Chapter 10

I was startled, reflexively bending my knees to get away from Aaron, but they were held down and gently parted by his own leg placed

between mine.

He leaned down and sniffed at my neck, "Well… this little demon doesn't smell like ketchup today."

I nudged him gently, "Morris…" I warned him, hoping the formality would discourage him.

He corrected me, "Aaron, darling."

"Aaron," I groaned begrudgingly.

He smiled with a beautiful blend of affection and seduction: "What's

wrong, gorgeous?"

It's just a shame that his affection and sensuality were just an act to get women in his bed.

I stared into his blue eyes and said slowly, "I don't want to… Not

tonight."

He interrupted me with a raised eyebrow, "Think it over."

I really wasn't in the mood. I already cheated once. I had my retaliation. Anything more than that would be greedy.

But at that moment, pinned underneath him with his intense bedroom eyes boring into my very being, listening to the live porn coming from

next door, I couldn't say no.

Aaron must've seen my change of heart in my eyes, and didn't even give me a chance to say a word, his fingers already h*oking into my panties. I wore a black dress today, accented by a rich red lipstick. I wanted to surround myself with the aura of a temptress, but in front of Aaron, I squirmed, all of my confidence leaving me.

I felt my inner walls clench around his fingers in a meek attempt to keep him from exploring any further, but it was no use. He was already three knuckles deep before I could fully tighten around him, meeting the raw desire in my core and leaving me with nowhere to run, except

toward him.

"Black lace." Aaron said thoughtfully, "It suits you, darling."

He paused, muttering into my ear. "I'm so f*cking hard for you,

Olive…"

My face instantly flushed. Aaron's voice was h*ar*e and tired, but it

made him sound even sexier. I felt like I was the victim of a siren's

curse, and could only look on helplessly as I lost control of my own body.

"If you want me to stop, just tell me." Aaron smiled even more indulgently, "But I think that's the last thing your sweet little body needs."

I closed my eyes, shutting out his smug expression, but in seconds, I felt his hot breath on my face. My eyes flinched open, shocked at the

sudden closeness.

"No," he ordered. "Keep them closed." He planted gentle kisses on my eyelids, the slight dryness tickling the delicate skin. Eventually, his kisses moved lower and lower, gliding over the bridge of my nose and grazing my upper lip.

I reflexively raised a hand to cover my mouth, his lips pressing softly against my palm. Unphased, Aaron winked at me, licking from the center of my palm to the tips of my fingers.

I jerked, stifled a squeak, and pulled my hand away. He took that opportunity to bite at my lips while one of his hands snaked behind me, unzipping my dress.

Distracted by the almost suffocating persistence of his kisses, I didn't notice him undressing me until it was already done. My body cuddled closer to his at the sudden chill, soaking up his heat.

"Eager, aren't we?" Aaron finally pulled away from my lips, smiling devilishly.

I couldn't even come up with a snarky remark as I felt his fingers wander up my spine, stopping at my waist. He pinched me gently.

"Ah!" The cry slipped out before I could catch it. This c*cky b*st*rd… What had I gotten myself into now?

At my scream, Aaron ducked down to run his tongue along my throat. I suddenly lost my voice and could only breathe heavily, matching the

tempo of his licking. I waited in a daze for him to pull away, but he shifted from licking to sucking. Then from sucking to biting.

By that point, I was panting, my breasts rising and falling dramatically with my heaving breaths. My bra suddenly felt too tight. I couldn't breathe. I needed it off-I needed his lips against my breasts, his chest pressed hard against mine.

As if he read my mind, Aaron finally relented, leaving my neck after one last bite. He unclasped my bra and dove down to suckle at my left breast while his hand left my waist to tease my nipple on the other

side.

He was too skilled at this. Maybe that was one of the advantages of

sleeping with so many women.

But I wasn't completely satisfied.

I knotted my fingers in his hair, pushing him away. He lifted his head, eyes glazed over with need as he looked at me.

He feigned frustration, groaning, "Ugh, if you want me to stop now, you might as well just kill me."

My heart softened. He was adorable.

"Relax, you big baby. I just want you to take your clothes off. It's only fair…" I shot him a devious smile of my own, "Or else I won't let you touch them anymore."

Aaron's eyes lit up, and he stopped moving his hands and interlocked. his fingers with mine. I felt him guide my hand to the buttons on his shirt. He sat up suddenly, bringing me up with him.

My unclasped bra fell down to my stomach, the straps falling uselessly down my arms. My breasts rested directly on his clothed chest, the soft fabric rubbing deliciously against my nipples.

I wanted nothing more than to strip him.

"Can you give me a hand here, darling?"

I deliberately took my time unbuttoning him, and he didn't seem to mind, patiently waiting for me to finish. His body was that of a living Adonis, his muscles sculpted to perfection. I curiously ran my hands over his pecs, fascinated by how hard his chest was compared to mine, despite his silky smooth skin.

His sweat dripped down his collarbone and onto his chest. I wiped it away as I pressed myself into his muscles at the same time. It was firm, yet elastic. I pulled my hand back and felt my own chest. His softness was nothing like mine. Sex with Aaron always held the thrill of exploration. As I learned more about him, I learned more about myself. Something about him made me look at myself in a way I never had before.

"Done yet?" Aaron asked, amused by the way my hands ran over his body.

I slowed down and said stubbornly, "You're not that much different

than Vincent." But that couldn't be further from the truth.

Aaron raised his eyebrow, his eyes darkening with hostility. He suddenly tightened his grip around my waist and pulled me even tighter against him, reaching down between us to unzip his pants.

I felt his c*ck throb underneath me. It was so hot. So hard. So wanting.

I was too caught up in him grinding into me to realize what he was doing

He suddenly stood with me tightly grasped in his arms, using one hand to guide my legs to wrap around his waist. I shrieked, alarmed, and threw my arms around his shoulders. I hurriedly clapped a hand over my mouth, desperately wishing Vincent hadn't heard that from his

room.

"What are you doing?!" I hissed as he walked away from the bed, resting my back against the wall between rooms 718 and 720.

"I want… to take you… right here," he panted.

On the other side of the wall, Vincent and Emily were still engrossed in each other, spewing filthy words with each creak of their bed.

But from where I was pinned, I couldn't hear anything but Aaron. Every gasp, every sweet praise, every slap of his skin against mine. All

I knew was him.

I'd always been sexually… detached. My experiences with Vincent proved this time and time again.

Vincent's hands around my waist felt no better than a massage from a cheap spa, and every clumsy grope at my chest brought pain and itching. Whenever he'd lick at my collarbone, I'd shiver. As awful as it sounds, I would've much preferred Cinder's dog over Vincent.

"Still with me, babe?" I used to hear that a lot from Vincent, too.

But this was Aaron in front of me, and we were well past foreplay.

He punctuated his question with a particularly harsh thrust, and the s*oppy sound of his hips colliding with mine reached my ears.

"Ah! Yes!" I cried, but my response melted into a drawling moan. My initial surprise at his sudden roughness disappeared under the waves of pleasure coursing through me.

Not only was Aaron naturally skilled, but he had an extraordinary memory. We had only slept together once before, and yet here he was targeting each of my most sensitive areas one by one. It'd been so long since that night, but he still remembered precisely where each one was.

This time, however, he seemed rushed. His attentive foreplay was cut short in his eagerness.

My nails dug into his forearm as I groaned.

"Sorry…" His tongue traced a teasing line along the shell of my ear

before he pulled back with an apologetic smile. "I've been pent up for a

while…"

"How long is 'a while' to you?"

I couldn't help but be slightly annoyed.

Aaron slowed a bit, hummed thoughtfully, and answered honestly: "After the little… incident at the bar, I flew to Moscow. I just got back two days ago."

I smirked, "The girls there are gorgeous."

Vincent might've been a liar through and through but he was right about one thing: I needed to stay away from Aaron or, at the very least, not fall for his honeyed words.

He stopped and looked deeply into my eyes. "But none of them could even compare to you, Olive."

I saw my silhouette in the glacial blue of his irises, and I didn't have to see my face to know I was blushing furiously. Despite the number of women he'd been with in the past, at this moment, he saw me and me alone. The thought stirred butterflies in my stomach.

But it was just a fleeting moment.

Nothing a man says in bed can be trusted. Whether it's before, during, or after the fact, it's all lust-driven nonsense.

Also, Aaron really likes… To fondle breasts.

"Did you forget already?" He asked as he squeezed them tighter. He seemed almost disappointed.

"What?" My single syllable came out slurred. I was too overwhelmed by the feeling of his body against mine-focusing on what he was saying to me took what little energy I had left.

"Let me hear you. Let me know what feels good…" He pouted as he echoed his words from our last night together, and grinded hard inside of me with a lazy roll of his hips.

What he meant is that he wanted to hear me scream for him. That was his subtle way of asking.

Too bad it wasn't something I was interested in.

I knew that men love hearing their women moan and cry out underneath them. It was a reliable aphrodisiac, and if we were a couple, I'm sure we'd both have a much better time if we let loose. Unfortunately, that isn't the case.

We were just a man and a woman without a shred of decency between us. We'd thrown our morals to the wind: he slept with his friend's girlfriend while I enjoyed my revenge. Maybe too much.

It was true that Aaron was so deliciously talented that I found myself biting back most of my moans and hiding what I really thought about him. Sex with him had become a game, and I was an aloof player. He

was only a pleasurable means to an end, nothing more.

He wasn't going to make me surrender myself to him.

I narrowed my eyes at him and said, "If you wanna know what feels good, just listen."

Next door, Emily was crowing like a rooster in the morning. It'd become impossible to ignore her cries.

G*d, what a w*ore!

But I suppose I wasn't much better at this point…

"You mean her fake pornstar-screaming? No, I'd much rather hear you." Aaron was at it again with his praises. "You're so much better than she is, darling."

That alone wasn't anything to be proud of, but I was still flattered. "Really…?"

"Of course," he mumbled as he leaned down to nibble at my ear.

Still, I bit my lip and stayed silent.

Aaron raised his head to look at me with genuine concern in his eyes. "Do you not… like this? Or is it just that you don't want him to hear you?"

I shook my head and let it rest against the wall, defeated. "He wouldn't

recognize my voice anyway…'

"You're his girlfriend, how could he not? And even if you weren't, your voice is unmistakable-it's enchanting." He smiled again, clearly amused.

"I mean it," I panted. "I've never screamed like that… Not… Not for him." It was taking all of my focus to hold back my moans, and my patience was wearing thin.

At my confession, he couldn't help but stop in surprise, but his ever-so confident grin returned just as quickly. "Good thing we don't have that in common."

I smiled back as Aaron's hands slid down my sides, away from my

chest.

In retrospect, that could have been a reason for Vincent running off with Emily. We were never very compatible in the bedroom.

I thought back to one night, long ago, when he'd passionately kissed and sucked my breasts while running his fingers down my back. He'd looked up at my blank expression and sighed, and I remember feeling his anticipation turning to disappointment.

Vincent had said, "To be honest, babe, it's like you're a zombie or something."

Since then, I'd always turned him down when he'd asked for sex. I was sure that I'd never get to experience that kind of pleasure with someone

I loved, and Vincent had even accepted that side of me. He firmly believed that I was simply a reserved woman, and with time, I believed

that too.

The entire time, I'd s*upidly assumed that he was just being a gentleman. That he loved me and was respecting my boundaries.

Turned out he was getting his "fix" from someone else.

That backstabbing s

*n of a bit*h…

Now, the situation was different. Aaron stirred something in me. He made me feel like my blood was on fire, like every one of my cells was begging for him. It was as if he was the first man I'd touched in centuries, and the incessant wetness between my legs spoke for itself. I'd never seen this side of myself before, but for some reason, I couldn't acknowledge it out loud.

Something in the atmosphere had shifted, and I whispered, "I'm sorry… Did I kill the mood?"

Aaron shook his head and lowered his eyes. I couldn't make out his expression, and for a moment, I worried he was genuinely considering letting me go and sending me away. Then, his grip tightened and his teeth sunk into the sensitive spot between my neck and my shoulder.

"I-Hey!" I cried out in a mixture of fright and anger.

Can't he pick someplace else for that!?

He smiled against my skin as he slid his fingers off my shoulders, over my chest, and down my stomach until he reached the apex of my thighs. Slowly, he rubbed circles around my c*it.

My head lolled back and my breaths came out ragged.

I could feel him climbing higher and higher to his peak with every thrust. Even with his fingers expertly working me and his c*ck ramming into me with reckless abandon, he kept his teeth clamped on my shoulder. It was overwhelming.

"Haa… Aaron!"

"Shh…" He hissed in my ear as he reached to squeeze my chin with his free hand. "You don't want next door to hear you, do you?"

So what if he heard me!? I didn't care anymore. All of this was just too good…

Aaron's smirk was audible. "Did you just c*m?"