

## Chapter 40

Flirting with Aaron

My quick acceptance made Aaron let go of me. He obviously wasn't interested if I was going to give up so easily, but just before he could get up, I quickly wrapped my arm around his neck and pulled him back in.

We stared at each other. His blue eyes were glassy with inebriation, but it only made him even more alluring. Gradually, he moved his face closer to mine and asked in a low voice, "Why are you here...?"

I rolled my eyes and confessed outright: "He's next door."

Three long seconds passed before Aaron furrowed his eyebrows: "He wasn't interested in you?"

I shook my head. "I told him I was on my period."

Aaron was stunned for a moment, then he laughed and pressed himself even closer to me. His lower abdomen ground into my stomach. "Oh? Are you?"

The top half of his shirt was unbuttoned and his robe was wide open from the waist of. I felt the heat of his bare chest against me while the atmosphere shifted to something more sensual.

I propped myself up on my elbows and looked at him, defiantly. "Why don't you see for yourself?"

Throughout the time I've known Aaron, I've felt like I've become thick-skinned enough to respond to his advances with the same energy. Whenever I was the one to make the first move though, Aaron would start to hold back. Even after hearing what I'd just said, he still didn't move. If anything, he looked a little skeptical.

I slipped my hand into his bathrobe and asked with a smile, "Or did you have too much to drink tonight?"

He tilted his head and smirked back at me: "That kind of cheap trick won't work on me..."

"That's a bit of a double standard." My sly smile widened into

a grin. "I'm not allowed to play dirty? You're the one who mentioned Vincent and Emily."

"Because it obviously worked on you." Aaron raised his chin. "You quickly made yourself at home, didn't you?"

"Yes, it did work on me, but I don't want to be the only one getting screwed over. I still want to win. I want revenge. If that wasn't the kind of woman I was, we wouldn't even be here to begin with."

"So you openly admit he's still influencing your decisions? You're saying you only want sex with me because he's off with someone else?" Aaron narrowed his eyes as he tried to coax the truth out of me.

Again with these kinds of questions... I knew I'd never beat Aaron in a conversation, but I still had the advantage. I remembered how Aaron behaved the last time we met. If he really did like me, then seducing him would be too easy. My hands started to roam under his bathrobe. Aaron's chest felt nice, and I eagerly ran my fingers across the smooth skin and firm muscles. I slid my hand up to his left pec and rubbed my thumb in slow circles.

"Does that matter?" I asked softly.

We stared at each other for another half-second, then I

reached out again and pulled him in for a kiss.

His lips were soft, and I savored the feeling. Before, I used to be adamant that only real couples should kiss each other, but my time with Aaron had left me desensitized to it. Besides, we'd already gone even further than kisses, so what was the

harm?

But this time, Aaron didn't kiss me back. Our lips were pressed together, and after a few seconds, I pulled away. I didn't have the heart to look into his eyes.

My heart felt like it was being stretched and pulled. Was I wrong? Did Aaron not have feelings for me anymore? Maybe he wished it was someone else by his side tonight.

Regardless, I was a little embarrassed. While I was worrying about whether I'd misjudged our situation, Aaron suddenly grabbed the back of my neck and yanked me up for a rough, heated kiss.

Vincent was my only ever boyfriend, and being with him convinced me that all kisses felt the same. That was the reason I usually avoided them.

But while Aaron's hand cradled the back of my head, his soft lips carried his emotions. He bit my lip in anger. He swept his tongue across mine in desperation. It left me breathless.

Aaron got straight to the point. I didn't even notice he'd already taken off my clothes until the kiss was over. I was exposed. Vulnerable. There was nothing between me and him.

I groaned when Aaron sunk into me, but he refused to keep his lips off of mine. I tried my best to regain my senses and tell him to stop before they became noticeably swollen.

Eventually, he moved his lips away, but he made up for the

loss of contact by gripping my waist and slamming into me violently. Then he suddenly lowered his head and bit my chest. hard enough to make me squeeze my eyes shut.

I jolted from the pain. "Aaron!"

He gave a dismissive hum before he stopped and looked up at me with a wicked smile. "You're gonna be the death of me, darling."

This man...

Aaron took my hand and pressed it to his lips. "Let me tell you something-"

His voice was interrupted by the sound of my phone vibrating.

It was buzzing on the bedside. He gave it a quick glance, but he wouldn't let me reach over to answer it.

I pressed my hands against his chest. "W-wait... my phone..."

Aaron grabbed my hand and put it back on his chest, "I thought you were having fun with me. Do you really need to answer that right now?"

"Yes, now." I struggled stubbornly. When it came to sex, this back-and-forth game with him was always so much fun. He got a kick out of not letting me have my way and vice versa.

"I promise, darling, you'd much rather have your hands on me than your phone..." Aaron refused to give up. His lips kissed my neck, and I couldn't turn my head to avoid his wandering lips. Soon enough, his fingers interlocked with mine and guided my hand down his abs. Then he brought my hand

even lower.

I wanted to resist, but he was so much stronger than me, especially when he was aggressive like this. I couldn't even let out a word of protest.

After another couple of minutes, Aaron's phone rang.

I realized almost immediately that it was Vincent calling both of us.

My boyfriend had just gone back to an empty room.