

Chapter 13

Getting one up on your cheating boyfriend was fun.

Getting one up on his p*ayboy friend was fun, too.

But in hindsight, I was already regretting my decision. When Aaron called me a b*tch earlier, he was just messing around, but now, that was my reality.

I pulled my coat tighter around myself as I stepped outside of the hotel. As I made my way down the stairs leading into the lobby, I saw a black Lamborghini parked at the bottom. A woman was taking a long drag from a cigarette as she leaned against the car. As my steps grew closer, she turned and smiled at me.

It was Daisy, the woman Aaron had handed the keys to earlier this night.

I glanced down at my watch. It was two o'clock. Had she really been waiting here for four hours? Was she going to get her turn with Aaron now? That man really was something...

Then she tilted her head toward the car. "Get in."

What?

I watched her slip into the driver's seat and hesitated for a moment before getting in next to her.

She lit up with excitement as she geared up and snickered to herself. "He's never let me drive his baby before... Where do you live?"

I gave her my address and added softly, "Are you... gonna take me home?"

She grinned. "Well, yeah. It's not gonna drive itself."

From our brief introduction earlier, it seemed like Daisy and I were both Aaron's mistresses-or friends-with-benefits if he really didn't have a girlfriend-so I imagined there would be a volatile tension between us.

I know how jealous and territorial women can get. Emily was a perfect example: even though she didn't want me to find out about her and Vincent, she couldn't resist leaving hints about their escapades all over her Instagram

Only I wasn't jealous or territorial over Aaron. He was just a way for me to get my revenge. Nothing more. If anything, I felt sorry for Daisy. It should've been her sharing the hotel room with Aaron last night, and it would've been had I not interrupted. She had every right to be angry

at me.

But Daisy didn't seem put off at all. She was in a great mood as she hummed along to the radio. She shot me another wink as she drove. "Four hours, huh? Sweet. How many rounds?"

The car was filled with the smell of amber. The smell of Aaron. It was almost as if he was sitting in the car with us, and in my flustered state,

I played dumb. "What do you mean?"

Daisy's wicked grin didn't falter. "Come on. Just look at you. Your hair makes it so obvious! Is it supposed to be some big secret or something?"

When I took too long to come up with an answer, she insisted. "Please? I'm dying to know. How many times?"

Her upfront, nonchalant attitude about my sex life made my face grow even holter. At this point, I wasn't surprised by Aaron's open relationship with her. Things were light, unclouded by jealousy or possessiveness, and it was something I admired,

Eventually, I managed a response: "Once."

She snorted, obviously disappointed. "Once."

"What? What's wrong with that?" I couldn't tell where her disappointment was coming from.

She stepped on the accelerator and pulled out of the hotel's driveway. "Oh, nothing. I just heard that he's, uh... kinda tame. Done after one shot, you know? I wanted to know if you'd get a second round out of him."

That surprised me. Tame? One shot? This whole time, I thought Aaron was the kind of guy who could go all night and still be unsated in the morning. I never expected him to be described as so restrained when it came to sex.

The longer I thought about this, the more it horrified me. Not only had I had him for a second round, but for a third one after that, too...

Daisy added: "Yeah. In the past, some girls would stay overnight. Some wouldn't. When I left the room earlier though, he told me to take the car but not to leave yet, so I thought you must be a special little thing."

I laughed and decided it was best not to comment. What was I supposed to say anyway?

I'm special because I'm having an affair with Aaron! I'm actually dating his best friend!

"Oh, oops. I realized I never properly introduced myself." She shot me a dazzling smile. "I'm Daisy Green, Aaron's attorney general."

I nodded, when I saw them together earlier, I already picked up on some professional, subordinate dynamic between them.

"But before this, I was his mother's secretary."

His mother's secretary!? My eyes widened. So even if Aaron wasn't some hotshot CEO, he still had it made. Cinder wasn't kidding.

At the next red light, Daisy turned to me, "You seem surprised. Don't let his parents' success fool you though. If you get to know him, you'll see that he's a capable and thoughtful man all in his own right. He's a natural leader-everyone just gravitates toward him."

I knew that much. On more than one occasion, Vincent considered quitting his job and joining Aaron's company. He had his eye on the CTO position, but never followed through.

"How about you?" Daisy asked.

"Oh! Uh... Cancer bioinformatics," I answered briefly: "PhD."

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"What?! That's amazing! I have nothing but respect for people in the research sector. Lab work just isn't for me." Her genuine praise made me feel even more embarrassed. Maybe I was allergic to compliments...

"Wait, hold on-No wonder Aaron is funding that project!" Daisy gasped. Just as the light turned green, she hit the gas with excitement, and I moved my hands up to my chest to grip my seat belt.

"It's because of you!" She laughed and nodded to herself.

I didn't know what it was I said to make her react this way. Sure, the streets were empty at this hour, but her speed still terrified me. She must've noticed me staring at the rising needle on the dashboard or heard me begging her to slow down in my mind, because she soon relaxed.

Even though she'd slowed down, she couldn't stop giggling.

"What's so funny?" I asked, puzzled.

"You'll find out soon, honey. I'm looking forward to it just as much as you are."

When Daisy had finally dropped me off at my apartment, I still had no idea what she'd been on about.

But when I saw Aaron in my laboratory building the next morning, I suddenly understood.

Our experimental funding had been running a little tight as of late. Not only was our department's subsidies insufficient, but the long-term nature of our experiments wasn't the most encouraging to investors. These people wanted results faster than we could possibly give them.

In the hallway, one of my colleagues, Nick, was chatting with me about our newest sponsors. He had brown curly hair, and despite being the lab's resident comedian, he had a brilliant mind. From the day I met him, we got along like a pair of lifelong best friends, and he was always ready to share "advice" with me. According to him, he had more experience in the bedroom than I did.

Nick leaned forward as he gossiped. "So obviously he's rich. I just have to hope he's handsome, too. And gay."

I snorted and whipped out my phone. "Hello, Tim? Your boyfriend is misbehaving. Yeah, for a hundred bucks I'll spill the details."

Tim was part of my graduating class, and I actually introduced him to Nick a few years back.

Nick made a choking noise and swatted my phone away from my ear as we continued noisily chatting on the way to our research director's office.

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As soon as I stepped inside, I was greeted by a familiar silhouette and the smell of amber. My brain short-circuited.

No way.

"Olive! Nick! There you are," the director, Julian, greeted us warmly. "I'd like to introduce you to Mr. Aaron Morris."

I watched stiffly as Aaron got up from his seat in front of Julian's desk and turned around. He was dressed in a black suit, white undershirt, and no tie. His azure eyes twinkled deviously as he held out his hand. "A pleasure to meet you. I'm Aaron."

Nick leaned ever so slightly toward me and muttered quietly in my ear. "Wow... Do I need to tell Vincent his girlfriend's misbehaving?"