

CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND

Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend By Jane E.L. Chapter 171



I looked at Aaron in surprise; I didn't expect him to compromise. I felt like a terrible partner. How could I bear to refuse him?

I pursed my lips and stretched out my ring finger. Aaron's eyes instantly overflowed with joy, and I watched as he slipped the ring on my finger with his trembling hands and kissed my hand reverently.

I still couldn't smile. When he looked up and noticed my expression, the excitement in his eyes disappeared in the blink of an eye. His expression seemed totally lost.

The bright red rose petals on the ground did not fit the current atmosphere. I could only imagine the joy and excitement in Aaron's mind as he decorated this place. I had let him down, and my heart was filled with guilt.

I was certain that Aaron loved me, I just didn't know how to respond.

Aaron frowned bitterly, stood up, and shoved the bouquet of roses back into my arms. He lowered his head to give me a gentle kiss on the cheek. "Babe, don't worry too much about it. I don't want you to be stressed; I just want you to be happy."

On the way back, I kept fiddling with the engagement ring. It had a stunning heart-shaped pink diamond kept in place by a shiny rose gold setting.

I recalled the Christmas event where that rich kid Jason told me he saw Aaron bid on a rough diamond worth \$8 million at Sotheby's.

That diamond couldn't be the one sitting on my finger right now... could it?

My mood started to sour again at the possibility,

Aaron was driving, and his right hand reached out to hold my stiff left hand. His fingers caressed the pink diamond ring, and the corners of his lips raised in a sad smile. "Olive, please don't blame yourself. This is all my fault. I should've thought about it more."

I raised his hand and gave it a kiss. "No, this was all my fault."

The corners of his lips twitched and he glanced at me through the reverse mirror. "Olive, you look absolutely beautiful today."

I shifted in my seat uncomfortably. "Thanks."

This flowy white dress will probably just bring back bad memories. I shouldn't wear this kind of dress again.

The car drove on in dead silence, and the beating of my heart slowly returned to its normal pace.

The scene of the proposal came back to my mind. At the start, he was brimming with excitement and happiness. I played the memory over in my mind like a slow-motion movie.

I looked down at the beautiful ring on my finger.

Aaron stayed silent as well. I noticed that his brow was constantly furrowed and his lips were pursed into a stiff line. He didn't seem to be in a good mood either.

I licked my lips and leaned in close to whisper to Aaron. "You know Aaron, you look stunning today as well, like a fairytale prince."

He was wearing a plain white suit and a tie, with his hair perfectly combed back with some hair gel.

When I first saw him in that valley, I was blown away. He looked like a magical prince living in the forest. He was so handsome I wondered if he was just a hallucination.

Aaron let out a chuckle. "Thanks."

I could tell that Aaron was racking his brain to find something to talk about. He didn't want that awkward silence to return.

The longer he let the silence linger, the more anxious I got. I knew. he didn't want me to be unhappy, but the thought of letting him down just made me feel guilty.

When I got back to Waterfall Villa in the evening, Cinder could instantly tell something was wrong. She poked Elliott's arm. "Let's eat first."

Elliott had dinner delivered from a restaurant, and the food was kept warm in the oven.

He nodded in response and headed into the kitchen.

"I can help set it up." Aaron casually brushed a strand of hair out of his face and followed Elliott.

The two quickly brought out the meal, and Cinder gave me a concerned glance before raising her voice to ask, "Would everyone like some wine?"

I really needed some alcohol to calm my nerves, so I replied, "Please pour me a glass, dear."

Aaron poured himself a glass as well.

Even though our actions were perfectly normal, the atmosphere was very strange.

The table was dead silent as Cinder's gaze scanned over Aaron

and me. She cut into her steak and her lips parted as if she wanted to ask something.

Elliott cut her off with a nudge to her arm. He grinned, slicing into a piece of cheese sausage. "This new French restaurant is pretty good."

"I agree." Cinder took another bite of her steak before turning to ask me, "Olive, what do you think?"

I shot up in surprise at the mention of my name. "Um, yeah, it's pretty good."

With that, I took a sip of the wine. The rich, fruity aroma was followed by a slightly sweet aftertaste running down my throat, but I wasn't really in the mood for the elegance of red wine.

Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed that Aaron also took a sip of his wine. His adam's apple bobbed as he gulped down a sip. "The wine is good as well."

"Yeah." I agreed and went back to cutting my steak.

Aaron seemed like he wanted to say something else, but when he turned to look at me, he said nothing and turned his eyes back to his food after just a moment. Aaron ate his food in silence for the rest of the dinner.

I also ate my food like I was chewing wax.

It was only after Aaron left that my tense posture finally relaxed.

Cinder shooed Elliott into the living room before taking a seat beside me. With her voice full of concern, she asked, "Olive, what's wrong with you two? You've been acting strange since you came back. What happened with Aaron today?"

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Chapter 172 I am always on your side

Cinder's question made me even more conflicted. I grabbed the wine bottle and refilled my glass.

I tilted my head back and downed the entire glass before wiping the wine from the corners of my mouth and sitting back down next to Cinder.

I gingerly placed my hand on the table. The pink diamond shone beautifully in the evening light.

Cinder blinked and her mouth opened in shock. "No way..."

"That's what happened." I nodded helplessly. "Aaron proposed to me today."

Cinder's eyes were wide. "He did that for real?"

I could hear the disbelief in her voice. I glared at her and poured myself another glass of wine. "Didn't you take me to get dressed up before I knew he was going to propose?"

Maybe that was why Cinder was acting weird this morning. If I had known it was all because Aaron was going to propose, I wouldn't have gone with Cinder.

Cinder didn't tell me a thing! I was caught off guard!

Cinder blinked innocently. "Aaron just asked me to get you dressed up and send you there. He didn't tell me the whole story. I just thought he wanted a nice, romantic evening with you. I had no idea he would actually propose!"

After many years of friendship with Cinder, I knew she wouldn't lie to me about this.

My heart grew bitter when I realized that Aaron planned this entire elaborate proposal all by himself. I tightened my grip on my glass and took another sip.

Cinder held her glass toward me and asked me to pour her some as well.

When I finished pouring the wine, Cinder took a sip and continued to ask questions. "So, did you say yes?"

Was that a yes? I accepted the ring, but we both knew something was wrong.

After a moment, I shook my head. "I'm not really sure, I haven't thought about it."

My childhood left me with tons of insecurities, which made me scared of marriage. When Aaron proposed, I resisted him. But whenever I thought about the disappointment in his expression, I felt my heart twist like it was stabbed.

If only all this hadn't happened. If only things could go back to the way they were before tonight. The whole ordeal made me want to curl up and disappear.

Cinder hugged me tightly, her eyes only filled with love. "Olive, you know that I'm always on your side, right?"

Her words and tight embrace made me feel warm.

I wrapped my arms around her and breathed in her gentle scent. "Cinder, what do you think I should do now?"

I was worried about what came next. What if Aaron tried to propose again? Would I have the courage to run away?

I didn't want to make him unhappy, but I didn't want to be unhappy either. How should I try to balance the two?

Cinder thought for a moment before asking, "Olive, how much do you care about Aaron right now?"

This was the first time someone had asked about my feelings for Aaron. Before today, I always felt like I loved and cared for Aaron a lot, but I didn't even have the courage to nod when he proposed to me.

I contemplated the question for a moment before shaking my head. "I don't know; I just know that our relationship really makes me feel happy and relaxed right now."

My relationship with Aaron was the opposite of my relationship with Vincent.

Aaron could make me feel completely at ease, and he always encouraged me to do anything I wanted to do but was too afraid to try. He was the one who helped me find myself and showed me that I could live my life how I wanted.

“Maybe someday in the future we could get married... but I’m only 27, and I’m still working on my PhD. Marriage isn’t really

something I want or need right now, and it’s not like I could handle it either.”

Cinder patted my head and coughed lightly. “It’s okay. Aaron will understand. I’m sure he realized that marriage is not supposed to be easy, and it’s quite the commitment. It’s good that you guys are taking the time to hash it out.”

She had always been a big-hearted and energetic person, but today she was gentle and serious. I appreciated the way she was talking this through with me.

I hesitated for a moment before voicing my other concern. “Also, with his family, marriage might be very complicated.

Cinder couldn’t refute this concern. After all, she was also born into the upper class, so she had known Aaron for many years and was aware of his family situation.

I smiled, not wanting to think about that issue anymore. “Forget it, I just want to drink some more.”

“I’ll drink with you.” Cinder carried two bottles of wine over. “Olive, I’ll keep you company tonight so you won’t get too drunk!”

“There’s no way you’ll get through tonight without getting drunk.” I raised my glass before drinking the entire thing.

I thought alcohol would calm my nerves, but it seemed to have the opposite effect.

With each glass of red wine, instead of growing relaxed, I just grew more and more anxious. The image of Aaron’s disappointed smile echoed through my mind.

I don't know how much I drank, but Cinder suddenly grabbed my wrist. "Olive, that's enough. You're already drunk, you shouldn't have more."

"I want more." I was depressed and didn't feel drunk at all. If I was drunk, why was the image in my mind so clear?

Cinder snatched the glass from my hand and sighed. "You really shouldn't keep drinking. It was a stupid idea to stay up with you tonight."

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propped my chin up on my hand and smiled at Cinder. "But, Cinder, I'm so sad."

Cinder looked at me with an expression full of compassion and sympathy, and I

realized I might be crying.

Cinder cupped my face in her hand, sighed slightly, and pulled me into a hug. She rubbed my back gently.

She smelled so good, and I buried my face in her shoulder. I closed my eyes, struggling to explain why I was feeling so uncertain. “You know... I’ve never had

a healthy family, and... Aaron’s family history is really complicated, too. I don’t know how to deal with such a serious relationship.”

Cinder patted me on the back. “Olive, if you’re too worried about the future, just

don’t think about it. Just enjoy the moment, at least you’re in love right now.

Were we in love?

Enter title...

I was confused for a moment. After the tension and awkwardness between me

and Aaron this evening, I’d started to feel like we wouldn’t make it, and that feeling terrified me.

I took a deep breath and sat up, pulling away from Cinder’s embrace. “Forget it,

I don’t want to think about any of this. I’d much rather drink my feelings away.”

I picked up the wine bottle from the table, refilled my glass, and started drinking

again without restraint. The alcohol made my brain feel warm and fuzzy, which

was exactly what I wanted. I just wanted to be drunk enough to numb myself

and pretend to be knocked out.

At least there was a benefit to me spilling my guts to Cinder. Now she felt bad for me, so she wouldn't stop me from drinking.

didn't know how long I sat there, refilling my glass again and again, but eventually Cinder reached out and s*atched the glass from my hand again.

“Olive, you really have to stop drinking, you're going to make yourself sick if you

keep this up.”

I tried to s*atch the glass back from her, but Cinder looked like she was split into

three.

I blinked, confused, as I tried to grab at Cinder's clothes with my outstretched hand. “Hey, where'd you go?”

“You're drunk.” Cinder set the wine glass down on the table and grabbed my flailing arm. “I'm taking you back to your room to rest.”

Back to my room? Oh, no.

I yanked my arm out of Cinder's grip. “I'm not going, I don't want to see...”

Before I could finish my sentence, I suddenly heard a deep voice from behind me. “How much has she had to drink?”

“Oh, good, you're here, Aaron.” Cinder looked relieved as she pushed my unsteady frame into Aaron's arms. She pointed toward the empty bottles of wine

on the table. “Those are all Olive's work.”

I dragged my heavy eyelids open with difficulty and, to my surprise, saw that Cinder was still smiling. She waved her hand at Aaron. "I'll leave this drunk to you. Make sure you take good care of her."

I was wrapped up in a pair of strong, powerful arms. Feeling Aaron's breath on

my neck, my instincts told me to run away.

In the next second, my whole body was lifted off the ground. Aaron picked me up in a princess carry, gave Cinder a slight nod, and turned to head upstairs.

My head was spinning, and my mind told my arm to push Aaron away, but my hands subconsciously clutched at his sleeve.

His heart was racing, and he held me so tightly like he never wanted to separate

from me. I felt a little sad, and I turned my head away uncomfortably, trying to hide my distress from Aaron.

Aaron didn't speak, but he pursed his lips and carried me back to our room in silence.

When we got back to our room, I didn't even feel like taking a shower. I lay down on the bed and closed my eyes. But I'd had too much wine, and I couldn't

fall asleep at all. My mouth was dry, and my head was pounding so hard, I felt like it was about to explode.

Suddenly I felt my body gently lifted into a sitting position. Before I could open my eyes, a firm hand brought a cool glass to my lips. "Here, have some milk."

I wanted to say no, but I instinctively swallowed the milk as Aaron carefully tilted

it into my mouth.

After I'd finished the water, Aaron held my shoulders and pulled me into his arms. "Olive, let's talk, okay?"

I looked down at Aaron's hands clasped around me and frowned, reluctant to answer. Just the thought of Aaron's wavering smile when I turned down his proposal made my heart twist like a knife.

"Why are you upset? And why'd you drink so much?" Aaron didn't let me off the

hook after I tried to avoid his question. He gently held my face and looked into my eyes, his voice harsh. "Is it because of what happened today?"

I could feel the burning heat of his gaze on my face. I squeezed my eyes shut and decided to play dead until he left me alone.

"Olive, everything that happened today was my fault. If you aren't ready, I'll give

you some time and propose again later, when you're ready to think about a future with me, okay?" There was a hint of desperation in his voice now, but I still couldn't bring myself to respond.

Because I didn't know how to answer his question. The problem was that Aaron

wanted to take our relationship further, and I just wanted to stay where we were.

These kinds of differences would make it impossible for us to last.

My eyelashes trembled slightly, but I still held tight to my resolve and kept my mouth shut. I didn't know how to answer Aaron.

The time dragged past slowly until we'd been sitting there for what felt like hours.

Aaron smiled dejectedly. "Okay, I won't pressure you anymore. Let's go to sleep."

He kissed my forehead, wiped my face and hands with a towel, and finally put his arms around me and fell asleep.

I lay quietly in Aaron's embrace, almost overwhelmed by guilt and the messy, tangled knot of emotions in my chest.

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As usual, Aaron gave me a good-morning kiss as soon as I woke up, then cooked me a delicious breakfast. But after everything that had happened between us, I felt awkward around him for the first time in a long time.

I couldn't shake the feeling that he might suddenly kneel down to propose to me

again, and every time he reached into his pockets, I was afraid he was going to

take out another ring.

"Olive, the weather is very nice today. Elliott said there's going to be a kite festival in Parsons Park this afternoon. Do you want to go?" Aaron asked earnestly, handing me a glass of fresh-squeezed orange juice.

I accepted the juice hesitantly. In the past two days, Aaron had suggested going

out a few times, but I had turned him down. If I kept rejecting him again and again, Aaron would take the hint, right?

Enter title...

I took a sip of my juice and then nodded, pretending to be cheerful. "Sure, I haven't flown a kite in a while. It sounds fun."

For a moment, I thought Aaron seemed relieved, but after a closer look, I saw that his expression hadn't changed. Then he smiled at me and said, "I'll go get ready."

He leaned over and kissed me on the cheek before turning to head downstairs.

As Aaron turned to leave, I was struck by a sudden panic. I quickly gulped down

the rest of my juice, put down the glass, and ran to catch up to Aaron. "Should I go with you?"

Aaron paused. He pursed his lips slightly and turned to look at me with a complicated expression. "Olive, you don't need... Forget it, let's just go." He took my hand, and we went to the garage together.

As we drove to the mall to pick out materials for kite building, I could sense that

Aaron was in a bad mood. I knew I was the reason for his irritation, but I didn't know how to comfort him.

I rubbed the big, shiny pink diamond ring on my finger, feeling very conflicted. "Here we are." Parking the car at the mall, Aaron seemed to be putting on a brave face. He opened the car door and got out, his expression no longer dejected. "What pattern of kite do you want?"

I didn't care about making kites at all, but I didn't want to disappoint Aaron, so I pointed to someone in a bear costume handing out flyers on the side of the road. "Let's do a bear pattern."

"Perfect." Aaron seemed to have forgotten his earlier unhappiness, and his face

relaxed into an easy smile as he said, "Our little bear kite will definitely win first

place in the competition.”

He wrapped his arms around my waist, and his pretty face approached mine with a wink. “Olive, how are you going to reward me if we win first place today?”

He smiled teasingly, but my heart pounded and I couldn’t even return his smile. I

was too busy worrying about what Aaron wanted as a reward. Was he expecting

me to say yes to his proposal?

D*mn, I couldn’t help but wonder if the kite festival was even real, or if it was just

another one of Aaron’s elaborate plots. What if I went to Parsons Park and Aaron had another proposal set up?

Just the idea of it made me feel like I couldn’t breathe.

I frowned and pushed Aaron away. “Aaron, I... I just decided I don’t really want to go to the kite festival. Why don’t we go home and sleep? This weather is better for a nap, anyway.”

I turned around to leave, but Aaron grabbed my arm and yanked me back.

The smile on his face had completely vanished, and now he was staring at me like a hawk. “Olive, how long are you going to keep running away?”

I tried to shake off his hand, but he was much stronger than me, and I couldn’t break free of him.

Aaron’s brow was furrowed, and he asked me seriously with a solemn

expression, "Olive, don't you think there's something wrong between us? Just talk to me, and we can figure it out together."

I pursed my lips, not sure how to respond to him. No matter what how we talked

about it, I knew there was no solution, and I was afraid we would end up arguing

and breaking up.

I knew I didn't want to go that far with Aaron. I bit my lower lip and pulled my wrist away from Aaron. "I don't want to talk about it right now. I want to go back."

"That's enough!" Aaron caught up with me, grabbed my hands, and pinned me against the door of the car. "Olive, I admit that proposal was too hasty, but that

doesn't mean you can keep avoiding me forever. You barely talk to me, you're afraid to go out for a drive with me, and now you've agreed to go to the festival,

yet you're backing out before we've even gotten there. What are you afraid of?"

"I..." I raised my eyes to meet Aaron's, and his piercing blue eyes were full of anger and disappointment.

Originally, I had thought of a lot of excuses in response, but when I Dividiolado pages.

saw the look in his eyes, I had no idea what to say. Because I knew he was right. I had been sensitive lately, but I couldn't control my thoughts, and I was

afraid he would propose again.

As I was lost in thought, Aaron gripped my shoulders and demanded, “Olive, do

you really want to marry me that badly?”

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Chapter 175. The Argument

Aaron’s relentless questioning left me speechless. These days, I was endlessly bombarded by stress and constantly on the brink of an emotional breakdown. Now, Aaron was badgering me with these questions. I felt like I was about to explode.

If he hadn’t proposed, none of this would have happened. Why did he have to put so much pressure on me?

Right now, I was also overwhelmed with anger. I wanted to just yell that yes, I didn't want to marry him. But I knew that if I said those words, a breakup was bound to eventually follow.

In the end, the corners of my lips just twitched, leaving those words unsaid. Instead, I replied, "Whatever you think."

The pain in his eyes made my heart ache. I averted my gaze, pushed his hand away, and stomped off to the curb to hail a taxi.

"Olive!" Aaron ran after me and grabbed my wrist. "Are you sure you want to do this?"

"What else do you want from me?" I frowned impatiently. "You already know my answer, so why do I need to explain anymore?"

"But you've never actually explained your answer, Olive. I'm only human. I've gotten tired of all this arguing, and I just want you to tell me clearly and honestly what you really think. Why don't you want to marry me?" Aaron's grip on my arm tightened as he spoke, his eyes staring into mine.

I noticed that his eyes were a bit red, but I didn't know if it was from anger or from sadness. That look in his eyes, like he was on the verge of collapse, made my head spin again.

I didn't know how to answer him, so I could only avoid his questions once again. "Whatever you think."

I shoved him away, stepped into the cab, and told the driver, "Sir, please drive as fast as you can."

The driver stared at me in confusion for a moment before starting the car and racing away.

In the rearview mirror, I could see Aaron's disheveled and disappointed figure gradually grow blurry and disappear from my view.

The mere memory of the hurt expression made me feel like I was stabbed. But I still couldn't just say yes to him.

Wouldn't it be fine if we just didn't get married? If we get along, then we can live happily ever after, right? Or do we have to get married to ensure our happiness?

And is Aaron trying to prove something by getting married? To prove that we love each other, or to prove that we will never part ways?

But... I just don't want to get married. Wouldn't it be bad to get married just to maintain the status quo?

When I thought about Aaron's teary eyes, I felt like I had fallen into a bottomless abyss. I tried so hard to climb back out, but there was an invisible hand tugging at my arm, dragging me deeper and deeper in.

The happiness that shone down on us, and the joy that was submerged below... They were all cast into shadows now, and I couldn't find a way out. I felt an overwhelming sense of loss, not knowing whether it was the relationship that turned sour or if it was all just my fault.

I couldn't give Aaron what he wanted, but I was selfish enough that I couldn't let him go.

Dividing into pages now

The cab driver continued on while I was thinking, but eventually turned and asked me in a confused tone, "Ma'am, where are you headed to?"

I just called this cab to avoid the argument with Aaron, and I was so lost in thought that I had no idea where I was going.

"Just bring me to the nearest bar, please." I forced a smile onto my face.

The driver glanced at me through the rearview mirror, nodded, and dropped me off at a random bar.

The bar was packed full of people, but even in this lively atmosphere, I felt like I couldn't fit in.

I plopped myself down on a barstool. I rested my chin on my hand as I watched the intoxicated crowd unleash their passion on the dance floor.

The bartender approached me with a polite smile on his face. "What would you like to drink, ma'am?"

"A whiskey, please," I whispered in response.

The bartender quickly handed me the glass of whiskey.

I sat there, staring at the amber liquid in the clear glass as the pungent aroma of the liquor filled my nostrils. The whiskey almost reminded me of Aaron; his love was so strong and passionate that it was overwhelming.

However, the more concentrated the whiskey, the faster it will

evaporate in the end. Is it possible that Aaron's love for me is like a fresh glass of whiskey, and even though an instant?

I smiled wryly before picking up the strong glass of whiskey and taking a long sip.

The intense liquor shot down my throat and burned all the way to my stomach. It was so spicy it stung. I

Under the multicolored light of the bar, the diamond ring glowed brightly. I raised my hand to the light and

Maybe I wasn't worthy of this ring. I shouldn't have been so selfish. I couldn't ever say yes to his questio

it.

Maybe it was about time I gave it back to him. It was a difficult decision to make, but I knew I'd have to m

I tilted my head back, downed the rest of the glass, took a deep breath, and slowly pried the ring off my

Just as it was about to come off, a warm, heavy palm stopped me. "Olive, you can't do that!"

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Chapter 176: I can't lose Olive

Aaron's POV:

The cab raced away, and all I could spot in the window was Olive's stone-cold face, determined to leave me behind.

I ran to catch up with her, but her cold eyes cast a spell that pinned me in place.

Dismay, loss, regret, and despair overwhelmed my entire being.

The storm of emotions raged in my heart, and even though I opened my mouth to call out to Olive, I felt like I was being strangled and couldn't force a word out.

I could only watch the cab disappear in the distance. When I couldn't see it anymore, I closed my eyes and held my face in my hands.

Over the past two days, I knew that Olive wasn't herself. She was so defensive toward me, and she was a poor actor. She kept pretending like nothing was wrong.

I saw the pain in her eyes and tried to talk her through it, but I couldn't even talk myself through it. I didn't know if she didn't want to get married to me right now or if she didn't want to get married at all.

This confusion kept clouding my mind at all times, and Olive's behavior just made me feel even more insecure. I tried everything I could to s*atch her from Vincent: I used every despicable method I could think of to secure this future with her.

I finally got my wish, and she seemed to love me. But now I wasn't sure if her love was just the excitement of something new, or if she really did love me.

These thoughts frustrated me and made me feel insecure as hell. I

knew in my heart how much I loved Olive and how much I wanted to start a family with her. I wanted her to be the first thing I saw every single morning, and I wanted her to be waiting to give me a kiss when I got home from work.

I wouldn't even dare to imagine my future without Olive.

I spent so much time with her that I was used to her love at this point; I took it for granted. I knew that I couldn't afford to let Olive slip away, and I couldn't

accept the possibility that the next few days of my life wouldn't be spent by her side. Whenever I thought of Olive's eyes, I panicked.

I swallowed hard and turned to walk towards my car. I hopped in and began racing after the cab.

Luckily, the driver wasn't going too fast, and I soon saw the cab pull in front of a bar.

It seemed like G*d was on my side. The tension in my heart relaxed a little. I pulled over on the side of the road and watched a disheveled Olive head into the bar.

Maybe she wasn't as indifferent as I thought. She was also upset by our argument, right?

The thought amused me, but I also felt like a pitiful dog that could be kicked to the street at any time.

Olive, how important am I to you? I desperately wanted an answer from her.

I waited a moment, then followed Olive into the bar.

She didn't look great. She walked into the bar in a daze and asked the bartender for a whiskey.

I wanted to stop her, but I knew that I was probably the last person she wanted to see right now. I suppressed my emotions and watched her drink her sorrows away from a distance.

I thought it would be best to look after her from afar.

A bartender walked over and politely asked, "Sir, would you like anything to drink?"

"In a bit, please." After answering, I turned my attention back to Olive. She was staring at the ring on her hand.

The look of determination and relief in her eyes made my heart shutter. My entire body tensed up. What was she about to do?

That was the engagement ring I proposed to her with. Could it be that she doesn't want the ring anymore? Or... maybe she doesn't want me anymore?

In that instant, my blood ran cold and my mind was buzzing. My whole body stood there frozen as I watched Olive take the ring off her finger.

I don't know how I got to Olive so quickly, but I got to her just in time. The ring was almost entirely off her finger.

I felt like Olive was ripping my heart from my body. I reached out and grasped her hand as well as the ring.

"Olive, you can't do this!" I heard myself yell, with a slight tremor in my voice.

Olive froze for a few seconds before she slowly raised her gaze to meet mine.

I took a deep breath and firmly repeated, "Olive, you can't do this!"

I crouched down so that I was at eye level with her. She stared at me in surprise, as if she didn't expect me to follow her to the bar.

Then, as Olive watched on in wonder, I firmly pushed the ring back onto Olive's finger.

I gently held her hand, put it to my lips, and kissed it. I apologized in complete panic. "I'm so sorry Olive, I was way too impulsive today. I shouldn't have lost my temper with you. Could you please forgive me?"

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CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND

Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend By Jane E.L. Chapter 177



Chapter 177. A message from Vincent

Olive's POV:

Why did I feel like Aaron was in front of me? Was this a hallucination from drinking too much? I blinked hard, but the grip on my hand didn't lessen even a bit.

Aaron clutched my hand tightly while his falcon-like gaze bore into my soul. I pursed my lips. Right now, the fire in Aaron's eyes was stronger than the whiskey I was drinking.

I sat there as words fell from his lips, but the music was so loud that I couldn't understand a word.

The next second, he gripped my hand even tighter. Aaron slowly crouched down as his stunning blue eyes shimmered with hope. This time, I could hear him clearly. "Olive, you can't do this."

I was so out of it that for a moment, I didn't know what he was talking about.

Then, he pushed the ring back onto my finger before bringing my hand up for a gentle kiss.

The look in his pious eyes made my heart feel like it was burning. I suddenly had trouble remembering what Aaron was like when I first met him, but from what I could remember, he had never been as humble as he was now.

Yes, humble! I thought I'd never see the day that I called Aaron 'humble.'

Aaron was supposed to be the most prideful person under the sun. It made no sense for him to look like this, but right now, Aaron seemed like a puppy with its tail between its legs, terrified of abandonment.

His expression broke my heart. I couldn't help but hold Aaron's hand tightly and dryly reply, "Get up first."

His tall figure was half-crouched in front of me, and he looked a bit uncomfortable. Maybe it was the alcohol talking, but I raised my hand to pat his hand and blurted out, "Aaron, you look like an anxious little puppy right now."

Aaron's expression stiffened a bit at my words, and I was worried he would be angry. But instead, he rubbed his head against my palm and asked, "So, do you forgive me?"

He narrowed his eyes slightly and looked at me pitifully. I tugged at Aaron's hand and once again said, "Hurry up and stand up."

"Answer me first: are you going to abandon me?" He held my hand tightly, and even though his lips were curled in a light smile, his eyes were full of apprehension.

I was baffled. How could he think that I wanted to abandon him? How could I ever abandon him?

"Aaron." I leaned over, pulled him upwards, and scooted him to the side so that he could sit next to me. I looked him right in the eyes and spoke my next words right from the heart. "I can't imagine my life without you by my side."

Right after my confession, the shine in Aaron's eyes returned. His grip on my hand was so tight that his knuckles were slightly white. He asked, "Really?"

Really? I asked myself that question. While in the bar, I did think for a moment about breaking up with Aaron. But the mere thought of that made my heart ache like crazy.

I never thought that one day, I'd love a man so much that the mere thought of him belonging to another caused me pain. I no longer hesitated and nodded firmly. "Really."

At my answer, he pulled me into his arms and buried his head deep in the crook of my neck. I could feel his trembling breath on my skin.

His broad fingers splayed pressed my back and his voice steadied. "Olive, I thought..."

Halfway through the sentence, he suddenly burst into a muffled laugh. It was the laugh of a man who had just been let free after a death sentence. I knew I'd never forget that laugh in my life.

But after a bit, he stopped laughing. He just wrapped his arms around me and held me closer. I was almost suffocated by him, and I had to tap his arm to get him to let go of me.

When he let go, I took a deep breath and asked, "What did you think I would do?"

"Oh, nothing." He glanced back over to the pink diamond on my finger. "Olive, promise me that you will never take off this ring."

The despair in his eyes had completely disappeared, and the shining smile on his face made me feel the same way as when I first met him.

I interlocked my fingers with Aaron's and nodded my head. "I promise you that unless you betray me, I will never take this ring off."

He smiled and encircled my waist with his arms, pulling me into an embrace. The rough stubble on his chin rubbed against my face, and whispered in a low voice, "Don't worry, I'll always love you, Olive."

I wasn't the kind of person to trust a promise, but when Aaron said that, I wanted to believe him with my whole heart. I looked up, and when I met his adoring, warm gaze, I felt like I was completely drunk.

I leaned in close to his ear and whispered, "I'm drunk."

He narrowed his eyes and his thin lips moved closer to me.

Just then, my phone buzzed. I pushed Aaron away for a moment and picked up my phone. It was a text message from Vincent.

"Olive, my mother is dying and she wants to see you. Could you come visit her?"

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Chapter 178





I don't want you to meet with him

I couldn't hide the change in my expression when I read the message.

Noticing my suddenly solemn face, Aaron's eyebrows furrowed, and he looked at me with a hint of concern in his eyes. "What's wrong?"

I handed the phone to Aaron. "It's Vincent..."

When he heard Vincent's name, Aaron's face clouded over. His lips went taut, and his voice was as cold as ice when he said, "What's he texting you for?"

From his tone, I could tell Aaron felt threatened by Vincent, and I could understand that. But Vincent's mother was a very good person. I hadn't grown up with any sort of maternal affection, but Vincent's mother showed me what a mother was supposed to be like, warm and caring.

Although I didn't want anything to do with Vincent anymore, I couldn't ignore his mother when she was on her deathbed just because Vincent and I broke up.

Meeting Aaron's unhappy gaze, I wet my lips and said, "Vincent isn't contacting me for himself. His mother is terminally ill..."

I took Aaron's big, warm hands and told him firmly, "Vincent's mother wants to see me again before she passes away, and I want to see her."

As I'd expected, Aaron's expression darkened even more when he heard this. His whole body was tense, and his lips were pressed into a straight line. After a while, he stroked his thumb against the inside of my wrist and said, "Olive, please don't go! You know I don't want you to see Vincent ever again."

Out of all the time I'd spent with Aaron, I thought this was the most

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unreasonable he had ever been. I tried to explain, "Vincent and his mother are two different people. I'm going to visit his mother, and it has nothing to do with Vincent himself."

Aaron's frown didn't go away. "But she's his mother. Won't you see him, too, if you go visit her? Olive, I don't want you to see him!"

It was true; if I visited Vincent's mother, I would definitely run into Vincent. But was it really that big of a deal? My relationship with Vincent was ancient history. Was I not allowed to talk to his mother, someone who was really important to me, just because she was related to Vincent?

After Aaron repeatedly insisted that I stay away from Vincent, I started to run out of patience.

I yanked my hands out of Aaron's grip and took a few steps back. Leaning against the cool wall, I leveled a stony gaze at Aaron. "Aaron, does my past with Vincent bother you that much?"

I had to admit, I was happily in love with Aaron. But that love was dependent on the fact that I was free to do what I wanted.

If the price of my relationship with Aaron was being trapped, bound by Aaron's will for the rest of my life, I knew it wasn't worth it.

I watched as Aaron clenched his hands into fists, then slowly loosened them. After repeating this gesture several times, he gave a sharp nod and said coldly, "No, it doesn't bother me."

His jaw was clenched tightly, and there was a strange look in his eyes: jealousy!

So Aaron was trying to control me because he was jealous of my past with Vincent? I was so angry, I gave up trying to calm Aaron's temper.

I clenched my fists and gave him a serious look. “What if I have to go?”

No matter what kind of person Vincent is, no matter what he did to me, those things were between me and Vincent. His mother had nothing to do with it.

Besides, his mother was terminally ill, and she was asking for me on her deathbed. I couldn't refuse that kind of request.

I had already made up my mind to go back to New York, so I ignored Aaron's advice and started looking for a flight ticket on my phone. But when I opened the flight booking software, Aaron's big hand suddenly reached out and grabbed my phone.

Aaron tapped hard on the phone screen to turn it off. His voice was bitter and cold as he said, “I told you not to go!”

The way he snatched my phone away was so rough, I almost couldn't believe he had done it. I lost my temper and shouted, “What's your problem, Aaron?”

“My problem? My problem is that it's Vincent!” Aaron's words stabbed through me like knives.

He put my phone in his pocket and stood in front of me, blocking me with his tall body, thinking he could stop me from leaving.

But if I really wanted to do something, there was no way Aaron was going to stop me. I ducked and slipped right beneath his arm.

As I stormed away, I stopped a bartender who was about to pass by me. I tried to smile convincingly and handed him some folded bills from my wallet as he stared at me in surprise. “Excuse me, can I borrow your phone for a moment? My phone was stolen, and I need to buy a plane ticket to the U.S.”

“Ma'am, do you need to call the police?” The bartender's expression changed from shock to sympathy, and he took out his cell phone and handed it to me.

“Thank you so much.” I took his phone and started to book a flight.

I was just about to buy my ticket when Aaron stood up.

He strode over to me, took the bartender's phone out of my hand, and stuffed it back into the other man's pocket. "Sorry, this is my fiancée, she was just playing a prank on you."

And then, despite my struggles, Aaron picked me up and carried me out of the bar.

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Chapter 179



: Fight Again

"Let me go!" I was so angry at being hoisted on Aaron's shoulders like a sack of potatoes. I scratched and clawed at him with all my strength.

But he didn't seem to feel the pain at all, and his long legs strode forward without hesitation. As I was hanging upside down on his shoulders, my stomach churned and the blood rushed to my head, which only served to amplify my rage.

I yelled at the top of my lungs, "Aaron, you're a cruel, evil *n of a b*tch, and I don't know why I ever thought it was a good idea to be with you!"

At that, Aaron's footsteps faltered for a moment, and then he sneered. "And you think dating Vincent is a better idea?"

“Yes!” I was so annoyed with Aaron, I was seeing red, and I didn’t stop to think before I spat, “Vincent is a thousand times better than you! At least he doesn’t try to control my freedom!”

“Well, then, it’s too bad you and Vincent broke up!” Aaron wrapped his hands around my waist and walked quickly to his car.

When he reached the car, Aaron opened the passenger door with one hand. He threw me unceremoniously down onto the seat and fastened my seat belt without saying a word. His eyes were as dark and distant as a wolf’s, and I could feel the tension thrumming between us.

I returned Aaron’s gaze with my own cold stare and reached down to unbuckle my seat belt.

“Olive!” He reached down and grabbed my hand in his firm grip.

I looked up to find that Aaron’s eyes were icy, his jaw was tense, and the muscle’s in his arms stood out with barely-suppressed rage. His lips parted slightly, and his voice was menacingly low

when he said, “Don’t force me to do something I’ll regret.”

His eyes held the terrifying predatorial danger of a panther about to leap, and my heart suddenly shrank under the pressure. At that moment, I knew if I insisted on getting out of the car, Aaron might really do something irrational.

Deflated, I sat in silence in the passenger seat, pursing my lips in frustration. Aaron breathed a sigh of relief at his victory. He pinched the bridge of his nose, apparently trying to calm himself as he went around to the driver’s seat.

I forced myself to wait until the car had traveled a good distance from the bar before I asked impatiently, “Can I have my phone back now?”

He raised his eyebrows and glanced over at me c*olly, then looked away again. His hands still firmly gripped the steering wheel as he ignored my request.

His indifferent attitude made me angry again. I couldn't understand why Aaron was making such a big deal out of this. Vincent and I had no chance of getting back together, so why did it matter even if we did meet?

Did Aaron think as soon as I laid eyes on Vincent I was going to forget all the bad things he'd done and immediately get back together with him?

That was completely impossible!

I wanted to explain, but when I turned my head and saw the tight, strained expression on Aaron's face, I thought it would be pointless to try to reason with him. He'd already made up his mind, so I knew I wouldn't be able to convince him of the truth.

I unconsciously touched the ring on my left hand, feeling

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overwhelmed.

One minute Aaron and I were fine, but the next minute we were fighting like cats and dogs. Was this really just because of Vincent, or was it because Aaron and I weren't right for each other?

As I was trying to untangle the complicated threads of our relationship, I suddenly felt the cool metallic sensation of a phone shoved into my hand.

Aaron's face was still conflicted. He pulled over to the side of the road and slammed on the brakes. "Olive, I hope your answer won't disappoint me."

His expression was hopeful but hesitant, like he was placing a bet. But I knew I was going to disappoint him. “Aaron, I’m sorry, but I can’t make any promises.”

Vincent’s mother was a very kind person, and she’d always been good to me. Now that she was dying, I knew I had to visit her.

The light in Aaron’s eyes dimmed. He didn’t say anything else, just frowned and then stepped on the accelerator. As the car took off, I felt myself pushed back in my seat.

I grabbed the bottom of my seat automatically, realizing that the surrounding scenery was flying past us. I looked at the dashboard to see that Aaron was actually pushing the car up to 180 miles per hour!

We were in the city! Was Aaron out of his mind? I grabbed his arm. “Aaron, stop the car!”

This wasn’t the way to Waterfall Villa. Where was Aaron taking us?

Aaron gave me a cold look, and the needle on the speedometer showed no signs of going down.

It wasn’t until we reached the entrance of a hotel that Aaron finally stopped the car.

His eyes were red, and his expression looked strangely distressed. His appearance reminded me of the time I saw him out of control in Waterfall Villa.

To be honest, it made me a little afraid.

But I was more worried than afraid. Before I could ask him what was wrong, Aaron pulled open the passenger door and dragged me out of the car.

He pulled me so hard that my wrist was in burning pain, and I winced. “You’re hurting me...”

Aaron's expression changed, and his grip loosened. But before I could breathe a sigh of relief, Aaron picked me up and strode toward the hotel.

"Aaron, put me down!" I was embarrassed by the strange looks we were getting from everyone around us, and I struggled to free myself from Aaron's arms.

"Put you down and let you go find Vincent? Olive, I'm not nearly generous enough for that!" Aaron's large hands stayed firmly planted on my waist as he carried me into the hotel.

He took a black card out of his wallet and handed it to the person behind the front desk. "I'd like a couple's suite, please."

He deliberately emphasized the word "couple."

I blushed at the receptionist's quizzical look, but Aaron smiled charmingly and urged, "Can you hurry up? I don't think my girlfriend can wait much longer."

Update Chapter 179 of Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend by Jane E.L.

CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND

Chapter 180



: Don't Even Think About Leaving Me For The Rest of Y.

The receptionist checked us in as quickly as possible, and after getting our room card, Aaron carried me straight up to the couple's suite on the thirty-first floor.

When I arrived at the suite, I was greeted by the most blatantly erotic room I had ever seen. It was dimly lit by candles, with s*xy lingerie laid out across the

plush velvet furniture. Not only that, but there was also a set of handcuffs and whips on the end table!

I was a little put off by all this, but Aaron looked like a kid in a candy store.

He set me down on the bed, walked over, and started to play with the handcuffs. Watching him, I felt my heart pounding like a drum in my chest, but I pretended to be calm.

But when Aaron picked up the handcuffs and walked toward me, I couldn't play it cool any longer.

"What are you going to do?" Alarm bells blared in my mind, and as Aaron stepped closer to me, I scooted backward until I bumped into the headboard, with no more room to back up.

Aaron leaned over me, bent down, grabbed my hand, and snapped the cool handcuffs around my wrist.

Aaron was smiling, but there was no warmth in his eyes as he said, "Olive, let's try something new."

He had a devious look on his face, and my heart pounded in response. I knew without a doubt that Aaron was up to no good.

He got down on one knee beside the bed and started to strip my clothes off.

He didn't say a word as he focused on stripping me, but beneath Aaron's heated gaze, I felt like I was already naked.

I wasn't quite comfortable with this version of Aaron. I leaned back, trying to resist. "Aaron, don't do this..."

"What are you hiding from?" Aaron frowned and put his hands around my waist, his warm fingers stroking my bare skin. "You don't want me to touch you because you're going to see Vincent soon, is that it?"

Why was he so fixated on Vincent? I was a little annoyed by it at this point. “Aaron, can you stop being unreasonable? Vincent and I are over, I’ve told you that before.”

Was he still questioning my relationship with Vincent, even after all this time?

If there was really a chance of me getting back together with Vincent, I would never have taken things this far with Aaron, and I definitely wouldn’t have promised him to wear this engagement ring!

“Then don’t go back!” Aaron’s eyes were heavy on me as he snaked his arms around my waist and pulled me into his embrace.

I was starting to think I’d never be able to get through to Aaron. I had no intention of speaking to Vincent when I went back, but no matter how I explained it, Aaron refused to believe me!

His attitude was getting on my nerves. I frowned and pushed him away as hard as I could, then struggled to get up from the bed and tugged at the handcuffs around my wrists. “Let me go.”

Aaron looked straight into my eyes, and I returned his stare without flinching, refusing to back down. “Stop messing around, Aaron. I’m sick of your games.”

Aaron didn’t answer me. After a long time, he bowed his head and unlocked the handcuffs.

Once the restraints were gone, I rubbed my wrists and immediately got out of bed. Staying with Aaron would only put us both in a bad mood, so it was better for me to leave.

I straightened out my rumpled clothes and walked toward the door.

Aaron’s face twitched, and he jumped off the bed in one swift motion, grabbing me in a hug before I could open the door. “Olive, you still want to leave me?”

“Yes! I don’t want to be around you right now!” I was so angry, I hardly knew what I was saying, but I could see Aaron flinch as every word struck him like a dagger through the heart.

“You don’t like me anymore?” His hands tightened around my waist.

I wanted to say yes, but all the color had drained from Aaron’s face, and his tension and fear were obvious from his expression. In the end, I pursed my lips and kept quiet.

Aaron suddenly lowered his head and kissed me. His lips were fierce and eager on mine, so forceful that I was powerless to resist.

Weren’t we supposed to be fighting? Aaron’s kiss caught me off guard, and I wasn’t in the mood to kiss him right now. My tongue tangled with his, trying to gain control of the kiss, but Aaron refused to give even an inch. I was so angry, I bit his lip hard and pushed him away with all my strength.

“Aaron, that’s enough!”

Aaron took a step backward as I pushed him, hitting his back against the door. Blood dripped from the place where I’d bitten his lip. He slowly raised his hand to his mouth as if in a trance, and his

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thumb came away bright red with a smear of blood. He raised his eyes and looked at me. His blue eyes inspected me closely, and paired with the red on his lips, he looked extremely charming and alluring.

He smiled playfully, but his eyes were full of loneliness and pain. He reached down and pulled off his shirt, revealing his sturdy, powerful chest. His bright red lips parted and he said, “Olive, you forced me to do this.”

Seeing his movements, I was overcome by panic. I turned to run, but the room was so big, and Aaron was standing between me and the door. Before I could take a single step, Aaron had already picked me up and thrown me on the bed.

The mattress was soft and I didn't feel any pain, but I was still a little dizzy. The next moment, I felt the familiar cold metallic sensation around my wrists.

I looked up to find that Aaron had handcuffed one of my hands to the bed. I was enraged, but helpless to do anything about it. "Aaron, let me go!"

"No." Aaron shook his head slowly, and started to pull my pants down my legs with a feverish glint in his eyes. "Olive, you brought this on yourself. In this life, you will never leave me."

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