

## Chapter 35

A mistress?A lover?

Of course, Vincent didn't mention Aaron's upcoming party to me. As for him ditching me on our anniversary, he just kept telling me that his work needed him to do overtime. He even whined about his customers and his manager. I had to hold back my bitter laugh.

Aaron's birthday was a little less than two weeks away. During that time, I hadn't seen anyone other than my coworkers and Cinder. Vincent fed me more excuses about how busy he was with work, and we hadn't spent a night together for the entire two weeks. I didn't have any contact with Aaron either.

The truth was that a couple of days after the charity gala, I didn't want to go anymore, but something interesting happened a week before Aaron's birthday.

Vincent and I had been lying in bed next to each other, both of us on our phones. He was texting in one of our shared group chats while I was scrolling through the news. After a while, he suddenly turned to look at me. "Have you been talking to Aaron?"

I was stunned for half a second as my heart began to race. "What?"

"Look at the group chat."

I frowned and pulled it up on my phone. I went to read the conversation from the beginning, but Vincent reached over and scrolled to a certain spot about halfway through the log.

Amorris: Dont forget my party next week

Amorris: You can bring your family if you want \(\)/~

xXpatrickXx: i live alone man

Amorris:Then bring your mouth, I hired catering

xXpatrickXx: i HiRed CaTERinG

Matt87: did you pay like \$800 for cheese on sticks?

Amorris: Shut up lmao it'll be good

Amorris: Anyway everyone just rsvp so I can order

Matt87: !'ll be there

xXpatrickXx: yeah I'll go

Vxncnt: Im going

3mily: me too!!

As soon as I read those last two messages, I was fighting the urge to smash my phone over Vincent's head. I glanced at him, but he didn't seem panicked or worried. His eyes were simply focused on my screen. I must've been hiding it well. He really had no idea I knew all about him and Emily.

I continued reading through the chat...

Amorris: What about you Olive?

That was weird. Vincent had added me to the group chat because he couldn't just 'leave his girlfriend out, but I rarely texted in it. I never really hung out with his friends either, so it was just as rare for someone to mention me directly.

Vincent put his chin on my shoulder and grumbled, "Didn't know you two were so friendly. He even asked you

specifically!" His arm snaked around my waist, and I felt his fingers scratch at me through the fabric of my shirt. My stomach turned.

I didn't answer. Instead, I sighed and moved his hand away. from my phone.

itsOlive: i'll go with vincent

Then the group continued texting amongst themselves, but Emily was notably silent.

Before I could close it, the messenger app lit up: New conversation with A...

Thank G\*d I'd deleted my old messages from Aaron.

Vincent instantly perked up beside me," Ooh... Who's that?"

I pulled my phone away and looked at him, "What?"

He rolled over onto me and pinned me underneath him. Then he smiled and asked, "Is it some admirer I don't know about?" I felt his hips grind into me slightly, and his eyes were half-lidded with temptation. Staring up at him, I felt nothing.

"Oh, so you can have a mistress, but I'm not allowed to have a lover?"

His eyes seemed panicked for a split second, but he quickly regained his composure. "A mistress? Are you just mad I haven't been around to feed you?"

With that, his hand slipped past the hem of my short nightgown and slithered up to my hip. It

squeezed

uncomfortably as he put his fingers between me and the bed.

The thick skin of his palms was a little rough, but it always used to make me feel safe. Now, the

instant his hand touched my skin, I thought back to the night he f\*cked Emily in the hotel room right beside Aaron's.

I wished it was his hand on me...

But I didn't stop Vincent's advances. Maybe my time with Aaron had cured my usual sex aversion.

Maybe I could even o\*gasm with Vincent. If I slept with him more-gave him what he wanted-he'd

give up on Emily and be all mine again.

Then I could rip that away from him, too.

I watched his eyebrows twitch slightly as he shifted above me. He was already shirtless. He was still

fit, but maybe he'd been too caught up with work lately because his abs weren't as defined as they

used to be. He narrowed his eyes and leaned down slowly. The mattress sunk under his elbows at

my sides as his hands trailed up to my chest.

I didn't move. His hands made awkward tents in my nightgown as they pawed at my breasts, but

still, I didn't respond. Vincent was much more excited than I was. At my lack of protest, he eagerly

pulled the hem of my camisole up to my waist.

"You're so beautiful, babe... You're always so beautiful," he breathed, but his compliments sounded

so far away.

My body shivered as the open air chilled my exposed skin. A kiss at my collarbone was followed by

Vincent's hands kneading my breasts. I felt his d\*ck grow bigger as it hardened, and it pressed

harshly against me through my underwear.

I felt nothing.

Looking up, I asked, "Do you love me?"

"Love you...? Of course I love you, babe." He licked and sucked at my nipple, and I felt disgusted. A

wave of nausea rolled through me as I gripped the sheets.

"Only me?" I added, but I didn't know what I wanted to hear. I was already underneath him now.

"Only you, Olive."

My heartstrings twisted. In a matter of seconds, my breathing became short and I pushed Vincent

away before dashing to the bathroom. I collapsed onto my knees as I retched. Eventually, Vincent

followed me, patted me on the back, and asked what was wrong..

"I think the sandwich I had earlier was bad... I made it yesterday morning." I couldn't help smirking,

but at least I wasn't facing him. What I really wanted to say was that the idea of sex with him made

me sick.

"Okay... Are you alright? Did you still..." He trailed off as he hinted hesitantly. He didn't give up, did

he?

"I think I should just sleep it off. Could you get me some water?"

"Yeah, I can do that. And I'll make you breakfast tomorrow." He gave me a quick kiss on the

forehead before leaving, and I glared at his back as he went.

Having drank the water, I climbed back into bed. I turned my back to him and said, "You should rest,

too. You have work in

76.75%

the morning."

Vincent didn't say anything. He turned away as well, already used to me avoiding his touch in bed,

and was snoring softly after a while.

Once I was sure he was asleep, I ducked under the covers with my phone.

Aaron had messaged me half an hour ago, after all.