

Chapter 12

Be my girlfriend

Hearing him say my name surprised me. Usually, I'd only ever hear him call me "darling" or "lovely"-some cheap pet name he can throw around interchangeably. This, I knew, was a common practice for cheaters. Calling someone by anything other than their name made it less likely you'd slip up and get caught. Maybe Aaron even had a s*upid code name for every woman he was seeing. What would mine be? Red head? Number fifty-one?

"What is it?"

He looked at me for a few seconds before speaking, "Well... My birthday's next month. On the first... Do you want to come over?"

This question was a bit strange, but I didn't think much of it. "I don't think Vincent would take me with him to your party. He wouldn't wanna give up another chance to spend the night with Emily."

Just as I said that, I frowned and stared at Aaron. Was he really going to create another opportunity for Vincent to cheat?

Aaron met my stare with an innocent smile, "What's with that look? Did you change your mind? You can still stay here if you want."

"I don't have time." I insisted. "But how long are you going to keep enabling them?"

"Ha! I never actually set them up." Aaron laughed dryly, "It was all him."

He gave me a sly wink, and I felt like he was all too entertained by my

situation. Like I was a clown in a secret circus only he knew about. "I never wanted him to do... that," he continued. "At least back then. Now, I'm a little more willing to let them do as they please."

I leaned against the door, arms crossed, and grew more and more irritated as he went on. He seemed happy to help Vincent get away with his filthy backstabbing. I clenched my fists. If Aaron had the audacity to call me a b*tch one more time after saying this, I wouldn't waste a second before punching him right in that handsome face of his

"Oh, calm down, babe. I can hear your teeth grinding from here." He folded his arms behind his head as he leaned back. "If Vincent's fooling around with her, I get you all to myself. Ever since you came to me last month I've only ever had eyes for you. This is me giving myself an opportunity. Not him."

"Yeah. I'm sure your girlfriend would love that." I rolled my eyes, but I couldn't deny being delighted by his sweet words.

Cheating really was a cheap getaway. A quick fix. Now that I've indulged in it myself, I can somewhat understand: in these moments, you can leave your life behind and lose yourself in someone else's infatuated pandering. There were no worries. No need to hide behind an artificial personality.

As long as the sex was good, none of that mattered.

"I really don't have a girlfriend." Aaron's eyes stared straight at me, heavy with lust, and I felt my heart race at the implication.

"At this point," he continued as he stretched lazily. "You might as well be my girlfriend. I could never be with anyone else, Olive."

The scent of the hotel's luxurious air freshener-marketed as "aromatherapy"-mingled with the erotic smell of sex, leaving me breathless. What shocked me the most, however, was that I wasn't at all offended by Aaron's insane proposal.

He kept on cackling to himself, and eventually, the sheets slid down off of his abs, revealing his c*otch. My eyes flicked from his face to his abs, to his d*ck that drove me crazy. All at once, his perfect body displayed in front of me. I swallowed at the sight of his erection, the tip of which was holding the sheets up almost teasingly

It wasn't hard for him to follow my pointed gaze, and with a smirk, he tossed the sheets off of himself. I immediately turned my head away as I felt the blush in my cheeks spread to the tips of my ears.

"Just admit it, babe. It's me you really want." His laugh was low and husky. "It's not about your revenge anymore."

I knew Aaron liked to tease me-to see how embarrassed I get-but I wouldn't let him have his way this time.

I smiled and dropped my bag right on the floor before I walked toward

Aaron. He raised his eyebrows, pupils dilated, as if he didn't expect me – to come over

He sat up just as I climbed onto the bed and leaned toward him with my eyes narrowed. He was quick to wrap an arm around my waist as I

climbed on top of him, bringing his face level with my chest.

LIL

Aaron looked up at me. "I didn't expect you'd be back so soon." He was quick to bury his face in my cleavage while his free hand got to work unzipping my skirt

"Did you mean it?" I breathed. As soon as my skirt was off, I took his hand and wrapped it around his c*ck.

"I did." His voice started to get deeper and raspier.

I kept a firm grasp on his hand as I made him stroke himself, and obediently, he let me continue. No resistance or protest fell from his lips, only stuttered moans.

"Only in the bedroom, you mean." I rocked back and forth on his lap, following the rhythm of my hands with my body. By now, I understood that Aaron was just as obsessed with me as he'd claimed. Despite only sleeping with him twice, the longing in his eyes was undeniable.

"No-Not just the bedroom..." Aaron's voice was dripping with need, "You could use some more practice, so mostly in the bedroom. But I did mean it. I want to be with you."

My embarrassment surged and dislodged my false bravado. Yes, this was the first time I'd ever been so forward with a man. Normally, I'd never dare to do such a thing, but just this once, I wanted to give Aaron a taste of his own medicine. He saw right through me almost immediately

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But that was fine.

I squeezed his d*ck roughly through his own hand and aggressively pushed myself off of him.

"You can take care of that yourself, tomcat." I stood and pulled my skirt back up before wiping my hands off with some tissue on the nightstand and tossing it at him.

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He seemed stunned at my sudden withdrawal, and as he reached out to grab my arm, I dodged his grasp and quickly made my way to the door.

"Formal dating is boring, don't you think? I don't want to ruin what we have." I bent over to pick up my bag and opened the door. As I left, his bitter laughter and half-hearted scolding disappeared behind me.

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That seemed like a fitting punishment for him. Asking me to be his girlfriend? What kind of b*llsh*t was that?! And when I played along, I'd expected him to come clean and admit I'd called his bluff.

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What was with this guy?