

## Chapter 33

Aaron and David

"We... should go back," David said sheepishly. "Let them have their space."

Both of them clearly knew what was happening just out of their line of sight, but I didn't think they knew who they were hearing.

My shoulders slumped in relief as I heard their footsteps fade, but the feeling didn't last long. Aaron suddenly rammed into me as hard as he could.

"Ah!" I cried, then immediately bit my lip. I glared at Aaron, but he didn't seem to notice.

I know they heard that.

"David?" Jane asked. "Didn't you want to head back inside?"

A few seconds passed, then came David's icy response: "Yeah. Let me just ask Olive when I can have Aaron."

He knew it was us! Aaron must've heard him too, because he paused for a brief moment before he started pushing even harder and deeper into me. I kept my eyes screwed shut and tried not to scream as I listened to their footsteps fade until they disappeared.

With a smile, Aaron rubbed my slick between his fingers before wiping it on my chest and saying breathily, "He heard."

He gave a few more rough thrusts, and that was enough to send me over the edge. One of my legs was wrapped weakly around his waist, my mouth open in a silent scream, as my insides fluttered and spasmed around his c\*ck. "You... Ugh, as\*hole... You weren't... wearing a condom."

"We can go back to the car," he snickered. "I have some there."

"You don't get to laugh over something like that," I glared with every bit of hate I could conjure. "We have to get back anyway. Before more people notice we're gone."

"You wanna go back? Like that?" He gave me an innocent look.

My dress was bunched up around my waist, leaving my chest and thighs on display, and my lips were swollen. Aaron didn't look much better. His lips were as swollen as mine, and they were smeared with my lipstick. His collar was wrinkled, and his unfastened pants hung lowly on his hips. He was disheveled in every sense of the word, yet his face was still full of shameless desire.

If anyone saw us now, I think we'd both die. My anger would leave me a pile of ash on the floor, and I'm sure Aaron's embarrassment would finally get to him. At least I'd go with the pleasure of destroying his decency.

"I can't believe it," I raised my chin and scowled. "Aaron Morris, CEO and heir to his family's fortune, forced himself on a woman. In public, no less."

"You're not just any woman, Olive. I can't control myself when I'm around you." His eyes were full of affection when he stared down at me. Such bright blue eyes and soft lips... He really did look like an angel, and it was impossible for me to stay angry at such a handsome face.

"I want you so badly it hurts," he continued. His voice was enchanting, and it floated through the night air like the

solemn strings of a cello, lush and regal. Even then as I looked up at him, his expression was still so full of dejected suffering.

Of pain.

As if I was the one who took advantage of him.

"Of course you do!" I huffed, frustrated. So much for a simple ending.

He laughed-no, giggled-as the wind picked up. It swept his bangs into his face, where they curled gently just in front of his brows. The venue's clock tower struck twelve, and the majestic chimes of the bell heralded the end of another day. The distant neon lights of the city danced along Aaron's cheekbones. The colors highlighted his arrogance, his vulnerability, and his allure to paint the fascinating portrait that was him.

He leaned down and tilted my chin up to kiss me again, and this time, I forgot to say "no."

After putting his arms around my waist in a final embrace, he draped his suit jacket over me once again. I questioned him with a hum, but he shushed me.

"Don't make a big deal about it," he said. "And no one'll notice."

I slapped his shoulder, but he just smiled. When we arrived at the parking lot, he hugged me again. I struggled half-

heartedly and scolded him. I told him we couldn't just leave-I still had to pay the auctioneer.

"Don't worry about that. I took care of it."

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"What!? When?"

"While I was backstage. When they send you the bill for David, I'll pay it for you."

I shuffled nervously on my feet. "You don't need to!"

In the dimly lit parking lot, some people were making their way past us to get to their cars. I noticed one person glancing over at the commotion I was making and quickly buried my face in Aaron's shoulder, embarrassed.

"Calm down. Let's just get back to the car before people notice I'm not with my bidder."

I sighed and gave up on reasoning with him, and the two of us picked up the pace.

Thankfully, it wasn't very far, and we were back at Aaron's car in no time, but a voice spoke up from behind us before we could get in.

"Aaron? I'm looking for Olive." It was David.

G\*d, I thought buying him was the worst I could do to humiliate myself. Now he was going to see me in my disheveled state.

And he knows Aaron is the reason why!

I wanted to disappear. Sure, David couldn't see my face-I was bundled up in Aaron's jacket and hidden in his arms-but I knew he was smart enough to figure it was me Aaron was holding. He'd heard me in the garden with Aaron earlier.

I stayed huddled in Aaron's embrace and clutched his shirt

tightly.

Aaron didn't bother turning around to face David. He chuckled before replying flatly, "She has other plans for tonight. She doesn't want to see you."

"Is that right..." David hummed. "She said she wanted to see me tonight."

I did not!

I didn't understand David at all. Earlier, he said he wanted to help me and even pushed me into Aaron's arms during the blackout dance. Now he was here looking for me? None of it made sense.

"I know what you're thinking, and I'm gonna tell you to give it up right now and leave her alone. That's a warning." Aaron's voice had a dangerous edge to it, but David laughed it off.

"Your hands seem a little full there," David provoked.

"That's my business." Aaron growled. "Not yours."

"Aaron... You really haven't changed, but neither have I. Just let Olive know I'll be visiting Columbia later this semester. I look forward to meeting her again."

"Try it. See what happens."

As soon as he'd said that, Aaron walked me straight to the car door. I anxiously climbed in and started fixing myself. The atmosphere was heavy, and I didn't dare to speak. Instead, I reflected on what had just happened.

Everything David said was... odd. He and Aaron were both

talking about me, but I felt like David wasn't interested in me at all. He seemed much more interested in Aaron.

Was Aaron the one David was in love with?

"You..." I started but changed my mind. This wasn't a good time to ask about that kind of thing. Besides, I wasn't even sure if things were alright between us yet. I wanted to ask Aaron to drive me home, but as I thought about that cold room, the word died in my throat. I didn't want to go back.

"Stay with me tonight," Aaron said quietly. "I don't want to be alone."

I watched him sigh and lean against the car window. His depressed and lonely expression was reflected on the glass.

And I didn't say "no."