

Chapter 36

You brought me my date

Amorris: Don't worry about bringing me a gift

itsOlive: really? i was thinking of sending you a real beauty...

Amorris: If it looks exactly like you I'll take it

itsOlive: then i'll wrap myself nice and pretty for you

Amorris: Aww

Amorris: But all I want is a kiss

He was such a flirt that I couldn't stand it. I was trying to start a more steamy conversation, but he had to go and make it wholesome and innocent. What was with this guy and kissing?

Oh, but my heart flutters at the memory of how he kissed me at the gala...

Amorris: Get some sleep cutie

Amorris: I'll see you next week <3

And just like that, a week flew by.

Vincent came to pick me up from campus on the afternoon of Aaron's birthday. He was on the phone when I got in the car, and he sounded impatient. "I know there's a detour, but it's already rush hour. We'll get caught in traffic."

It was immediately obvious that he was talking to Emily, but I was m*ntally prepared for it. I buckled my seatbelt and sat back. I feigned nonchalance while I eavesdropped.

In my peripheral, I saw Vincent's brow furrow. His tone soured, "Yes, I'm picking up my girlfriend. Call a taxi or something."

Then he hung up. After two seconds, he put on a smile and greeted me with a kiss on the cheek before starting the car.

"Who was that?"

"Emily," he sighed. "She asked if we could pick her up." His expression was comfortable as if Emily really was a friend asking for a favor.

"We should! You can't tell a girl to take a taxi by herself."

He smiled, "It's too far, babe. Her taxi will be at the party by the time we get to her house. Besides, I only want it to be the two of us."

I smiled back, but didn't bother paying attention to his honeyed words. I doubt he'd say anything as sweet in front of Emily. Sure, when we were alone, he'd talk like she was nothing. When she was around though, he only cared for me half as much.

I only want it to be the two of us...

Is that what he said to Emily while he ignored all my texts and calls?

With a deep breath, I looked forward. It didn't matter. All I

cared about was how to break up with Vincent and make him

regret betraying me.

As soon as we got to the restaurant parking lot, my eyes found Aaron's Ferrari.

Vincent followed my line of sight and pinched my cheek, "Forget it. I'll buy you your own one day."

I smiled, "You don't need to do that."

Soon, we'll have nothing to do with each other.

But Vincent smiled back happily, "Olive, you are the least materialistic woman I've ever met. It makes me want to give you everything!

The corner of my mouth twitched.

Yes, Vincent. Give me everything. Give me a broken heart. Give me the worst relationship of my life.

I leaned away to avoid a kiss and reminded him to hurry.

Emily was already inside. She was on the phone by the front door wearing a dark green tube dress. The fishtail hem flared around her legs, and the top was cut so low that her breasts seemed ready to fall out.

Even at a glance, I knew she'd lost a lot of weight. I subtly craned my neck to look at her wrist, but she was wearing a thick bangle bracelet on one arm. I couldn't see anything.

When she finally noticed us, she glared at Vincent, who shrugged callously before pulling me further inside.

Aaron had rented out a private club for the night. The venue

was elegant, and most of all, private. It was a s*acious villa. On one side of the room was a grand dining table, and several yards away was a fully equipped bowling alley. Several men gathered to smoke and play a few casual rounds at the lanes, and the smell lingered heavily in the air.

It'd felt like such a long time since I'd last seen Aaron. Tonight, he was wearing a printed shirt that was slightly unbuttoned to show some of his chest, and his long curly hair was tied back. He was in the middle of lighting a cigarette when I saw him, and I watched him lean down toward the lighter with the cigarette between his teeth. My heart s*ipped a beat before slowing slightly.

Vincent pulled me over to greet them. As soon as Aaron saw me, he put out the cigarette he'd just lit. We exchanged hellos before he asked one of the staff to turn on the vents to air out the smoke.

Apparently finished with her call, Emily followed us. She came to a stop less than an arm's reach away from Vincent and glanced at him from time to time. From the other side of him, I watched her adjust the collar of her dress. Vincent finally turned to say hello to her, but his gaze was cast downward.

I cursed to myself. With her fiddling with her dress, he had a clear view of her bare breasts.

Before I found out he was cheating, I'd never noticed how odd it was that Emily was insistent on staying next to Vincent. She and his other friends used to come over to our house on the weekends, and the guys would tease at the idea of Emily being in love with him. Everyone would just laugh it off, and the whole time, I foolishly believed they were actually just friends.

I was so s*upid!

Vincent glanced around before asking Aaron, "You didn't bring a date for your birthday? I'm surprised."

Aaron raised an eyebrow as he scored a spare at one of the lanes. The people around him clapped and whistled as he walked over to us. "What do you mean? You brought me my date."

After the gala, staying silent while Aaron handled the talking felt like second nature. I listened with a calm expression, but I couldn't control my hands getting clammy with anxiety.

Vincent tensed as he pursed his lips. In the next second, his smile returned as he hugged me tightly. "I can't give her to you. She's the only one I have."

Even with another man making advances like that, Vincent could only reply with a lighthearted response like that. Aaron must be that valuable of a connection for Vincent. Maybe he was really hoping Aaron would give him a higher-paying position in his company.

Aaron c*cked his head, then smiled and jerked his chin toward Emily. "You have that one right there."