Chapter 128

Chapter 128. Are You Betraying Me? What's wrong with the world? I could not believe my ears. What did she say? She said Vincent loved me? Only me? Really? Am I in a parallel universe or not? I noticed the tension in her body language and scoffed internally. My voice was tinged with sarcasm, "You're the one who's h*oking up with my ex-boyfriend, and now you want to tell me he's still in love with me? Are you serious?" In contrast with my expectations, Emily didn't blow up at my words. She listened quietly and lowered her head, but even then, I could still see the deep sense of loss in her downcast eyes. She whispered to me again, "Olive, I know you hate me, and I know you don't owe me any favors, but… I still wish you would go and see Vincent." I was completely blindsided by this request. No matter how I thought about it, I couldn't figure out Emily's motives in this situation. What was her plan? "Why are you asking me to visit Vincent?" I asked, puzzled. "You seduced my boyfriend and sent him nudes while we were still together. On my 3rd anniversary with Vincent, you cut your wrists to get his attention. On the day he proposed to me, you showed up and started crying and throwing a hissy fit until you finally managed to steal my boyfriend from me. Emily, everything you've done has been leading up to this moment. And now that you finally have Vincent all to yourself, you're asking me to talk to him? What's your problem?" As I spoke, I could tell my words were cutting straight to Emily's heart, and she looked devastated. She shouted in a frenzy, "You don't understand at all! I really love him! I love him more than you!" Emily's eyes shimmered in the moonlight, and I suspected she was crying. But without waiting for me to take a closer look, she turned and ran away without looking back. I stared at Emily as she ran away, but I still couldn't understand her behavior. Vincent was apparently depressed about our breakup, and Emily could easily have taken advantage of the situation, but she came to me instead. Was she trying to test me, or did she have some other reason? Standing there in the cool night breeze, I could see what looked like small damp spots on the ground. I realized Emily really had been crying. When I thought about her actions tonight, I got the vague feeling that Emily wasn't just messing around with Vincent. Maybe she really did care about him. But that was even more outrageous. If what she said was true, and Vincent was still in love with me, why was she wasting her time with him? Could she really love Vincent enough to overlook his character? This entire situation was so complicated, I started to get a headache just thinking about it. I let out a deep sigh and rubbed my forehead with one hand, leaning on the guardrail again. In the quiet, peaceful darkness of the night, I looked out at the glittering city skyline. For just an instant, as the cool night breeze brushed my face, it seemed to take all of my troubles away. After a long time thinking on the rooftop, I still couldn't understand Emily's motives. I put aside my complicated feelings about the matter, turned around, and walked back to the hotel room. As soon as I opened the door with my key card, I felt Aaron's arms wrap around me. Aaron squeezed me as tightly as a child who just found a missing toy, putting his lips close to my ear and asking, "Babe, where did you go just now? Ugh, you smell like perfume, I don't like it." After saying that, Aaron frowned and rubbed his nose. "I don't know how your sense of smell is so strong." The corners of my mouth twitched upward. I reached out and flicked Aaron's nose, then said in a teasing tone, "I've been out having an affair." "Have you changed your mind, Olive? Are you leaving me for a woman?" Aaron hugged me and nuzzled my neck pitifully with half of his body weight against me. He was so clingy that I wanted nothing more than to push this absolute stud of a man away. "If I were cheating on you with a woman, maybe I wouldn't need you anymore," I countered flippantly, amused by Aaron's feigned jealousy. "Am I not good enough for you? Which woman is so charming that she could steal my Olive?" I was impressed by Aaron's ability to make up nonsense, and I said casually over my shoulder to the resentful Aaron, "It's Emily." As soon as these words left my lips, Aaron completely dropped his joking demeanor, and I could feel his arms stiffen immediately as his attitude turned cold. I could almost feel the temperature in the room drop by several degrees. He let go of me, frowned, and asked, "Why have you been talking to Emily? Did she threaten you, or…" As Aaron said this, he looked straight into my eyes, like he was afraid that I was hiding something from him. "Aaron, what do you mean? Do you think Emily can push me around? You're really underestimating me. She just wanted to tell me to go see Vincent," I said nonchalantly. I didn't expect that my offhanded explanation would manage to ignite the fuse of Aaron's anger. "What did you say?" Aaron suddenly grabbed me by the shoulders and leaned in close, his eyes filled with a mixture of anger and disbelief. He demanded loudly, "Olive, you're avoiding me to see Vincent? Are you going to meet with him privately? Are you going to get back together with him?" Aaron's voice became more and more urgent as he asked these questions, and I could feel the tension and fear radiating from him as if he were very unsure of himself. "Answer me, Olive!"