Chapter 9

Vxnent: Im gonna be home late. Somebody invited me out for drinks with the guys

Vxnent: Dont bother waiting for me babe

Vxnent: Get a good nights sleep before work

I fumed silently. I'd asked him where he was hours ago, and he was just replying to me now? Emily must be in the shower if he somehow found time to pay attention to me.

heyOlive: Somebody? who's that?

Vxnent: Just aaron, the Tomcat.

I glanced at the man in bed next to me, surprised to find him staring right back. He smiled before pushing himself off the bed, "I'm gonna shower real quick. Sit tight."

"Oh, okay," I replied. It felt so natural that I felt puzzled. Why should I wait for him? It's not like he's my boyfriend or anything.

"Good girl," he said, ruffling my hair before walking to the bathroom.

My eyes were glued to his back as I watched him disappear behind the frosted glass door.

The sound of running water reached my ears and I gulped, thinking about the last time I slept with Aaron. I could clearly imagine the hot streams of water dripping from his hair and down the bridge of his

nose, past his lips and chin, across his collarbone, over his chest and abs, and eventually reaching his gorgeous c*ck. I nearly drooled at the thought of every inch of his skin I'd once felt against mine.

But we weren't anything more than f*ck buddies, and even that was

over.

I looked down at my phone and replied to Vincent.

heyOlive: ohhh have you two made up?

Vxncent: Lol weve been brothers for years. One drunk scuffle isnt gonna change that

Vxncent: Im used to it by now so it doesnt bother me but hes still the same casanova hes always been, always so noncommittal

Vxncent: But at least he has the skills in bed to make up for it

There he was, cheating on his own girlfriend in the room next door, yet still having the audacity to

criticize his best friend. This hypocrisy was exactly what I despised about him.

heyOlive: how do you know what he's like in bed??? have you slept with him before????

Vxncent: NO

Vxncent: Its just that after several years ive seen his you-know-what a few times here and there

Vxncent: Wait but why do you ask? Am i not good enough anymore?

heyOlive: awww baby~ i only have eyes for one man <3

Vxncent: Good girl

Being called a "good girl" by Vincent didn't give me the same butterflies in my stomach as when Aaron did it.

Soon enough, Aaron was back from his shower.

After drying his hair, Aaron climbed into bed. I set my phone down, not replying to Vincent's last text, and just looked at him.

"You and Vincent made up really fast. After what happened at the bar, I'm surprised." I said, crossing my legs, holding a hand to my chest in mock disbelief.

"We're both getting something we want from each other. He can't get away from me," sighed Aaron with a plodding laugh.

That was oddly ambiguous. Was Vincent attracted to his best friend? Was Aaron just another outlet to satisfy his lust? I looked Aaron up and down with a confused expression.

He understood what I meant right away, scooting closer and stroking my hair. "Don't think too much about it, darling. It doesn't matter what he wants. I'm straight."

I moved away from his touch, brushing my hand over my lips, "Who

knows? Things did return to normal between you guys pretty

quickly..."

"Why do you sound jealous?" Aaron moved closer to me, and I responded by pulling back further.

He laughed and fell back onto the bed, chuckling.

Once he'd calmed down, he poked me in the side, tickling me. "Pass me my phone."

I turned halfway and groped for the phone he'd left on the nightstand, holding it out to him without looking. In my peripheral vision, I saw him reach forward, but instead of taking his phone, he grabbed my

wrist.

Before I could snap at him, I looked and saw he'd resumed towel drying his hair, so I wasn't sure if he'd done it on purpose.

I pulled my hand away and placed the phone in his grasp.

I don't know how long I'd spent here, waiting for the right time to spring my trap on Vincent, and I was starting to get bored. I was about to get up and leave when I heard a laugh come from next door.

A slow, lustful laugh.

Immediately, I froze and looked at Aaron.

He pulled the towel off his head and laughed, "The soundproofing

could be better."

Could be better? It was absolutely terrible.

I couldn't help but ask, "Aaron. Have you ever... created opportunities

for them?"

Aaron laughed and looked at me innocently, "You have to leave the sugar out if you wanna catch flies."

Technically speaking, it was Aaron who introduced Vincent to Emily in the first place. I remembered that the first time they met was at their college graduation ceremony. Emily had been part of a sister sorority to Aaron's fraternity at the time. Even though he and Vincent had already graduated years before. Aaron invited Vincent to congratulate

her.

I suddenly remembered the Instagram post that initially tipped me off to Vincent's betrayal. What did she caption it? Throwback to Grad

Night?

Did the two of them get together the same day they met? If that was the case then that'd mean...

It's been a year.

For a whole year, I watched like an idiot as the two of them spent time together regularly, and I never suspected their relationship. I thought back to every time Emily smiled at me. In her head, she must've been cackling at how s*upid I was.

I was trying to think of anything else I might have missed about Vincent's cheating when something even worse happened.

The voices from next door were joined by movement. D*mn it!

I heard the spring mattress squeak, Vincent's dirty talk, Emily's laughter, and gasps from both of them seep through the paper-thin

walls.

The image was strong in my mind.

I was so fired up that I turned around and was ready to storm out when Aaron grabbed me.

"Let go of me! I'm going to murder those m*therf*ck*rs!" I tried desperately to shake Aaron's arm off, my anger burning hot in my

chest.

He simply laughed, "No, darling. If you go to jail, I'll have to bail you out."

I shut up. Lashing out was reasonable, right? He was cheating on me, so that would be a reasonable reaction. It wasn't like I was about to commit arson or anything. Despite my reasoning, I surrendered, letting Aaron pull me in.

He was an ice-cold glass of water, always ready to quench my fury.

The voices from next door were still coming this way, but they didn't anger me anymore. Now they made me feel more awkward than

anything.

Was this the kind of sex Vincent liked?

I was tempted to scream through the wall at them to shut up.

Aaron stood across from me, still pulling my wrist, the corners of his mouth upturned. "You never let me finish earlier."

"What?" I turned my head to look at him.

"The morning after you left, my room still smelled like fast food. I felt like I cuddled with a ketchup bottle all night." He said gently.

I was transported back to that disorienting night by his left-field comment. Even though he was holding my wrist, he was still leaning back, as if he expected me to slap him.

I didn't smile, but again, I played into his antics, grumbling, "Maybe you slept with a ketchup demon."

In the next second, he pulled me tight against his chest, twirling me around and pushing me down onto the bed.