

His booty call By Ivy brown Chapter 15

Too many thoughts are ripping through my mind to simply focus on one. I don't even realize Oliver has called my name out and he is rushing to Quinn's position.

I hurriedly move to where they are standing. My heart racing like s***. What if he dies here?

Jesus!

"What are we going to do?" I whisper at Oliver.

He raises his eyebrows. "Hospital, perhaps." He says sarcastically.

Quinn withers beneath our hold, "No." It is a weak plea from him.

I follow where his hand is trying to stop the bleeding and realize he is stabbed just below his ribs. I feel an overwhelming dizziness slam into me as I gaze down at the wound.

"Let's stop the bleeding first before anything." Oliver suggests.

I agree with his line of thought and help him lay Quinn on the sofa. Quinn is trying hard to keep his feelings guarded, however his constricted face tell the amount of pain is in.

Am not remotely close to know the first thing to do in order to stop any bleeding. Oliver removes his T-shirt, He tears Quinn T-shirt and realize he's not wearing the tux he had the gala dinner. He is in casual wear, a grey T-shirt and dark Blue Jeans.

"Just put enough pressure, I'll go find the first-aid kit." Oliver offers.

"You need professional medical a**istance. This wound is deep and may require st**ches." I say to Quinn.

He weakly shakes his head and opens his mouth to speak. "I'll live."

He's so stubborn.

"Not when you are bleeding like this. What even happened?" I get to ask what has been on my head.

He gives me a bewildered stare, for having the audacity to ask. “None of your business.”

Rude!

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Am tempted to shut him up by reminding him is in my house after ending our agreement, so it is also part of my business. I don't dwell on it, I know him too well to know I will not get any answer from him.

He sighs and adds, “Just get you and the other guy..... Who is he to you?”

I snort humorously, “Jealous?” I tease him.

He gives me a bored stare, doesn't he ever get bored of ever looking bored! “You wish.” He huffs.

Yeah, I wish.

Oliver returns with a first-aid kit I had no idea I owned.

He removes the T-shirt I had been holding and examines the wound.

“This is ugly.” He mutters. “We are out of alcohol so I will use this surgical spirit I found.”

He takes a pinch from the roll of cotton and dip in the spirit. He then proceeds to wipe the area around the wound to disinfect it. Quinn groans in pain eyes shut.

“This will hurt like hell.” Oliver warns and pours some spirit in the wound before Quinn can fathom.

I feel my hand being enclosed in a tight grip. Quinn is crushing it as he tries to stop himself from screaming.

Oliver works his way around Quinn.

Eventually, the bleeding stops thanks to Oliver, from Quinn's expression one can tell the pain has subdued from the pain killers Oliver gave him.

“That will hold for now but it requires immediate st**ching.” Oliver says as he wraps a bandage.

Quinn lays his head on the armrest before he struggles to lift his upper body to face Oliver, “Thanks dude.”

The two talking like old buddies is quite a sight to bask on.

Well this is not how I planned Quinn meeting my brother. Under different circ**stances I would be happy.

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“Can I talk to you, Cara?” Oliver nods at me.

I excuse myself to the kitchen which is still in mess.

“Did he tell you what happened?” Oliver goes straight to the point.

I walk towards the open fridge and pick a bottle of water. Just like Oliver am dying to ask so many questions.

“He won’t say anything.” I answer after gulping some water.

“Not to sound insensitive but him being here is not a good idea. What if he brought trouble to your doorstep?” Oliver says, his face masked with pure worry.

“No need for you to be so protective.” I say with humour.

Oliver however doesn’t find humour in it, “You don’t know who stabbed him, where or why.”

“A mugger, maybe.” I reply walking back to the living room.

I find Quinn snoring softly. It is the first time I have been graced with the opportunity to see the great and mighty Quinn asleep. Other times after s**, he just dresses up and leave.

His snores are so soft like a Kitty’s purr. Finally I get to do what have been dying to do since the day we met, caress him. Something he hates and would kill me if he found me.

I ran the back of my hand on his face. He has a fever, despite that his skin is flawless and smooth. It feels so right and good. He stirs in his sleep but doesn't wake up.

I stifle a smile.

“Creep.” Oliver utters and sets a cup of tea on the broke table.

Damn that Nimo! That table cost me a fortune.

I yawn.

“You should rest too.” Oliver says.

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I check the time and realize it's already five in the morning. Well, hello Sunday!

“Where are you going to sleep?” I ask Oliver after our tea session.

“I was thinking maybe, you could share your bed with Quinn and I will take the sofa.”

I stare at him to see if he joking but realized he's serious. He has no idea the kind of person Quinn is.

The guy can't stand to be touched leave alone share a bed. Though the thought is tempting. To lie close to him and have my arm wrapped around him.

“Mmh!” I sigh absently.

“Can you stop daydreaming and help me move him.” Oliver snaps at me.

I have no time to object since Oliver has already lifted him halfway. I a**ist him to my bedroom which is less messy as before. My bed is now dressed in New white sheets. We carefully lay him on top of my bed.

“Sleep well.” Oliver says and walk away.

I turn to stare at the magnificent man on my bed. Never in a million years would I have imagined Quinn sleeping on my bed. The way he fit on it, seems like the bed was made for him.

It takes me too many pep talks to stop drooling over him and remove his shoes and jeans. It no longer feels right, every look away from him makes me feel like he is going to vanish.

I finally change into my Hello Kitty pajamas, and position myself beside him. He smells so heavenly.

I push myself cautiously closer towards him. I put my arm around his waist and wait to see if he will wake and punish me for that. However, he stiffens on my touch. I can tell he's awake but doesn't show it or move, he lets my arm rest there. Quite unexpected.

Momentarily, I fall asleep too in the most comfortable and short sleep.

I wake up to find light illuminating inside my room. The events of the past couple of hours flood into my mind. I turn to my side of bed. Quinn is missing and the lack of warmth on the bed indicates he left a long time ago.

Damn Quinn!

