

## Chapter 130

Chapter 130. What Are You Hiding From Me? “Quit it.” Even though I was short with him, an electric current of pleasure coursed through my body at his words. I felt the excitement deep within me rising, and I subconsciously rubbed my thighs together in a desperate search for some kind of stimulation. My movements froze when I felt a stiff rod press against my thigh. Of course I knew it was Aaron’s hard c\*ck; the feeling of it against my leg made me dizzy with anticipation. I bit my lip and tilted my head back as I yearned for the feeling of Aaron penetrating me. Aaron took the opportunity to kiss my neck and collarbone. His hands drifted down to rip off my panties and spread my legs. I gasped at the cool feeling of air hitting my bare p\*ssy. The moment of surprise led to a sudden burst of clarity in my thoughts. My mind wandered to the memory of the graduation ceremony where Vincent and Emily first met. Vincent attended as an alumni and... didn’t Aaron do the same? My eyes shot open. “Hey, weren’t you at the graduation ceremony where Emily and Vincent met?” Aaron stiffened at my words and the air in the room suddenly went cold. All the passion and lust had completely vanished. “Babe, do you really want to spend our precious time together talking about that irrelevant woman?” Aaron ground his d\*ck against my thigh in an effort to distract me. But my desire had disappeared. I was much more interested in learning what Aaron was hiding from me. “Tell me about how you know Emily, and don’t try to trick me again.” I backed away and crossed my arms, refusing to play his little games any longer. Aaron looked me in the eyes and realized that I wouldn’t budge. He sighed as his gaze fell to the floor. “Fine, we can talk. Just let me take a shower first.” He turned and dejectedly shuffled to the bathroom. “Aaron...” A pang of empathy hit me when I heard his dejected tone. I rushed forward and hugged him from behind. I felt him tense up, so I gave him a sweet kiss on the back of his neck. “I may hate lies, but I promise that I have never once regretted being with you.” After half an hour, Aaron finally came out of the shower. The only thing covering him was a towel wrapped lazily around his waist. As he moved, water dripped down his body and was absorbed by the towel. I perched on the ledge of the bay window and watched Aaron with my head held high. Even when tensions were high, I couldn’t help but admire Aaron’s figure. He had the form of a professional model. He strode over to me and leaned against the ledge before capturing me in a searing kiss. I threw my arms around his neck and playfully teased his lips with my tongue. Aaron paused for a moment in surprise; he didn’t expect me to be so forward. He quickly regained his senses and lifted me into his arms. He didn’t break the kiss as he strode over to the bed and laid me across it. His hands were on me in an instant, greedily grabbing at the hem of my shirt. He yanked my top off of me before kneeling between my legs. He hastily searched for my hand, and when he found it he grabbed it and shoved it on his d\*ck. Even through the thick, luxurious towel, I could feel how hard he was. “Baby, it always gets like this whenever I see you.” His large, blue eyes seemed so innocent. I could almost believe he was completely harmless. I wanted to stick to my guns, but Aaron’s figure fresh out of the shower was just too tempting. I knew he was once again trying to distract me with sex. I frowned and was about to tell him off, but he kissed me when he saw my lips part. He moved his hand to tug away his towel, but he froze when he heard the doorbell ring. Aaron cursed under his breath. “I’m gonna file a complaint with this hotel for bothering me in the middle of the night.” I couldn’t help but laugh and gave him a pat on the head. “You’re the shareholder of this hotel-it wouldn’t be wise of you to leave a complaint. Now, go and answer the door.” Aaron huffed angrily, but he knew I was right. He shuffled over to the door and was surprised to find a waiter with a cart of food. The waiter gave a quick bow before entering the room and placing the food on the table. He gave another curt nod, then left just as quickly as he arrived. Aaron looked at me with confusion written all over his face. “Olive, explain.”