car, I stumble. Strong arms around my waist prevent me from falling on my face. I look up into Mac's surprised eyes. He makes sure I am steady on my feet before he lets go.

Quinn climbs out of the car, then gives Mac a nod of thanks. "Come upstairs while you wait for your car to arrive. We can talk about boot camp."

Mac laughs, then follows us to the elevator,

Thirty minutes later, I am in comfortable clothes, sitting on the couch next to Quinn, He and Mac each have a glass of bourbon and have shed their tuando jackets. Mac is now lounging on the sofa across from us and is in the middle of telling me about a particularly annoying commanding officer.

"He took a dislike to Quinn and Aaron from the get go. He would make them do double duty for anything he found they did wrong. Even if they did nothing wrong, he would still come at the

"Did you ever figure out why he was like that?" I ask.

"No, but he took an instant dislike to me when I stood up for them. He made the rest of our time miserable until we graduated. When we all ended up on the same squad for our first deployment rather than getting separated, we were shocked."

"We had a wild time on the night before we shipped out. If I recall, you and Aaron ended up puking out the windows of the car on the way-back to base." Quinn boughs

Mac chuckles, then looks down at his phone. "Well, my ride is here. I will leave you two. Annora, it was a pleasure to finally get to know you after all these years,"

give him a nod as Quinn stands up to walk with him to the door. I grab the glasses off the coffee table, then take them to the kitchen: After sitting them in the

Tom around to head upstairs. Quinn is waiting for me at the base of the stairs.

That haunted look is back in his eyes as he holds his hand out for me. I walk to him, then take his hand. Wordlessly, he leads me up to our room. When we reach the

bedroom, he lets go of my hand, then heads straight to the bathroom.

I give him the space that I can clearly see that he needs, Curling up on the bed with my back against the headboard, I wait for him to come back out. The sound of the shower running let me know I will have some time. So, I call my parents to check in on Grace.

"Morima!" Grace screams into the phone as my mom puts her on the line.

2/5

Chapter 61

"Hello my baby."

"Men! I am not a baby."

"You will always be my baby, no matter how old you are."

I can imagine the eye-roll she is doing, and I smile,

"Where is dad?"

My gaze flicks toward the open bathroom door. I can hear the shower still running. Worry slithers through me, but I keep it to myself.

“He is getting ready for bed. We had a long night at a charity event.”

“Tell him goodnight for me.”

We chat for a few more minutes before she ends the call. I glance over at the bathroom door as I place my cell phone on the bedside table. This time I get out of bed to go check on Quinn. The shower is still going, which is concerning since he is usually quick when he bathes.

am in there with him.

Unless I am in

The sight that greets me when I walk to the shower stall makes me gasp. Quinn is on the floor with his knees drawn up to his chest. His head is down on his knees, and I can't see his face.

I don't need to see his face to know that he is sobbing. The steady shaking of his shoulders gives that away. Without hesitation, I pull the glass door open, then shine my body behind him. I slip my arms around his waist, my legs on either side of his, then press my cheek to his back.

The wa

ter soaks through my clothes as I hold him. I don't care at all. My only concern is getting Quinn through this. He lifts his head after a few minutes but says nothing as he just sits there with the water pounding down on us.

“We were all sitting around base camp one night, joking, ribbing each other, or playing cards, just like we did during most of our downtime. The surrounding area was calm. There was no reason for us to think an attack was imminent.”

He was quiet for so long after I joined him that when he spoke, I jumped a little. After he starts his story, I press my cheek to his back again, then wait for him to tell me more. I slide my hand up to his chest to cover his heart.

It is beating fast, as if he is living through that night in his mind,

“The sound of mortar fire rocked the entire camp. The first one hit the communications building. We scrambled to our feet, grabbed our weapons, then the second mortar hit the mess hall. It flung me back as the building exploded.”

Quinn's entire body shudders as he remembers.

"They hit us with mortar rounds for what felt like hours, but in reality, was only about twenty to thirty minutes before we finally stopped them. We lost over twenty soldiers, three civilian consultants, and two of the dogs from the bomb detection unit

1 Literally have no words to express my horror and sorrow for what he went through.

"We pulled out of that location three days later, after we located our target. The loss was heavy for us."

The fireworks were a trigger for him. I knew that the second I saw if face earlier. Now I know what and understand one of his PTSD triggers better. This will help me

help him in the future.

"Did I hurt you at all during my episode?"

1kh his back then lift my head up. "No, You Weat almost catatonic by the time we riched the car. Like you were locked in your mind. Mac was a tremendous help tonight. Was he there during that fight?"

No, he was in another unit by then."

3/

Chapter 61

I start to shiver as the water has long gone cold by now. Quinn glance over his shoulder at me. That haunted look is still there in his eyes, but he is less tense than he was when I climbed in behind him

"Come on, let's get out of here, get you changed into dry clothes, then we can climb to bed."

Twenty minutes later, 1 am in one of my long night slits curled up in bed beside Quinn. He is on his back with me pressed against his side. His hand is running up and down my back idly as he stares up at the ceiling.

1 throw my leg up over his waist and slide my hand over his chest until it rests over his heart. It is now heating calmly, so I take this as a suitable time to tell pass

along Grace's message.

"I talked to Grace earlier. She wanted to me to tell you goodnight."

"Is she having fun with your parents!"

“Yes, they went to an outdoor market and Grace found some gifts for us about trying for another baby?”

“Were you serious

This question catches me off guard. I remember telling him that and I have an appointment later in the week to have my IUD removed. I really want another baby with Quinn. This time I want to give him all the experiences he missed out on when I was pregnant with Grace.

“Yes, I want to make more babies with you.”

“Even if Logan turns out to be mine.”

I roll on top of him and sit up so I can look down at him. His face is so serious. It makes me want to reassure him I am not going anywhere. His sea-green eyes lock on mine as I straddle him

“No matter what the DNA tells us, I want to have more babies with you. I love you, Quinn. Making babies with you will give me immense joy. If Logan turns out to be your son, then I will help you raise him like he was my own.”

Shock ripples across his face. “You really mean that? About Logan?”

“Absolutely. I may hate his mother, but he is innocent. I think a part of me loves him already, even though we don’t know if he is yours or not. How that b**ch can use that poor innocent baby as a pawn in her sick games i.....”

Quinn

sits up swiftly and kisses me before I finish my rant. I let out a squeal of surprise as he reverses our position by tipping me over onto my back. He wraps both of his hands around my wrists, then raises my arms above my head.

“I love you, Annie.”

“I love you too, Quinn

“How many babies do you want to make with me?”

I laugh as he grinds his erection against my core. “I still have my IUD in, but when I get it removed, I think two more will be perfect.”

His lips descend onto mine in for a kiss that starts off sweet but soon spirals into passion. We make love through the light, then fall asleep wrapped in each other's arms. I dream about what our future children will look like.

I hope they all have his eyes Like Grace does.

Loving Quinn Chapter 62

(Dianne)

Rage fills me as I leave my first court ordered therapy session. I spent the entire hour staring at the woman they assigned me to. Of course, the judge would assign me a woman. What a fool. I will have her wrapped around my finger before the end of the six months.

LeAnn DeMarco is a skinny woman with pale skin, thick black hair that she pulls back into a tight bun at the nape of her neck. It stretches the skin on her face, making her look perpetually angry all the time. Not a flattering look

She is dressed in mousy browns that made her look much older than she is. She wore no jewelry except a small cross necklace. I bet she is single with live cats. I laughed to myself as she studied me while I studied her.

Seducing her will be a breeze, I am bisexual. It doesn't matter to me, I will bend her to my will. This will be fun.

ly to go t

to hunch? Ethan asks as I get into his car.

"Are you ready

Oh, my sweet Ethan. He was an easy mark. One that in the end I couldn't walk away from. He believes every word I say. He is rich and that benefits me. The fact that he is a demon in bed makes me stay.

Marrying him fell in line with my plans to make Quinn's life miserable. Finding out. I was pregnant again after Quinn left was... not ideal... however, it works to solidify my plans for Ethan. The fact that Logan could be his or Quinn's works even better for me.

Pitting the two of them against each other has been an absolute delight.

"Let's go home. We can have Magda make something for us."

Ethan looks over at me like he wants to argue, so I slide my left hand over his right thigh. As expected, his eyes shift to where my hand is. To my surprise, he removes my hand from his thigh, then starts the car.

Twill d

I drop you off at home. Then I need to go into the office.”

This is unlike him. Normally when I use seduction to get my way, he falls for it. I study his face as he drives home. His jaw is clenched, which means he is angry. I thought I had cured his anger problems.

Looks like we will need a therapy session tonight.

“Ethan, baby, what is wrong? Is something at work bothering you?”

His eyes flick to mine for a second before he glances back at the road. However, instead of answering me, he keeps driving. I have a feeling he is waiting until we get home before he says anything

Things between us have been tense since my bail hearing. They have exposed everything I have done over the last two years. All the calls, the recent gifts I had sent to Quinn, and me showing up at Quinn’s place to seduce him

I had no intention of ever letting Ethan know about any of that. Now my plans need to be adjusted. I can see now that I will need to give him the assurances that he needs to get his complete compliance again

Ethan has been talking to Evan more than normal and that I can’t stand. Their relationship was tense since well-before Ethan became my patient. Lately, Evan has been putting pressure on him to leave me.

I want to know why. What has Evan been telling him? Why now?

The car slowing down makes me look up from my lap. We are pulling into the driveway of our home. I have loved this house since we found it. It is very modern. All the stone and glass. It is right at the edge of the cliffs with a private beach below,

Out of everything that I have accomplished, finding this house has been the best.

Ethan pulls the car into the covered carport at the side of the house that gets out of the car, slamming the door behind him as he does. Well, this is going to be fine, I

ugh to myself before I open the passenger door.”

He is in front of me as I get out of the car, I suck in a breath when his hand close over my shoulders then slams me back against the car. There is dark rage in his eyes as he stares at me. His chest in heaving as he struggles to reign in that anger.

“Why, Dee? Why did you do it?”

“Do what?” I ask

I know what he is referring to, but I feign innocence. Ethan is a s**er for the sad innocent act. It worked when I first met him and has continued to work every day

since then

“Why did you call him all those times? Why did you go to see him when we first came back here from Europe? What does he have over you?”

Ah, his insecurities over Quinn. The seed I planted in him long ago had gone deep and took root into something beautiful. He will believe anything I tell him about Quinn

“I wanted to tell him about Logan. He hung up on me every time before I could. Quinn hates me for choosing you over him. Ethan, my love, please don’t be angry with me.”

not to be angry. A growl o frustration leaves his lips before his mouth crashes down on mine in a punishing, almost painful

I watch as his eyes soften as I bet him not to kiss. Here is my possessive lover.

Ethan’s possessiveness has always excited me. The way he gets so jealous of any man who looks at me is something I never want to change. I adore how he has staked his claim on me, even though I can never remain faithful to him or anyone else.

That just isn’t how I am built, Monogamy is not for m

His hand on my a** makes me press my body closer to his. Soon my skirt is bunched up around my hips, my panties are pulled to the side as he is my leg up his hip. I help him free himself from his pants, then mean loadly as he slides deep inside me.

*You are only mine, Dee. Do you hear me? Ethan growls in my ear.

“Yes, only yours, my love.”

Ethan lifts me up, m 1 wrap my legs around his waist. He then sidesteps enough so that my back is against the back passenger door. He lets out a grunt, then places both of his hands on the hood of the car. Once he has me where he wants me, he begins to truly f**k me.

Hard, fast, and without remorse.

Just like I want.

Yet, in the back of my mind, I can't help but think about Quinn, Even as Ethan thrust hard and deep within me, memories of the way Quinn f**ed me run through my head. Between the way Ethan is giving me exactly what I want and memories of another man, my pleasure is heightened.

"Oh, baby, I can feel how close you are. Do you want me to make you come?"

That does it. He thrusts hard once more, and I am sent flying over the edge. His o**m folloys right after mine as my walls milk his c***

"I am only yours," I lie to him in **the aftermath of sex.

Ethan rewards me with a smile, then he kisses me tenderly before he leads me into the house. We both need a shower before he is to go into the office. By the time he leaves, after another fierce round of sex in the shower, I am exhausted.

As I lay in bed for a nap, I can't help but wonder if I am capable of loving someone. The kind of love that my mother had for my father. No matter how badly he treated her, she loved him with every fiber of her being.

I cared deeply for Quinn, but I didn't really love him. Not the way I pretended to and most definitely not in the way he needed me to. It shocked me when he asked me to marry him after I told him I was pregnant. A pregnancy that I had no intention of seeing through.

Ethan is the closest thing to love I think I have ever been. Even though I lie, cheat, Sometimes late at night when we are lying in bed, when I know he is asleep, I feel a little guilty for all the things I have done behind his back. Then, when morning comes. I go about my day like none of the guilt was ever there.

Am I a good person?

No, I certainly am not a good person.

Since Annora had to go into the hospital for an emergency surgery for one of her patients, I spent the morning in my home office going over the designs for the outreach center. As always, Andrea has followed our visions and exceeded them with her fantastic design.

I send her a quick email telling her I will show the designs to Aaron tomorrow. If he agrees with me that what she has now is perfect, we will send the plans to the city for

approval. My day is going so well that I decide to run to the store for something special for dinner

However, as I am heading towards the door, my cell phone rings. It is my lawyer. I hope this is good news regarding the lawsuit Dionna filed against me. He

petitioned the court to have DNA run before the scheduled dates.

Evan McAllister gave a sworn statement stating that he saw his brother with Dionne before the time we split up. He gave times and dates for when Ethan started seeing her as a therapist to the day that he caught them in the act

My lawyer also got a judge to sign off on obtaining Dionne's medical records from the abortion clinic. The abortion happened exactly when the nurse who called her stated. With all that evidence against her claims, there is reasonable doubt that I am not Logan's father.

"What is the verdict on the petition, Vincent?"

"The judge on the case called me and Dionne's attorney to his chambers this morning. Her reviewed the evidence 1 presented. He was disgusted. I could tell by look on her attorney's face that he didn't know about any of it."

judge going to compel a DNA test?"

"Yes. He gave her lawyer a stern warning, then told him to have Dianne and Logan at the designated laboratory by nine on Monday morning. I tried to call you will all this yesterday, but it went to voicemail"

"Yesterday was chaos with last-minute charity details. I am sorry, Vincent."

He chuckles, "don't worry about it. The lab he chose is the same we used for the test we did with you and Grace. That works well, but he has ordered a fresh sample from you to ensure there are no questions with the results. He also ordered Ethan to be tested too."

"That part I hadn't thought of, nice,"

"See you at the lab on Monday, Quinn. Have a good weekend." he ends the call

I smile at the good news, then head to the store. Stuffed mushrooms sound good for dinner. Once I get everything that I need, I head home. When I walk into the penthouse, I can hear Annora talking to someone. Her voice is coming from the kitchen

When I walk into the kitchen, I see she is on the phone while she puts some groceries away. From the anger in her voice, I would hate to be the person on the other end of the call. I sit the bag in my hand on the counter then unload it onto the counter.

“No, Leita, I will not talk to Max about coming home.”

Oh boy. The cheating sister-in-law, I ease around her to open the cabinet where I store my cutting board, then walk back to the island counter to start dinner preparations. I prep the mushrooms while she listens to Leita. From the red flush of iger on her face, I am expecting her convection to end soon.

“Look, you f**d Jake, not just one, but repeatedly. What did you expect to happen when Max found out? Did you really expect him to forgive you, then wait

und to see whose baby you were having?,

I cringe when I hear a thrill screaming **b through the phone.

“Do you even love my brother?” Annie pouses as she listens to Leita. “Then why did you hurt him like that? No, don’t tell me at all. Tell him when he calls you. Until then, don’t call me again. I will not play middleman for you.”

With an angry growl, she ends the call, then throws her phone onto the counter. I wipe my hands on a dish towel, then walk to her. I massage her very tense neck muscles

„ right there,” she sighs in relief.

“Have they gotten the results of the DNA test?”

She nods her head as I continue to rub my thumbs into her muscles.

“It isn’t May’s or Jake’s baby. She cheated on Max with a coworker. Then, when her blado s**d during the first trimester, she started sleeping with Jake while Max was putting in long hours to get ready for the baby. It has been something he has wanted for so long. To finally start a family with her. Now, that is all gone. Lorelai

filed his divorce papers yesterday afternoon when he got the results.”

I remove my hands from her neck, spin her around, then serap my arms around her. She lets out a shuddering breath as she buries her face in my chest. My heart goes out to Max. His experience is different, but the loss in similar.

“Is he at your place?”

She nods her head.

“Then go grab your purse, I will put my mushrooms up, and we will go be where we need to be ”

The look she gives me lets me know that is exactly what she needs right now. To be with her brother. To help soothe his broken heart. Nothing will wound, but knowing he isn't alone will help.

ever head that

I busy myself with putting the mushrooms in a plastic storage container, then putting them in the refrigerator while Annie rushes out of the kitchen to grab her purse. The tired look on her face is gone when she comes back and waits for me in the doorway. The anger is still there, though.

"Your brother is lucky to have you as a sister. Come on. Let's go. We can pick up dinner for the three of us on the way"

Annie smiles at me, then holds her hand out for me. I will gladly sacrifice my evening plans for her family. After all, they will be mine soon enough as well

The car ride will give me a chance to update her on the lawsuit.

"I will never regret you or say I wished I'd never met you. Because once upon a time you were exactly what I needed." – Bob Marley