

CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND

Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend By Jane E.L. Chapter 141



Chapter 141. Suspect And Trust

Emily and I talked for almost ten minutes before we separated.

Back at the beach, I couldn't spot Aaron anywhere.

Had he left? I craned my neck, looking out at the sea, but suddenly I felt a big, strong hand wrap around my waist.

The warm scent of amber enveloped me, and I suppressed the shriek I had been about to let out.

"What are you looking at? You look like a seagull, peering around like that."

Aaron bent down and picked me up, bridal- style. He walked over to a beach chair and sat down,

gesturing for a waiter to bring me a drink.

I slapped his hand away from me angrily. "You scared me!"

"This is your punishment," he said, leaning over me with a smirk. He rested his chin against my shoulder and curled his arms protectively around my waist. "When did I tell you you could leave with Emily without telling me?"

His voice was so bitter, I almost couldn't believe it. How could he be jealous of a woman?

He deliberately stuck out his chest, making his pecs rub against my back. “I know you’re into big t*ts, and mine are plenty big. I can touch you and f*ck you however you want, Olive. Don’t you want me?”

We were in public surrounded by strangers, and Aaron was pestering me with these filthy words. It was enough to make me forget all about the conversation I had just had with Emily.

It wasn’t until the waiter brought over a fancy-looking c*cktail that Aaron finally released me from his grasp.

I sat on the beach chair beside him and drank half of the c*cktail. Aaron leaned over again. “How is it? I want a taste, too.”

I handed over the glass, but a second later Aaron’s lips crashed into mine. “Who cares about that st*pid drink? I want to drink the c*cktail on your tongue, Olive,” he murmured into my ear.

His tongue skillfully dipped between my lips and swept around the inside of my mouth. Almost without meaning to, I craned my neck backward and opened my mouth to him, hungry for Aaron’s sweet taste.

His eyes were so beautiful. At that moment, those beautiful, soulful sapphire eyes were drilling into mine without blinking, and I felt like I was falling into an endless blue ocean.

I was so captivated, I set my c*cktail aside and slowly rose up to a standing position. My hands found their way around his strong torso, steadying myself against his body.

Aaron’s kissing skills had always been mind-blowing, and this time was no exception. I was so dizzy and overwhelmed with pleasure, I forgot where we were and almost started to take off his clothes.

“You little p*rvert!” He slapped my hand away from his swim trunks, lowering his voice with a smile tugging at the corners of his lips. “I don’t mind f*cking you right here, right now, but

are you sure you want to do this in front of everyone?”

After he said that, I realized how st*pid I was being. I hurriedly pushed him away and coughed awkwardly in embarrassment. “I…”

Suddenly I choked on my fake cough, and all the air rushed out of my lungs. My face flushed as I tried to hold it back, but then I lost control, doubled over, and launched into a genuine coughing fit.

Aaron’s face scrunched up with a concern, and he patted my back gently. When my coughing finally slowed down a little, he went to a nearby store to buy a bottle of mineral water. He unscrewed the cap and tilted the bottle over my lips carefully.

I drank a few sips of water, which was enough to soothe the irritation in my throat.

With a sympathetic expression on his face, Aaron kissed away the tears at the corners of my eyes. “Poor little thing. Since you’re so desperate, next time I’ll make sure to f*ck you in public the way you wanted.”

His tone was teasing, but I hadn’t missed the real worry in his eyes when I started coughing. Aaron always treated me with such gentle care and affection. Was it really possible that his heart belonged to someone else?

When my mind went back to Emily saying that I was just a stand-in for Aaron’s former crush, I started to feel upset again, and my emotions must have shown on my face.

Aaron cupped my chin in his hand. “What are you thinking, baby? Why the long face?”

I forced a smile. "It's nothing, don't worry about it."

"Even your smile looks so fake!" He poked my cheek and added with feigned indifference, "What were you and Emily talking about?"

We were very close, so close I could see the tiny flecks of sand on his cheeks and the gaps between his long eyelashes. I pouted and said, "We were talking about you!"

Aaron looked surprised; he had probably been expecting me and Emily to talk about Vincent. "What about me?"

"Oh, you know..." I averted my eyes. "For example, we were talking about whether you've ever loved someone else in the past."

Aaron grazed my cheek lightly with the back of his hand, his expression solemn. "If you want to know anything like that, you can always ask me directly. I'll tell you anything you want to know."

"Really?" Ever since Emily told me that Aaron once loved someone else, I felt like there was a dark cloud hanging over my head. I wanted to know the truth directly from Aaron himself. "Then who did you love?"

Aaron's expression became even more serious. His back straightened, and he held my face in both hands, his blue eyes staring deep into mine. When he spoke, his voice was low and husky, like he was swearing an oath. "I've only ever loved you."

My heart raced with that familiar feeling I always got around Aaron. I felt it as a physical, tangible sensation, almost like a

hammer drumming against the inside of my ribcage, and I could hear the sound of my own heartbeat ringing in my ears.

"You're quite the smooth talker." I put a finger over those s*xy, soft lips of his, feeling a little conflicted.

Aaron was rumored to have had so many girlfriends in the past. In fact, I'd heard from Vincent that more than one of his exes almost committed suicide over Aaron. How would all of those girls react if they heard Aaron say that?

I hadn't gotten the answer I was looking for from Aaron, and I felt a little disappointed, but also a little relieved. I knew I probably would have been heartbroken if I had to listen to Aaron recite a list of other girls' names.

I couldn't tell if Aaron was always this committed to every relationship he was in. Maybe he was the type of guy who told every girl she was the love of his life.

I thought maybe in the end, he would be able to pull away and abandon me at any time, and I would be left tangled up in the knots of the memories he left me. His words always painted a beautiful picture, but the reality was much crueler.

Aaron suddenly kissed me hard on the lips. "Really, Olive, I've always loved you. I love every inch of you, and I want you to be with me forever."

Every time he said the word "love," it was like a dagger stabbing straight through my heart. Emily had managed to unearth my true feelings for Aaron during our conversation earlier, and now he was only making it worse with his sweet promises and warm embrace.

I decided not to dwell on the painful uncertainty of doubting Aaron's feelings. I might as well live in the moment; at least for now, Aaron was completely mine.

As if consumed by the fire inside me, I wrapped my arms around Aaron's waist and kissed him back as hard as I could. "Aaron, I love you too. I love you so much."

After we kissed for a long time, I suddenly remembered something and pulled away slightly. "By the way, I have a surprise for you."

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Chapter 142. My Own Lover

Aaron's lips were attracted to mine as if they were magnetic, and we only separated for a moment before our lips crashed together again. He ran his tongue over my bottom lip, tracing the shape of my mouth before he asked me distractedly, "What's the surprise?"

I pushed his head away, blinking my eyes at him innocently. "You'll know by tomorrow."

I pulled off my mysterious plan without a hitch, but not without some effort.

From the moment Aaron found out I was going to surprise him, he started to pester me nonstop, trying to get me to tell him what the surprise really was.

That evening, we were lying in bed together, having returned to our hotel room after dinner. Aaron suddenly rolled over and grabbed me in a bear hug. "What kind of surprise is it, Olive?"

How could it be a surprise if I said it out loud? I had no choice but to shut him up with my lips. "You'll know tomorrow," I told him between kisses.

His lips were almost glued to mine, and his hands roamed lower until they found my breasts and squeezed. His thumbs swept over my nipples, pinching and kneading almost automatically. "Okay, fine. Forget the mystery surprise tomorrow, maybe it's time for a different surprise right now."

His hands moved faster and faster, and before long I was screaming and o*gasming under Aaron's skillful attention.

The next day, after lunch, I dragged Aaron straight to the airport. It wasn't until I picked up our tickets that he realized what I was up to.

I handed Aaron the plane tickets, and he waved them in the air with a shocked expression on his face. "This is the surprise you were talking about?"

"Well, aren't you surprised?" Ignoring Aaron's astonished face, I said without trying to disguise my excitement, "We're going on a ski trip to Switzerland."

"I don't understand." Aaron narrowed his eyebrows.

Ha! Of course he didn't understand. The only thing Aaron understood was half-naked, suntanned babes in s*xy bikinis on the beach! Did he think I didn't know him through and through?

I helped him straighten his clothes. "I appreciate the beach trip you arranged, but now it's my turn to take us on vacation."

"Oh, babe, you're so thoughtful." He tilted my face toward him and gave me a firm peck on the lips.

I stood on tiptoe to kiss him back even harder. "You're welcome."

My kisses made Aaron's mood visibly improve. After the kiss, I reached for his hand and checked our boarding gate.

While we waited to board the plane, Aaron's slightly gloomy expression transformed into full-on thunderclouds.

On the plane, Aaron had to fold his long legs into the small and cramped space. He gritted his teeth while staring at me in grief. Aaron was extremely tall, and sitting in economy class didn't give him much room to stretch out.

Oops. I'd completely forgotten about that while booking our flight.

I frowned, stroking my chin in embarrassment. "Aaron, you know I'm a broke college student, and I don't have the money to spring for first class. Economy class was all I could afford."

He took a deep breath. "That's fine. But, Olive, is this all part of your arrangement with Emily?"

"Huh?" I blinked my eyes, pretending to be innocent. I took out a sleep mask and put it over his head. "The plane is about to take off. You go to sleep, sweetie, we'll be there soon."

He lifted the mask and turned his head, glancing around the cabin of the plane. Then he leaned over and whispered furtively in my ear, "I've never had sex in the economy class of an airplane. Do you think your p*ssy will be even tighter if we f*ck in such a small space?"

My fists balled up by my sides, and it took all my effort just to keep from swinging a punch at Aaron's face.

This guy! Why was he always thinking about sex?

Aaron didn't seem to notice my irritation. "Next time maybe we'll charter a private plane. Then I can shove you up against the seat and enter you from the back. That'll really make you beg for mercy."

I gritted my teeth angrily. "In your dreams!"

I was not having sex with Aaron in economy class!

I started to lose control of my temper. "From now on, you'd better keep your mouth shut!"

"Fine, I can shut up and you can open your mouth." He gave me a coy smile. "You can do whatever you want to me... with your upper mouth, your lower mouth, maybe even both."

I grabbed the mask from his forehead and snapped it down over his eyes. "Sleep, Aaron!"

He seemed to enjoy teasing me, and when I had this little outburst, he laughed in satisfaction.

Luckily, after I put the blindfold on him, he didn't make any other nasty comments and obediently shut his mouth. I was relieved that he had finally calmed down.

I could still see the blue sky and fluffy white clouds through the small plane window, but the scenery began to slowly roll past us. The plane was coasting down the runway, about to take off.

I pulled out my phone and texted Emily, "Just left the airport."

"Okay, you'll get what you want when you arrive," Emily texted back almost immediately.

I suspected she had been waiting for my message. I quickly tapped on the screen. "No, I don't want to know his past, because it doesn't matter at all to

me. I'm leaving because of you. You deserve a wonderful winter break. Enjoy Christmas with your lover.”

After sending this message, I blocked Emily's number without waiting for a reply.

Once I had turned off my phone, the world seemed to quiet down as we soared through the sky. I stretched languidly and rested my head on Aaron's shoulder.

In response, he automatically sank a little lower in his seat, making it easier for me to lean on him.

He was so kind and considerate. I didn't need to know his past at all, because in that moment, Aaron belonged to me.

All the tension left my body as I leaned against his broad shoulders and slowly closed my eyes, thinking happily to myself: And I will enjoy my Christmas with my own lover.

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Chapter 143. Cinder's New Boy

It was dark by the time our plane landed at the Bern airport in Switzerland.

A cool wind whipped across the runway as we left the plane, chilling me to the bone, and I shivered.

“Let’s just book a flight back now.” When he saw me shiver, Aaron opened his arms and pulled me into his warm embrace. “This isn’t a good day for skiing anyway.”

“I think it’s a perfect day for skiing!” I didn’t want to tell Aaron that I had only insisted on leaving the beach because I was annoyed with Emily.

That was when my phone started to blow up with calls from Cinder.

Last night I told Cinder about my decision to come to Switzerland for a vacation, and she told me enthusiastically that she would bring her brand-new boyfriend to pick me up.

I was curious about Cinder’s latest boy toy, so I eagerly agreed to her invitation.

The moment I pressed “answer,” I heard Cinder’s voice over the phone. “I see you, honey, I’m right here! Left, left, left, look to your left!”

I turned my head and saw Cinder’s unmistakable figure, jumping up and down like a little monkey with her phone still pressed to her ear.

Just beside her was a tall man in a long black trench coat. It was dark outside, and they were standing far away, so I couldn’t see exactly what he looked like.

Cinder sprinted toward me excitedly, grabbing me in a big hug. “Olive! I haven’t seen you in so long, oh my g*d!”

Huh? Had it really been that long?

After Cinder finally let go of me, she said hello to Aaron and then grabbed my hand and tugged me over to her boyfriend to introduce us.

“Hi, I’m Olive Woods,” I said, holding out my hand.

“Nice to meet you.” He reached out and shook my hand with a firm grasp. “My name is Elliott Dubois.”

This whole time, I’d been curious to get a look at the new guy who had Cinder singing his praises every time we talked. Now I could see with my own eyes how handsome he was. He had dark eyebrows and big, soft eyes, and a relaxed, easy-going demeanor.

Cinder opened the back door of her nearby car and threw Aaron a casual wink. “Aaron, you don’t mind if I borrow Olive for an hour, right?”

I thought Aaron probably would mind.

Sure enough, Aaron didn’t even pretend to go along with Cinder’s request. He walked straight over to me, pushed me into the back seat, and immediately climbed in after me. “Close the door for me, please.”

I put my hands over my eyes, thinking Cinder would probably be p*ssed at Aaron.

Cinder froze, and her smile disappeared instantly. She stared at Aaron for a long time before slamming the door shut

behind him with a bang.

But instead of getting into the passenger seat, she pulled open the door on the other side of me and squeezed in next to me, while Elliott got into the driver’s seat.

Now I was packed in between them like a sardine, completely unable to move, with both my arms pressed against my sides.

Cinder whispered in my ear, “He’s so bossy!”

I snorted, thinking, you haven’t seen him when he’s really bossy.

Cinder seemed to read my thoughts from my expression, and she suddenly reached out and laid a hand over my chest. “Has he been keeping you busy for the past few days? I noticed you haven’t been picking up any of my calls.”

Aaron glanced over at Cinder, and she immediately retracted, her hand.

Aaron grabbed my hand, the one Cinder’s boyfriend had just shaken, and rubbed it between his own hands vigorously, like he was trying to scrub away any trace of the other man.

I ignored Aaron; I was more interested to hear about Cinder’s new boyfriend.

“So, Cinder tells me you got your PhD at Columbia University, and now you’re researching cancer bioinformatics?” After chatting for a while, Elliott brought the topic to my school. Cinder must have told him a lot about me, for him to know exactly what field of study I was in.

When I nodded, Cinder butted into the conversation eagerly.

“Elliott is a medical student at Harvard! I bet you guys have a lot in common.”

This was a bit of a surprise. I looked over at the striking side profile of Cinder’s boy toy of the week. With his high, straight nose and thick eyebrows, he looked like he should be on the cover of a magazine. “I thought he was a model,” I said honestly.

He had such a great body and a handsome face to match. I didn't expect someone like him to be a medical student. With a doctor like that, every woman in town would be running to the hospital.

Elliott kept his hands on the wheel and explained with a good-natured grin, "You guessed right. I actually work part-time as a model, shooting commercials and advertisements."

That made sense; it would be a waste for a face like that to be kept away from the big screen.

But as a busy medical student, how could he find the time to shoot commercials and work on his career as a model? I guessed, "Is it to pay off your student loans?"

He smiled and shook his head.

I asked him again, "So did you meet Cinder while you were filming commercials?"

Elliott glanced up at the rearview mirror like he was trying to lock eyes with Cinder in the reflection.

But Cinder was clinging to my side like a koala, her face completely buried against the seat back, and Elliott couldn't see her at all.

After trying and failing to make eye contact for a while, he had no choice but to answer my question. "No."

I thought Cinder had good taste in picking her boyfriend this time. Elliott was polite enough, and he seemed very reliable.

Cinder also nodded in agreement. "No, actually, I chose Elliott from thousands of people."

“So how did you meet?” I was getting more and more curious now.

Cinder poked my waist teasingly and cupped her hand over my ear. “You remember that annoying client, the one who wanted to have penguins in Malibu?”

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Chapter 144. Secret Behind The Key

Of course I remembered the story of Cinder’s obnoxious client, but I hadn’t expected her to bring it up now.

I remembered Cinder complaining nonstop about the client’s bad taste, and how her idiot young son wanted to have penguins in Malibu.

I glanced between Cinder and Elliott, a little shocked. “I thought that guy was a little kid!”

Eliott seemed more than old enough to know that Malibu wasn't exactly a penguin's natural habitat.

I was starting to question everything at this point.

"Ahem," Cinder interrupted my speculation. "What are you talking about? Yes, the penguin-watching one was a little kid. And this is his older brother."

"Wait, what? The family isn't on vacation in Morocco? Did he stay in Switzerland just for you?" I couldn't believe Cinder's ability to wrap men around her little finger.

Cinder didn't say anything, just gave me a very mysterious smile.

I was even more shocked by this indirect admission. "Oh my g*d! I thought you weren't supposed to fall in love with your clients!"

Of course, Cinder was the type to break the rules for a hot guy, and this guy was undeniably hot. If I didn't have Aaron, I might have made a move on him myself.

Suddenly I felt my fingertips crushed in Aaron's firm grip. He didn't say anything as he continued to play with my hands,

rubbing and massaging them and pinching my fingertips with rapt attention, like my hands were a puzzle he was trying to solve.

What was so interesting about my fingers? I stared at him, speechless, as he played with my hands like Play-Doh.

Not to be outdone, Cinder clutched my other hand and pulled me into her side. "What are you talking about? Eliott's not my client, it was his mother."

Cinder was always slippery with words, and I was powerless to argue with her. "Fine, whatever you say."

“Now that we’ve talked about Elliott, should we talk about Aaron?” Cinder leaned in closer to my ear and asked me in a low voice, “So, is he good in bed? Does he keep you on your toes every night?”

Not just that, he doesn’t let me close my legs in bed for even a second! I protested internally.

Aaron’s stamina was so impressive, just the thought of him rising and falling on top of me made me rub my thighs subconsciously. It was impossible for anyone around me to know what I was thinking, but I was still a little embarrassed.

“Um... He’s okay,” I nodded casually, not wanting Aaron to get a big head. I congratulated myself on my great strategy.

But I’d forgotten that Aaron was still sitting right next to me, and even though Cinder and I were whispering, he could still hear us.

I was a little confused when he suddenly let go of my hand, but I didn’t take it to heart.

Cinder and I hadn’t seen each other for a long time. Compared to Aaron, of course Cinder was more important right now.

Cinder gave that same mysterious, confident smile, then patted my head affectionately. “Poor Olive. I probably won’t even be able to get out of bed tomorrow morning.”

After she reminded me, I felt a dull ache in my buttocks at the memory of having sex with Aaron. I clamped my legs together and pretended not to hear Cinder. “Well, what about you? How’s Elliott?”

As soon as I asked, I felt like an idiot.

I knew that Cinder had high standards for her partners when it came to sex. If this new guy couldn’t keep Cinder happy in bed, then it wouldn’t even matter if

his c*ck was absolutely massive. Cinder probably wouldn't keep him around for more than a few days, much less bring him to meet me.

Sure enough, Cinder smirked and pushed her hair behind her shoulders, revealing the smooth curve of her neck. "He's the best, of course."

She was wearing a dark green, skintight dress with a plunging neckline, and no coat, despite the cold weather. The green dress made her pale skin stand out even more, and I could see that Cinder's collarbones and neck were covered in h*ckeys and bite marks.

Judging from the coloration of the marks, I figured they must have been made within the last hour.

Wait, how did I know that? I was a little shocked to realize I had such specific knowledge of h*ckeys, like some sort of forensic scientist. Oh, right... It was Aaron's fault. I couldn't help but turn my head and glare at him.

Aaron looked back at me with a calm expression, but there was an unmistakable darkness in his eyes, and it sent a shiver down my spine. I realized that he had been staring at me ever since we got in the car.

After a long time apart, Cinder and I had a lot to talk about during the drive, and the time passed quickly.

Elliott drove us down a series of winding mountain roads until we reached a brightly illuminated house. It was a huge villa that towered on top of a cliff, making a striking silhouette against the beautiful landscape around us.

My jaw dropped, and I stood there staring at it, too stunned to speak.

Cinder walked over to me with her arms crossed, her head held high, and a smug expression on her face. "Not bad, right? It's built in the style of 'Fallingwater' by Frank Lloyd Wright."

“When you told me it was a ‘small house,’ I thought you meant a little wooden hut with only one bedroom! I thought we would all have to squeeze together around a fire to keep warm!” I exclaimed. Cinder described the house to me vaguely while we were in the car, but I didn’t think this so-called ‘small house’ would have such a beautiful design.

Elliott laughed and said, “Well, we do have a stove in the living room, so you can have as many fires as you want.”

I spent most of my childhood alone. Sometimes when I passed by other people’s houses, I would see a family sitting together around the stove to keep warm, talking and laughing, and it always sent a pang of jealousy and sadness through my heart.

Now maybe I could finally achieve that small, unfinished childhood goal. I hugged Cinder happily and whispered in her ear, “Is this one of the perks of sleeping with a client’s son?”

Cinder snickered, pulled a key out of her pocket, and waggled it at me, quirking one eyebrow. “How else do you think I got this key?”

I had to admit, that was a pretty nice perk.

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Chapter 145. Try Something New

The stud opened the gate and led us through the grand entrance into the villa.

The feeling of river rocks under my feet and the sound of the burbling creek made me feel completely at peace.

Elliott noticed that I was admiring the scenery, and politely waited nearby for me to move on.

The entire villa was perfectly designed; in fact, it felt like it formed right along with the mountains that surrounded it. Although there was plenty of wilderness, it also had its own unique style. Lush trees encircled me as the creek trickled beneath my feet, traversing along the concrete.

Cinder ran up to join me and stared at the vast, starry sky. “So, what do you think?”

I nodded aggressively and didn’t spare any praise. “It’s absolutely breathtaking!”

The villa was the only house around for miles and miles, so there was zero light pollution. Every single star in the sky hovered crystal clear in the space above. I hadn’t seen such a clear sky in a long time, so I spent a while just admiring the view.

Elliott was a very polite man; he stood nearby with a smile on his face and didn't rush us. There wasn't a hint of impatience in his expression. When I was satisfied, Elliott guided us forward.

It was a three-story mansion with six bedrooms. Each bedroom had a huge balcony or porch with a beautiful view. Too bad that it was late at night; if it was daytime, I would've

loved to spend time with Aaron on the balcony with a fine bottle of wine.

Cinder's landscaping was unlike anything I had ever seen; she certainly had her unique style. No wonder she excelled at winning over picky clients.

After touring the entire villa, Cinder held Elliott's hand and gave us a smile.

"The bedroom on the top floor is yours."

"Why?" Her generous offer surprised me; the third-floor bedroom had a fantastic view, but Cinder didn't want it for herself.

Elliott didn't say a word, but the tips of his ears turned a bright red.

Cinder gave me a wink and explained. "Because I'm afraid that our nighttime activities would disturb you."

I blushed a little at the suggestion and blushed even more when I remembered when she patted my head earlier and told me that tonight Aaron would f*ck me until I couldn't even get out of bed.

"Don't worry about it!" Aaron wrapped an arm around my shoulders and gave me a little squeeze. "I'm also afraid of making too much noise."

The nerve of this man! I wanted to throw him right out the door!

Cinder's eyes flickered over us as she smiled knowingly. "There's also an open-air bathtub on the rooftop, so you can enjoy that as well!"

“Thanks.” Aaron accepted Cinder’s offer with a smile. “We’ll be sure to give it a try!”

Cinder gave us a final wave and left with Elliott, a mysterious smirk on her face. I was now alone, left alone with a starving wolf. I looked down and ran my hands over the back of my neck, feeling a little uneasy as a chill ran down my spine.

“You know, one thing we haven’t tried is sex in an outdoor bath while staring up at the stars.” Aaron was as p*rverted as ever. His two-faced personality annoyed me a bit when we were alone.

I gave a sigh of frustration and headed up to our room. “You wish.”

But Aaron yanked me backward by my hand, and I fell right into his arms.

“You should be sunbathing on the beach in a bikini this year, so we’ll have to do something else to make up for it. We can use this time to try out some... new

opportunities.”

He rested his chin on my head as he held me in place. I could feel the desire dripping from his voice.

“Hey pretty thing, do you want to go up to the roof and take a look?” He clasped my waist and turned me around to face him.

If I said yes, wouldn’t I just be a rabbit leaping straight into the wolf’s mouth? But the idea of riding Aaron’s cock in an outdoor bath while I was forced to look up toward the stars was pretty appealing...

I realized that Aaron was tempting me once again, so I

plugged my ears and shook my head. “Nope, we are not doing that.”

“Do you really not want to?” Aaron dipped his head low so his lips gently teased mine, trying to bewitch me into following his ways.

Every now and then his tongue slipped past my lips, but retreated quickly. He continued to tease me, building up my arousal.

I knew he was pulling back on purpose.

But I was determined to stand my ground.

When I didn't react, Aaron raised his eyebrows in curiosity. With newfound resolve, he cupped my chin and shoved me against the wall, lowering his head to kiss me even more deeply.

Aaron was getting tired of teasing me. His d*ck was completely hard as it rubbed against my thigh, and it was growing impatient.

Aaron's hands began to creep up my waist under my sweater. His cool fingers sent a shiver up my spine as they inched up my side. When his fingers squeezed my breasts, I couldn't help but let out a soft moan. “Don't...”

“Are you still going to be stubborn?” Aaron's fingers teased my nipples, alternating between soft and heavy pinches. My nipples grew hard at Aaron's ministrations.

Aaron knew my sensitive spots better than I did.

While his left hand continued to play with my chest, his other hand unzipped my pants and dipped his fingers into my panties. “Let's see if you're telling the truth.”

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Chapter 146. Admit it, You Like It

“Ah, Aaron!” I screamed softly. Aaron’s fingers were still chilly from the outdoors, and the feeling of those cool fingers stroking my p*ssy felt so good that I couldn’t hold back my moans.

I remembered that Cinder and Elliott were downstairs and could probably hear me. I grabbed Aaron’s hand to stop him. “Let’s head to the bedroom before we continue.”

Aaron must’ve been waiting for me to suggest that, because as soon as I finished speaking, he scooped me up and carried me to the bedroom.

Click...

As soon as the door closed, Aaron shoved me against it and continued kissing me aggressively.

I let his tongue ravage my mouth as it pried open my lips. I was so enraptured by the kiss that I forgot to breathe. As soon as I pulled back I began to pant heavily, gasping for air.

“Is something wrong?”

“Aaron...”

I said Aaron’s name in a sigh, calling out to no one but myself.

I clasped my arms around his neck and took the initiative. I moved forward to kiss him and tease him with my tongue before wrapping my legs around his waist.

My chest was pressed directly against his, so I gently rubbed my breasts against Aaron’s pecs.

Aaron was utterly enthralled by me, and he swallowed down the saliva that had gathered in his mouth. I couldn’t help but

move my lips down to plant a kiss right on his Adam’s apple.

“Mmm...” Aaron was overwhelmed by my sudden teasing, and couldn’t help but let out a low groan from deep in his throat.

“Olive, you’re like a little demon... It’s so easy for me to feel addicted to you.” Aaron wrapped his arms around my waist for more leverage, then carried me to the bed and sat down with me on his lap.

In an instant, Aaron changed our position from me pinned against the wall to me straddling him like some sort of desperate sl*t.

“Do you like when I’m on top of you like this?” I smiled devilishly and ground myself against Aaron’s c*otch.

“Why don’t we go to the rooftop bath?” Aaron suggested with a devious t*inkle in his eyes.

“No way, don’t even think about it!” I never want to do it in that bath.” I didn’t dare to imagine being with Aaron in that bath. Anybody would be able to spot us. I would be

completely at his mercy in a place where we could be caught at any moment...

I felt my face warm up at the thought, and I looked nervously toward the ground.

“Olive, what are you thinking about?” I was lost in my own little world and didn’t even hear Aaron calling out my name. I was too absorbed in the fantasy of making love to Aaron in that bath.

When did I become such a p*rvert? I didn’t even care about

Aaron at first, and now I couldn’t imagine my life without him. I finally raised my gaze to meet Aaron, who was staring at me with an evil smile. I gently stroked Aaron’s cheek with my hand.

I continued to slowly caress his cheek as my other hand traveled across his chest until it reached his c*otch, and began to stroke his c*ck. It had been hard for a while without being touched.

“Olive!” Aaron shuttered at the sensation. I heard him call out my name urgently, and saw a wild look of desire in his eyes. My mind began to race, full of thoughts of what was to come.

The only thing I wanted was for Aaron to be inside of me, and my p*ssy tingled at the thought. I could feel the wetness begin to drip onto my panties. Even though his d*ck was so huge, it was still able to make me feel so good when it was inside of me.

I licked my lips and undid the zipper of Aaron’s pants. His c*ck sprung out of his underwear, hitting my hand with a slap.

“Babe?” Aaron’s lust-filled gaze showed a hint of surprise.

“Don’t you like it when I take the initiative?” I tilted my head and gave him a playful wink.

“Of course baby, how could I not?” Aaron was growing impatient and swallowed again.

“Then from now on, don’t worry about doing anything. Just leave it all to me,” I commanded as I pinned Aaron to the bed. My legs rested on either side of his hips.

I raised my head to give him a s*ductive look, and he looked back at me with unconditional love.

He let me remove both of our clothes. Once I was done, I perched over his naked body and kissed from his pecks all the way down to his d*ck. Aaron couldn’t help but shiver in anticipation.

I gave a small smile before sitting up and positioning his c*ck at my hole. Even though I acted bold tonight, I could still feel myself blush under his unwavering gaze.

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Chapter 147. Favorite Position

“You’re being so good to me,” Aaron praised as he reached out and grabbed a handful of my breasts. He began to fondle them and teased them with his mouth when I lost my balance and leaned forward.

“Ah!” I grew even wetter at his sucking, thoroughly soaking his c*ck.

“Babe, if you keep it up you’re gonna drown me!” Aaron teased. Then, he suddenly thrust up into me.

Because of his sudden movement, his c*ck slipped even deeper inside of me. My body involuntarily tensed up, and even my p*ssy clenched him tightly.

The feeling made me moan loudly, and Aaron was certainly enjoying the sensation as well. He didn’t hold back, letting out a loud moan that could have been a cry of pain or pleasure.

“Babe, when you tighten up like that it feels so good,” Aaron said while reaching forward. He pressed down on my shoulders, and my legs couldn’t support me for a moment. I collapsed onto him, taking all of his d*ck into me in the process.

I sharply inhaled and raised myself up again to get some relief.

Aaron bit down hard on my breast, then lay back down and glared at me with narrowed eyes. “Don’t you like this position? Come on, then.”

I rubbed the spot of my breast that still stung from his bite and blinked innocently at him. “When did I say-”

Before I could finish my sentence, Aaron grabbed my waist and shoved me down onto him. His hard c*ck penetrated into the deepest part inside of me, and I let out a groan.

I didn't even have time to take a breath before he lifted me up and ruthlessly shoved me back down again until his d*ck was fully sheathed inside of me.

I wasn't sure when Aaron gained back control. I placed my hands on his chest to steady myself. My entire body was trembling, and my mind was entirely blank.

Even though this position was embarrassing, the pleasure it brought me was unbelievable. I could feel myself getting wetter and wetter by the minute.

"How about it babe, do you like it? Do you want me to f*ck you a little harder?" With his hands on my a*s, Aaron lifted my entire body, raising me up quickly then dropping me back down again.

"No!" The thrusts were deep and hard in this position, and my chest bounced violently with every movement. The lewd sounds of sex were all that filled my ears.

"Oh my g*d." I felt like I was about to go crazy. Aaron didn't give me a chance to catch my breath as he began to f*ck into me even faster.

I kept screaming that I was about to die, because I really felt like I was going to literally drop dead. Every time his d*ck thrust into me, it felt like it was bashing my soul, and that I was going to pass away right then and there.

"Olive, I love you so much. I wish we could stay like this forever," Aaron gasped before kissing me passionately.

He whispered more loving words into my ears, and his hands kept grabbing my a*s, sp*inking it every now and then. I felt so weak that I could only cling to his shoulders and lie helplessly on top of him, completely at his mercy.

I knew I was about to c*m. I craned my neck up and let out a long moan as my p*ssy contracted in pleasure. My entire body shook, something spurted out of me, and my body went entirely limp on top of him.

“Aaron, no more, please...” Saliva dripped from my mouth as I spoke, dripping across his chest. Aaron ignored me and continued to thrust with great vigor.

After I felt his c*m spill into me, he immediately got hard again. I was exhausted and didn't want any more.

“Aaron, let me go! I really can't go any longer...” I pleaded with him again, but Aaron rolled us over and pinned me down, his d*ck still hard as iron. He clearly hadn't had enough.

He hiked my left leg over his shoulder and looked down at me with an evil smile.

“Babe, I have to eat more than one meal to be full. Let's just do it a few more times, then I'll let you rest.” Aaron finished his sentence with another thrust, causing my eyes to widen in surprise.

“Aaron, no, we have to go skiing tomorrow, I...” I wanted to keep begging him, but Aaron had completely transformed into a beast. His fierce eyes stared directly into mine as his c*ck continued to pound into me.

Cinder was right; I wouldn't be able to get out of bed tonight.

My body felt entirely weak and filled to the brim with Aaron's c*m.

As my consciousness faded, my legs h*oked around his waist and he thrust even deeper, burying his entire d*ck between my legs. The flesh of his strong body slapped against mine over and over again.

Aaron dipped down to give me a steamy kiss and nibble on my tongue, covering both our chins with saliva.

While I was still drowning in desire, I faintly heard Aaron's rich voice ring in my ears. "Your body seems to disagree with you; your tight p*ssy is still sucking me in!"

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Chapter 148: Did I not try hard enough last night?

When I woke up again, my legs were so sore that I wasn't sure if I would be able to stand. I was completely wiped out by Aaron, and I was starting to regret throwing myself into the lion's den by teasing him last night. It was no surprise that he hadn't shown me any mercy as he f*cked me until my voice was h**rse from screaming, and now I was the one who had to pay the price in the morning.

I sat up in bed and looked over at the culprit who was to blame for my sore, exhausted body. His face looked smooth and peaceful as he slept, and I felt a wave of affection for him.

No matter how many times I looked at that face, I was still always surprised by how handsome he was.

As I tried to get up, I could tell immediately that something was wrong. My p*ssy felt full and swollen, and the lower part of my stomach was slightly distended.

My cheeks reddened as I realized what had happened. I couldn't believe the nerve of that a*shole Aaron. He'd actually left his d*ck in my p*ssy all night!

I shifted my body experimentally, wanting to pull away from him and get out of bed, but I regretted it almost instantly. When I moved, I could feel his c*ck starting to harden inside me. I finally reached out and shook Aaron's shoulder angrily.

"Aaron, pull out of me," I hissed in a low, embarrassed voice.

"Hmm?" Aaron opened his eyes. When he saw what was going on, a wicked smile flashed across his face. He deliberately thrust into me two more times before he reluctantly pulled out. As his d*ck separated from my body, the semen that had been blocked inside me all night instantly came flooding out,

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like a dam bursting.

Aaron slowly sat up, and his eyes flicked down to survey the vulgar scene of my lower body, his face lighting up with evil intent. He rolled over and kissed me. "Good morning, baby."

"Oh, f*ck off!" I clenched my p*ssy and ran into the bathroom, where I spent a long time thoroughly cleaning myself up.

When I got out of the bathroom, I expected to find Aaron still in bed waiting for me. But he was gone, along with the soiled sheets, which he must have taken with him.

I quickly got dressed and went downstairs. Today was the day I had planned to go skiing with Cinder, and I didn't want to be late.

When I entered the living room of the villa, I saw Cinder straddling Elliott's lap on the richly upholstered sofa. They were making out passionately, and if I wasn't mistaken, Cinder had a hand down Elliott's pants already...

These two certainly had a lot of energy; apparently, last night. wasn't enough for them.

I awkwardly turned to leave, but Cinder happened to glance up and see me standing by the stairs. She looked me up and down with a wry smile. "Looks like somebody's had a long night."

The tips of Elliott's ears flushed a bright pink, and he tried to smooth down his rumpled shirt before staring plaintively at Cinder. "Honey, did I do enough to keep you satisfied last night?"

Cinder looked pleased with her boyfriend's innocent expression, and she cupped his face and gave him a hard kiss. "Of course you did, sweetie, I didn't forget about you. Here, you can have this as a reward."

With that, she lowered her head and kissed him again. This time the kiss lingered for much longer.

Watching the two of them flirting in their own little world, I blushed and decided to change the topic. "Excuse me, can either of you spare a minute to tell me where I can find some coffee?"

But the two of them completely ignored me. They kept on making out shamelessly, feeling each other up like they were in an R-rated movie, and I

could hear the wet slurping sounds of their kissing from all the way across the room.

Oh my g*d, was I really watching a show like this for free?

I pursed my lips and scratched my head, mystified. “Uh... Hello, are you just gonna keep pretending I’m not here? Where’s the coffee? Where’s Aaron?”

“There’s coffee in... Uhh...” Cinder started to say something breathily, but the next moment Elliott attacked her face again, and they were back to making out.

I shrugged helplessly. Fine, apparently I was invisible now.

I still hadn’t seen Aaron since that morning, and I had no idea where he could have wandered off to. I wanted to ask Cinder about it, but since she was too busy, I’d just have to find out for myself.

As I was about to turn around and leave the two lovebirds to their own devices, Cinder managed to take some precious time out of her packed schedule to tell me, “In the kitchen... There’s coffee in the kitchen, and I think Aaron’s in there too.”

As soon as the words were out of her mouth, her lips crashed into Elliott’s once again.

“Thanks...” I shook my head in resignation, turned around, and walked toward the kitchen. “Aaron, are you in there?”

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Chapter 149. Strawberries from your mouth are sweeter, babe

When I pushed open the kitchen door, I caught sight of Aaron's sturdy, well-muscled back. I instinctively stepped forward and snaked my arms around his waist from behind, resting my chin on his shoulder.

Aaron shifted slightly on his feet, caught off guard by the Thug, and said, "Olive?"

"Yep, it's me," I said cheerfully, and to my satisfaction, I could feel Aaron's posture relax as soon as he heard my voice.

"What are you doing?" I peered over his shoulder, craning my neck to see a kitchen sink full of fresh produce.

"Making you breakfast. I figured you'd be hungry after your shower." Aaron turned his back on me and continued to scrub the vegetables in his hands, his voice full of warmth and affection.

"What are you going to make?" I was intrigued by the idea of Aaron cooking for me; it was something I'd never seen him do before, so this must be a special occasion.

"What do you want to eat, baby?" Aaron asked as he washed the ingredients in the sink.

I thought about it for a long time, and finally suggested the only things I could think of. “Why don’t we have fruit and vegetable salad, fried eggs, and milk?”

“No problem, I can make that for you.” Aaron smiled and took out a few eggs from a carton on the kitchen counter.

“Do you want any help?” I offered, stepping up to the counter beside him.

“You can help me chop these vegetables,” Aaron said and handed me a bowl full of washed produce.

“Okay.” I smiled as I accepted it, then found a cutting board and knife to cut the fruits and vegetables.

First I picked out a few ripe, bright-red strawberries and carefully cut several of them into the shape of a heart.

“Aaron, look, should I cut them all like little hearts?” I picked up a piece and turned around to show it to Aaron, but as I turned, I bumped straight into Aaron’s solid chest.

“It looks like your heart. I want to eat it.” Aaron leaned down and, with a mischievous grin, closed his lips over the heart-shaped strawberry slices, sucking my fingers into his mouth at the same time.

“You...” I pulled my fingers away, my fingertips burning as if I’d just touched a hot stove.

“These strawberries are so sweet, you should try some,” Aaron said. My heart instantly started racing, and I reached out and scooped another slice of strawberry into my mouth.

“You’re right, they are really sweet.” I nodded in agreement, and couldn’t resist taking another slice.

But as soon as I put the strawberry on my tongue, Aaron narrowed his eyes and looked at me with a hint of a smile tugging at his lips. "I think the strawberry will be sweeter from your mouth, baby."

As he said this, he suddenly reached out and tilted my chin up, then lowered his head and kissed me. My eyes widened as

the sweet, juicy taste of the strawberry mingled with the sensation of Aaron's warm mouth against mine.

Little by little, Aaron used his tongue to crush the strawberry between our mouths, making the berry's bright, summery flavor explode on my tongue.

"Mmm..." I was forced to keep eating the strawberry slice with Aaron, and after the flesh was thoroughly crushed, he rolled it away with his tongue and swallowed it.

"Aaron, I'm busy cutting fruit, don't bother me," I complained, pushing Aaron away abruptly in mock anger.

Aaron didn't seem affected at all. He put on a thoughtful face, as if pondering the taste of the strawberry, and after a moment he reached a conclusion.

"Sure enough, I was right. The strawberry in your mouth was much sweeter."

I rolled my eyes, but Aaron kept messing with me as I continued slicing fruit. As soon as I cut a slice, Aaron would put it in my mouth, kiss me, and steal the fruit from out of my mouth.

"Stop it!" I finally yelled at Aaron, a little annoyed. I waved my finger in his face like a teacher scolding a naughty child.

"Don't you think all our food would taste better if we always ate like this?"

Aaron said playfully, snapping at my finger with his teeth.

“Hey, how dare you bite me! Try that again and see what happens, you jerk!” I drew back a hand, pretending I was going to hit him. But instead, Aaron darted away and I chased him in several circles around the kitchen table.

Just when I was about to catch him, Aaron suddenly spun around and grabbed me in a hug.

He looked down at me with a gleam in his eyes and said, “Baby, I finally caught you.”

I clenched my fists and hammered against Aaron’s chest, making a heroic effort to escape his strong arms. “Let go of me!”

“I won’t,” said Aaron, picking me up easily and setting me down on the table. He leaned down and kissed me hard, without warning.

“Aaron, don’t, we’re in the kitchen!” I reminded him in a slight panic, a little afraid that Cinder or Elliott might walk in on us.

“I know, but I’m so hard,” Aaron whispered in my ear. “I need to be inside you right now.” He jerked his hips against me in two quick thrusts.

“Well, it’s impossible. I don’t care how much you want it to happen,” I refused to be swayed, giving Aaron a patronizing pat on the head. “I’m hungry now, I want breakfast before we do anything else.”

“Then let’s eat.” Aaron brought over a plate of fried eggs he had just finished cooking.

“Okay, you have to put me down first.”

“No way,” Aaron insisted, and his hands crept up beneath the hem of my shirt.

“Aaron!” I shuddered beneath Aaron’s firm touch. My hands found their way to the back of his neck, and despite my best

efforts, my body leaned into Aaron’s movements on pure instinct.

And just as I felt his c*ck hardening against me, Cinder's voice rang out just outside the door. "Hey, we're going to go skiing! If you guys are... you know... doing anything in there, it'll just have to wait until we get back!"

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Chapter 150. Competition.

As soon as I heard Cinder's voice, I pushed Aaron away like I'd been caught with my hand in the cookie jar.

Aaron gave me a disgruntled look, his bottom lip sticking out in an adorable pout.

"Come on, stop messing around! Cinder and her new boyfriend are waiting for us to go skiing!" I protested, and Aaron finally gave in. He went to the

bathroom alone to take care of his little problem, and I took the opportunity to scarf down the delicious breakfast he'd prepared for me. After that, the four of us headed to a nearby ski resort.

When we arrived at the lodge positioned on top of a snowcapped mountain, we realized the ski slopes were already packed with tourists and more capable local skiers. Beside me, Cinder bounced up and down excitedly.

Aaron was so concerned about my safety, I could hardly take a step toward the slopes before he was bombarding me with all sorts of protective equipment. Warm-weather clothes, knee pads, chest protectors, helmets—he insisted on helping me put on each piece of gear.

Aaron's thoughtfulness got Cinder's attention, and more than once I caught her glancing enviously at us while Aaron adjusted the various straps and buckles of my ski outfit. After a while, Cinder even asked Elliott, who had quickly put on his own suit, to follow Aaron's example and help her.

When I heard that, the corners of my mouth quirked up in a satisfied smile. Aaron knelt in front of me, tightening my skis, but I pulled him up to a standing position so I could reward him with a long, passionate kiss.

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Afterward, I took Aaron's hand and headed toward the closest ski run. "Let's go, let's go!"

"Aaron, you have to give Olive some good lessons, make sure she doesn't wipe out!" Cinder called after us.

Listening to Cinder's teasing voice behind us, I started walking faster, but I'd forgotten that I was already wearing my skis. I tripped and fell forward toward the snow-covered ground.

“Baby, watch out!” Lucky for me, Aaron grabbed me just in time, and I was able to regain my footing.

“Oh my g*d, Aaron, I’m so glad you’re here.” I was stunned, and all I could do was clutch Aaron’s jacket with both hands, afraid that I would fall again if I let go of him.

“I’m guessing you don’t have much experience with skiing, babe. Don’t worry, we can start off slow,” Aaron comforted me, gradually releasing his grip on my hand once he saw that I was safely upright.

“Who told you I don’t know how to ski?” I asked indignant-ly. At first I couldn’t understand Aaron’s line of thinking at all, until I realized he must have gotten the wrong idea from my stumble just now.

While we were talking, I saw Cinder zip over the edge of the hill in front of us, and Elliott followed right behind her. It was easy to tell from their comfortable postures that they were both experienced skiers.

Aaron glanced at Cinder and Elliott, who were skiing smoothly and gracefully down the slope, and then looked back at me with a knowing expression. He leaned over and whispered in my ear, “Baby, there are a lot of people who can’

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t ski. You don’t have to be embarrassed.”

“Aaron, I think you might have the wrong idea...”

“I know, baby, you don’t want to make a fool of yourself in front of your friend. I understand. We can go to that run over there,” Aaron suggested. He held my elbow and led me to a slope a little further away from Cinder and Elliott.

Fine. I could tell by this point that Aaron was completely deluded, and he wouldn't believe me no matter how much I tried to explain. It would be easier to just show him what I could do.

I let Aaron pull me to the top of the run. As we were standing there, Aaron pushed himself forward, about to give me a demonstration. But I didn't wait for him to start explaining the basics. I stretched out my arms, gripping my poles tightly. Then I leaned forward, bent my legs, and pushed off. As soon as I got some momentum, I began to glide down the hill in a standard skiing stance.

"Olive!" Aaron shrieked from behind me. His obvious concern only made me more pleased with myself. I'd been a great skier ever since I was a child, so Aaron shouldn't have underestimated me.

As I skied down the slope, I heard the sound of the wind whipping against someone behind me, and I thought Aaron must be catching up. I looked back at him, and my heart felt like it was going to burst with happiness and the freedom of being out on the slopes. Grinning to myself, I continued making my way down the run.

The excitement and the adrenaline rush of skiing always put me in a good mood. It was so nice to be on vacation with-

out a care in the world, and it was even better to have Aaron by my side.

When I met Aaron at the end of the piste, he immediately started singing my praises. "Baby, I really didn't expect you to be such a good skier!" he exclaimed.

Hearing this, my lips curved into a smug smile. "That'll teach you to underestimate me. Do you still think I don't know how to ski?"

"I'm sorry, babe, I shouldn't have made assumptions. Of course my Olive is the best skier in the world."

I thought about the time when Aaron defeated me at Mario Kart in our hotel bedroom. Technically he had cheated by distracting me, but the loss still stung. I asked him pointedly, “Okay, so who do you think is better at skiing, me or you?”

Aaron paused for a moment, then said, “Of course you are, Olive. My skiing skills are completely inferior to a master athlete like yourself.”

I stared at him for a while before shaking my head decisively. “Then let’s race!”

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