

## Chapter 8

Of course, my immediate reaction was to reach out to Aaron for the first time in weeks.

I held my breath as I texted him

heyOlive: are you at the windermere hotel too

His reply was instant.

Amortis: Yeah

heyOlive: staying the night?

Amorris: I'm right next door to them

I wanted to hurl my phone into the wall. Once a cheater, always a cheater, and Vincent was no exception.

I'd been biding my time, waiting for Vincent's "perfect boyfriend" charade to hit its peak before breaking up with him. I imagined him asking me why, promising he'd change, and begging me to stay.

I wanted to look him in the eye with the coldest, most nonchalant expression I could muster, to shake my head casually, and say, "No. I don't love you anymore. We're done."

But now I doubted I'd ever get that chance.

Amorris: Do you want to come over...?

I wasn't sure what I wanted. I didn't even have time to think about it before he texted again.

Amorris: Please?

Amorris: I miss you

G'd, what a flirt. I didn't want to give in that easily.

heyOlive: really?

heyOlive: or do you just want a stand in while your girlfriend's away :

Amorris: I already told you. I'm single

Amortis: Plus she'd be "your" cheap knockoff if anything

Vincent told me the same thing. Now he's with Emily again.

I let out a dry laugh. We're all terrible people, aren't we?

Well, if that was the case...

I pushed away my conscience telling me to be the better person, to not stoop down to Vincent's level for the second time.

heyOlive: where are you staying

Amorris: Room 718

Amorris: Vince and Emily are in 720

Before I knew it, I found myself standing in the lobby of the Windermere Hotel, hesitating near the elevators.

Part of me wanted to rush in, to slam on Vincent's room and catch him in the act. The other part wanted to indulge in another bout of revenge.

Both seemed equally alluring.

But before I could decide, one of the elevators behind me opened with a ding. A man stepped out, eyes glued to his phone before he happened to notice me standing there. He glanced up at me.

It was Aaron.

He'd lost some weight since I last saw him. In the hallway lights of the hotel, his ivory satin shirt shimmered softly. My eyes followed his open collar down to the outline of his pecs, then to the silhouette of his waist, clearly visible as the light shone through his shirt. He wore an untied scarf lazily draped around the back of his neck, giving his outfit a seductive tone.

I couldn't help but wonder if this was the kind of thing he wears when he's interested in someone. The past two times I'd seen him, he was dressed much more casually.

After a few seconds of staring at each other in the lobby, his lips quirked upwards in a dazzling smile, revealing his pearly white teeth. "I'm surprised you didn't get lost this time. I came down to wait for

you."

I'd been eager to see him, I admit, but now that he was in front of me. I was lost.

"Oh. Yeah, I found you. The hotel. I mean. Thanks." I looked away, trying my hardest to not undress him with my eyes right here on the main floor

He stepped back into the elevator and I followed him. We didn't say anything to each other on the way to the room, coming to a stop at the door marked 718. Right next door, as he told me, was 720.

If I wanted to, I could still pound on Vincent's door. I lingered in the hallway, considering it. Aaron rang the doorbell next to his room, frowning at me. "Come here."

There was the decision then.

I walked toward him, curious as to why he rang the doorbell. The door clicked open, revealing a woman leaning lazily against the frame, complaining, "Does it really take that long to buy a cigarette?"

It was... Quite embarrassing.

The woman was s\*xxy in every sense of the word. Long, straight black hair fell past her shoulders as smooth as melted wax, and thick lashes lined her foxy eyes. Her body was flawless in its moderation. She was toned, but not muscular. Thin, but not morbidly skinny. She wore a white button-up blouse tucked into a short black skirt, professional and

minimalist.

Aaron dragged me inside. In the s\*acious room, the first thing I noticed was the large bed, still neatly made. Had they not done anything together?

"Sir," the woman smirked as she playfully chided him, hands clasped neatly behind her back. "Were you in the mood for a t\*reesome tonight?"

He raised an eyebrow. "Tempting, but I'm not interested." He stepped around her, tossing his phone onto the nightstand and picking up a set of car keys. "You should get going now anyway, Daisy. Drive safe."

She hummed, gingerly taking the keys from his outstretched hand. "Take it easy, you two." Her eyes met mine, and she gave me a devious smirk before reminding Aaron, "You still have that meeting in the morning."

There was an awkward atmosphere in the room after Daisy left.

Or maybe it was just me because Aaron was already making himself comfortable, shedding his jacket and turning on the TV. He looked at me, a pleasant smile on his face, "Have you eaten yet?"

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I nodded, "Yeah, I did."

"No burger for me this time?" He asked, casually putting his tie on a hanger in the closet

I nearly choked, my face flushing. "I only brought you food because I wanted to bang, so no. No burger for you this time."

H

He clicked his tongue, shaking his head. "I'm only worth a burger? What are you here for this time then?"

I didn't know what to say. To be honest, I wasn't sure what I was supposed to do now

He threw himself down at the edge of the bed, eyes closed while he folded his arms behind his head.

"I wanted to catch him," I muttered.

He cracked one eye open to check his watch. "Now's not the time. Give

it a bit."

With a sigh, I dropped myself in the armchair beside the bed, resting my head in my hands, elbows pressing into my knees. "How long have they been... together?"

He shrugged, "That's a question for him."

Of course. I figured there was no point in asking him. What would he tell me anyway? I wouldn't put it past him to still cover for Vincent, even after what happened at the bar three weeks ago. They were still best friends. They probably even introduced each other to whoever they were sleeping with! I looked at him with anger in my eyes.

He acted as though he didn't notice, idly patting the spot beside him.

"Sit over here."

We both ended up lying next to each other on the bed, with the couch in the corner of the room left cold and empty,

Aaron had turned onto his side to look at me, but I was afraid to meet his gaze, my heart pounding. I kept my eyes closed, my head turned up toward the ceiling

The awkward tension in the room eventually got to me, and I blurted, "Did I ruin your night?"

"No. You're here, so it's quite the opposite," he replied indifferently

My eyes were still shut, and I pretended I didn't hear what he'd just said. Instead, I thought about when the right time would be to crash Vincent's private party in the next room.

Aaron suddenly laughed. I was attracted to the low, melodic sound, and impulsively turned to face him. His eyes were closed, and he seemed so... relaxed.

"The last time I was with you, I actually slept until morning. I don't usually sleep so heavily," he exhaled in comfort.

I smirked. "You mean you don't usually spend the night with someone like me?"

His eyes opened, stunned, and he laughed even harder. "You are too considerate for your own good." Then he added, "But yes. And if I knew

you were gonna try to leave so early, I wouldn't have saved my last round or two for the morning."

I grew silent and regretted playing along with his teasing. The conversation had started to escalate in a direction that I wasn't comfortable with

The silence was broken by my phone ringing

It was Vincent.