

CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND

Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend By Jane E.L. Chapter 71



Is Aaron Your Boyfriend?

It was David!

The same David I used to worship as an undergraduate!

The same David I bought at the auction!

Julian saw us staring and waved us over. “Olive! Nick! Both of you come here. I’d like to introduce you to Dr. David Ford. He’s a visiting from Harvard this semester to see how our research is going.”

David smiled at us, smoothed the slight wrinkles on his suit, and extended his hand, “Nice to meet you, I’m David Ford.”

“Nice to meet you, Dr. Ford. I’m Nicholas Floyd. You can call me Nick.” Nick was especially excited to shake David’s hand.

“Hello, Dr. Floyd.” David smiled warmly. “I read the paper you published last November. Very creative.”

Nick’s eyes lit up for a second, and I could practically hear the victory bells ringing in his head.

There’s no better way for a researcher to feel accomplished than to be recognized for their work, and praise from a bigshot like David was nothing to scoff at.

Honestly, it started to make me feel jealous...

“And it’s nice to see you again, Olive.” David turned to me before Julian could introduce us.

I froze in place.

David laughed. “Don’t you remember? We had dinner at the auction. You were there with-”

“Of course! How could I forget?” I hastily cut him off. I didn’t need him mentioning my involvement with Aaron, especially not here. I’d be screwed... “It’s nice to see you again, Dr. Ford.”

Eventually, Julian and David continued their conversation and walked away. That was when Nick walked over to me with a glass of red wine in his hand.

“You know David Ford?”

I scratched the back of my neck and avoided making eye contact. “Not really... We’ve only met once before, really...” | also danced with him. And he overheard me arguing with my f*ck buddy.

My face burned.

“So what’s he like in private?”

“He’s still very professional. Super friendly and polite. That’s pretty much it.” To be honest, I didn’t know David particularly well. From my experience with him at the auction, he seemed like a gentleman.

I looked at Nick in surprise and asked, “Why are you so curious? You didn’t seem this interested in Aaron.”

“Aaron’s just another pretty face.”

I nodded. Aaron was gorgeous, especially when he was on top of me...

But wasn’t David also attractive?

I interrogated Nick further. “What do you mean by that? Don’t tell me you’re interested in David...”

“Maybe.”

My eyes widened, but before I could press for more info, Nick suddenly laughed. “I’m teasing, Olive. David’s nice, but I

already have Tim. He’s the only one for me... though I do wonder what David would look like in bed. He’s probably a hunk under that stuffy suit...”

I couldn’t help but think of Aaron instead. At his office, he spoke eloquently and his whole being compelled respect from those around him. In bed though, he was excitable and spontaneous. All of the time I’d spent with him flashed through my mind: wearing his hoodie, standing in line for popcorn, watching him put on an apron, making breakfast... Every facet of him was attractive to me.

Suddenly, Nick’s face was right in front of mine. “Why are you blushing like that? What are you thinking about?”

“N-nothing.” I shook my head.

That evening, when I was leaving the lab, I actually saw David on the sidewalk outside.

“Dr. Ford? What are you doing here?” I didn’t see many people when I came this way.

“I was looking for a restaurant, and the map says it’s here...” He frowned at his phone.

My eyes widened. “I think you have the wrong place. There aren’t any restaurants on this street.”

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Attractive Daddy

My anxiety was obvious, but David smiled apologetically. “Relax, I was just curious. Dr. Julian told me you were engaged. But Aaron, as far as I know, isn’t engaged.”

“I...” I opened my mouth but trailed off.

At that charity auction, Aaron had introduced me to the public as his fiancée. Then, David saw Aaron making out with me outside the auction house. Not long after that, I got

engaged to another man. The whole situation was so awkward.

Feeling a little uncomfortable, I took a deep breath and gathered the courage to clear things up.

“David, I think I need to explain that Aaron and I really aren’t a couple right now. It’s just a little complicated to talk about it.”

David nodded understandingly and did not pursue the matter further. “Don’t worry, I’ll keep your secret.”

I forced a smile. “Thanks.”

At that point, it was useless to explain.

“I won’t judge you, Olive. Don’t worry.” Sensing my unease, David took a sip of his wine and gave me a reassuring smile.

“It’s your right to choose who you stay with, who you get engaged to, marry, break up with...it’s all your choice. It’s also your choice to have a drink after work hours...”

David held up the bottle and winked at me.

“Thank you, Dr. Ford.” I couldn’t help but laugh out loud, taking the bottle and pouring myself a glass. The

awkwardness disappeared, and we clinked glasses.

“Cheers.”

“Cheers.”

Two glasses of wine down, my face began to flush. The bistro was very lively, and the aroma of food and the smell of mulled wine filled the air, making me feel warm inside. Across the room, David had taken off his suit and was slowly rolling his shirt sleeves up, revealing forearms that were lined with muscle.

“If you had unbuttoned a few more buttons, maybe we wouldn’t have had to pay for this meal.” I flirted. The ladies who came to hit on him disappeared, and I drunkenly took my chances.

Even though we were seated in the corner, there were enough glances at us that made me think people had decided we were dating. A few girls gave me jealous looks, and I took the opportunity to wink.

“Oh, Olive cut me some slack.” David cut his steak slowly and methodically, moving as gracefully as if he weren’t in a cheap bistro but some Michelin restaurant. “Your pretty face has attracted all this unwanted attention and put me on a pedestal.”

I smiled, trying to hide my flustered face.

“The guys must be thinking, d*mn, that old man must be rich. How else would he get such a pretty girl to come to dinner with him?”

I was overjoyed. “David, stop!” I teased. “You’re too funny.”

David shrugged. “That’s probably the benefit of being older. No lady would want to have dinner with me if I didn’t rely on humor.”

“Nonsense.” I blushed at David’s compliment. He smiled back, and his dark eyes seemed to hold a deeper story. It was apparent that he was using the charm of his age to his advantage, giving off a calm and charming presence.

The guys I had previously dated were all my age, and I was never interested in middle-aged men. What was so attractive about a man who was out of shape and whose breath smelled of stale cigarettes and alcohol?

One of my undergrad roommates had a middle-aged

‘boyfriend’. In reality, he was her sugar daddy paying off most of her student loans. I remembered the way her ‘daddy’ had a pot belly and touched her with his two greasy hands up. D*mn, it was disgusting.

“Actually, maybe you’re right.” He took a sip of his wine. “I was never funny back then. I was actually a nerd, and my biggest dream in college was to have

girls who would talk to me. As I got older, I came to realize that it wasn't humor and good looks that made me want to talk to girls, it was this..."

He held up his bulging wallet, and I laughed until I couldn't breathe.

"It's good to see you smiling, Olive. From the moment I saw you today, it felt like you were preoccupied with something." David's smile looked genuine in the warm light. "Mind telling me about it? You know, I'm a good listener."

"Well, it's just..." For a moment, I wanted to tell him everything. I wanted to pour my heart out and tell him everything I'd been through: my boyfriend cheating on me, my childish revenge plot, and now the

confusing and difficult relationship I have with Aaron. He just seemed so wise and trustworthy.

But the moment I was about to say it, Aaron's serious face came into my head.

'He's not a good guy,' Aaron had said, and I remembered his blatant disgust for David.

"It's just... something about the experiment. You know we've been having a rough time lately..."

David's smile dropped for a moment, but when I looked back up at him, he was back to being the same kind, funny,

trustworthy man. I was probably seeing things... Maybe I've had too much to drink.

"I get it," David said warmly. "Don't worry, I happen to have done some research in that area. I hope I can help you."

"I'd appreciate that."

“Look at us... we’ve turned into boring adults who bring their work to the pub,” David teased.

“I’m not a boring adult!” I held up my ice cream, and David chuckled.

He raised his drink and took a sip. “I’m the boring one then. Another middle-aged man who has to numb himself with alcohol every day. What a failure, am I right?”

I

“You know what, there is one thing can make people young, that is...” I held up my bowl “Ice cream! More ice cream, much younger...” I knew I’m drunk, look what I said.

But I knew he wouldn’t order it. Just looking at his plate made it obvious. His steak was mostly gone except for the fatty parts, and the fries were almost completely untouched. He ate most of the salad and drank water and wine. He was a typical gym rat and a strict control freak who kept his caloric intake in check.

“Well.” David ran a hand through his hair. “I’m too old for ice cream, and it’s too much of a burden on my body...”

gave him a look.

“But I don’t mind making an exception for you...”

I didn’t expect David to suddenly lean forward, grab a spoon, and scoop a spoonful of my ice cream, deliberately picking. the part where I ate from.

Wide-eyed, I watched as David stuck out his tongue and ate the half-melted ice cream on the silver spoon, then let out a satisfied sound.

What the hell was he doing? I screamed internally. Someone else eating my ice cream was where I drew the line!

“What are you doing?” An angry voice came from behind me.

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“Oh...” David seemed crestfallen. “I must’ve taken a wrong turn again...”

I peeked at his phone and smiled. “I can take you there.”

“That’d be great. Thank you.”

And so I led him to the restaurant on the other side of the block.

“This is the place. Their coffee’s good and the cheese platter is always a nice choice. I think the prices are good too, but just don’t order the pizza.” I giggled.

“Thank you again for helping me. Could I buy you something to eat?” Before I could politely decline, he added, “It’d be a perfect opportunity to go over the problems you’ve had in the lab lately. Julian mentioned an issue with your formula...?”

I blinked.

Ten minutes later, I was sitting across the table from him.

I placed my usual order without glancing at the menu. “I’ll have the mushroom soup and sirloin steak... And can I also get two scoops of ice cream? One vanilla and one chocolate.”

“I’ll have the same as the lady.” David smiled at the waiter. “But instead of the ice cream, I’ll just have a glass of champagne.”

It was really having dinner with Professor Ford! I felt like a giddy teenage girl!

While we waited for our food, David spoke up. “So I’ve been meaning to ask...”

“Go ahead.” I nodded at him to continue, thinking he probably had questions about our research.

David looked at me with narrowed eyes. “Did you and Aaron break up?”

My smile froze on my face.

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Caught By Vincent

Aaron didn't answer me, but he turned his head to nuzzle his face into my hand. He leaned towards me again, his lips chasing mine to continue our kiss.

"Still want to withdraw the funding?" I ducked away from his kiss. G*d, I didn't want to end up going at it with him out here in the cold. I could already feel his giant, hardening length pressing up against me through his pants.

"I won't withdraw the money, but you have to promise me you won't get too close to him." Aaron hugged me tightly. "Trust me, Olive. He's not a good person."

"I'm not getting close to him... We're just colleagues, that's all."

"But you let him eat your ice cream, I saw you," Aaron said in an accusatory tone.

"...That was an accident." I was inexplicably flustered by the reminder. "Aaron, I'm so cold. You drove here, can you give .

me a ride home?"

Aaron saw I was trying to avoid the topic, and he gave an irritated snort but didn't press the matter any further.

As we got into Aaron's black SUV-I was very glad he wasn't driving the conspicuous luxury convertible today-my mind started to wander.

I couldn't help but dwell on the same question I'd thought of earlier-Why did Aaron have such an extreme reaction to David?

The Aaron I knew was a player, and he lived a charmed life by most standards. As the second son of the Morris family, he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. Almost every opportunity in the world was open to him. Anything he needed in life, he could buy, except maybe...

Love.

Was it possible that Aaron and David really were lovers at one point? And their relationship had ended on bad terms?

I was a little shocked by the idea. But when I thought about it carefully, it made sense. As far as I knew Aaron had usually been with girls in the past, but that didn't mean he wasn't g*y. After all, he was much too pretty to be a straight man.

My eyes slid over to Aaron's arms on the steering wheel, taking in his beautiful muscles, his full pecs, his well-defined abs...

"What are you staring at me for?" Aaron demanded. "You can't wait until we get home? That's fine, I can pull over if you want."

I rolled my eyes, knowing Aaron had fully recovered from his tantrum. But now I was so curious, I had to ask. "Aaron, were you in a relationship with David in the past?"

As soon as the words left my mouth, the car came to a screeching halt.

My body lurched forward and bounced back against the seat. I looked at Aaron in shock. "What's wrong?"

Aaron narrowed his eyes at me for a few seconds. Then someone h*oked at us from behind, and Aaron put the car back in drive and continued down the road.

“I’ve never had that kind of relationship with him. Don’t make wild guesses.” This was the calmest sentence Aaron had said all day.

Seeing him finally regain his composure gave me the courage to ask another question. “So what is your relationship? Why don’t you tell me about it?”

Aaron frowned, clearly reluctant to keep talking about David. “All you need to know is that he’s not a good guy. That’s enough.”

I knitted my eyebrows together. He was still dodging the question, speaking without really saying anything. But for whatever reason, I was still inclined to believe him.

I watched the scenery rush past on both sides of the car, then suddenly thought of another question. “Aaron, what were you doing at that restaurant, anyway?”

It was really too much of a coincidence that he’d happened to show up while I was having dinner with David. But he’d accused me of ignoring his calls and texts, and apparently he was worried that something happened to me, so...

“Aaron, you didn’t come to the school just to check on me, did you?” I asked tentatively.

“Don’t be ridiculous. I got hungry all of a sudden, so I just came here to get something to eat,” Aaron said with a stern expression on his face. As soon as he finished speaking, his phone started to ring.

He answered it, and Daisy’s shrill voice rang out from the other end of the line. “Hey, boss man, the meeting is about to

start! Where have you been? Do you have any idea how important tonight's meeting is?!"

"We're going to have to reschedule for tomorrow. I'm busy tonight," Aaron said curtly. He didn't give Daisy a chance to respond and just hung up the phone immediately.

I raised an eyebrow. "Oh, so Mr. Morris got hungry right before an important meeting and decided to drive twenty minutes just to get dinner?" He was obviously just making excuses.

Aaron pursed his lips and didn't say anything, but I could see a hint of rosy pink spread across his cheeks in the dim light of the car. He was actually blushing? I stared at him in

amazement, feeling like I was getting another glimpse at Aaron's cute side.

It didn't take long for us to arrive at my house. I was a little surprised Aaron hadn't taken me back to his place instead. Before I got out of the car, he said, "Are you disappointed?"

"What?"

"I didn't take you home with me. Aren't you disappointed?"

"Ha! Don't get too c*cky, Aaron." But as I spoke, my lips began to ache again.

Aaron stared at me for a moment. I thought he was about to apologize, but in the end, he just said, "Stay away from David. He's not a good person."

By now, this sentence was getting very familiar. I couldn't help saying, "Vincent told me the exact same thing. He said you're not a good person, and I should stay away from you."

“But you didn’t listen to him, did you? You ended up in bed with me. Doesn’t get much closer than that.” Aaron quirked an eyebrow at me. Then he lifted his hands to cup my face and said seriously, “Please, Olive, stay away from him. He’s dangerous, and I don’t want you to get hurt.”

I didn’t know how David could possibly be dangerous, but I didn’t want to keep arguing with Aaron about it. Just as I was about to get out of the car, Aaron grabbed my hand and yanked me back. I almost fell over, but before I could protest, he said, “Vincent’s car just pulled up.”

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See Your Friends

Vincent? What was he doing here? Had he come to pick me up?

I looked through my phone, only to find no messages from Vincent at all.

Had he come to check in on me, with no warning?

“Vincent’s getting out of his car and heading over here. If you don’t hide, you’ll have to confront him.” Aaron raised his eyebrows at me. He didn’t look distressed at all; in fact, he looked excited to watch the show.

I rolled my eyes at him. I’d been planning for so long to get back at Vincent for cheating on me, but if he caught me with Aaron, I knew he’d try to play the victim.

I caught a glimpse of someone approaching, and it was too late for me to get out of the car. I hesitated for only a split second before I crouched down and folded my entire body into the space beneath the passenger seat.

I was fortunate that Aaron was driving his SUV today, since it was spacious enough for a grown woman like me to hide in. If he’d been driving the convertible, I would have had to pray that Vincent was severely nearsighted.

I heard Aaron let out a soft laugh above my head. Hearing him laughing at me, I realized how ridiculous I was acting. Had that ice cream really turned me into a kid again? I glared daggers at Aaron, silently ordering him to stop laughing.

Immediately something soft swept over my head, cloaking me

in darkness, and I smelled the faint scent of amber. I knew it must be his suit jacket. The fabric covered me completely, and I felt a wave of relief. I was glad the light in the parking lot was dim. Without a flashlight, it would be impossible for anyone outside of the car to see me hiding beneath the passenger seat..

A few seconds later, there was a knock at the car window, and Aaron rolled the window down. Vincent peered around the interior of the car, then gave a phony smile. “Aaron, what are you doing here? Didn’t I see you in this neighborhood last night, too?”

“Oh, I’m just here to pick up my girlfriend.”

I heard everything clearly from my hiding place, and my heart s*ipped a beat at Aaron's boldness.

Vincent frowned thoughtfully. "You're picking up Molly? But- Molly doesn't live in this area, does she?"

"Who said Molly was my girlfriend?" Aaron retorted.

Vincent was stunned into silence for a moment, then quickly came to his senses. He said with a smile, "Well, whoever your girlfriend is, I'm sure she's lucky to have you. Bring her along to a party sometime, so we can all meet her."

"Oh, trust me, I'll be sure to do that." Aaron's confident promise caught Vincent off guard.

From my hiding spot, I heard Vincent ask hesitantly, "Are you serious? I never thought a player like you would settle down with just one girl."

"Well, when you meet the right person, it's like you can't even look at anyone else. Isn't that right, Vincent?"

I clutched Aaron's coat with both hands. His words stung me, a series of small pinpricks like thorns under my skin. The right person? I thought I'd met the right person, but now it all seemed like a big fantasy, an impossible dream that would never come true.

"Ha, well, congratulations to you then," Vincent drawled. "When you bring your girlfriend around for everyone to meet, I'll bring Olive, too. Maybe we can have dinner together or something."

"Are you taking Olive or Emily?"

"Olive, of course! Emily's just for fun, it's not serious."

“Looks like you guys had a lot of fun, though. Your neck is pretty scratched up.”

“Yeah, she’s a little wildcat, all right. She loves to scratch.”

I couldn’t believe the bragging tone in Vincent’s voice. What was he doing, boasting about cheating on me? Did he think it was something to be proud of?

As I hid under the car seat, I felt my cheeks heating up with rage. I wished I could jump out and punch Vincent right in the nose.

After he left, Aaron patted my head through the coat. “He’s gone now, you can come out.”

I immediately lifted the suit jacket and crawled out from under the seat, taking a few deep breaths to try to calm down.

“Vincent already went upstairs. You...” Aaron paused for a moment, his eyes sweeping over me analytically. “Do you still want to go home?”

Go home? Home to what? Just to see the marks Emily left on Vincent?

“No, I can’t go back. Take me to...”

My mind started spinning, and I realized I didn’t have many options. My life seemed to revolve around the lab and Vincent in equal parts. But I couldn’t go to the lab right now, that would be too pathetic.

“Take me to Cinder’s.”

I’d been about to suggest he take me to a random hotel, but just in time, I remembered my friend Cinder.

“Are you sure?” Aaron put his hands on the steering wheel and asked me with a smirk, “Are you sure you want me...” He pointed to himself, “...A strange man, to drive you to your friend’s house?”

He was reminding me that we were only f*ck buddies, and Vincent was my real boyfriend. In a secret relationship like ours, it was probably best to avoid each other’s social circles.

“Forget it, if you don’t want to.” I opened the car door and started to get out. Of course Aaron wouldn’t want to meet my friends. After all, we were nothing serious. “I’ll just take a cab.”

“I didn’t mean that.” Aaron reached over and grabbed my hand, holding me firmly in my seat. “I’m glad you’re willing to let me meet your friend.”

I looked into Aaron’s sparkling blue eyes and swallowed the words Cinder already knew about us anyway.

Whatever, I might as well make him happy.

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Aaron's Secret

Aaron dropped me off at Cinder's house and left. Once he was gone, Cinder came downstairs to greet me. When she saw my lips that were swollen from kissing, her eyes almost popped out of her head. "Oh, s*it! Looks like you've had a great day."

"Oh, don't even mention it." I waved my hand, already exhausted by all the relationship drama.

After washing up at Cinder's house, I put on her expensive spa facial mask and lounged on her couch in a pile of blankets and pillows, playing with her dog Jake while I watched her work from home. G*d, I felt like I am Cinder's trophy wife.

Cinder was a landscape architect, and recently she'd been fretting over the design for a mansion in Malibu.

"You have no idea how ignorant the buyer's wife is. This lady told me she wanted penguins, in Malibu! Can you believe it? I told her it was impossible, obviously, and what do you think she said?"

"What did she say?" I absently petted Jake, a sweet Yorkie who received near-constant care and affection from Cinder.

"She said as long as you have enough money, nothing is impossible!" Cinder rolled her eyes. "I wanted to throw the plans in her face and quit. F*ck her and her s*upid d*mn money."

I laughed at the expression on Cinder's face.

"So how'd you end up fixing the problem?" I stroked Jake's fur happily. He was so soft and cute, almost like a teddy bear.

“I didn’t fix the problem, I fixed the person who was causing the problem.”

“What, you seduced the rich husband and told him to get his wife under control?” I asked her with a smile.

Cinder gave me a blank look. “No, I just procrastinated for a few months until her son got bored of penguins and switched to drag racing instead. So, that’s not my problem.” She giggled.

We looked at each other for a moment, then both broke into laughter. Jake was scared by the commotion, and he hopped down from the couch and scampered off with his tail between his legs.

“Anyway, the point is, this rich wife left, but her key to a

Switzerland mansion was here. See, she originally bought it so her son could see penguins, but now that her son doesn’t care about penguins anymore, the family decided to fly to Morocco for a vacation. So, you wanna go on a ski trip to Switzerland with me? I will warn you in advance, I’m going to bring my boyfriend. And you’d better bring a guy too, otherwise...” She gave me a sly wink.

I rolled my eyes. “Well, then, I’m not going. I feel like throwing up whenever I even look at Vincent now, much less go on vacation with him. It would be a nightmare.”

“You can take Aaron.” Cinder waggled her eyebrows at me.

Aaron...

Going on a vacation trip with Aaron? My heart pounded in my chest at the thought, but then I came to my senses and shook

my head decisively. “It’s impossible.”

In what universe would a billionaire p*ayboy spend his Christmas vacation with some random girl he was f*cking?

Cinder gave me a serious look. “Why? Have you asked him?”

“Not yet...”

“Then how do you know it’s impossible? Why don’t you seduce him and see if he agrees?”

”

“...” That sounded even more unlikely.

Cinder deftly unhooked the shoulder straps of her dress with her fingers and slid them down her shoulders. “Just like this. Trust me, he won’t be able to refuse you.”

I looked down. The top half of her round, perky breasts were exposed, giving off an air of s*xiness and seduction.

I silently vowed to ignore Cinder’s advice.

Suddenly she squeezed in beside me on the couch, folding up her legs beneath her. “Aw, baby, let me ask you something. You’ve been having this affair with Aaron for a long time now. You must be attracted to him, but do you have feelings for him?”

“I...” I paused, thinking carefully about Aaron for a moment. She was right, I was attracted to him. After all, Aaron was really good-looking. But my feelings for him...

Cinder exclaimed, “I can’t believe it! You hesitated! That’s got to mean something, right?”

“What could it mean? I’m just thinking about the question...” Now Cinder was distracting me with her overreaction.

Cinder tossed aside the plans she'd been working on all night and jumped up on the couch excitedly. "Nope! That means you're starting to care about him! If you didn't care, you would have said 'no strings attached' or 'f*ck buddies' right away. The fact that you hesitated is proof you have real feelings for him."

"Well, maybe I just... like his technique. I mean, he always gets me off," I protested, trying to convince myself as much as I was trying to convince Cinder. "He's just a rich p*ayboy. Our relationship is always going to be about sex, not love."

Yep, that was us. Me and Aaron, all sex, no love.

Cinder's smile disappeared.

"Maybe I should not support your 'revenge'." Cinder whispered: "I thought a good sex would make you happy, but I forgot Aaron was a dangerous person."

"What do you mean?" I chuckled, tried to make things not serious. "Aaron had good sex, and I enjoyed it. That's all, girlfriend."

"Just keep telling yourself that, baby." Cinder put her hands around my face sincerely, her chocolate brown eyes filled with warm concern. "Aaron is a player. You'll be screwed if you ever forget that and end up falling for him."

"I know, I'm not that s*upid," I reassured her.

Cinder looked at me with a grave expression. "I mean it, Olive.

61.99%%

Don't ever fall in love with Aaron."

"Why?" I asked, without really meaning to. "I mean, I know he's a player, but..."

“It’s not just that he doesn’t have a heart. It’s worse than that. He gave his heart to someone else.” Cinder’s voice was like a hammer, chipping away at my heart piece by piece. “I’ve known Aaron for a long time, and I know almost everything about him. He’s been dating since kindergarten, but in college, he kept himself purer than a Catholic. We all guessed which lucky girl would be the one to deflower him, and there were some bets about whether he’d be the first in our class to get married. But after college, he turned into a total tomcat, playing the field and waking up in a different girl’s bed every day... Olive, I think I made a mistake. I shouldn’t have encouraged you to sleep with Aaron to get back at Vincent.”

“It’s really not that big of a deal.” I forced a smile. “Don’t worry about it, I’m not falling for him. I swear, Cinder, I’m never going to fall in love with Aaron Morris.”

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[CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND](#)



Technically Married

It was a new day, and I went to the laboratory with dark circles under my eyes. Cinder's bed was soft, but I spent the whole night tossing and turning, thinking about what she had told me. When I arrived at the lab with coffee in hand and yawning, I saw David already changed into his lab coat and working.

I froze. I didn't know how to face David after the embarrassing events of last night. I had told him that Aaron and I weren't a couple. But him knowing that Vincent proposed and seeing me and Aaron walking off together was the most awkward moment of my life.

I was expecting a torturous meeting with David today, but I was just overthinking it. David barely noticed me at all.

He wore a white lab coat with disposable medical gloves and held various reagents in his hands for his experiments. His medium-length hair was tied at the back of his head, and his grey eyes were focused on the test tubes. His seriousness was charming. I'll give him that. But he wasn't as funny or as easygoing as he had been last night.

I spent too much time looking at him and then realized what I was doing. Focus, Olive.

"Pass me tube number two." I yawned and held out my hand.

Nick put a test tube in my hand, and I was about to pour it into a beaker when I saw the bright red color of the tube.

It should've been colorless. When I turned it around, the bright red test tube was clearly labeled "No. 35."

"Nick, this is the wrong..." I turned my head to reprimand my partner, but I made eye contact with him and stopped.

Nick was pale, his eyes were red and swollen, and he looked even more miserable than I did after a night without sleep. He'd definitely been crying all night.

"What's wrong, Olive?" Nick said quietly. I wiggled the test tube in my hand at him and waited for his answer.

"Oh, did I get the wrong one? Sorry."

I watched as he set the bright red test tube down, then picked up a tube of solvent. My eyes widened in fear, and I hurriedly stopped him. If he had poured the reagent into the tube, it would've caught fire and killed him with the fumes.

"Nick... do you want to go out for a cup of coffee?" I pulled him out of the lab carefully and forced a smile. Today was not the work day.

It was just too dangerous to have him at the lab like this. And I didn't intend to die in pieces in the lab. That's so pathetic.

"Want to talk about it?" I handed my coffee to Nick as he sat in the chair, seething.

It was nearing Christmas, and holiday decorations were all over campus. Everybody who passed us seemed to be in a festive mood.

Nick's eyes shifted from the little kids playing soccer on the grass to the "Joy" sign plastered onto the wall. He looked at me, and his lips parted.

"It's ok. Olive. I'm just too tired..." Nick shivered.

“Nick.” I held his head “We have known each other for years. Ok. You know who I am. And you can rely on me.”

“Olive, I-I’m so sorry,” He croaked. Then, he rested his head on my shoulder and started to s*b.

I’d never seen Nick like that. He had a great personality, and he was usually so funny. Every day he was happy, and this was the first time I’d seen him cry out loud.

Nick was the first friend I made in this lab, also the best one. He went to this lab one year earlier than me, and he really helped me a lot.

“Nick, what’s wrong? Talk to me. Let me help you.” I patted Nick’s shoulder and tried to coax him to speak.

“I broke up with Tim! Olive, it’s horrible.” Nick sobbed.

My eyes widened, and I took his hand. “Why?”

Nick and Tim were in a great relationship, and I even thought they would be able to grow old together.

“Tim h-he cheated on me,” Nick sobbed. “He... he’s bisexual.”

I raised my brows as I suddenly understood. To be honest, I didn’t think Tim, a German guy who was studying philosophy, would ever cheat on his boyfriend. They were such a stable couple. And I have witnessed how sticky this two could be.

At the first year, I had lunch with Nick. But ever since he h*oked up with Tim, I had never had meal with these two love birds ever after. They never stopped kissing each other during the break!! I mean, they were the worst couple as a friend.

They ruined everything since they could only see each other.

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I did not understand how couple like that would end in cheating.

And honestly speaking, I always thought Nick would be the one cheat first.

After I calmed him down, he finally managed to speak in full sentences and composed himself.

The story was really simple: Nick came home last night to find Tim, who was supposed to be in Germany visiting his parents, in bed, naked, with another woman.

“It’s ok, Nick.” I hugged him. “Men will always cheat. Relationships fail, and that’s normal.”

“But...” Nick looked up at me with red, puffy eyes. “He’s not just my boyfriend.”

“What are you talking about?”

“We went to Vegas last Christmas and...”

“No way!”

Nick’s voice trailed off as I listened in shock.

“We got drunk one day and went to a church together...so, legally speaking, we’re married.”

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Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend is the best current series of the author Jane E.L.. With the below content will make us lost in the world of love and hatred interchangeably, despite all the tricks to achieve the goal without any concern for the other half, and then regret. late.

CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND

Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend By Jane E.L. Chapter 78



F*ck len

I s*ipped the day with Nick, and we ran to the Beast Pub to get drunk.

I've never been a big fan of beer, but tonight was totally for Nick. I could understand how he was feeling at the moment, and it was just like when I desperately needed an outlet for my emotions.

Nick ordered a whole bunch of c*cktails for the both of us, and I marveled at the colors of each glass.

After three rounds of drinks, I got a call from Vincent asking where I was and if I wanted to come to the party.

The bar was deafening, and the DJ was so loud that I could barely hear what was being said on the phone. I felt like I didn't even have to tell Vincent since he could guess where I

was.

“Who are you at the bar with? Why didn’t you call me?” Vincent’s eager voice had a hint of questioning in it.

I was amused that he was pretending to care when he was obviously cheating on me.

“Nick’s boyfriend cheated on him, and he was upset, so I came to drink with him.”

On the subject of cheating, Vincent fell silent. I rolled my eyes and sighed.

“Vincent, you’d never cheat on me, right?”

Vincent didn’t hesitate to say, “I would never, Olive! I will always love you.”

How funny, how shameless.

Nick looked at me and yelled at the top of his lungs.

“Olive, who’s that on the phone?! Are you going back home?”

I grabbed a bright orange c*cktail and raised my glass to Nick.

“No! Tonight is your night.”

Nick’s drunken eyes lit up, and he grinned.

“To our night!” He lifted a glass of whiskey and downed it in one swig.

Nick, who was on his fifth shot, stood up at the table and held up his glass.

“The whole house is on me tonight!”

There was a cheer from everyone in the bar.

“Now, everyone, say it with me!” Nick raised his glass. “F*ck men!”

“F*ck men!” The enthusiastic cheers shook the room, and I raised my glass along with them and drank the night away.

After tucking a drunken Nick into a taxi, I stood on the sidewalk. I didn't want to go back home and see Vincent's hypocritical face. I didn't want to lie in the same bed with him. Alcohol did not cure me. I guessed I need something stronger...

I need sex.

—

Every now and then, my mind wandered to that one man with his curly brown hair and smirk.

Aaron.

I pulled out my phone and found Aaron's number in my contacts. I hesitated, but in my drunken stupor, I unblocked him and dialed it.

It's ok, Olive. You just want to have sex. Men sucks. But You want to f*ck a man.

He quickly answered the phone, and Aaron's low, s*xy voice came through the receiver. "Hello, darling. Why are you calling me in the middle of the night? Did you miss me?"

I tried to hide my sound of agreement but couldn't.

"Mhmm," I slurred. I wanted to see him so badly. I told myself that it wasn't what I wanted, that it was the alcohol talking.

But then I heard Aaron's low chuckle, and my brain got even more confused.

"Where are you? I'm coming to get you."

I told Aaron my location, and the next thing I heard was the sound of a car starting. G*d d*mn, did he really want to see me that bad?

I sat on the side of the road, my hair blowing in the cold wind. After a few minutes, I sighed and felt the booze muddling my thoughts.

Just when I thought I was going to freeze, a sports car stopped in front of me. Aaron had switched cars again, and this time he was in a red Ferrari.

Aaron got out of the car, and his hair was a little wet. It looked like he'd just gotten out of the shower and smelled like the fresh pine scent of body soap.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" Aaron couldn't help but laugh when he saw me sitting on the curb, looking dumbly at his stupidly handsome face.

I stood up and practically flung myself into his arms. At Aaron's surprised look, I cupped his face and kissed it.

Aaron didn't expect me to be so passionate tonight, and after a brief moment of confusion, he gripped my waist and kissed me back.

On Christmas Eve and in the streets of New York City, two people passionately kissed underneath a streetlamp.

Snowflakes started falling in the sky; landing on Aaron's soft curls and melting in the heat of our kiss.

Aaron kissed me until I was gasping for air. Once he pulled away, he took a good look at me and sighed.

"You smell and taste like booze. Are you drunk?"

"I'm not drunk." I hooked my hand around his neck and shook my head.

Aaron laughed and lifted his hand to pinch my frozen red cheeks. "It's not like you to be this clingy when you're sober. Just get in the car and keep yourself warm." With that, he took my hand and opened the passenger door for me.

As we drove, Aaron glanced sideways at me. "What got you so excited tonight?"

"My co-worker's boyfriend cheated on him." I said flatly, staring at him.

Aaron raised an eyebrow, “So, you empathized and went drinking?”

“Sort of. I just feel like I can’t trust men. Why do they still choose to cheat when they’re already with someone who loves them? I don’t understand.”

I understood even less about Vincent. He cheated on me with Emily and proceeded to lie and tell me he loved me.

If I didn’t know about his cheating and got married to him, was he just going to f*ck two women for the rest of his life?

“I’m not like those men. I don’t cheat,” Aaron said.

I stared at the side of his face for a second and nodded.

“Yeah, you don’t even have a steady girlfriend. You change girlfriends faster than you change clothes, so of course, it’s not cheating. You’re just a p*ayboy.”

Aaron jerked his head to look at me. I didn’t know what I said wrong, but maybe it was just hard for him to hear the truth.

“Maybe, you should just be the only woman hanging out with me,” Aaron said carelessly.

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CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND

Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend By Jane E.L. Chapter 79



Baby, Your Panties Are Soaking Wet

I was stunned as I looked at his expression, and I felt as if he wasn't being serious.

"No, I'm not interested," I replied coldly. But inwardly, I was panicking. Aaron's offer was insane, and I was that close to accepting it. But with what was left of my sanity, I held back. I can't trust the words of a p*ayboy.

Silence fell over the car. I asked him where he was taking me as I looked at the roadside.

Aaron smirked. "Why don't you guess?"

I licked my dry lips, not bothered about where we were heading. I'd made plans to go to Aaron's house the moment I met up with him anyway.

Eventually, his car pulled up to his house. I wasn't surprised.

Aaron led me upstairs, but I almost tripped over myself, so he pressed my whole body against him:

Once we were inside, he pinned me against the wall and tipped my chin up with his hand. “Darling, you’re so stunning right now. If any man saw you, they wouldn’t dare let you go. So, I can’t send you home tonight.”

“That’s a load of c*ap.”

I gave him a blank look, took off my jacket, and grabbed his shirt collar to kiss him. Aaron kissed me back, his hands restlessly reaching into my shirt and kneading my breasts. Moans spilled out of my mouth, and they did nothing but give him more stimulation.

He grabbed my breasts and sucked my neck until I was weak

and could only hang on to him. He was so hot and breathless that I couldn’t help but moan again. But he let me go with a gasp and buried his face in my neck.

“I want to f*ck you so badly.”

I wove my fingers through his brown curls. “Really? When else are you planning to f*ck me?”

He smiled and cupped my cheeks. “For the rest of your life.”

My heart stuttered. What did he mean?

Aaron didn’t give me a chance to think as he slapped my a*s. I felt his large, warm hand skimming over my waist and his long, slender fingers placing themselves between my legs.

Then I heard him chuckle softly in my ear, “Baby, your panties are soaking wet.”

I bit my lower lip in shame. My body was so sensitive when it came to Aaron, but it was beyond my control.

Aaron teased me as he removed my clothes, picked me up, and threw me onto the bed. He pressed against me, his warm chest pressing against my breasts.

I lowered my head in ecstasy, watching him lick my nipple. With each lick, he locked eyes with me, and an indescribable pleasure grew in me that I could hardly contain.

He kissed me passionately without any rules, one moment on my breasts, the next on my belly. Then he moved up to kiss my lips, then trailed his mouth over my jaw. I couldn't tell where his lips would be next, and the excitement made heat pool within my core.

He took off his underwear, and his c*ck popped free of its restraints just between my legs, hard as steel.

I gasped as he grabbed my wrists and put my arms over my head. The fire of desire in his eyes nearly burned me to the ground.

"Relax," he coaxed. "Don't try to resist."

His hard d*ck squeezed and stretched my p*ssy so hard that I arched like a prawn at the pain. Aaron tried to hide his amusement, but I glared at him.

"That hurts."

I clenched my legs together, every cell in my body aching for him. I felt the strong contractions of my p*ssy pushing him in and out, and sweat started to bead on my forehead.

He withdrew his c*ck a little, that second of friction and pleasure making him groan. He buried his face in my chest, and he gently licked my skin. My sensitive body shuddered, and he sensed it.

"Aaron-"

"Shh, baby."

He started to lick my entire upper body, and all my attention was focused on the feel of his tongue on my nipples and breasts. My legs slackened, and he covered my mouth with his hand and thrust inside me.

My eyes widened, and I melted into his touch.

His hips rose and fell as he felt the tightness of my p*ssy.

Aaron let out a low growl and thrust inside me again and again. He was so big that I could feel pleasure and pain all at once.

I pushed his hand away and dug my nails into his shoulders. "You're an a*shole. That hurts!" I seethed at him.

He was stunned at my exclamation, but all he did was smile.

"Is the little baby satisfied? I know you like it."

I was so disoriented at the pleasure. But I bit my lip as he pounded me with everything he had. I felt his legs shake as he tried to contain himself, but I arched my back and felt him rock back and forth, his rock-s*lid d*ck grinding against my G-spot.

My moans intermixed with his low growls. I felt my body soften under his touch, and I surrendered to my desire, falling into his world of pleasure.

Aaron's hands wrapped around the back of my neck, and he kissed me hard on the lips. Then, he pressed his naked chest against me, and I could feel his strong heartbeat. At that moment, I was deluded into thinking that his heart was beating just for me.

Aaron switched positions, and he held my a*s to help me onto his c*ck, his voice husky.

"Sit on me."

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"No, I'm not interested," I replied coldly. But inwardly, I was panicking. Aaron's offer was insane, and I was that close to accepting it. But with what was left of my sanity, I held back. I can't trust the words of a p*ayboy.

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