

Chapter 131

Chapter 131. Emily's Past I wrapped myself in a nearby robe and stood up from the bed. My stomach rumbled at the smell of food. "I was hungry, so I ordered some food. I can listen to your story about Emily while I eat." I figured that Aaron would seduce me again as soon as he got out of the shower. He wanted to f*ck me and make me forget about the whole ordeal. I couldn't let him have his way, so I ordered some food in advance. I was curious about Vincent and Emily's relationship, but I wouldn't change my mind about it no matter what Aaron said. I flicked on the lights and lit some candles at the dining table for good measure. Once I was done, I beckoned Aaron. "Come on, you've got some explaining to do." He grunted in frustration, then took a step towards the table. "I know that you want to know about Emily's motives, but you have to promise me that you won't get angry." The apprehension in his voice made me nervous. "What exactly are you hiding from me?" When Aaron spoke like that, I knew that I wouldn't be happy about what came next. "See, you're already getting angry." Aaron sat on the bench beside me and yanked me into his lap. He wrapped his arms around my waist and kissed my furrowed brow. He pressed my back against the table, and I grabbed at his biceps to steady myself. "No I wasn't." He wasn't trying to f*ck me again... was he? I felt his d*ck start to harden again under me, so I hurriedly interrupted him. "Just explain yourself first, then we can do it. Okay?" "We can do it again?" His eyes looked down at my chest, his gaze full of desire. His lips turned upwards in a playful smile. "You want me to explain, but can you really wait that long?" He ground his knee against my cr*tch, but I didn't react. I gave him another hard glare and made a zipper gesture against my lips. This time, I wouldn't budge. If I responded, that would just egg Aaron on and he would continue to change the subject. My only option was to stay silent. I pursed my lips and stared at him, waiting for him to hurry up and talk. The room became silent, except for the quiet cr*ckling of the burning candles. Aaron traded his smile for a more serious expression. He poured himself a full glass of red wine before he finally began to speak. "I've known that Emily likes Vincent for a very long time..." My breathing froze, and I felt dread begin to rise in my heart. A very long time? Just how early did she like Vincent? Was it before I even met Vincent? Aaron noticed my change in mood and he locked me in with his piercing gaze. "You promised that you wouldn't get angry." I was about to explain when Aaron reached for his wine glass. He took a big gulp, but he didn't swallow. Instead, he held my chin in place and kissed me, transferring the wine into my mouth. "Ack!" I was caught off guard and began coughing violently, drips of red spilling down my chin. He had me trapped between his body and the table. He teasingly tapped his fingers against my spine. "You poor little thing. I wish I could get you drunk on this wine and f*ck you so hard that you'd forget all about this little issue." So that was what Aaron had on his mind. I wiped the stain of wine from my lips, but I could still feel a bitter taste spreading across my tongue. I suppressed the uncomfortable feeling I had about this and took a deep breath to steel myself. "Go ahead." I was ready to finally know the truth. Aaron contemplated me for a long minute, his eyes searching mine to make sure I was serious. Finally, he sighed and then said, "I'm sure you know that Emily was born into a prestigious family." "Her parents divorced when she was a baby, and her father got full custody, so Emily grew up without a mother. But her father was constantly occupied with his career during Emily's childhood, and he rarely had time to spend with Emily. Emily's father has always felt really guilty about the way he raised her, so he tried to make up for the neglect by giving her whatever she wanted. But that's made Emily so spoiled that she thinks she's above the law." No wonder Emily seemed like such a headstrong wild child. Her family had money, so she didn't have to worry about the consequences of her actions. The only thing she had to worry about was how she could have the most fun. I frowned. Although our family conditions were different, it sounded like Emily and I had very similar experiences in childhood. When I was young, my parents were also absent. But the difference was that Emily's father still felt some affection or debt to his child. My parents, on the other hand, would let their hearts freeze over before they showed me the slightest glimpse of warmth. Aaron cupped my hips in his hands and squeezed gently. "Emily grew up wealthy in material possessions, but not in love. And she was always so generous and extravagant with her money. Even when she was in elementary school, she threw these enormous parties at her house, inviting anyone she could think of."