

Chapter 4

"Let it go." Aaron moaned, "You're just mine, now."

"But I wish it would be forever..." He added.

We weren't finished with each other until 3 AM in the morning

He took me one last time from behind, and when it was over I was left on my back, too drained to even turn over. He was laying beside me with one of his legs tangled between mine. I didn't bother pulling away from him this time.

"Is anyone else home?" I suddenly asked, dazed.

He laughed, "Little late to ask."

Right. Nevermind then.

Exhausted as I was, I was satisfied. For the first time, I experienced the complete pleasure of sex, but what made it even sweeter was the thrill of getting my revenge. Fulfilled, I let myself fall asleep in his bed.

I wasn't sure what time it was when I awoke. The room was dreamily lit by the low, warm city lights being filtered through the curtains. I turned my head, only to find Aaron still next to me. He was facing away, but I could still make out his soft snoring as he slept.

A dull hum came from the pile of clothes at the foot of the bed. I quietly got up and rilled through it, fishing out a phone.

I squinted at the screen. Someone named Tom was calling, and it looked like he'd tried calling ten more times before this. Realizing it was Aaron's phone I'd grabbed, I dropped it back into the pile and dug around a little more for mine.

FULL

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3 calls, 12 message notifications. Vincent was back from his reunion yet. Too bad I'm not.

I stood to get dressed, but the moment I did, my legs wobbled. Last night left me weaker than I thought.

Aaron's groggy voice came from behind me, dazed. "What time is it?"

"5:12." I answered, pulling my clothes on.

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"Too late to go home now," he resigned, lying back down and rubbing his eyes.

I didn't respond, instead continuing to button my shirt-dress with my back to him. Then I felt him wrap his long, strong arms around me, resting his head on my shoulder and pressing a light kiss to my neck. The cool air was chased away by his warm scent.

"Stay," he said.

There was a raw and vulnerable tone in his voice, but his appetite in bed had left me spent. I didn't have the patience to play along with him.

"You can afford to miss work. I can't." I shook him off, fastened my last button, and walked out.

I gave myself a once-over in Cinder's bathroom mirror. My clothes hid every trace of my wild night at Aaron's, but underneath, it was a disaster. Her H*ck*es littered my chest and thighs, bruised fingerprints wrapped around my breasts and waist, and if that wasn't enough, an apparent bite mark decorated my left breast.

I was so thoroughly scandalized that if Vincent saw, he wouldn't have a hard time finding out who I spent the night with.

Another one of the few times I met Aaron was at a pool party. He'd brought a girl with him, and her bikini showcased marks that looked strikingly similar to the ones I was covered in now. Hell, she even took off her top in the jacuzzi to show me the bite on her breast.

She sounded a bit proud of herself too, "Haha, did I land a lil' puppy or something?"

Definitely

Cinder yawned as she walked into the bathroom, handing me clean underwear and a bathrobe. "Out, out, out! Before you make me act up!"

I rolled my eyes, pulled my underwear up my legs, and walked out of the bathroom, shrugging on the robe. The shower left me feeling relaxed the perfect way to top off my vengeance.

Cinder immediately started questioning me when she was done in the bathroom

"He ruined you! Oh my g*d! You look like you just went to war!" She got to work excitedly picking apart my past twelve hours. "How was it?"

Was he intense? Was he huge?!

"Well," I toweled off my hair, blushing at the memory of his body on mine. For a casual f*ck, Aaron seemed a lot more interested in me than I thought he'd be. I'd nearly lost my voice before he'd had his fill. "I'd say you and I both worked way past midnight..."

Cinder squealed, "You sound like you had so much fun!" She made her way to her kitchen, getting started on coffee. I watched her pour in her favorite, first-class coffee beans-Hacienda La Esmeralda-and knew I was in for a treat. The rich aroma filled the air as I happily recounted my time with Aaron

"I have to admit," I cleared my throat and paused for a moment. "Mr. Tomcat certainly lived up to his reputation. It was org*sm after o*ga*m with him."

She gawked, "How many times?!"

"I... don't remember actually." I bit my lower lip, shrugging. It was true. He was so talented that I couldn't keep track of how many times he pushed me over that edge.

Her interest was more than piqued. She leaned forward over the counter. "How many inches? Did you get a picture?"

"Cinder, you are a grown woman! Are you seriously still hung up on his di*k size? Honestly!" My face must've been hot enough to fry an egg. I avoided eye contact, instead choosing to stare at the coffee machine as it ground the beans. I wanted to choke her with them.

LIL

"What?" She protested. "You know Aaron's gonna be telling all his guys about you-ti*s, a*s, p*ssy, all of it!" Pausing, she added with a wink, "And he should!"

I gave in, laughing and pulling her into a tight hug: "Oh, if you were a man," I swooned. "You'd be perfect for me!"

She giggled hysterically, rubbing my back. "I'd need to have a d*ck like Aaron's to keep you!"

"That, and you'd have to dye your hair. Blond doesn't do it for me," I joked back

Of course, that's when my phone lit up with a text from Vincent again.

I decided not to text him back. I wanted him to feel exactly the way I

felt.

I put my phone down and looked at Cinder while she poured the coffee. I couldn't help but ask, "Aaron seems like he'd be your type. Why didn't you stay with him after your dad set you up?"

"Ugh, as if," she scoffed, handing me a mug. The aroma was wonderful, perfect for storytime.

Cinder set her own mug down on the coffee table, plopping herself down on the couch and crossing her legs. "He was such a pain in the a*s! He showed up in jeans and a t-shirt to a French steakhouse! Just sat down and fed me excuses!"

She rolled her eyes, lowering her voice in a mocking tone, "Oooh, I'm Aaron Morris! I don't like blondes! I'm already seeing someone! I don't like arranged dates! Let's just eat and tell our fathers that we're not interested in each other!"

I laughed and spat out my coffee. Realizing that I had just spat out a ten-dollar sip sobered me up immediately, and I wiped my mouth. "And then what?"

She shrugged, "I threw my drink on him and avoided that place for three months."

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That sounded just like her. Cinder was a firebrand through and through, and sometimes it was hard to get through her grumpy exterior. If you did manage it though, prepare to be showered with love and attention. Like me.

She finished her coffee and got ready to head to her office. "You make sure to recharge before you go to work later."

I thanked her, and instead of going to the guest room, I made myself comfortable on the couch, idly swiping on my phone.

Suddenly, Aaron messaged me.