

## CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND

Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend By Jane E.L. Chapter 81



First initiative

“No, Aaron- It’s too deep...”

I moaned while I straddled him. His c\*ck was pressing deep into my p\*ssy, and I felt pain and pleasure at the same time. Still, this position was so deep that I was worried he would actually push inside of my womb. I lifted my hips to try to change to a more comfortable position, but Aaron stubbornly pulled me back down hard onto his c\*ck.

My mind went blank and I saw stars.

I had no choice but to press my hand against his abs for support. My p\*ssy clenched tightly, and I saw Aaron’s lips part as he gasped. It was obvious he was enjoying my tense spasms. Even the skin on his chest was flushed red.

He squeezed my a\*s and praised me. “F\*ck, baby... Keep doing that.”

I blushed at his compliment, but despite my embarrassment, I felt a sense of accomplishment. In an instant, I was filled with the desire to take control of the man underneath me. Maybe it was the alcohol that was making me feel so shameless...

I slowly raised my hips and dropped them again. Even though my movements were awkward, Aaron seemed to be enjoying it. He smiled and kissed me before he held my waist with both hands. He lifted me slightly, then he quickly started to thrust up into me. I gripped his arms tightly and moaned, lost in his

movements.

Gradually, I caught on to his rhythm, and I started bouncing on my own. My panting, Aaron's low groans, and the slapping of flesh resonated through the room.

To be honest, I didn't think I was a good partner in bed. When I was with Vincent before, sex always felt like a chore. I never enjoyed it, and I only let it happen because I thought that that was how it was supposed to be. I didn't even want to try new positions. Now, here I was sitting on top and rocking back and forth. It wasn't until I met Aaron-until I explored with Aaron- that sex started to feel like lovemaking.

Maybe it wasn't just the sex that made me feel excited around him... But my mind was too muddled to linger on the topic. Right now, I felt like I was going to die straddling Aaron, with his c\*ck buried deep inside me.

After slamming my hips down one last time, my entire body stiffened and I felt my p\*ssy squeeze hard around him. My legs trembled and my juices spilled down my inner thighs as I

came.

I collapsed on top of Aaron, not having the strength to move a muscle.

"I love you so much..." Aaron wrapped his arms around me and kissed my ear. His voice was gentle and tender as if he'd found some sort of treasure.

I gasped, overwhelmed with joy. Before I could say anything, Aaron had already started round two.

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“No more- I can’t... Aaron, stop,” I begged. I dug my nails into his skin, feeling overstimulated by his motions.

He clearly wasn’t finished with me yet. He squeezed my a\*s

cheeks hard enough to leave red fingerprints behind. “This is my p\*ssy,” he growled. “And I’m gonna f\*ck it all night long.”

His filthy words only made me more excited. I started to think I’d lost my mind.

I wasn’t sure when I finally fell asleep, but the last thing I remember was Aaron lying on top of me.

When I woke up in the early hours of the morning, my voice was so h\*ar\*e that I couldn’t speak.

Aaron came over, t\*pless, and handed me a glass of warm milk. “Here. Drink this.”

“Thanks,” I croaked, and I was surprised by my raspiness.

Aaron couldn't help but laugh out loud. I glared at him, and that was when I noticed the red scratch marks all over his chest and arms. I also saw the dark h\*ckeys on his neck.

I did that.

G\*d, I did that?!

My mind was a mess of scrambled thoughts. The memories of last night flooded my head like a rushing tide, and I wanted to hide under the covers.

Aaron noticed my wide eyes and looked down at himself. “What are you looking at? Did you want to add to my collection?”

“No, no, no!” I hastily shook my head. “Uh... I mean- I think you should wear a scarf.”

Aaron raised his hand and touched his neck, then he shrugged indifferently, “I don't want to. In fact, I think I wanna show these off to Vincent.”

I gaped at him in disbelief. “You're insane.”

Even though I knew he was joking, part of me was still nervous. Aaron would absolutely do something like that.

While we were having breakfast, Aaron stared at me from across the table.

I wiped my mouth on a paper towel and frowned. “Why do you keep staring at me? You haven't even touched your crepes.”

Aaron winked at me and pushed his plate away. “I'd rather eat you.”

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Stay Up to Learn New Positions

I resisted the urge to smirk. “Eat up. I need to get back to the lab.”

“I’ll take you.”

I wanted to politely decline, but before I could, Aaron already had the car keys in his hand and was walking to the front door.

I froze, and my heart fluttered with adoration.

When we got downstairs, the wind was howling outside. It blew my hair in every direction, and to make things worse, I was dressed in thin clothes.

Then, Aaron suddenly covered me with his jacket, held me close, and ran to his parking spot. My heart pounded as I felt his arms around me.

It wasn’t until I was sitting in the passenger seat that I was able to calm down.

I didn't want to worry about whether Aaron really loved me. I didn't want to worry about his complicated love life before me. All I wanted was to enjoy the presence.

You only live once, after all.

Aaron looked at me with one hand on the steering wheel, and his eyes looked like they were filled with stars.

"Do you have any plans for Christmas?"

"No, why?" As soon as I said that, I remembered that Cinder had invited me to Switzerland.

"Do you want to come with me to Hawaii?"

I was shocked.

He turned away from me and stared at the road with the concentration of a first-time driver. He was trying his best to seem calm, but I knew better when I saw how tightly he was gripping the wheel.

Aaron was nervous.

Of course he was. Inviting a f\*ck buddy to a Christmas vacation was no small thing, especially when she was your best friend's girlfriend.

When I took too long to answer, I saw the starry look in Aaron's eyes suddenly dim with disappointment.

I pursed my lips and tried to find some excuse. "I don't even know if I'll be off... The lab's been busy lately, so—"

"No, I get it. I was just... just asking, that's all." Aaron gave me a lopsided grin as if he was completely unbothered.

Honestly, it made me feel uncomfortable. Even though I was the one who refused, I still felt bad when I heard him say he was 'just asking.'

Then I suddenly realized: Aaron has so much power over my emotions, and that was not a good thing.

The rest of the ride was silent, all the way up until I stepped out of the car.

Later, while I was working on another experiment, Aaron's face kept popping into my head, I couldn't stop thinking about him, and I was so distracted that it started to affect my work. My experiment failed over and over again, and after a

while, I ran a hand through my hair, annoyed. With a deep breath, I tried to banish Aaron from my thoughts.

"Good morning, Olive. Is everything okay? Maybe I can help you so you don't rip your hair out."

When I heard David snicker, I looked up with wide eyes. To be honest, this was the most 'undignified' I'd seen him. I was so used to him wearing suits that I was shocked to see him in loose sweats with a towel around his neck. He must've just come back from the gym.

The gym shared a building with the lab, but I never went there myself.

"Hi, David. Good morning... I'm fine. I just didn't sleep well last night, so I'm a little out of sorts today."

"Maybe you could exercise a little. You know, a little exercise in the morning is good for the body and the mind." David picked up one end of the towel to dab at his forehead. "The gym downstairs has a full range of equipment even though not many people go there. You don't need to worry about being bothered."

"Thanks. I'll think about it." Of course no one went to the gym. The people who worked in this building weren't exactly the athletic type.

“People in our line of work tend to go bald in their forties or fifties. Judging by what you’re doing...” David gestured to my anxious habit. “You might be giving yourself a head start.”

I chuckled. “I still have plenty of hair, thank goodness. I don’t need to worry about that any time soon.

David laughed with me, then his tone became serious again. “But you do have really dark circles under your eyes. What were you working on last night?”

That made me nervous. “Oh, I was just learning new...

things...” Sex positions, specifically, but he didn’t need to know that.

I blushed at the obscene memories of last night. Would he see through me?

Luckily, he didn’t seem to be paying much attention. He nodded and said, “Research like this is a long process. Don’t push yourself too hard.”

“Thanks. I won’t.”

I breathed a sigh of relief when he turned and left. He seemed like such a nice person. How could he ever hurt someone? Maybe Aaron had the wrong idea about him...

I blinked.

I was thinking of Aaron again!

I shook my head and forced myself to focus on my work. With a deep breath, I reached for more samples.

I held reagent No. 8 in my left hand and No. 15 in my right. I narrowed my eyes in deep thought for a long while before I poured No. 15 into the beaker.

The reaction was immediate. The solution hissed and bubbled until it violently erupted, like a bottle of soda that was shaken too hard.

Failed again.



I stayed in my lab until it was dark outside, and throughout the entire day, I was never able to figure out why it kept failing. I lost track of how many times I thought about asking David for help, but he was busy with his own work.

Then again, in one of his papers, he described a method very similar to what I was doing right now... He might know the answer.

I was hesitant to ask for his opinion because I didn't want to offend him. When I was an undergraduate, I once asked a professor about their research during a conference, and I was met with a long-winded lecture about how disrespectful that was. The professor had chided me for my complete lack of academic literacy and basic ethics...

Apparently, other researchers don't like revealing their findings before they get a chance to publish their work themselves.

The incident didn't ruin my reputation as a scholar, and thanks to that professor, I developed highly independent research habits. That was how I was able to secure my own lab and have my earlier work published in one of the top science journals. It was a major achievement as an undergraduate.

I looked over at David and decided not to bother him. I didn't want to strain our relationship by asking him for his secrets.

But our relationship was better than simple colleagues...

It was settled.

If I couldn't make progress by Christmas, I'd ask for his help.

For now, I was getting more and more frustrated as I prepared a new batch of samples for a fresh trial.

That was when Nick dragged his tired self over to me.

I was stunned for a moment and looked at him, surprised. “I thought you had today off. What are you doing here?”

He called out today since he had too much to drink last night, and he told me he was going to use the free time to confront Tim.

Nick pursed his lips as he frowned. He looked like a ghost.

“Nick... Are you ok?...”

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## [CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND](#)

Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend By Jane E.L. Chapter 84



The Hottest Guy in The Room

“Are you okay?”

“I’m fine,” Nick nodded tiredly and sat down on the couch.

His body language told me he was anything but fine.

I took off my gloves and took a seat next to him. “How are you and Tim handling this?”

Nick suddenly sat up straight, agitated. “Forget it. The s\*n of a b\*tch refuses to move out! I can’t stand the fact that he cheated on me, I have to divorce him! I asked my law students in the afternoon to help me draft the divorce papers.”

“Why don’t you just move out?” I furrowed my brow.

“Why would I do that?! It’s my house!”

“What?!” My jaw dropped. “You mean... You bought that house? The three-story mansion with a pool in the back? You’re the one making all the money?”

Nick waved his hand. “You know that I’ve always been financially insecure, so I’ve been saving up to buy a house ever since I paid off my student loans. In addition to my salary from here, I’ve been working part-time as a DJ at a bar. Plus I won a small fortune in Vegas...”

”

it was just a few million dollars.”

I stared at him like an idiot. “How?!”

1

“Mathematics, physics... Luck.” Nick bristled, “Mostly luck. In

one night, I had more money than I’d ever had in my life. Tim and I hit the bar to celebrate, and before I knew it, we were at a chapel.”

“I thought I was the luckiest man in the world, but now I don’t know...” Nick lamented.

I was so engrossed in Nick's story that it took me a moment to connect the dots. "So you used the money to buy that house? If you paid for it and you own it, you have every right to kick him out."

"I can't..." Nick's voice was weak.

"Because you still love him?"

Nick pursed his lips and looked at me for a long time before speaking.

"Because I wrote him down as a co-owner."

"You..."

"Don't say it. I'm already at my limit." Nick squeezed his eyes shut. "I thought it was Tim's luck that won me the money, so I figured I'd add his name."

I looked at Tim in shock. I wasn't sure if he was in love or just s\*upid.

But at the same time, his story made me reflect. Nick was able to buy a house, while I was spending my salary on renting my apartment. I chose an expensive building in Manhattan just to stay close to Vincent's work, and at the time, I thought it was worth it. Now it just seemed silly.

sighed. I felt sorry for myself, but I was worried for Nick. "You need to find a good lawyer. Maybe you should hire a

professional instead of having undergrad law students give you advice."

"Maybe... I don't know. I need to think about it." Nick went limp on the sofa.

His helplessness stirred something in my heart. Is this what people get for loving someone wholeheartedly? Vincent and Tim prove that anyone can pretend to be in love.

So what did true love look like?

As I lamented, Nick's voice suddenly echoed in my ears. "I'm jealous of you, Olive."

I felt a lump in my throat. “Why?”

“Of course! You have a boyfriend who’s really dedicated to you.”

“Uh…” I laughed dryly. “Most men are the same. It seems like he’s devoted to me, but he’s probably cheating just the same.”

“There’s no way. He’d never do something like that… But if he does, I’ll hire the s\*xiest model so you can forget all about him.

“Thanks, Nick. It’s a deal. I want the hottest man in the room, and you’re gonna pay for him.” Aaron’s face suddenly came to mind. If I really wanted to find a model, Aaron was a good standard to go by. Then again, there’s not a single man in New York who could compare to Aaron.

“No problem. As long as Vincent doesn’t kill me when he finds out.” Nick smiles.

Then there was the sound of footsteps behind me, and before I could turn around, Nick was already standing up. “Dr. Ford,” he greeted.

“Please, call me David.” David waved his hand casually to let Nick know he could relax.

I felt embarrassed and wondered if David had heard what I had just said. After all, David knows I’m cheating on my boyfriend with Aaron. If he thinks I’m looking for a male model, I’d look even worse.

But fortunately, David didn’t mention it. He just chatted with us for a few minutes before leaving.

Nick and I went back to our conversation as we walked down to the cafe.

“I told him I was going to file for a divorce, and the b\*tch demanded half of my things! Including the house!”

“Was there no room for negotiation? Did he suggest anything else instead?”

“G\*d, just talking about it makes me so angry. He’s been lying to me from the beginning! Yesterday, he said that he’d only agree to a clean divorce if I waited until he got his green card.”

Nick waved his arms around frantically. “This is ridiculous. Do you understand where I’m coming from? This son of a b\*tch has been conning me from the beginning! He was only with me to get his green card! The jackpot and big house was just icing on the cake!”

I gave him a sympathetic look and handed him his iced coffee. “Take it easy. It’s a good thing you found out this early. It would’ve been worse if you didn’t know he was cheating until after he got his green card.”

“Thanks, but that still doesn’t help me.” He downed a large mouthful of coffee.

“Well, what else can you do about it?”

Nick spoke with a distant look in his eyes. “I asked some of my friends from the club to blast music in front of the house. I

gave them permission to set up right in the yard. If Tim won’t leave, I’ll make every second he spends in my house a living hell.”

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## CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND

Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend By Jane E.L. Chapter 85



Hate Christmas

“Oh, there you are! Just in time, too. Come to my office.”

Nick and I were sitting on the plush sofa, pizza in one hand and drink in the other. While we were discussing his wired situation with Tim, Dr. Julian startled us.

“Dr. Julian! We were just...” I stammered and set my slice of pizza down, embarrassed. We were still on the clock after all. It wasn’t exactly appropriate for Nick and I to be lounging in the break room right now.

“No worries. It’s the holiday season. I’d expect you all to relax a little.” Dr. Julian smiled and rubbed his belly. “I’m not as strict as David is.

We both nodded in agreement.

The whole lab knew David for his staunch self-discipline. He was always the first to arrive at work and the last to leave, and that wasn’t where his hard work ended. Recently, everyone’s been talking about his workout routine. One of the

researchers who stayed until 5 in the morning heard David working out in the gym. No one ever used that facility, so the poor man thought the building was haunted.

To be honest, I thought David belonged on Wall Street, not in our stuffy old lab.

Dr. Julian was very different from David. He was an old Englishman with a wholesome love for life. The first time I met him, he invited me to enjoy the rose teas made by his wife.

Outside of the lab, he'd frequently indulge in rose teas and cherry wood wines. It was a less rigid sort of refinement.

A while ago, Nick had told me that Dr. Julian's wife was actually a drama and literature professor at Oxford, so all of the lovely cookies and rich teas that Julian occasionally brought to the office were handmade by him. Nick also told me that Julian owns a huge estate in England. Apparently, he even had a horse racing track on the property!

There was hardly any information about Julian online, so when Nick revealed those things to me, I realized why Julian was able to pay his research team so much more than other project leaders.

Regardless, Dr. Julian was an incredible supervisor. He was always generous and respectful, and he made sure to give us enough independence to explore on our own. With that freedom, I initially started exploring human-computer interactions in the first year of my PhD, but I eventually found a new goal for myself: the cure for cancer.

The only bad thing about Julian had to be...

"What do you all have planned for Christmas?" Dr. Julian smiled as he handed out a round of his 'wife's' bear paw cookies. His question made my stomach turn.

No, no, no... Please...

Sure enough, his next words were:

"I'll be in England for the next week, so the entire lab will be closed. I hope you enjoy your Christmas!"



I sighed.

The biggest problem with Dr. Julian was that he had no ambition!!

He was about the same age as David, but David's annual publishing count was several times more than our entire lab combined. There was even a senior researcher in our lab who hadn't met the

graduation requirement after working under Julian for 10 years. There was no structure to his teachings.

Of course, if I was a tenured professor with a racetrack in my backyard, I wouldn't be so strict either. I'd be content to just enjoy life by baking and gardening every day.

Alas, I was only 27. I still had a long road ahead of me.

G\*d, I hate Christmas!

My research was already at a standstill, and now that the lab is officially on holiday leave, I can say goodbye to any progress. I would have to prepare fresh samples and start my experiments from the very beginning once we were back.

I thought I still had a few weeks left...

It was my fault for spending so much of my time putting my social life before my work.

"Come on, Olive." Nick tapped me on the shoulder. "Do you wanna get some hot cocoa?"

"No. I need to get back to my lab and finish this s\*it..."

"How about with marshmallows?"

"... Yes." I gave in.

“One Nicholas special, coming right up!” Nick handed me a cup of hot cocoa. “In addition to being a part-time DJ, I’ve also worked as a barista! Now you’ll really see what I can do.”

“Thanks.” I smiled and took the mug, and after just one sip I knew he wasn’t lying, his hot cocoa tasted exactly like the one from the Sweet Kitten cafe near campus!

“... How did you make this?” I stared at him incredulously. And where did he find the time to work so many side jobs? I’ve had my hands full with just my experiments. “And why didn’t you tell me you worked at Sweet Kitten?! You could’ve given me free drinks!”

Nick shrugged. “When you’re in love with someone, it’s worth working day and night to provide for them...”

Then he sighed and poured himself more coffee. “Of course, no matter how hard you try to make things perfect, there’ll always be a man who wants to take advantage of you.”

“Oh, Nick...” I set down my cup and pulled him into a huge hug. “You’ll be ok.”

“Of course I will. This is just a setback.” Nick said with a grin.

I was a coward compared to him. Not only has Vincent cheated on me, but I’ve stayed with him! All while getting tangled up with Aaron! I wish I had Nick’s ability to just let things go.

“Forget about him. Let’s talk vacation.” Nick waved his hand and changed the subject. “Did you have plans for Christmas?”

Are you and Vincent going anywhere?

“I...”

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## [CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND](#)

Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend By Jane E.L. Chapter 86



Why Not Breakup?

Christmas was coming, whether I wanted it or not.

Mariah Carey was playing in on every speaker, and each of the small shops along the street were decorated with red and green ribbons. Starbucks was serving their annually seasonal drinks (btw, they all tastes the same), and the sweet smell of baked gingerbread wafted around every corner.

Everyone was welcoming the Christmas spirit, except me.

And it wasn't just my work that was getting me down.

I knew trying to yield any results before Christmas would be hopeless. It would take a miracle to make that kind of progress in a week, and it was a little too late to ask Santa.

I swallowed a mouthful of my pumpkin spice latte as I worried: Where on earth was I going to spend Christmas?

For most people, it's a no-brainer. They were going to go see their families. All in all, Christmas was the festival for families.

But my family was just a headache to deal with every year.

Last night I found a dirty package in my mailbox from my parents. It came with a postcard that said, "Sweetie, we're sorry we won't be able to spend Christmas with you this year either. We've reached a critical stage of our research, but we still made sure to get you a gift."

I wasn't surprised when I opened the package.

It was a stuffed penguin.

I was used to my parents being unreliable around the holidays, but the sight of the penguin made me smile bitterly.

Dear G\*d, I was 27 years old! They've been sending me a stuffed penguin for Christmas for the past decade! I wasn't a child anymore!

My parents were both biologists. More specifically, they studied penguins. They fell in love on an icebreaker headed to Antarctica for research. Most researchers would get sick of the environment after a few months, but not my parents. Both of them preferred the company of animals over human society. They were practically made for each other.

The only time their marriage was in jeopardy was when they left Antarctica for my education. After they came to New York, they were lucky they found a boarding school that would accept someone as young as three months old. If they were stuck in the city, they would've divorced for sure. Fortunately, as soon as I was entrusted to the school, they happily returned to Antarctica, where all of their problems vanished.

Since then they've rarely visited human society. The only contact I have with them is a Christmas card attached to a stuffed penguin. They probably considered the little birds to be their children, not me.

Christmas has always been hard for me. No one wanted to be alone while everyone else was out throwing reunions with their loved ones.

But this year, I had the opposite problem. Instead of being left alone, I was invited to too many gatherings by too many people.

The first two years I dated Vincent, we went to his parents' house. He was from a big family with religious parents. Ever since I was first invited to one of their Christmas parties, I've fantasized about having such close and loving family members.

Now, it was hard to say how much of my "love" for Vincent was just love for his family.

This year, he invited me to his family party again, but I definitely didn't want to spend the holiday with the man who betrayed me.

Then Cinder invited me to go to a ski resort in Switzerland.

We went to the same girls' boarding school when we were younger. I was there because of a scholarship opportunity while she was there because her father made huge donations to the school's library. Before Vincent, I spent all of my Christmases with her.

Her family was huge. Her father had been married four times, so his number of children was in the double digits, and that's not even counting the illegitimate ones. Her entire family got together for Christmas, and it was always a good show. Sometimes, Cinder went home to see the fun for herself, but this year, it seemed like she wanted something more laid back.

Now Nick was inviting me... Given everything he was going through right now, he needed a friend to keep him company. This year, he was planning on taking a cruise! The ship was set to depart from Greece and sail along the Mediterranean Sea. Nick was such a romantic man. It was a shame Tim didn't appreciate that.

And then there was Aaron's invitation.

He had actually invited me to spend Christmas with him.

I just couldn't figure him out. He acted like he'd mentioned it on a whim, which made me wonder if it was another one of his lighthearted jokes.

Like men who talk about marriage just to win a woman's heart, even though they didn't want to get married at all. All they wanted was to play with a woman before throwing her away.

Like Vincent.

"My mom asked when we were coming over." Vincent asked. "She said she had an extra gift for you since we just got engaged. If I had to guess, I'd say it's probably my great-grandma's wedding ring. It's a family heirloom."

"Well..." I started to panic.

Vincent's mother Lisa was a very nice woman. She was traditional, warm-hearted, and selfless when it came to her family. I would've loved to have a mother like her growing up. She'd shown me her precious ruby ring. She'd worn it on her hand for almost 30 years, ever since Vincent's father proposed to her with it.

That ring symbolized their family history. I could never wear something like that...

I didn't want to go with Vincent at all! If I visited his family's home as his fiancée, then I'd be taking advantage of those kind people. As much as I hated Vincent for cheating on me, I

never wanted to hurt his family. They were good people.

But how was I supposed to avoid spending Christmas with them?

Then it hit me.

We'll break up!

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## [CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND](#)

Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend By Jane E.L. Chapter 87



It's Time!

I had to break up with him.

The thought echoed in my mind repeatedly.

If I broke up with him, all of my problems would be solved.

Why didn't I just do it?

This whole time, I'd been obsessed with my childish revenge plan. I wanted to make Vincent regret betraying me. I wanted him to pay the price.

So what did I do? I slept with Aaron, his best friend.

And what did I get out of it? A messy relationship that's ruined my progress at work. An unparalleled sexual experience... God, I never thought sex could be such a beautiful thing...

Stop!

I blushed and forced those thoughts out of my head.

Regardless, the truth was that it wasn't good for me to stay with Vincent any longer. I'd rather learn from Nick and spend my time doing something meaningful than waste it on a scumbag like that.

I thought it'd be a good idea to break up with him on Christmas Day, as a present to myself.

I'm sure it'd be memorable for Vincent.

As for Aaron...

I honestly didn't know how to handle my relationship with him. I couldn't even concentrate on my experiments lately with him in my mind. It was holding back my efficiency, but when I thought about ending things with him, I couldn't do it. In the end, he was just my fuck buddy, so nothing real could develop between us... But he always did things that made me think he liked me.

At the end of the day, only he knew how he felt about me. I didn't want to dwell on it, so I decided to listen to my heart and live in the moment.

With my mind made up, I let out a long breath and felt my whole body relax.



Then Vincent called me.

“Vincent? I actually needed to talk to you...”

“Hey, babe. Wanna go out with me tonight?”

The moment the call connected, I heard a woman’s voice coming from the other side. Even though it was brief, I knew it was Emily.

I frowned. Even though I already made up my mind to break up with him, it still made me angry to know he was carelessly messing around with other women. I couldn’t figure out what he was trying to do. If he was with Emily, why was he calling me?

“Where?” I pretended I didn’t hear her.

Vincent sounded relieved. “Do you have time tonight? My friend’s throwing an early Christmas get– together before we see our families. Did you wanna come?”

I raised my eyebrows. Emily was right next to him, yet he called me to invite me to the party. Did he think I wouldn’t want to go?

It was true though. I didn’t want to. Vincent’s friends always found all kinds of excuses to get together and drink. All they did was play games and talk about women, which wasn’t interesting to me.

But I knew that Vincent was counting on me not going so that he could take Emily, and I wasn’t going to let him get away with it.

I tried to sound interested. “Who else is going?”

“Uh... Everyone...” As soon as he said that, I heard a sharp slap. Emily must’ve hit him for saying that.

I snorted. “If everyone’s going, then I don’t wanna be left out. Come pick me up.”

The line went silent for a few seconds, and I asked in mock confusion, “What’s wrong? Would that be inconvenient? You didn’t want to take someone else, did you...?”

“Of course not!” Vincent hastily denied it. “Just wait there, babe. I’m coming.”

“Don’t make me wait too long!” I hung up, satisfied knowing that Emily would be miserable at the party.

I stood in front of my closet picking an outfit. Once upon a time, I would’ve chosen a relatively conservative dress, but today was a special day.

Not only did I have to outdo Emily, but I had to officially break up with Vincent. On top of that, I would finally sort things out with Aaron.

I decided to honor my heart and enjoy myself before having a lonely Christmas.

My eyes scanned the many dresses in my closet before they finally landed on a tight black dress. The same one I bought with Aaron’s card.

I didn’t know if Aaron was going to be there tonight, but Vincent said everyone would be there. That had to include him, right?

Aaron was the real neuroscientist in our relationship. Even though we hadn’t talked in a while, I couldn’t help but think about him. I even chose the dress because I knew he’d like it

best.

The dress had a low neckline, and it pushed my breasts together until it almost looked like they were going to pop out. The material wrapped so tightly around my ass that it made it difficult to walk. But when I saw myself in the mirror, I

felt like it was worth it.

I put on stockings, 8 centimeter red heels, and bright lipstick.

Now I was ready for battle.

Snow began to fall past my window as I picked up a diamond ring from the jewelry box. I put it on as solemnly as a knight armed himself with his sword.

The Cartier ring was from Aaron. It had shown up on my desk

the day after he threw away the engagement ring Vincent gave me. The funny thing was that Vincent never found out about it.

I looked at myself in the mirror.

My dress, jacket, and ring were all from Aaron. If anything, I felt like his fiance...

God, what was I thinking?!

I lightly slapped my face a few times to snap myself out of it, and then I slipped on my heels. Just as I re the door, I turned back, remembering something else Aaron got me.

I stared at my blushing face in the mirror, took a deep breath, and mustered up the courage to pull a plastic bag out of the bottom of my closet. I reached in an out thong that Aaron bought me, but I couldn't bring myself to look at it.

"You're such a slut..." I muttered to myself, but I still pulled on the lacy thong with shaking hands.

Then I dialed Vincent.

"I'm ready."

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## [CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND](#)

Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend By Jane E.L. Chapter 88



Homy Stut

“What took you so long? We’re gonna be late.” The moment i opened the door, Vincent put his phone away and

complained impatiently.

It was obvious he was just texting Emily. I cursed internally. Vincent knew that by irritating me and calling me slow, I wouldn’t bother asking who he was texting.

Maybe all men were this manipulative.

The moment Vincent looked up and saw me, his expression changed, and his jaw dropped in disbelief.

“Wow... You’re beautiful.” Vincent came up to me, his eyes glancing down to my lips. “Too beautiful. I almost don’t wanna take you to that party now.”

“It’s been so long since I’ve gone out with you... I don’t want you staring at other women while we’re there.” I saw Vincent’s expression falter for a moment.

But he was back to normal in a split second. “And I’m worried one of the guys might try something with you dressed like that.”

I raised an eyebrow, pretending to be surprised. “Wouldn’t you feel good knowing you’re making all your friends jealous? After all, I’m your...”

Vincent’s face twisted with smugness. “But what if you fall for one of them? You know how Aaron is.”

“Hm... about that...”

“Aren’t I enough for you, babe?” He lowered his head and moved slightly closer to me.

My stomach lurched as I scrambled to avoid his kiss. “Stop! We’re already late! I don’t wanna make everyone wait for us.”

Regret flashed in Vincent’s eyes, and I snickered internally. I couldn’t care less how he felt. I simply turned around and went downstairs. Within a few seconds, Vincent caught up with me. When we reached his car, I smelled the familiar scent of perfume. Emily was here not too long ago. They must’ve planned to go straight to the party after I said I wouldn’t be going.

I couldn’t help but grimace. The smell grew more revolting by the second. “Why does it smell like another woman in here?”

Vincent’s grip on the steering wheel tightened, and he cleared his throat nervously. “It’s... my coworker. Karen. I gave her a ride on her way from work. You know her, right?”

I hummed thoughtfully. I wasn’t going to call him out for that one.

I wondered how Emily would react to Vincent saying she was Karen. The woman was over 50 years old.

Twenty minutes later, we arrived at the party, and Aaron wasn't there.

He wasn't coming, was he?

I suddenly lost interest in the party. Just as I was about to let go of Vincent's arm to get something to eat, I saw Emily walking toward us.

She was wearing a pale pink, ultra-short minidress. The neckline was even lower than mine, so half of her breasts were

exposed. And... Christ, they were big. Those couldn't be natural.

I glanced at Vincent, who noticed me looking at him and hurriedly averted his gaze from Emily.

Emily approached me, and her eyes lingered for a few seconds on my hand holding Vincent's arm. I deliberately pulled his arm tighter around me and smiled at her. "Emily! You look great!"

"Thanks, you too." Emily's gaze rested on my breasts for a second longer before she gave a winning smile.

"I'm so jealous of your date. With a beauty like you, he must be the happiest person in the room!" I grinned.

"My boyfriend is actually busy tonight, so he couldn't come with me." Emily's smile turned stiff. "Maybe he has more important girls to be with..." Emily gave Vincent a subtle glare.

My eyes narrowed. These two were eyeballing each other right in front of me! Did they think I was that s\*upid?!

I waved one hand. "I was kidding, but are things alright now? Did you make up with your boyfriend?"

I was referring to her tantrum during Vincent's proposal party. Her face had looked so ugly that day... Emily looked at Vincent, then back at me, and her smile became more natural. "Yeah, we made up. He's been spending a lot more time with me lately."

No wonder Vincent's been busier lately. He seeing her much more often.

S\*n of a b\*tch...

I cursed internally, but my face stayed friendly. "So when are you going to get married, hm? Don't forget to invite me."

Again, her smile became brittle.

I pretended to be surprised. "Ah, he's not ready to marry you, is he?"

"He... We just don't have any plans to get married yet. I was gonna talk to him about it later anyway."

"Aw, cheer up. Just keep an eye on him, okay? You know how men are."

Vincent held my hand and assured me. "I don't know how you see other men, babe, but I'm all yours, alright?" His hands felt clammy.

I snickered to myself, but I wore a tender expression. "I know, baby. And I'm yours."

Vincent happily lowered his head and kissed the corner of my lips. I originally wanted to push him away, but when I saw Emily clenching her fists, I let him continue out of spite. "Vincent! Not in front of Emily! I don't want her to feel like a third wheel."

After a moment, I gently pushed Vincent away and thoughtfully wiped my lipstick off his lips. Then I looked at Emily again. "Make sure you invite your boyfriend next time!"

Emily pursed her lips. “He usually doesn’t have time for me when it comes to these things...” Again, she glared at Vincent with eyes full of bitterness.

“That’s a shame.” I shrugged and looked away, bored. That was when I saw Aaron sitting on the couch across the room from me.

He wore a black shirt today, with the two top buttons undone. It left his pecs exposed, and he looked so effortlessly s\*xxy. Seriously, he didn’t even have to do anything! He just naturally exuded masculinity.

But my heart s\*ipped a beat. When did he get here? I was so focused on Emily that I didn’t even notice! Did he see me kiss

Vincent?

I locked eyes with Aaron, and he met my gaze. He leaned back with a c\*cktail in his hand and legs crossed, and his eyes were filled with disappointment. I was sure he saw Vincent kiss me, and the look in his eyes said that he couldn’t wait to strangle

me.

I glanced away, embarrassed. Then I realized that Vincent was still my boyfriend. It was perfectly normal for him to kiss me. What was there for me to be embarrassed about?

I took advantage of Vincent walking away to chat with one of his buddies, and I walked up to Aaron with pursed lips.

“We need to talk, Aaron.”

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## [CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND](#)

Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend By Jane E.L. Chapter 89



I Love You

Aaron raised his eyebrows and looked at me with a lazy smile on his face, “Is that so? I have something to tell you, too.”

“Come on.” I took a deep breath and looked back to see Vincent chatting with one of his friends. He didn’t seem to be paying attention to me, so I took the opportunity to quickly turn and go to the bathroom.

As soon as I entered the bathroom, Aaron came up from behind me. He wrapped his arms tightly around me and rested his chin on my shoulder. His nose was pressed against my neck as he greedily took in my scent, and his curly brown hair rubbed against my cheek. It reminded me of a big dog that was nuzzling me.

H\*oked at the mirror in front of me and my eyes widened. When he held me like this, we looked like a real couple.

If only I could have met Aaron before Vincent...

I couldn't help but imagine what things would be like without all of this needless drama. If I hadn't gone to him just to get revenge on Vincent, would our story be different?

On the way to the party, I had no idea what I wanted to say to him.

Now that I was with him, I was struck with clarity. My previous confusion dissolved in his deep blue eyes, and I knew what I wanted to tell him.

I turned around to face him, and I saw myself reflected in his eyes. I loved when I was the only one in that reflection...

I took a deep breath and mustered up the courage to speak.

"Aaron, we-"

"I love you," he cut in.

WHAT???

What did he just say? He said he love me??? Really??

"...love you full of mine..." He moaned and gasped in my ears. "you can easily get all my credit cards, if you tell me you want to buy another s\*xy dress for me..."

I rolled my eyes.

That's true. That's Aaron Morris I have known. The tomcat who broke every girl's heart through his penis.

Then he kissed me, and I forgot what I was going to say. My eyes widened and I looked at Aaron in disbelief.

Did he know what I wanted to tell him?

“I love you so much...you look like my girl...” He sighed as he pulled away. His lips trailed down my bare neck to my chest. As his breath grew hotter, his movements became rougher.

I couldn't help but roll my eyes when I saw him bury his face in my chest.

How did I fall for such a p\*ayboy?

“Did you wear that ring for me?” He asked.

I pressed my index finger to his lips and winked at him playfully. “I wore it for my fiancée.”

Aaron narrowed his eyes, turned around, and walked toward the door.

I suddenly worried that I really upset him, and I hurried to stop him. Before I could open my mouth, I saw him put up the bathroom's “out of order” sign. Then he locked the door and turned around. The sound of the deadbolt sliding into place startled me.

The party was just outside. My fiancée was socializing with the other guests while I was fooling around with his best friend in the bathroom.

I swallowed thickly. “What are you doing?”

“You've been ignoring me for so long.” Aaron grabbed my hand and put it on his waist. He pressed against me, h\*oked my chin with his index finger, and looked down at my lips. He sneered. “And now that I finally see you again, you make my blood boil. You let him kiss you earlier. You put on that ring for him.”

“When did I say that I was wearing it for him?” I reached up to caress his face.

“You said it was for your... oh.” He finally got a good look at the ring on my finger, and his eyes widened.

“Is that the one I bought you?” he asked cautiously. “You’ve never worn it before... I thought you didn’t like it.”

“Are you happy?” I smirked, amused by his jealousy.

“Of course not.” Aaron buried his head in my shoulder. “My woman kisses other men in front of me.”

“Since when was I your woman?”

“You’re wearing the dress I bought. The ring I bought. Whose woman are you?”

He pouted, and I couldn’t tell if his frustration was sincere or not. All I knew was that I was falling.

“Let me show you.” I pulled him down for a kiss.

Aaron froze for a moment. Then he bit my lip and forced his tongue into my mouth. His hands clutched me tightly, and it felt as if he wanted to pull me into him.

I picked up the faint taste of alcohol on the tip of Aaron’s tongue, and it made me feel like I was losing my mind. Why else would I be sliding his hands further down my body?

I gasped. “I have a gift for you.”

Author’s Note:

Sorry for the delay, and I will release another chapter as compensation later.

Hope you enjoy it!

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## [CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND](#)

Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend By Jane E.L. Chapter 90



Surprise Me

“Is it you?” Aaron’s hand ghosted over my p\*ssy from the outside of my dress. I trembled, then I suddenly snapped out of my daze.

“Wait...” I turned my head away from him as a wave of regret washed over me.

Oh my G\*d... What was I doing? I was worse than a w\*ore at this point!

The alcohol from his mouth must’ve made me drunk.

“Huh?” Aaron looked at me with a raised eyebrow and a grin. “It’s too late for that now, darling.”

His fingers slipped under my dress, h\*oked around the edge of my thong, and yanked hard. I let out a cry.

It was too much...

“Now I’m going to unwrap my gift,” Aaron whispered in my ear, making me shiver, but it wasn’t enough to distract me from his hand in my skirt. With one tug, the tie that kept my thong on came undone, and it fell limply into his hand.

“I did pay for this, darling. Give it to me.” He looked at the wet spot on the black lingerie, and he held it to the tip of his nose to sniff it. “That’s it...”

“... Give it back.” I blushed and reached out to grab my panties.

When I put them on earlier, I was imagining Aaron taking them off me, but I never thought that this was how it’d happen. I blushed as my heart raced.

I’d clearly underestimated how lustful this man was.

I wrapped my arms around myself, embarrassed. Then Aaron picked me up, pinning my arms, and carried me to the bathroom counter. There, he set me down and spread my legs apart. This time, he did more than tease me as he stroked the outside of my p\*ssy with his fingers.

“You’re more sensitive every time I touch you...”

His skillful touch and teasing words made my body go limp. When I realized I was losing control, I tried to close my legs, but he pushed them away with his knees. That was when I started to panic.

He teased my c\*it and my legs felt like jelly. I pressed my hands against his chest. “Aaron, cut that out! Someone might walk in!”

“Don’t worry, the door’s locked. No one’s gonna bother us.” Aaron kissed the corner of my mouth, and his eyes were full of lust. “Olive, do you know how s\*xxy you are right now?”

As he spoke, I felt something shoved between my legs.

His hand.

Before I could stop him, his fingertips pressed inside me, and my face turned red in panic.

Aaron stared intently at my face, admiring my expression when his fingers pushed deeper inside.

My breath was quick and I looked at him anxiously as his fingers were stirring inside me. I could hear the wet noises of his movements.

It was revitalizing and terrifying all at once, and the waves of sinful pleasure made my mind go blank. I started to buck my hips subconsciously, begging for more. Then Aaron licked the shell of my ear and said in a low voice, “Do you want to get more comfortable?”

I stared at him and bit my lip, refusing to speak.

Aaron chuckled and pushed my skirt up. When my a\*s was exposed to the open air, I realized that he really wanted to go all the way.

But this was the restroom!

I grabbed his hand in panic. “Aaron...”

Instead, he moved my hand down to press against his c\*otch, where the material of his pants was already stretched to its

limit. I shook my hand free when I felt the sudden heat through the fabric.

Just then, the handle on the bathroom door clicked a few times. Someone was trying to come in.

Time seemed to stand still, and I held my breath as I stared at the door.

If someone managed to break in, there'd be no way to explain this situation. We'd be caught.

Despite the danger of getting caught, Aaron turned my body over excitedly. With my back to him, he grabbed my waist with one hand to prevent me from moving.

I placed my hands on both sides of the sink. In the mirror, I could see my a\*s pressed up against his c\*otch.

Aaron's other hand lazily undid his belt, and my heart jumped into my throat. I turned my head and glared at him.

But he wasn't going to stop soon. He kneaded my a\*s with his broad palms. "Don't look at me like that. I know you want it."

"Shut up-!"

He grinded against my p\*ssy teasingly, leaving a wet spot on the front of his pants. Yes, I did want to have sex with him, but I couldn't get over how uneasy I felt in this place. If we were discovered, it'd all be over.

"You don't need to admit it. I'll still give it to you." Aaron casually opened his trousers. Just as he was about to take out his murder weapon, I reached back and grabbed his hand to stop him. I knew that once he pulled it out, he wouldn't be finished until I was begging for mercy.

My eyes were pleading. "Aaron, don't. Not here."

Aaron tilted his head and smiled. "What are you so scared of? Whoever tried to get in is long gone by now."

"But who knows when the next person will come knocking? Besides, we have other business to take care of."



“This is business...”

“Aaron, we can’t stay here for too long. Someone’ll get suspicious.”

G\*d, this man was persistent.

If the two of us disappeared for a few hours, anyone would be able to tell something was going on between us. That was not

what I came to this party for.

I tried to reason with Aaron, but even though he nodded, his body language said he had no intention to back away. He knew I was right, but still, he wouldn’t listen.

“And didn’t you have something to tell me?” I quickly asked. “What was it?”

Aaron’s hand stilled and he grumbled. “I have a surprise for you later... But it can wait. We have all night.”

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