

Chapter 11

My o*gasm was...

Really not something I wanted to talk about with him during sex.

But Aaron read the answer plain as day in my face. He grinned and resumed his thrusts. In the next second, his face was buried in my chest, busy with kissing, licking, and sucking, but his teasing didn't stop there. "Do you like this? You're still being awfully quiet, darling. Do you want it faster? Harder?"

"Can you stop biting me!?" I was getting mad.

"What else am I supposed to do if you won't let me kiss you?" Aaron raised his head innocently and blinked his bright blue eyes at me.

"Ugh! Just-Slow down! My head hit the wall..."

"It's the first time I've made a girl angry from f*cking her." He happily cupped the back of my head with one hand while the other snaked around my waist and replaced the stiff wall pressed against my shoulder blades. The cradling closeness lit a new fire in me.

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Once we were both spent, he picked up a cigarette from the nightstand and held it out to me. "Want one?"

I shook my head, deliberately trying to shut him down. "I don't smoke. And it's a non-smoking room."

He raised his eyebrows before tilting his head with a smile. He gave my head a playful pat, "Good girl."

With an exhale, he reached over and dropped it back on the nightstand.

"But you can step outside if you want to," I added.

"If you don't like it, I can stop," he said casually. His hand ran through my hair lovingly, as if it were fine silk.

This was one of Aaron's favorite ways to charm me. I suppose. Last time, when I was in his bedroom, he noticed me rubbing my nose. Right away, he could tell the incense bothered me and immediately opened the window. He had a wordless way of conveying his keen thoughtfulness.

But that was exactly what threw a wrench into our no-strings-attached relationship-if I could even call it that. I couldn't shake the idea that he might actually like me, despite my better judgment telling me that that would never happen. Aside from the two nights we've spent together now, our lives couldn't be more uninvolved with each other. He didn't even know me, let alone like me.

Maybe he just likes my body. The thought crossed my mind a few times, but that seemed even less likely. If anything, I'm more boring in bed than I am in my daily life.

There was no longer any sound coming from next door. Vincent and Emily were probably finished long before we were, and we were left in

awkward silence once more.

Just as I moved to get up, Aaron grabbed my wrist lightly. "Leaving early again?"

I frowned and gave a stiff nod. "Um... Yeah? I won't be able to get a taxi if I stay any later..."

Aaron's eyes widened as if I'd just slapped him. This must've been a rude awakening for him since he'd never slept with a woman so eager to leave him afterward.

"You're such a b*tch," he huffed.

"Sorry, did you want me to throw some money at you?" I asked him with a lopsided smile of my own.

Never did I think I'd be called a b*tch, and to my face nonetheless. When I was a student, I always rejected the boys who pursued me. They were all just so s*upid. So boring. Anything else would've been more fun: homework, errands, ski practice. And I hate skiing.

I knew better than anyone that I was hard to please, but I also knew that I definitely wasn't a b*tch.

Of course, I wasn't really a good person anymore either.

I glared at him.

"How many, hmm? How many more guys do you have to sleep with

before you realize I'm the best you'll ever have?" His smile didn't waver, and he gently caressed my cheek.

He certainly wasn't lacking in confidence.

"Quit it with that... And let go. I need to use the bathroom." I moved to yank my hand away, but he'd already lazily let go.

I quickly put my clothes back on and grabbed my coat before heading to the bathroom. When I came out, Aaron was sitting up, leaning back against the headboard, and typing on his phone,

He raised his head and glanced at me, and the corners of his mouth drooped ever so slightly when he saw that I was fully dressed to leave.

"Come here real quick."

"I really need to get going," I brushed him off and bent over to grab my phone.

"Your boyfriend texted me." Aaron raised an eyebrow and waved his screen at me.

I bit my cheek and spared him a glance. Men and women alike both loved to indulge in gossip from time to time.

"He heard everything. Don't you wanna know what he thought?" He laughed at my wide-eyed expression.

Of course I wanted to know.

I hurried over to the bedside. "Let me see."

Aaron immediately lifted the comforter and patted the spot next to him.

I hesitated.

"If you wanna see, you can sit here or you can kiss me."

Without a second thought, I climbed into bed beside him.

"Geez, you act like a kiss is gonna kill me or something." His clear blue eyes darkened, and he seemed disappointed.

"If that was the case, I wouldn't be able to keep my lips off you," I grinned.

"You are such a b*tch," he repeated before slinging an arm around my shoulders and pulling me in closer.

"Can I see it now?" I rolled his eyes at his childish antics. He was obviously very skilled in the art of seduction, but he still had this odd fixation for empty flirting. Maybe even kissing. It must be a fetish of his...

He pouted, still offended, and passed me his phone.

His text messages with Vincent were already open.

Vxncnt: Holy s*hituu its finally over

Amorris: Oh... You heard us?

Vxncnt: Bro your girl made it impossible not to

VXncnt: You had her screaming for her life

To be honest, looking through their chat history made me feel uncomfortable, like I was being reduced to some cheap toy for Aaron to play with. I was well aware that what I was doing was wrong, but Vincent's words made it seem like I was no better than a prostitute in their eyes.

Sickened, I held the phone out to Aaron.

He shook his head, "Keep going."

There was more?

Amorris: Yours was pretty loud too

VXncnt: That doesnt count she was just screaming for the hell of it

VXncnt: There was something different abt yours... i heard it

Vxncnt: You always find the best girls

Amorris: I havent slept with anyone else for a while XD

Vxncnt: Man id be dead to olive if she had half as much fun as your girl did

Aaron: lmao

I stifled my own laugh.

This was rich!

I was sure he'd cheated on me in part because he wasn't satisfied with our sex life, but this was just ridiculous. Vincent was so perfect when we met: gentle, funny, attentive. He used to worry about not being able to please me, then that turned into him just being bored with me.

And here he was, jealous that his best friend had me screaming for

him.

Admit it! You just weren't good enough!

The initial pain of Vincent cheating on me was washed away by that revelation. He was nothing.

And I didn't regret my actions in the slightest.

"Do you still wanna barge in and catch him?" Aaron asked me softly.

"No."

I had changed my mind. Why bother? It felt so fun going behind each other's backs like this. Maybe I should take it even farther next time.

Aaron's expression was of thinly-veiled confusion, and he hesitated for a moment before asking, "You're just going to break up with him then?"

"Doesn't matter," I shrugged. "I wanna see this whole thing play out. See how long he can keep this up."

Aaron didn't speak, and he didn't stop me when I got out of bed to leave.

It wasn't until I finally reached the door that I heard him gently call my

name.

"Olive?"