

Chapter 133

Chapter 133. Am I The Mistress? What else could it be? I was stunned. Aaron smirked, no longer making any effort to conceal his contempt and disdain for Vincent. Everything he was saying was hitting me like a blow to the head. Was it only because of Emily's background that Vincent had gotten together with her? No. No way. It's not possible. My impression was that Vincent had always been extremely smart, and he maintained a reputation as an honorable, successful student. I couldn't imagine him as the type of guy who would use a woman as a tool to achieve his own goals. I licked my dry lips, met Aaron's burning eyes, and argued weakly, "But he performed very well during his internship. That must be why he was hired full-time." "Do you think every intern has what it takes to become a full-time employee? Besides, haven't you ever wondered where his great performance came from? It was all because of Emily!" Aaron's voice rose almost to a shout, and his disgust with Vincent was plainly written across his face. Would Vincent really put aside his integrity for a woman? I didn't think he was that type of person. But I also didn't believe that Aaron would lie to me about this. My mind was tangled into knots, and I couldn't accept that I had once dated such a despicable man. A cutthroat villain who sacrificed his own honor and took advantage of Emily to serve his own ambition. "Why are you so upset?" Aaron tilted my chin up toward him again, this time with a bit of force, and I inhaled sharply in response. But at the moment, Aaron was like a lion poised to attack. He narrowed his eyes menacingly, and his face moved closer to mine inch by inch. "Olive, are you feeling sorry for Vincent?" I shook my head hard and slapped his hand away. "I..." Just as I was about to explain, Aaron suddenly swept aside all the food and dishes on the dining room table behind me, and he pressed me back against the white tablecloth. He ruthlessly tore off my skirt and panties in one smooth motion, then ripped off his bath towel and tossed it aside. Before I knew it, my ankles were draped over Aaron's shoulders, and he was positioning himself between my legs. I had no time to prepare before Aaron rammed straight into me. I was still immersed in grief and sadness about my relationship with Vincent, and my lack of arousal made me cry out in pain when I felt Aaron penetrate me without warning. He gripped my legs firmly in both hands, positioning me so he could thrust deeper into me. After several strokes, I felt the familiar pleasure of sex with Aaron, suffusing my entire body like I was being pulled beneath a powerful wave. I was immediately ashamed of myself for my initial reaction. And to make matters worse, this position allowed Aaron a clear view of what he was doing to me. His eyes were glued to the place where our hips joined together, thrusting harder and harder as I moaned beneath him. But Aaron was completely silent as he gritted his teeth and rammed into me with an almost violent force. His movements were so fierce and intense that within a few moments, I was trembling and writhing beneath him as I came. Still, Aaron had no mercy on me and continued to thrust savagely. My p*ssy was more sensitive than usual after my o*gasm, and with each of Aaron's strokes, I felt like I was going to die. I subconsciously clenched around him, wanting him to pull out sooner. "Aaron, hurry up, I can't take it anymore! Ah, that's too much..." Aaron turned a deaf ear to my protests. He stared at me with a sullen expression and continued the fast-paced motion. It wasn't until half an hour later that he finally sank deep into me for the last time, and I felt his hot c*m spilling into me, running down my legs and mingling with the wetness of my own arousal. Barely a moment later, Aaron stood up and silently carried me into the bathroom, where he threw me into the bathtub and cleaned me up. His expression was terrifying; I had never seen him look so angry. Although I was exhausted, I stood up in the bathtub and wrapped my arms tightly around him. "Aaron, what's wrong?" He didn't speak, and his arms dangled limply by his sides, pointedly refusing to hug me back. Just when I thought he was giving me the silent treatment, Aaron suddenly leaned in and kissed me hard. After a long minute, I was almost out of breath, and I tapped his shoulder desperately to make him pull away. Aaron rested his forehead against mine and whispered gruffly to me, "Olive, please, stop trying to defend Vincent. The way you're acting makes me think you're still in love with him." What? I shook my head automatically. After everything he'd done, of course I wasn't still in love with Vincent. But now I finally knew why Aaron was so angry. He was jealous. I took Aaron's hand and threaded my fingers through his, interlocking our hands tightly, feeling the warmth of his palm pressing against mine. I looked up and asked him, "Who do you think I'm in love with? Can't you tell?" Finally, Aaron seemed to calm down, and his eyebrows relaxed as his tense expression smoothed over. When I got out of the bathtub, Aaron wrapped me up in his bathrobe and carried me to the bed. I waited for him to clean himself up before I said, "Let's continue our conversation where we left off. If Emily already knew Vincent at the time I met him, doesn't that make me the mistress?"