## Cheat with my boyfriend best friend by Jane E.L. Chapter 363

Chapter 363 Colston's Thoughtfulness Olive's POV:

"Yes. The driver of the Morris family called and said Aaron had a car accident on his way to the airport. He has been brought to the hospital by an ambulance now. According to his call records, you're the last person he called. But the call didn't get through. The police are investigating the accident. Girl, I know this news may devastate you, but I have to inform you about it. Because I want you to be able to see him one last time if he can't pull it through."

When I heard Cinder's words on the phone, I forgot that Colston, my poor boyfriend who knew nothing, was sitting right across from me

My voice was filled with unmasked worry

"Why would he be in a car accident? Why did he go to the airport? I thought he wouldn't leave until next week."

"The driver said that he had been in a bad mood since he returned and he had an argument with his dad. So, he decided to leave today."

Our meeting was the reason for his bad mood, wasn't it?

The call that didn't get through..

With trembling hands, I scrolled through my call history. I was telling Colston that he could try to have some milk before bed for his insomnia when Aaron called. Did he get into a car accident because he was lost in thought about why I didn't pick up the call?

It was because of me. It was my fault..

A sea of sorrow washed over me. I nearly broke down crying. The fact that the man I just saw that morning was lying in the emergency room at the moment tore my heart into pieces

"Cinder, which ... which hospital is he in? L..."

I choked on my words, sobbing. Suddenly, my phone was taken away from my grip. I tilted my head up and saw Colston say something to Cinder via my phone before hanging up. He extended a hand and asked me to give him the car key

"Come on, Olive. I'm going to the hospital with you. Aaron is my friend too. I'm as worried as you."

With teary eyes, I found the key and gave it to Colston, though it lay abandoned for a long time. As I was in a trance, Colston took me

downstairs in my wheelchair, carried me into the passenger's seat on the front, and folded the wheelchair before putting it in the trunk

Colston's orderly action calmed me down gradually. In fact, he always calmed me with his presence. Our relationship wasn't a roller- coaster one. But he was always magnanimous. I believed what we had was another kind of happiness that would last for a long time

I stared at Colston in a daze as he got into the driver's seat and started the car, his lips pressing ina line. He had come here in a hurry from Germany. Yet, in less than 30 minutes of his arrival, he needed to get in a rush because I was going to the hospital for my ex-boyfriend. I had to admit that I was deeply touched

If ... if we got married, I must be the happiest woman

When the thought came to my mind, the car happened to stop by a red light and Colston turned his head to look at me. Once we made eye contact, I immediately averted my gaze and lowered my head nervously

## What was I thinking?

I just claimed that I didn't need a man to have a happy life that morning. Yet, when I was moved by Colston's sweet act, I immediately thought about marrying him

I was a bad woman. For a second, I thought about taking advantage of his kindness

Luckily, the car pulled up in front of the hospital soon afterward. The sound of Colston opening the door broke me out of my trance. He carried me to the wheelchair and thoughtfully covered my legs with a blanket. Without a word,

took me to meet up with Cinder

metime during our drive over, Aaron had left emergency room. Colston and I went

stairs and the doctor declared that he was out the woods. I patted my chest and slumped

>k into the wheelchair

ider greeted Colston and looked at me. Her ze was filled with worry, as if she knew nething that she wasn't sure whether she

yuld tell me. Yet, Colston beat her to it. He uuched down and said, "Aaron is fine. Relax

frain from getting too emotional. It's bad for

- baby. Stay here with Cinder. I'll get you both ne water."

; goodness. He was so thoughtful that he left pive privacy to me and my friend

most cried because of his sweetness. After he

left, I turned and realized Cinder was looking at me with a strange look. She looked like she wanted to say something

After a long pause, she pointed in the direction of Colston. "Does he think he's the father?"

"No way!" I shouted, but my tone turned weak

"T... we never had sex."

"What a lucky girl. Olive, did you save the world in your last life?" Cinder rubbed her temple, but I could tell that she was pleased with Colston's performance. "It seems that he's serious about you. Don't let him slip away, my girl."

"You're right. But I think I should stop wasting his time."

I thought a lot on the way to the hospital. My

shadiest thought was to take advantage of Colston's love for me and continue to enjoy his love and care, never telling him about the truth

But I couldn't do that. I couldn't accept that Aaron had feelings for another woman when we were together. So, I shouldn't continue to be with Colston, the man who loved me wholeheartedly, as I still had feelings for Aaron

It would only hurt Colston

"Olive..."

"What? I don't think it's the wrong choice. I can't get over Aaron. Although I won't be with him again, I can't tell my heart what to do. And I can't hurt Colston because I'm still in love with Aaron."

I got my thoughts off my chest. But I only realized something was wrong when I saw

Cinder biting her lip with a frown. Turning around, I saw Colston standing behind me with two bottles of water, a bitter smile on his face

How ironic. When I planned my breakup with a friend, my boyfriend was standing right behind me

Dumbfounded, I stared at Colston and couldn't even voice a sorry. I had too many things that I needed to apologize to him. A simple sorry wasn't enough

Cinder left us alone as Colston told her to. We were the only two people in the hallway

Colston walked over, his gaze shifting from me to Aaron who was lying behind the glass door

Finally, he spoke up, his voice raspy

"Let's break up, Olive."

Tears streamed down my cheeks uncontrollably over his words. It wasn't the tear of sadness, but the tear of guilt

Colston had accommodated himself to me during our entire relationship. And he was even the one who initiated a breaking up

He was such a gentleman that he refused to make me look bad or feel awkward even in the end