

Chapter 39

The gift in me

I'd never told Vincent that, so he was obviously surprised. He put his drink down on the table and gave me a quizzical look, brows furrowed and lips pursed tightly. Nowadays, I hated Vincent's style, but I answered honestly. The first time he took me out, I was drawn to what he was wearing. I remember seeing him dressed in a clean pullover and jeans.

The same kind of thing Aaron wore the first time I went to see

him.

"What was it?" Alex pressed.

I winked, "You asked one question. I answered one question."

He laughed, "Okay, fine. I'll get you next time."

But he was out of the game before he could ask me again, and I stayed in until the end of the round. Afterward, everyone turned in for the night, and Vincent and I went up

our room.

Once we were inside, he asked, "You only liked how I

dressed?"

to

I pouted at him with my brows knit together. His eyes were narrowed and his voice sounded... hurt. He seemed genuinely saddened by my response earlier.

I was lying in bed already, and I looked up at him. He was standing at the end of the bed in a robe, fresh out of the shower. With a stretch, I teased him with my foot. "At first, yes, but afterward..."

I didn't like you.

He gave me a satisfied smile and licked his lower lip, his

telltale sign he's in the mood. Then he reached and grabbed my ankle to grind into my touch, but I pulled my foot away before he could. "I'm on my period."

Vincent took a deep breath, irritated. "Then what was that you just did?"

I giggled and winked at him, "All I did was touch you. Who knew you were that easy?"

I wasn't actually on my period, but the last time we had sex- not even sex, foreplay even-it made me sick to my stomach. I couldn't bring myself to be intimate with him anymore.

"Babe..." He whined. "Angel. Please. You could just use your hand... Okay?"

I scowled. "I'm not feeling well. I drank too, and my stomach

hurts."

At that, he dropped the melodrama and leaned down to rub my stomach soothingly. "Alright. Just relax. I'll go get you. something warm to drink."

Once we were settled in bed, he was glued to his phone. He could've been texting Emily again for all I knew. After a while, he turned over to look at me. "Babe? Are you asleep?"

I stayed silent, and I felt his scrutinizing gaze on my back. He whispered again, "I'm gonna go downstairs and buy a pack of cigarettes. I'll be right back."

Buying cigarettes in a bathrobe? Ha!

Even while we shared a bed, he had the gall to run off to Emily. Did he think I was that stupid? Or did he think he was

that good at juggling two women?

I quietly got out of bed and peeked into the hallway just in time to see him slip into Emily's room.

I hurried over to the nightstand and grabbed my phone.

itsOlive: which room are you in?

Maybe he was asleep... He did drink a lot, after all...

Amorris: The one right next to yours

Amorris: On the right

its Olive: are you alone...?

Amorris: Come over

I hastily pulled on my clothes, grabbed the gift I forgot to give him earlier, and walked over to his door. It swung open before I had a chance to ring the doorbell.

Aaron stood inside wearing a robe-the same as Vincent-and leaned on the doorframe with one hand. He shot me a dazzling smile, "What are you doing here so late, darling?"

I lifted up the small gift bag. "Sharing the wealth."

His smile didn't waver as he reached forward and pulled me inside. The door slammed shut behind me and I immediately pressed myself against him, pushing him to the wall. My fingers groped for the opening of his robe.

Then Aaron cleared his throat and grabbed my hand. "Forgot to tell you. I'm not alone."

Shocked, I turned to see Alex and Daisy lounging on the sofa. The two of them smiled, entertained by the show.

My face flushed and I took a step back before placing the bag on the side table next to us. "I was just dropping this off," I squeaked, then I turned to leave.

Aaron was quick to stop me and look at the couple on the couch. "Both of you. Out."

Daisy shook her head and tsked. "You're such a killjoy! Kicking me out again... Next time you invite me over, I'm not coming."

Alex hurriedly set down his drink and pulled Daisy to her feet. "Let's get going. The birthday boy wants to open his present." He smiled at us as he left, "Goodnight, guys."

They were gone. And so was my lustful appetite.

Aaron picked up the present I left on the table, put an arm around me, and led me further into his room. "I'm glad you made it."

I pushed his hand off of me and huffed, "You only whined about it over and over. How could I not?"

"Not to my party. To my room."

I rolled my eyes, annoyed. His friends were just here. Did he not feel the slightest bit ashamed?

"You look hot when you roll your eyes," he laughed. He was certainly in a good mood tonight.

Then he looked down at my gift for him, "Can I open it now?"

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I nodded, "Go ahead."

I'd gotten him a vintage lighter. It wasn't too expensive, but it was still a limited edition. It seemed like an inconspicuous gift from a friend's girlfriend.

His eyes were slightly squinted as he grinned, and he flicked it on and off again and again. He seemed to like it. "Thank you... How'd you know I needed a new one?"

I shrugged. I asked Vincent last week what I should get him, but he was no help. I picked out the lighter on a whim.

Aaron carefully set it down beside his bed, then suddenly leaned in toward me. I didn't have time to react before I felt something cool and soft brush across my cheek.

He had kissed me.

I covered my cheek with my hand and stared at him with wide eyes.

Aaron tilted his head and gave me a sly smile. "So I got my present and my kiss... Why don't I give you a little something?"

I frowned, "What do you mean? You gave me the kiss."

He chuckled, "I'm gonna give you more than that."

As soon as he said that, he put his hands on my shoulders and pushed me harshly onto the bed. In seconds, he was

unbuttoning my clothes, and I couldn't move an inch pinned under him.

"Wha- What are you doing?!"

His smile was sickly sweet. "Unwrapping my present."

Then Aaron took both my wrists in one hand and held them over my head.

Now I was really trapped.

He muttered in my ear while I struggled underneath him: "Daisy said she saw them disappear into the bathroom thirty minutes earlier... Why don't we have our thirty minutes?"

That was enough to make me go still immediately, and I let my fingers curl around the hand he was pinning me with.

"Fine then."