

Chapter 37

Play bowling

Vincent froze beside me.

Doesn't feel so good, huh?

The thrill of revenge swept through my body like an electric

current.

He stared at Aaron, who casually turned to deliver another strike like it was nothing. Aaron grinned at Vincent, "I'm kidding, man. Don't be so nervous."

Emily rolled her eyes, and said coldly, "As if! I wouldn't pick him if he was the last man alive!" But even as she said that, she hugged her chest even tighter to show off her breasts.

Neither Aaron nor Vincent spoke.

The rest of the group laughed and joked loudly: "Nothing beats someone else's girlfriend, right Aaron? With a looker like Olive, who wouldn't be jealous of Vincent!"

Emily chimed in too, "Right? Olive looks really good tonight. No wonder Vincent doesn't always bring you. One of these guys might try something funny."

That left me feeling strange.

I wasn't wearing anything too formal. It was just a black suspender dress with lace frills on the straps, and I was even wearing a light blazer over it. Sure, I was wearing jewelry that I usually save for special occasions, but other than that, I was dressed casually. I fit right in with all the other women at the party except for Emily. She was overdressed if anything, but

maybe that's why she gave me that sarcastic compliment.

Aaron hummed and glanced my way. "Someone else's girlfriend?" His hand slipped during his next throw, and he missed the spare. The men on the other team w*ooped as they took the lead.

With a sigh, Aaron clapped and gestured for his own team to congratulate their opponents.

A few guys started setting up for the next game while Vincent got up to pour me a cup of coffee. Emily watched him coldly from the sidelines before frustratedly rifling through her

purse.

Vincent's phone started ringing nonstop afterward.

If I didn't know better, details like that would've flown over my head once again. I sat back and sipped on my coffee while I listened to his phone ring on and off for about five minutes. Vincent glanced at the screen once, then a slow smile spread across his face. At this point, Emily was basically waiting for me to let Vincent go.

I glanced at him and motioned for him to take the call.

Vincent kissed my face. "Just sit tight. I'll be right back."

He stood and stretched, then lightly kicked the chair of the guy beside him. "Could you take care of my girlfriend really quick? I need to take this."

The man had been drinking and nearly choked when Vincent kicked his seat. He grumbled impatiently, "Make it quick."

Shortly after Vincent left, I started to get bored sitting alone

18.00%

by the bowling lanes. I wanted to walk over to the terrace, where I saw Daisy wave to me. She was a friendly face.

Just as I took a few steps, Aaron protested, "Nathan! Didn't Vince ask you to take care of his girl?"

My unlucky sitter-Nathan-was stunned for a second, but quickly turned to look at me. "Oh! Uh... Olive. Did you wanna play?"

I waved my hand and shook my head politely, "No thanks. I'm good."

But Aaron kept pressing: "Dude, just let her take your position. Your team's blowing it."

Nathan hesitated before stepping aside, deflated. "Yeah, alright. C'mere, Olive, we have a good lead."

Aaron snickered, "Go get her a ball, too!"

I was flattered, but I shook my head again. "No! No need! You can keep playing, Nathan, I'm no good at bowling."

He'd already brought the ball over before I could finish. "Here. Get a feel for this one before you're up. I'm gonna head to the pool table." With that, he walked away.

The other two guys on my team smiled at me, "Let's go, Olive! It's your turn!"

I nervously walked over. To be honest, I hadn't bowled since high school, and even then I only managed to hit a couple pins if I got lucky...

I looked down sheepishly at the ball I was cradling, At first

glance, I already knew the holes were too big-too wide apart -to put my fingers in comfortably. I looked back up and squinted at the pins at the end of the lane.

S*it.

I should've worn my contact lens today. My astigmatism was making the pins blur and double under the lights.

With a sigh, I gave up trying to hold the ball normally and rolled it forward, granny-style. It fell with a pathetic thud and skated along the waxed lane about halfway before it fell into the gutter.

Aaron stood still beside me, but when I looked back, I saw him pursing his lips in a poorly suppressed smile. The other people around me booed playfully and called me out for my amateur throw.

With a clunk! my ball finally rolled to the end of the lane without ever touching a pin.

One of my teammates laughed, "No wonder Aaron told you to join our team! You're a handicap!"

"I'm sorry! It's all on you guys!" I smiled, embarrassed. I didn't even want to play in the first place! Aaron put me up to it!

"Ah... If I get to see a gorgeous smile like that, I don't mind losing!" My other teammate Matt whistled

Aaron kept a polite smile on his face, but his eyes swept over the men around me with the sharpness of a knife. Most of them got the hint and settled down, save for a loose catcall here and there.

"Matt," Aaron grinned. "Switch teams with me."

"Wha- Why!?! You're such a show-off! Do you think you can really win with her?"

"I know I can take you guys by myself. I don't need someone else's girl to cover me."

The way Aaron accentuated someone else's made me shift awkwardly on my feet.

But Aaron was true to his word. After hitting several strikes in a row, it didn't matter how badly I was playing. We were nearly tied with the other team.

I was distracted watching someone in the next lane over when Aaron walked up to me. He crouched in front of me and held up a different ball for me to try this time.

"This might be more comfortable. The center of gravity's a little lower," he demonstrated. My eyes traced the veins on his neck down to his collarbone. How could a guy be this s*xy?!

I averted my eyes to look at his face instead, and he looked up at me simultaneously. His blue eyes shone like crystal waters, but I couldn't quite place the emotions I saw floating in them. I quickly turned away.

Someone nearby suddenly asked, "Olive? You doing okay? Why don't you take off your jacket? Your face is red."

Oh my G*d... Shut up already!

Aaron chuckled beside me as I shakily stood for my last turn. With a weak flick of my hand, the ball slipped off the lane and into the gutter. Lower center of gravity, my a*s.

Just like that, I lost the lead Aaron worked so hard to gain.

Everyone was enjoying themselves though, and Vincent was back in time to play the next game. He came over and patted my head before resting his hand on my shoulder. "Having a good time?" He smiled.

If it weren't for the smell of green tea perfume on him, I

wouldn't be able to tell he was back from f*cking Emily in the bathroom.