

CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND

Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend By Jane E.L. Chapter 41



Vincent came

My sudden anxiety brought a layer of cold sweat to my forehead, but Aaron reached for his phone anyway. In less than a second, he was talking to Vincent.

Vincent's voice was faint, but it was undoubtedly him. When I bit my lip to stay silent, Aaron started getting more thrilled by our cheating. His hips rolled forward and pounded my body ruthlessly, and just then, I was suddenly thankful that I still wasn't as sensitive as most women. Otherwise, it would've been impossible for me to hold my moans back.

But no matter how hard I tried, Vincent still noticed that something was wrong. "Are you busy right now...?" He asked.

Aaron sighed, lowered his head, and kissed me. He let the microphone sit right beside my face, and I quickly turned my head away. My heartbeat was thunder in my chest, and I was too scared to even breathe.

With a smirk, Aaron asked innocently, "No, what's wrong?"

It was quiet for a moment, then Vincent said, "My girlfriend isn't in the room. I don't know where she is."

Aaron sneered. "Why would you think I knew?"

As he said that, he wickedly sped up his motions. It was too much for me to bear, and I couldn't keep my mouth shut

anymore.

“Ah~!”

Vincent obviously heard the noise, and I heard the sly smile in his voice when he quickly said, “Haha... You have fun then. I’ll leave you alone.” Then he hung up.

21:00

I didn’t expect Vincent to be back so soon, yet Aaron didn’t seem to care. I tried to push myself off the bed with my arms and kept hissing, “Hurry up already! I need to go!”

Aaron just smiled nonchalantly and refused to let me go. He didn’t speak as he thrust into me harder and faster, and my mouth hung open while my eyes rolled back. The air was filled with the wet slapping of his skin against mine.

He was doing this on purpose!

I was afraid of making a scene so late at night, so I lowered my voice and begged him in a harsh whisper, “Aaron-! Stop, please!”

He laughed. “Why should I listen to you? I’m not your boyfriend.”

I didn’t say a word, and he stared at me expectantly as his hips slowed to a stop. He really wanted to be difficult about

this...

But I was just relieved he gave me some way out. “Babe,” | begged.

He happily responded. “Again.”

Acting like he really was my boyfriend not only excited him, but also stirred an odd feeling in my chest.

I called again. “Babe, please... I need to go...”

My voice was soft and seductive, and I even surprised myself with my coquettish whimpering. Aaron's blue eyes were surging with a high tide of emotion, and I had no choice but to match his rhythm and enjoy fleeting moments of our union.

When it was over, I was still nervous, almost panicking. He simply hugged me and lazily dialed a number on his phone. "Daisy? Hi. Vince is probably gonna be there soon... Yeah, just mention she's in your room."

Then Aaron hung up and leaned in to kiss me, but I avoided him.

He mockingly held my chin in his hand. "Angry?"

I closed my eyes and didn't respond, but he cheerfully continued, "It's like you're a completely different person before and after we f*ck."

I pushed Aaron aside and said firmly, "I'm going back."

Aaron sighed and his arms behind his head. "Right now? Aren't you afraid of him finding out?"

I furrowed my brow and asked, confused, "How would he know?"

He smiled, sat up to wrap his arms around my waist, and muttered in my ear, "If you go out like this, any normal person would know exactly what you were doing in here..."

I frowned and bit my lip: "... Can I use your bathroom?"

He let me go with a sweet smile. "Of course."

I kept the blanket wrapped around me as I bent over to look for my clothes, but before I could s*atch up my underwear, a thick fabric fell over my head.

It smelled g**d-a hint of l*m*ngra*s-and it wasn't until I stood back up that I realized it was Aaron's bathrobe.

He pulled his cigarette case out of the drawer on the nightstand, then went to the table to pick up the lighter I gifted him. The whole process was so natural, like he wasn't at all worried his best friend could be minutes away from finding out about us.

He must've had too much to drink.

"Don't set off the fire alarm." I kindly reminded him.

It took two whole seconds for Aaron to register what I said, then he laughed.

I tightened the oversized bathrobe and went into the bathroom barefoot. The lights in the room were dim, so I didn't notice it until I got to the bathroom: I was covered in h*ckey, teeth marks, and bruises from my neck to my thighs. My breasts were sore, but at least my nipples were still attached... I avoided looking in the large mirror again and hurriedly turned on the shower-hopefully the running water would wash away some of my shame.

When I heard the chime of the suite's doorbell, my heart s*ipped a beat. I'd just pulled the robe back on.

The bathroom wasn't soundproofed very well, so I could hear Aaron's slow footsteps walking over to open the door. The voice outside was Vincent's.

Hidden in the bathroom, my heart started to race. I held my breath, pressed my ear against the bathroom door, and listened to Vincent. "Daisy said Olive was in her room. Which one is it?"

"Just ask her yourself. Why are you coming to me?" Aaron's voice was flat and he seemed a little impatient.

“I texted her but she left me on read. Olive didn’t reply to my texts either. Besides, you know better than anyone that Daisy has a temper. She can’t stand it when other people bother her.”

Aaron smiled and said, “And you think I can?”

Silence...

But after a few seconds, Vincent smiled and said, “I know you, man. You’re not like that at all.”

“That’s not necessarily true.” Aaron yawned, “But even if I did tell you which one it was, you still shouldn’t go. Then she’d definitely lose it. Women hate it when boys show up to spoil their fun.”

Vincent still didn’t give up. “It might be that easy for you-you don’t have a girlfriend. You don’t know how much it hurts to be away from your lover.”

Aaron chuckled dryly. “Why can’t you just go to your other one then?”

“You need to stop saying s*it like that.” Vincent’s voice suddenly became serious.

“What are you afraid of?” Aaron paused for a few seconds. “It’s not like she knows. Even if she did, she wouldn’t do anything about it.”

I bit my lip. Was Aaron mocking me? I’d used to trust Vincent wholeheartedly, but now, I couldn’t shake the feeling that I was nothing but a joke to his entire group of friends. Even

Aaron.

“That doesn’t matter.” Vincent’s voice started to sound more aggressive.

“Why don’t you break up with her already?”

Aaron asked exactly what I was thinking. I still wanted to be the one to dump Vincent, but I had to know if he really loved Emily or if she was just a toy to him.

I didn't love him anymore. I couldn't.

But I needed him to love me.

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Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend By Jane E.L. Chapter 42



On the cabinet

“Why do you ask...?” Vincent asked warily.

“Just wondering.” Aaron shrugged. “Maybe I’m curious since I’ve never had to work things out with a girlfriend.”

“Hehe... because you’ve never loved anyone like that.” Vincent breathed a clear sigh of relief. Maybe Aaron’s false ignorance was enough to make him drop his guard.

“Who do you actually love then? Emily or your girlfriend?” Aaron deliberately left out my name.

“Olive, obviously.” Vincent’s lack of hesitation took me by surprise. Then he continued, “But...”

My eyes widened as my ear perked up.

“I do envy you sometimes, Aaron. You do whatever you want, and everyone loves you all the same.” Vincent sighed. “I wish I had that kind of freedom, you know? Like a real man.”

Vincent’s words made me want to vomit. He was trying to be a “real man” by cheating on me? What a cheap, insecure excuse...

Would that be the same reason he tells me when I finally confront him?

Regardless, a smug smile crossed my face. He did still love me, and I was going to turn that against him. That simple thought sent me into a daydream as I hid in the bathroom. I imagined breaking up with him-cold as ice-and watching his heart break before my eyes.

He’d panic and stutter while his wide eyes filled with confusion. And then I’d tell him that I didn’t love him. That I hadn’t for the longest time.

I’ve imagined that scene over and over, but now it felt so much more tangible. At the same time though, I felt sorry for Emily.

I didn’t know why he chose her.

I picked Aaron because he was a casual casanova who outclassed Vincent in every way.

But Vincent must've only picked her because she truly loved him. It made her easy to take advantage of.

It was sad. The one who gets hurt the most is always the one who loves the hardest.

Vincent muttered something to remind Aaron not to talk about this again, and Aaron replied casually. "Alright, I won't tell your girlfriend. Get out of here now. I'm tired."

Vincent gave him a wicked smile. "Satisfied or spent?"

Aaron laughed, "What do you think?"

They shared a low chuckle and said their goodbyes, and I poked my head out when I heard the door to the hallway slam shut.

I turned just in time to see Aaron leaning out the open window to smoke. There was only a bath towel around his waist, and it left the smooth muscles of his upper body on display. His eyes were half-lidded in the smoke, and his distant expression was so handsome...

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Oh no.

I didn't want to leave.

Aaron put out his cigarette and reached one hand out to me. "Done cleaning up?"

I hesitated and didn't move, but neither did he. He just kept his hand outstretched and looked at me with soft eyes pleading for me to stay. Part of me believed he'd wait like this forever.

"You heard all of that," he said matter-of-factly.

I nodded.

Aaron's blue eyes seemed to call me over. His lips quivered, but he didn't say anything. It was like he was expecting something, and I felt like I knew just what it was.

If I went to him now, the boundaries of our relationship would blur, and we might slip into something neither of us was ready for.

So I didn't move. I told myself no.

The room was dimly lit, and the lights outside flickered behind Aaron. There he stood, looking like a painting from the Victorian era. Suddenly, a gust of wind blew in, and the strands of hair in front of his forehead fluttered and brushed past his eyelashes. The falling snowflakes dusted the bridge of his nose, his cheeks, and his lips.

I shuddered. I couldn't stop myself from taking a small step forward, and before I could take another step, he reached forward. His arm wrapped around my waist and spun me

around to pin me against the kitchenette next to him. Then he tilted his head and gave me a tobacco-flavored kiss.

I rested my open hand on the back of his neck, and he leaned back slightly, unable to breathe.

After a while, he let go of me and smiled faintly, then he took a deep breath and said, "You're not too bad at that."

I stopped to catch my breath before saying, "I'm not as good as you, that's for sure. I heard you've had three different women in and out of your bed in the same night."

"Ah... You know exactly what you're doing, bringing that up." Aaron raised his eyebrows with a smile, and with even the slightest force from his hand, I was held firmly in place.

The countertop was very narrow, and there were still two glasses left out. I only had enough space to sit halfway on the surface. I felt off balance, but he stood in front of me to keep me from falling-and from leaving.

Aaron squeezed between my knees, pressed himself close to me, and nipped at my lip. He whispered, "Are you jealous?"

I felt his body temperature rise with my lower abdomen pressed against his c*otch, and I leaned even closer into him. "Not anymore."

He didn't back away this time.

Instead, he reached up to gently undo the straps holding my robe closed.

The warm yellow light from overhead spilled across my bare shoulders; I wore nothing underneath. In this position, he only

On the cabinet

had to glance down to see my fully exposed body.

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Even though we'd slept together several times, I still felt somewhat embarrassed, and I subconsciously hugged him so that he'd stop staring.

He must've expected my sudden bashfulness because he * immediately pressed his lips against mine as he quickly tossed the towel that was around

his waist. With one hand, he held me by the shoulder. With the other, he squeezed my hip as he lined himself up...

I was no match for him in bed. His hands were like magic on my body, and I was so disappointed the foreplay ended so soon.

I slipped off of the cabinet and instinctively wrapped my legs around his waist. My arms curled tightly around his neck, and his thrusts were so violent that he was knocking me back into the counter every time. By the end of it, I was limp in his arms.

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The scarf

When we were finished, Aaron carried me into the bathroom and insisted that I take a bath with him. I did climb into the tub with him, but I turned away so we wouldn't end up having sex again.

He was oddly silent, and when I turned back around after cleaning myself up, I found that he'd fallen asleep with his head resting against the edge of the bathtub.

I didn't know whether I should laugh or cry. I gently shook his shoulder: "Aaron...? You need to get out now, you'll catch a cold."

He didn't respond.

There was no way I could get him out on my own—he was around 6'3" at least—but I didn't want to just leave him there. With a sigh, I sat back near the faucet and turned on the hot water every once in a while so he wouldn't get too cold.

Thankfully, he woke up before long. His eyes blinked open and he smiled when he saw that I was still in the water with him. There was a tender expression on his face. "You can get out first."

I stood with my back toward him and got out to slip into a robe. He followed almost immediately and crashed into me before I could get dressed, sending water splattering over the tiles. I was so startled that I nearly fell forward, and he took that opportunity to scoop me up in his arms and throw me back onto the bed.

"Hey!" I hissed.

Aaron hugged me from behind with his head buried in my shoulder. Then he said in a hazy voice, "Sleep with me for a while."

I patted his hand on his wet skin. "You need to dry off first."

He hummed lazily, "I am..."

Immediately afterward, I heard his soft snoring. I didn't move until his body fully relaxed and let go of me. Then I carefully got up and draped the comforter over him. His hand grabbed a fistful of the white sheets and he frowned, like a child

having a nightmare. I couldn't stop myself from reaching out, and he immediately grabbed my hand. After everything that happened tonight, I didn't think I'd sleep well, but I drifted off as soon as I shut my eyes...

When I woke up, I didn't know what time it was. The heavy curtains didn't let any light through, so I took out my phone to check the clock.

It was eight in the morning.

Vincent definitely wasn't up yet.

There was also an unread message from Daisy last night:

Dayzee: I won't be up till 10 tomorrow.

Dayzee: Vince p*ssed me off. I don't think he has the balls to bother me any earlier than that lol.

So that must've meant I could stay with Aaron until ten o'clock.

Behind me, I heard him shift into a more comfortable position. I pressed my back against his warm chest and enjoyed feeling

his slow heartbeat for a while. Then I put down the phone and turned around.

That was enough to wake him, and he looked down at me in a daze. When he saw that all I'd done was roll over, he simply patted my head, hugged me tighter, and fell back asleep.

When I woke up the second time, I heard the water running in the bathroom. The spot beside me was disappointingly empty, so I frowned in the direction of the bathroom, confused.

Aaron was back soon though, and when he saw my eyes open, he smiled and greeted me. Then he leaned over my side of the bed to give me a peck on the lips. "Did you sleep well?"

My lips tingled with the minty aftertaste of his mouthwash, and there were tiny drops of water that graced his long eyelashes, which made his eyes so much more enchanting.

"Yeah..." I nodded. I slept very well actually, aside from the soreness in my back.

He squeezed my face and said, "Vincent is up now. I'll go take him downstairs for breakfast, then Daisy will come to get you."

I nodded.

"Do you want anything to eat? I can bring something back. up."

I shook my head. I didn't have an appetite right now.

Putting on his coat, he went down without asking any more questions.

After I washed up, I waited for a while until Daisy knocked on the door and took me downstairs.

We chatted on the way, and that was when I learned that she, Aaron, and Vincent were all classmates at Columbia. The realization left me stunned. To be honest, I was too busy studying to get to know

people from other departments. While we chatted, Daisy told me a lot about Aaron, and she had nothing but compliments for him.

It was like she saw him entirely differently than Vincent did. Vincent always said Aaron was a p*ayboy who leeches off of his parents' success, but Daisy felt the exact opposite. To her, Aaron was nothing short of an entrepreneurial genius who rebelled against his parents to pursue his own dreams; he had every right to do whatever he wanted. Then there was also the version of him that Cinder told me about... Regardless, I figured that Daisy was the closest to him. She'd know him better than anyone, and so her admiration for him rubbed off

on me.

I couldn't help but ask a s*upid question: "So is it true that he met up with three different women in one night?"

I immediately regretted it! There were so many other things I could've asked, but that was the first thing I could think of?!

Daisy blinked at me as she processed my question, then she cackled. "Yes and no. We threw a wild party that night, and Aaron was the only one who didn't drink. He brought those Tadies to their rooms."

"So he's sweet to everyone he sleeps with...?" I continued, uncertain.

And by 'sweet,' I meant 'infatuated.'

I fully expected her to say yes-that Aaron's kindness toward me was just how he treated all of his bed buddies-so I could hold him at a safe distance without truly hurting him.

But she shook her head.

"No. You're the only one I'd say he's been sweet with..."

As soon as she finished speaking, the elevator door opened on the first floor.

And there was Emily.

She hesitated for a second as she watched us step out of the elevator.

I was so put off by being face-to-face with her that I didn't stop to think about what Daisy had just said.

Daisy greeted her, and Emily gave her an apologetic smile.

"I was just heading back up to my room... I had breakfast already."

Daisy laughed at her. "Who did you mess around with last night? Your eyebags are black."

Emily glanced at me for a split second with an unreadable expression, then she said, "Who could I possibly have h*oked up with? I didn't get a good night's sleep, that's all."

Then she stepped into the elevator and headed up to her room.

72.68%

When we arrived at the hotel's cafe, I took a seat next to Vincent. On my other side was Daisy, and on her other side was Aaron.

Vincent pushed over a plate as soon as I sat down: a slice of wheat bread, lightly marinated salmon, fresh fruit, and a glass of milk. It was exactly my kind of breakfast. I hated having overly greasy foods first thing in the morning.

After breakfast, Vincent and I went back to our room to pack our things. Daisy and the others happened to be stepping out of their rooms just as we finished, so we all got into the elevator together.

Vincent laughed and kept asking Aaron who he spent the night with, but in the next second, Vincent was stunned silent, and I felt his hand on my shoulder suddenly go stiff.

My soul nearly left my body when I looked up to see why, and my hand trailed up to my collar.

Aaron was wearing a deep red scarf around his neck.

The same one I'd left in his room last night.

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Then something different happened. He sent a voice recording.

Amorris: "I mean, of course I thought about having you in my bed again, but I didn't wanna say it. I really did just wanna invite you to dinner. My friend opened this new Italian restaurant. He hired an authentic gourmet chef and flew the ingredients straight from Italy. I didn't want you to miss the grand opening."

He was speaking quietly, which made his voice sound mellow and clear. I could hear his smile in the first half of the message, and I was reluctant to decline his invitation.

Amorris: Let me make it up to you darling

HeyOlive: alright, i'll go

Amorris:

Amorris: What time do you get off tonight? I'll pick you up

I sent him the time my shift ended. Then I texted Vincent to let him know I'd be working late on an experiment and wouldn't be able to have dinner with him.

But Vincent didn't reply until noon..

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Vincent's anger

My mind went blank, and all I could do was stare helplessly.

Vincent's voice was a strange mix of suspicion, shock, and uncertainty. "Are you... Is that Olive's scarf?"

Aaron glanced at me with a casual smile on his face. "Is it? I don't know, I just found it in my room."

I was going to kill him...

As his words sunk in, I felt the temperature in the elevator drop by a few degrees. The air felt like it was thinning, and I was too light-headed to turn and look at Vincent's expression.

Vincent's voice lost all of its humor. "You better start explaining..."

Luckily, Daisy chimed in. "Aaron, stop messing around."

Then she turned to Vincent and said, "Olive left it in my room. I was gonna give it back earlier, but when Aaron saw it, he complained about feeling cold and just put it on."

Vincent paused again, but his voice was still tense when he finally replied.
“Take it off.”

Aaron didn't move.

So Vincent repeated himself, growing more and more irritated. “I said take it off.”

Aaron smiled, raised his chin slightly, and chose to provoke him: “What if I don't wanna?”

Vincent immediately let go of me and reached out to yank it off of Aaron, but just then, the elevator doors opened. Alex and one of his friends were standing on the other side of the door, stunned by the situation.

Vincent was just reaching for the scarf, but it looked like he was grabbing Aaron by the collar and getting ready to swing at him.

The two guys got into the elevator and pulled Vincent and Aaron apart, then they asked Daisy what was going on.

She stayed silent.

Vincent was held by his shoulders, and once he calmed down a little, he said again, “Give it back.”

Aaron ignored him. Instead, he tilted his head slightly to look at me with an innocent expression. “I'm still feeling kinda cold, Olive. Could you warm me up with a hug?”

I gave Vincent my hand: “Let's just go.”

But Vincent didn't move, so I let go of him and walked out alone.

After a few seconds, I heard his footsteps behind me.

Vincent hit the ignition, backed out of the parking space, and drove onto the road without saying a word.

I clutched at my seat belt. "Slow down. You're scaring me."

His knuckles were white around the steering wheel, and his jaw was tightly clenched.

"It's just a scarf," I said. "I don't get upset when you give other girls your clothes."

He was silent for a few minutes. He slowly started to let off the gas, but he still didn't say a word.

At first, I felt incredibly guilty, but now that I was in the car with him, all that was left was an indescribable feeling of cool satisfaction. Just a taste of my revenge was more exhilarating than I'd imagined...

It was almost midnight when we finally got home. As soon as we stepped inside, he stormed into our bedroom and slammed the door.

I'd never seen him so angry before, and I couldn't have been more ecstatic. I happily went into the kitchen to cook some pasta, and I even popped my head into the bedroom to let him know dinner was ready. I paid no attention to his sour mood.

Once I was done eating, I cleaned up the kitchen and headed to the bathroom for a quick shower. Then I went to the bedroom to grab my blanket and pillow, but Vincent grabbed the edge of the blanket before I could leave.

"What are you doing?" He asked.

"You don't want to see me right now, I get it. I was gonna sleep on the couch."

He frowned. "It's cold there- Don't bother. Just lay down."

The truth was that the idea of sleeping in the same bed as him made me sick.

He tugged at my blanket again, and I tried hard to hide my disgust behind faux confusion. Eventually, he lost his

patience, and he practically threw me onto the bed and crushed my body under his.

I've been with him long enough to know what he wanted from me, and I was so terrified that I desperately pushed him away. "I'm still on my period-"

Vincent gritted his teeth and glared at me. "Then let me use your mouth!"

"What did you just say...?" I was appalled.

But his expression didn't change. "I know you're lying about your period-that's fine-but you don't need to be so cold! You always lead me on and you never stop to think about my feelings! We don't need to have sex, but you won't even put your hands on me! I've never heard of a girlfriend who acts as you do..."

I matched his sneer as I locked eyes with him. "I know better than anyone that I have issues with intimacy, but I told you this when we started dating. If it bothers you so much, we should break up."

'Why bother putting up with two women?' I wanted to say, but I held my tongue.

I didn't want to have the final showdown with him. Not yet.

He went quiet, and after a few seconds, he calmed down and let go of me.

"I'm sorry. It's not you, it's me. I just... I love you

52.20%

too much and I get really jealous sometimes. This won't happen again, okay?

Don't be angry..."

How could I not be?!

But I forced a smile. "It's fine. Just get some rest."

It wasn't until I got to work the next morning that I saw an unread message from Aaron last night.

Amorris: He didn't do anything to you, did he?

HeyOlive: no.

I didn't want to blame Aaron for what happened, so I didn't mention it.

Amorris: That's good. I was worried about you

Amorris: I'm sorry

Amorris: I wasn't completely sober when I woke up yesterday.

I wasn't thinking straight. Won't happen again

HeyOlive: it's okay, i know it won't

I originally wanted to add "Because we're done."

But then I thought about it, and I knew d*mn well I'd go to him again...

Amorris: So are you free tonight...??

HeyOlive: ooh i'd expect nothing less from mr. tomcat

HeyOlive: it really amazes me. after all the fun we had yesterday, you're still hungry for more

Amorris: :) It's nothing like that, I just wanted to take you out to eat lol

HeyOlive:... oh. awkward. sorry.

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Aaron's gift

Later in the afternoon, I had nothing else to do, so I left the lab ten minutes early. I'd just sent Aaron a text that I was finished.

HeyOlive: i'll be in the cafe downstairs. it's right under my lab.

Then I noticed something, and my body jolted, like a cat whose tail was stepped on.

Vincent's Ford was parked across the street. He sat in the driver's seat looking at his phone, and he didn't seem to have noticed me yet.

I couldn't believe it.

I squinted my eyes to make sure I wasn't seeing things, and once I was sure it was him, my heart started hammering in my chest.

Now I was standing out on the sidewalk, and I quickly looked away just as Vincent looked up at me. With an oblivious expression on my face, I raised my hand to hail a taxi.

I climbed in and gave him the first address I could think of, then turned to see that Vincent had started his car.

He was really following me.

The cheating s*umbag was worried about his girlfriend. cheating. It was just as convoluted as it was satisfying.

I called Aaron and he answered right away.

My words came out rushed. "I can't make it to dinner tonight. He's following me."

As soon as I said that, I saw the taxi driver look at me through the rearview mirror with a suspicious look of disdain in his eyes.

Aaron hummed. "I know."

"What? How?"

"I saw him."

The hair on the back of my neck stood up. "You did? Where? Did he see you?"

"No, he didn't see me. I saw him while he was looking for a parking space."

I was taken aback. "You were at the cafe already?"

He hummed. His voice was very gentle, and his relaxed attitude calmed me down instantly. "I got here kinda early, but I parked further away. He doesn't know I'm here either."

After I hung up, I called my friend Tina to let her know I'd be stopping by last minute. She was happy to have me over, but little did she know I was already in a cab on the way. Soon enough, I was being dropped off for an impromptu dinner with my friend.

Vincent knew Tina, so he drove off after he saw me head into the familiar apartment building.

Since we were the type of couple who shared our locations with each other, I checked my phone to see that he was on his way to Emily's house.

I didn't want to go home, so I stayed at Tina's house for a

while after dinner. Her daughter just turned two, and her

chubby little arms were clinging to me so tight that I couldn't put her down.

Eventually, my phone rang, so I passed her back to her mother.

Amorris: Have you eaten?

HeyOlive: yeah... how about you?

Amorris: Can you come down now? I have something for you

HeyOlive: where are you?

Amorris: In the parking lot downstairs. Come down. He's gone now."

I'd been at Tina's house for nearly three hours! Was he waiting there that whole time?

I hurriedly told Tina I had to get going, and after we said our goodbyes, I headed downstairs.

The parking lot was right out front, so I saw his Ferrari as soon as I stepped outside.

Aaron opened the driver-side door and stepped out. His form was more eye-catching than the shiny sports car beside him.

While he was walking up to me, a car sped by, and its headlights lit him up from behind like a halo of light welcoming an angel.

He greeted me with a warm smile on his face and straightened my collar.

"You didn't even fix yourself up first," he teased.

I stared up at him, and it took me a moment to say, "Were you here the whole time?"

He nodded. "I was worried you wouldn't be able to get a ride back home. It's not easy to catch a taxi in this area."

"I thought we weren't gonna meet today."

He looked a little embarrassed. "Yeah, but... I wanted to see you."

At that moment, it felt like sparks lit up my entire body. “Don’t try to seduce me...”

He smiled, “I have something for you, actually.”

“What?”

“Your scarf.”

I quickly waved my hand. “You don’t need to give it back. It’s fine.”

Vincent would probably choke me with it if I came home wearing it anyway.

Aaron was amused by my panicked expression, but he insisted on giving me the bag: “Just open it.”

It was only then that I realized that the bag in his hand looked brand-new like he’d gotten it at an upscale boutique.

When I opened it, I found a new scarf inside. The style was similar to my old one-it was even the same brand-but the price tag had one more zero...

I couldn’t possibly accept the gift, but when I tried to give it back, Aaron simply said, “Keep it. Really. I’m never gonna give your other one back anyway.”

“You didn’t have to get me a new one though...”

“I don’t like owing people. Besides, I like getting things for my friends. We’re a little more than friends, aren’t we? Plus, I’ve never given you a birthday present. It’s only fair.”

It was true that our relationship was a bit complicated. We’d completely s*ipped the friend stage and gone straight to acting like lovers, as if I never had a boyfriend to begin with. As if that boyfriend wasn’t his best friend.

With all that in mind, what was the harm in accepting the gift? I reached out and took the bag. “Thank you...”

He squeezed my face and smiled. “Good girl.”

After that, he took me home. With a wink, he drove around to the back of the complex so I could get out.

It was a bit of a walk across the back parking lot from his car to the rear entrance. When I swiped my card to get inside, I turned around to see that he hadn't left yet. He was leaning against his car and smoking a cigarette while gazing in my direction.

I'd completely forgotten to tell him that I didn't want to see him again.

I could've simply sent him a text and blocked him, but I hesitated.

My greed and tenderness for him started to blur into a muddled sort of love...

It terrified me, and I felt my face grow hot.

I was scared that after climbing out of hell from Vincent, I was just going to fall headfirst into Aaron's own abyss.

I opened the door to an empty apartment. Vincent wasn't home yet.

Amorris: Are you there now?

HeyOlive: yeah i'm home

Amorris: You had this weird milky smell on you

Amorris: Its all over my car lol

HeyOlive: o////o i helped feed my friend's two-year-old. i guess i spilled some on myself

HeyOlive: just drive with the windows down

Amorris: I actually kinda like it

Amorris: I might just sleep in my car tonight... with the windows up

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