

CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND

Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend By Jane E.L. Chapter 46

Vincent's engagement

I stared down at my phone screen, and when I put my hand to my chest, I could feel my pounding heartbeat.

I deleted the chat log, grabbed pajamas out of the dresser, and went to the bathroom to take a wash up. Halfway through my shower, the bathroom door suddenly swung open.

I was startled, and I quickly covered my body as I turned around. Vincent was home.

He smiled at me. "Why are you covering yourself? I've seen it all before."

I was a little flustered. "You let the cold air in. Get out."

"Aww... but I wanna shower with you, babe," he whined, but of course he didn't make any move to join me. His eyes lingered on my figure for a moment longer before he closed the door and left.

I hurriedly stepped out of the shower and looked in the mirror. Faint marks still littered my body. They were still obvious, but the bathroom was foggy. Plus, I was still kind of soapy when he came in. He didn't see anything, right?

I hated myself for not making a habit of locking the bathroom door at home.

When I got back to our bedroom, I felt so guilty that I couldn't look at him, but he was calm. He even came over to help dry my hair. And when I finally went to bed, he didn't put his hands on me. All he did was kiss my cheek.

"Come home on time tomorrow night, okay? I've been craving your steak."

I nodded. "Alright. You can go buy the ingredients once you're off work."

The next day, I got two text messages. The first was from

Vincent;

Vxncnt: Hey babe where are you?

HeyOlive: heading home

And the second was from Aaron:

Amorris: Don't go home. Break up with him.

Amorris: Now.

HeyOlive: ?

But Aaron didn't reply.

I didn't care. Christmas was approaching, and I was too busy grading papers and finishing my experiments before the holidays. Today, I couldn't wait to get off the crowded subway. I just wanted to take a hot bath and go straight to bed-I didn't even have an appetite.

I was a bit flattered to see Vincent waiting for me in the lobby. Was he really that excited for me to cook a steak?

Vincent smiled and took out a blindfold. "I have something to show you, but I need to cover your eyes first."

I didn't know what he was playing at, so I cautiously resisted. "Don't."

Still, he walked around me and tied the blindfold over my eyes. "Don't worry. I'll hold you every step of the way!"

So I resigned and let him guide me.

The blindfold was so tight that not even a shred of light could make it through. I felt insecure, and I tried to pull it off several times, but he always stopped me.

So far, it just felt like we were heading to our apartment. We got onto the elevator, but I felt it go up much further than it should've. Maybe he knew I was cheating on him. Maybe he was taking me up to the rooftop so he could push me off the building...

Soon, the elevator dinged and I heard the doors slide open. I moved so that I was actively clinging to Vincent's arm. If he wanted to push me, I'd bring him with me.

We entered the community penthouse on the roof. Inside, he helped me remove my shoes before ushering me in further.

Based on how far I walked in, my best guess was that I was in the middle of the living room.

Then he told me to stay still and wait for him with my arms at my sides.

I moved to lift the blindfold, but he held my hand down again. "Just trust me, babe."

"What are you trying to do?" I huffed, flustered.

I heard the smile in his voice. "Nothing... Do you remember that cafe at school? The one with your favorite cheesecake? It closed down, but I was able to find the chef that used to work

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there. I had him make his signature cake for you. Do you want a slice?"

I didn't know how to describe my shifting feelings. I felt like a weary traveler who'd become calloused after a harsh winter, only for the warm summer air to suddenly wash over me. It was an unexpected

kindness.

I didn't say anything. He was already holding a fork up to my lips.

I turned my head slightly to avoid it. "I don't-"

He followed my mouth with the piece of cake, then he insisted, "You have the first taste. I've been waiting to give this to you for hours."

I was silent for half a second before I opened my mouth and finally let him feed me.

To be honest, I actually completely forgot about this cheesecake until he reminded me. At this point, I didn't care much for it. It tasted like a normal cheesecake.

Until I took a second bite.

Then I realized something was wrong.

I frowned and took a hard object out of my mouth while reaching up to remove my blindfold.

It wasn't too bright inside, so my eyes adjusted quickly.

There were scented candles on the table, pink balloons all over the floor, and a line of people by the sofa with glasses of champagne in their hands. They all wore excited expressions.

Aaron was there too.

He was standing in the middle of the crowd with a flat look that didn't match everyone else's happiness. His lips were pursed and his brow was furrowed as he looked at me.

I was holding a diamond ring in my hand.

I froze in place, and the living room speakers suddenly started playing romantic and upbeat music. Vincent took the ring from my hand, stared into my eyes, and got down on one knee.

“I’ve been waiting for this day for a long time... Ever since I met you, you’ve been a ray of sunshine in my life. You’re always so warm and radiant-you’re beautiful-and I used to worry about not being able to give you the life you deserved. I... I still can’t guarantee that, but I’ll spend the rest of my life loving you and bringing you happiness... Olive, will you marry me?”

I didn’t move. Half of me wanted to laugh. The other half wanted to run away. Most of the people gathered here were Vincent’s friends. Alex was here too, though he had a conflicted look in his eyes while he glared at me.

Before I could come back to my senses, Vincent quickly slipped the ring on my finger.

He lowered his head and kissed the ring, which still had a few crumbs of cake sticking to it. Then he looked up and smiled at me. “I love you so much, Olive.”

The crowd cheered and toasted in celebration. Before I could react, Vincent was already kissing me, harder than he ever has before.

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I won

Just when I thought I was suffocating, Vincent pulled away.

He hugged me while he looked around at the cheering crowd and happily accepted their blessings and wishes.

Alex nudged Aaron and joked, "Let's get outta here. He probably only invited us 'cause we're single and he wanted to rub it in."

But Aaron didn't move. He still stood there looking at me as if he was expecting something.

I clenched my hand, and the ring on my finger dug in uncomfortably.

Just as they were happily pouring more champagne, Aaron finally gave up and turned to get his coat.

Alex excused himself, "Sorry, man. We have some other work to do, so we've gotta get going."

I looked at Aaron, but he didn't meet my eyes. He didn't congratulate us either.

Vincent smiled. "Alright, that's cool. I'll send you the wedding invites in a few days."

Aaron didn't even look at him and walked toward the door.

He didn't even give me a second glance.

When they opened it to leave, Alex snorted. "What are you doing here?"

Vincent turned his head and glanced over, and his expression fell.

I followed their line of sight.

Emily was here.

She had the look of Jacqueline, the killer from "Murder on the Nile." If looks could kill, I would've dropped dead in a

heartbeat.

But I wasn't going to go down so easy. If she was Jacqueline, then I was Nemesis.

I put a hand on Vincent's chest and smiled up at him, "This is amazing... Thank you so much, honey!" Then I sneered against his chest as I hugged him, and I heard his heart racing.

Emily looked straight at him and said, "Oh, you proposed today? Aha... Why didn't you invite me? I could've helped you blow balloons."

Vincent gave a knowing glance to one of his buddies, who immediately stepped forward to escort Emily outside. He grunted, "You're drunk. You need to sleep it off."

She did reek of alcohol, even from here.

Obviously, she struggled. Her eyes were bloodshot and she grabbed the tablecloth, yanking it back as she was being dragged out.

"I'm not going!" She screamed.

Everything on the table fell to the ground, even the beautiful cheesecake Vincent worked so hard to track down. It was a mess.

Vincent gave her a cold glare. “Just do what you’re told. Go home.”

Tears streamed down her face, and part of me felt sorry for her. Instead of arguing with him, she grabbed my sleeve and sniffled, “He dumped me, Olive. He doesn’t want me anymore. What am I supposed to do...?”

My calm smile never left, and I dabbed at her tears with a tissue. “Don’t cry... I’m sure he was just another s*umbag, whoever he was. It doesn’t matter now.”

Emily didn’t say a word as she stared at the diamond ring on my hand.

I looked at Vincent again and joked, “Honey, she’s heartbroken. Maybe you should’ve proposed to her instead.”

Vincent’s expression was a little stiff, and it took a long time to respond with a smile. “Quit joking like that.”

Emily jolted as if she was struck by lightning. Her whole body straightened up and she blinked back her tears, but she still looked unsteady. It was like she’d collapse at the slightest touch.

The ring on my finger was my greatest weapon. At this moment, it was the knife that carved out Emily’s heart.

I didn’t know how much Vincent truly cared for her, but I was sure he was more interested in the sex than anything. Unfortunately for Emily, it was the opposite.

Then she was gone, dragged away by Vincent’s friends.

Vincent seemed unaffected by that little episode. He hummed along to the music and bent down to clean up the mess.

“Head back down to our apartment and get some rest,” he said. “And make sure you call out tomorrow. I wanna go visit your parents.”

So I took the elevator down to our floor and entered our apartment. When I made it to the bedroom, I locked the door behind me.

I had a message from Aaron.

Amorris: You didn't break up with him

Amorris: Are you really gonna marry him?

HeyOlive: yes! and after we're married, i'm going to keep cheating on him

Amorris: Then I won't do this with you anymore

HeyOlive: so...

Amorris: This was the best time to leave him

Amorris: Everything's in place for your little "revenge"

Amorris: Stay with me

Amorris: Only me

Amorris: If we keep doing this, I'll be no better than Emily

Vincent was back from cleaning up outside. I heard the front door open and close before his footsteps approached the bedroom. The handle shook.

“Olive...? Did you lock the door? Let me in.”

I stood on the other side of the door, took off the ring, and slipped it under the door. “Take it back. I have something to tell you.”

His cheerful tone persisted, “Then open up and tell me inside.”

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I thought back to the text he sent me that said just that.

Bitterness spread up from my heart and seeped into my vision. I sneered and added, "What, are you backtracking now? You wanna keep up your little game? You love me so much that you can't help yourself, huh? I'm telling you, I'm not playing anymore. It's over!"

He didn't say anything as he walked up to me. With every step, a storm grew inside his ice-blue eyes.

"Darling... don't be so cold. Let's at least end things on a high note."

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Take Your C*ap and Leave!

Vincent smiled. "If you have something to say, open the door first."

Without opening the door, I quietly took off the ring on my finger. "Vincent... I.. I don't..." want to marry you.

The lies. The deception.

This wasn't the marriage I wanted.

But before I could finish my words, Vincent's cell phone distracted us.

From the other side of the door, Vincent's cell phone rang.

It rang for just a second before cutting off. Then it rang again, and it cut off just as quickly. Vincent kept sending the

unknown caller to voicemail.

Why wasn't he picking up? Did he not want to answer it in front of me?

Was it Emily?

So I specifically asked, "Who was calling? Why didn't you answer?"

Vincent's voice had a hint of panic in it. "Just one of my coworkers. Nothing serious."

"Oh, I thought it was Emily."

"Why would it be her?" His voice became defensive. "What makes you think that?"

"She's your friend who was just dumped...? It's normal to want

to call a friend and vent. You should call her back. I won't get jealous over something like that." I tried to sound as

empathetic as possible.

“Sure, we’re friends, but we aren’t that close... Olive, could you please just let me in now?” While he was speaking, I heard him decline another call.

Even after I gave him an easy way out, he was still lying!

A wave of anger swelled in my heart and destroyed the last scraps of love I had for him.

“Vincent... We’ve been together for years, and you...”

You don’t feel the slightest bit guilty for betraying me?

But before I could say that, I was cut off by a barrage of text tones from Vincent’s phone.

He sighed, annoyed.

“Babe, now my boss is calling. There’s still work he needs me to do, so could you be a good girl until I get back later?”

I froze for a second.

Then I jerked forward and opened the door, and I laughed bitterly when I saw that he was long gone.

He didn’t even wait for my response.

It had to be Emily.

How ironic.

One moment, he’s publicly proposing to me. The next, he’s running to his mistress’s side after a few phone calls.

But I have to say, Emily had some clever tricks up her sleeves. Last time, Vincent tossed me aside when she showed off her slit wrists.

What now?

Was she about to jump off a building?

What utter bu*lsh*t.

I'd applaud her if I wasn't the one being duped.

With another dry laugh, I shook my head and headed to the bathroom to wash up.

But as I was halfway through undressing, there was a knock on the door again.

I frowned. Was Vincent back already?

What was he doing here? Did he convince Emily to let him off the h*ok?

The louder the knocking got, the hotter my blood boiled.

I grabbed the engagement ring off the bathroom counter, stormed over to the front door, threw it open, and hurled the ring right at him. "Take it and leave!"

The ring collided with his chest and fell to the ground with a soft clink.

I stared into his face, and my anger suddenly evaporated. Embarrassment took its place.

It wasn't Vincent.

It was Aaron.

He was standing in the doorway with his arm raised to knock. He was frozen at the sight of me, and I followed his gaze down. That was when I realized the top of my dress was pushed down to my hips, leaving my bra exposed.

I answered the door, half-naked.

"You seem excited." He raised his eyebrows playfully and gestured down at my dress. "I thought you were gonna be a good girl after 'engagement'."

"Shut up." I glared at him and turned around to fix my clothes.

Aaron bent down and picked up the ring to examine it. "Harry Winston, huh? Vincent put his money where his mouth is... Do you not like it?"

"Shut up..." I grimaced and tried to snatch the ring back from him.

He raised his hand so high that even if I jumped up, I wouldn't be able to reach it.

So I gave up. I wasn't in the mood for his childish games anyway.

"You don't want it?"

"You're so immature."

"If you don't want it, I'll throw it out for you." He waltzed over to the open window and dropped the ring off the edge.

"What are you doing?!" I scrambled to the window, but all I saw below was bustling traffic. The ring was lost, like a drop of fresh water in the ocean.

"I thought you didn't want it?" Aaron gave me a Cheshire Cat grin. "I was helping."

I wanted to smash my fist in his face!

"What's wrong? Did you not mean it? Did you want to wear that ring and keep living here with Vincent? Pretend nothing ever happened?" His voice deepened. "Or do you just love the thrill of cheating?"

"It's none of your business! You're just my f*ck buddy! You have no right to tell me how to live my life!" I had no patience for his sarcasm. I was too infuriated.

As soon as the words left my mouth, Aaron's smile

disappeared. The corners of his mouth drooped and his eyes stared at me coldly. Seconds ago, I was so ready to punch him in his smug mouth, but now... it was like I was staring down a dangerous beast.

"So you're not going to break up with him?"

“Why do you even care if I do or don’t?”

Aaron stared at me as if he was figuring out if I was lying based on my expression. I panicked and turned away, not daring to look into his blue eyes, I was scared of looking into his eyes.

Scared of seeing something in them...

Or nothing.

“Look at me, Olive.” He cupped my face.

“It’s time for you to leave. I need to shower.” I shook him off and pushed him away.

Click!

I heard the door close, and I turned around to see Aaron locking it.

“What are you doing?” I stammered, frightened. “We’re done. You said it was over between us if I married him.”

I thought back to the text he sent me that said just that.

Bitterness spread up from my heart and seeped into my vision. I sneered and added, “What, are you backtracking now? You wanna keep up your little game? You love me so much that you can’t help yourself, huh? I’m telling you, I’m not playing anymore. It’s over!”

He didn’t say anything as he walked up to me. With every step, a storm grew inside his ice-blue eyes.

“Darling... don’t be so cold. Let’s at least end things on a high note.”

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Let's Lose Our Minds Tonight

"Aaron, this is Vincent's house. He'll be back any minute." I warned him.

Aaron narrowed his eyes. "That makes it more exciting."

He raised his hands to touch me.

I moved to dodge his grasp, but I was too slow. It's my fault to compete with him. I spent my whole day in the lab usually, and gym, what's that s*it. But Aaron was totally different.

Aaron had muscles. I had seen them, and touched them. I should not forget them.

He tugged me toward him and spun my whole body around. Then, I was pinned to the wall.

I hurriedly put my hands against his chest, and it felt like my heart was about to jump out of my throat. "Aaron!"

I tried to push him away, but I couldn't move him at all.

I knew what was coming next, but I wasn't in the mood. It's not in my plan to have sex with my boyfriend's best friend just after he proposed me and abandoned me. I just wanted to be left alone to sort out my thoughts, regardless of how 'excited' he was getting.

So I twisted my head away as he came down for a kiss.

His kiss landed on my cheek and I felt him freeze again.

Aaron seemed to laugh in exasperation, and I felt his chest reverberate. He let out a short gasp as if he was the one who was being scandalized.

"You know you like it," he muttered.

With that, he lifted his hand and cupped my chin, and his forced kiss engulfed me in an instant.

He used his tongue to pry open my teeth before exploring every inch of my mouth. All the while, his lips melded with* mine.

I was so taken aback that my eyes widened, but his were closed in concentration.

In that moment, I nearly lost myself in the illusion of his love.

Just as my mind wandered, I felt a sting in my lower lip.

I glared at him. "Are you a dog?"

He bit me again for good measure, then responded. "Who are you talking about? That useless boyfriend of yours?"

Without waiting for my answer, he continued, "Even in my arms, you still think about other men. Maybe that means I need to work a little harder..."

This was getting more and more unbelievable. Why did he seem jealous?

It was him I thought about while I was with Vincent...

G*d, what was I thinking?

Aaron narrowed his eyes and stared at me for a few seconds. Then he suddenly kissed me again. This one wasn't as fierce as the first. Instead, it was so gentle that I felt like I was drowning.

My eyes fluttered shut and I let myself sink into it.

Before I could suffocate, Aaron let me go.

I gasped and opened my eyes to see him gazing down at me. His blue eyes were full of affection.

I hesitated.

D*mn it.

I saw pure love in his eyes, but before I could look deeper, it disappeared.

Maybe the last kiss left me so out of breath that I was hallucinating...

I shook off my jumbled thoughts and looked down at Aaron with a cold expression. "Get off me."

Aaron glanced down and gave me an innocent look. "You're the one holding onto me."

I followed suit and looked down. The hand that I originally pushed against his chest was gripping his shirt.

I quickly let go and cursed myself for getting distracted. Just a kiss was enough to scramble my brain.

No... I shouldn't blame myself.

It was Aaron's fault for being such a hot kisser!

managed to calm down, but when I looked up I saw Aaron unbuttoning his shirt and exposing his toned pecs.

“You...” I trailed off and forced myself to look away. “That’s enough, Aaron.”

Clunk!

His belt came undone next.

“Vincent left to see Emily and he isn’t back yet. Guess what those two are doing right now?”

Aaron raised an eyebrow at me as my anger erupted once again. “Stop it!”

“Olive, don’t you want to get back at him? I’m trying to help you.”

I gritted my teeth. This is exactly how it happened last time. “So I’m supposed to thank you?”

“No need to thank me. Just be good for me...” He lifted me up over his shoulder.

His shoulder dug into my stomach so hard that I nearly vomited up last night’s dinner.

“Put me down!”

I kicked wildly

Slap!

He slapped my a*s and gave it a firm squeeze. “Be honest with yourself.”

“Aaron!” My body stiffened, and then I struggled harder.

The slap didn’t hurt much, but it was still humiliating.

Aaron strode into the bedroom and threw me onto the

mattress.

The room spun for a moment, and by the time I recovered, Aaron was on top of me.

He put most of his weight on me, and he crushed me so hard that I couldn't breathe. My face grew red and I tried to shove him off, but he didn't move.

"Aaron! Get off!" I glared at him.

Instead of listening, he stared into my eyes and said slowly, "Break up with him."

"That's my decision to make, not yours! I don't want you in my life anymore!"

Venom dripped from my words, and I saw a look of hurt flash in his eyes.

Was I too harsh?

No. How could I be?

We were just f*ck buddies. He can't take it that personally.

But the more I thought about it, the more uneasy I felt. Finally, I sighed and asked, "Aaron, do you really like me?"

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Your Body Says Something Else

“Do I like you...? Can't you tell?” Aaron pressed against me and whispered in my ear. His s*xxy, low voice sent tremors down my spine, causing goosebumps to rise all over my body.

In the next second, I felt his hot, hard length on my lower abdomen.

“You mean you like my body?” I rolled my eyes.

“Of course... Isn't it obvious that I'm attracted to you?” He sighed shamelessly next to my ear. “And I can tell you feel the same way about me.

“As if.” I turned my head away from him.

I knew a p*ayboy trick when I saw one.

He was getting on my nerves again, so I turned my head to glare at him. Just then, he leaned down for a kiss.

I tried to push him away, but he grabbed my hand and forced his slender fingers through mine. Our hands interlocked and he held my wrists above my head. I didn't have the strength to fight anymore, so I just tilted my head back and let him have what he wanted.

Aaron sucked, licked, and nibbled my lips as if he was tasting candy.

Gradually, his lips began to drift from my chin to my temple. His warm breath teased my ear and I felt weak. I couldn't help but shrink back from his assault.

Then, he gently blew into my ear and gently licked the outside.

The wet, warm touch drove me crazy. Since he was stronger than me, I resorted to yelling. "Stop that!"

Aaron laughed low in my ear, and I could feel his chest vibrate.

The humiliation was too much. I grimaced before scowling at him.

He seemed to be in a cheerful mood though. He grabbed both of my wrists with just one hand, pinched my cheeks with the one that was free, and then kissed me on the mouth. He did this once, twice, and three times. His third kiss was the longest, and again, I felt like I was about to pass out.

His hands dove past the hem of my dress and kneaded my breasts with just the right amount of pressure.

I couldn't help but frown. It was almost too much, and I couldn't stand it. My body was getting more and more sensitive in front of him.

No matter how much Vincent touched me and licked me, I couldn't get excited. Yet the moment Aaron just squeezed my chest, I felt a tingling sensation spread throughout my body.

I clenched my fists to suppress my reaction and tilted my head away from his kiss. "Aaron. Stop. Please."

"What's wrong? You don't like it?"

"I don't."

"Liar."

With that, Aaron's hand ran down the waist of my pants.

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I hastily clenched my legs and looked at him in shock. "Don't! That's too far."

This was getting out of hand. I couldn't let his hand touch me. If he found out how wet I was, I'd never hear the end of it.

Aaron stared at me and I could see my own face reflected in his blue eyes. My face was flushed, and I knew that no matter how much I denied it, my pleasure was as clear as day.

But Aaron sat back.

I was shocked that he was really willing to leave me alone just because I asked.

Then he pressed his leg between mine and forced my knees apart.

"Aaron!" I stared at him incredulously. My breath almost caught in my throat.

He grinned evilly at me while his hand slipped into my panties.

A moment later, he pulled his hand out and held it in front of my eyes. His long, graceful fingers were coated with my slick. "You're loving this."

My face flushed even harder and I turned away.

Aaron chuckled lowly. "Don't feel shy. This isn't our first time..."

I took a deep breath and quickly grabbed a tissue from the bedside. Then I shoved it into Aaron's wet hand before glaring at him. "It's not that I'm shy. I'm just not in the mood."

I watched as his smile disappeared and his face turned somber. The veins in the corners of his forehead pulsed. "Because of Vincent?"

"Yes." I avoided his eyes.

But the truth was, I didn't know why. Maybe his happy-go-lucky attitude rubbed me the wrong way earlier. Maybe I didn't feel like I could trust him. He was still a p*ayboy after all.

Aaron sneered. "The night he proposed to you, he ran off to f*ck some other woman. You're letting a s*umbag like that get you down?"

"You don't have to say it out loud..."

"Even if I don't, it's still the truth."

I took a deep breath again, trying to calm myself. Aaron was right. Vincent's cheating was a fact that couldn't be changed. No matter what I did, I was the loser in our relationship. The poor girl who was abandoned.

No matter how much I cheat to try to get back at him, that won't change.

So what was I doing right now? Was I gonna let one failed relationship haunt me for the rest of my life?

"Yeah... you're right." I sighed, and moved to kiss Aaron. "I'm sorry I got you wrapped up in all this."

Aaron seemed to freeze. His ice blue eyes flashed with disbelief, then a vague watery glow, like ripples on a blue sea.

What was wrong with him?

I tried to get a better look, but he didn't give me a chance.

He drowned me in another stormy kiss.

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