

Chapter 5

Amorris: I bit you

heyOlive: You did

His response came quickly.

Amorris: Sorry

His concern confused me at first. Was he trying to remind me to hid the mark from Vincent?

He sent another message while I was still figuring out what to say.

Amortis: Are you home?

heyOlive: Yeah

Amorris: You should get some rest.

I didn't reply. Instead, I deleted the conversation.

That was the end of that.

He didn't send any more messages and neither did I.

I lied to Vincent, telling him I wasn't home because I spent the night at Cinder's place. Though I suppose that was at least partially true.

0004 In the days that followed, I was thinking about how best to end things

with Vincent. I didn't expect to ever see Aaron again

One weekend, Vincent and I both said we'd be working late, but when my shift at the mall was over, I saw him outside a nearby bar. With Emily

I scooled and made my way inside.

I kept quiet, keeping my head down while I walked to the counter and ordered a co*ktail. In the corner of the room. I saw the pair of snakes

Vincent looked so much more relaxed without me around his col lared shirt was loose and barely buttoned, exposing his chest Llowever, il wasn't the same outil – he was wearing a polo shirt when he left the house. It definitely wasn't his first rodeo at cheating

In all honesty, Vincent was quite the catch. lle had wide shoulders and strong pectorals that made for extremely comfortable pillows at night I used to think of him as my personal pillow, but now I only saw him as a showroom piece at a department store, available for anyone to hold as they pleased

Yes, Aaron was leagues more attractive, but he'd also been with plen ty of other women.

I couldn't hear what the two were talking about. I just watched Emily cling to Vincent like a leech, and he didn't look cager to push away such a piece of eye candy

I don't think I'd ever looked at Emily so closely before. She had light hair and catty eyes, and even though she wasn't very tall, she was still a triple threat. I looked down at my own breasts. Sure, I'm proportional, but could I compare to her? There's no way those things were natural.

Emily cuddled into Vincent's arm, rubbing her t'ts against his shoul der as if on cue.

They even shared a kiss! Right here in public! I watched her tangle her fingers in his hair as he leaned in with one hand propping himself up on the seat and the other curling around her waist. At least they had the decency to spare everyone from watching them French kiss, but people around them still stepped away to give them space.

I took out my phone and sent him a message from across the bar.

heyOlive: Are you done with work yet? I'm still at the Macy's

heyOlive: Can you come pick me up?

Of course, he didn't reply.

I sat up in my seat, focused my phone's camera, and recorded a short video of him locking lips with another woman.

I picked up the c*cktail I'd ordered and downed it in seconds. The alcohol burned its way down my throat and into my stomach, equal parts spi*y and bitter. It wasn't the mellow flavor I was used to, so I couldn't help but cough. Maybe it's because I coughed so hard that tears welled up in my eyes

I hadn't cried since I found out he'd cheated on me. Not until now. Is it because I'm finally witnessing it myself? I had my one-night stand with Aaron. I won, didn't I?

.

But today made me realize I hadn't won at all.

all.

How did things end up this way? The very same man who'd wake up early to bake me m*ff*ns-who'd always buy skim milk because he knew I hated it whole-would lie about working late so he could get his hands on another woman.

"If I knew you looked so beautiful when you cried, I would've f*cked you until I got to see it for myself." A slow, se*y voice reached my ears.

Vincent and Emily were suddenly gone, and in their place was Aaron.

I panicked and furiously wiped my eyes. Luckily only a few tears were shed, but I still felt embarrassed. I didn't want him to see me like this.

"I'm not crying," I said with a cold voice. "And don't ever mention that night again."

"How heartless!" He feigned, tapping gently at the glass I was still tightly holding onto. "You know, memories of that night have kept me up ever since."

It took me a second to take in what he was wearing a black shirt with, surprisingly, a closed collar. It was the most modest I've ever seen him. The dark circles under his eyes gave away his lack of sleep.

"I get that you like women, but going every night like this can't be healthy," I snorted.

"I don't like women," he leaned down to speak lowly in my ear. "I only like you."

"Ugh, quit playing." I jerked away, grabbed my purse, and got up to leave.

He grabbed me by the hand and laughed, nodding toward Vincent and Emily, "Why don't you go over there?"

"Oh, yeah?" I said, "And humiliate myself in front of everyone?"

He bowed his head and continued to laugh, and after looking at me for a moment, he took my hand and walked me over to Vincent's table. My struggle was useless. After I stumbled for a few steps, Aaron simply swept me up in his arms in front of his best friend.

I saw Vincent's eyes widen, and Emily instantly put distance between them. The atmosphere became awkward all of a sudden.

"Sorry I'm late," Aaron greeted, setting me down on my feet but still holding me tightly by the shoulders. I struggled, jamming my elbow into

him

"Ugh! Get off!" I hissed at him. My heart was in my throat. Aaron wasn't just going to expose us in front of Vincent, was he? What good would that do? I hadn't even come up with a way to break up with him yet and Aaron decided to throw a wrench in my plans! I felt my mind going blank

"Olive?" Vincent immediately stood to look at me with half panicked, half angry eyes. "What are you doing here? Why are you with him?"

Aaron ignored my attempts to push him away and answered playfully, "She's my date for the night!"

It felt like the temperature in the room plummeted below freezing. My blood was ice in my veins, and I saw Emily reach out and take hold of Vincent's jacket

The nerve of this bi*ch!

"You wanna say that again?" Vincent shook off Emily and took an other step toward Aaron and me. "That's my girlfriend you have there."

LE

LLL LLL

He suddenly yanked my arm to try to pry me away from Aaron, but Aaron kept a solid grip on me. The crowd glanced between the four of us, no one daring to speak up. Even people from across the bar were staring now.

I felt like my arms were going to break.

"Your girlfriend?" Aaron sneered and jerked his chin toward Emily. "I thought that was your girlfriend sitting there."

LLLL