

## Cheat with My Boyfriend's Best Friend

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### Chapter 1

I decided to sleep with my boyfriend Vincent's best friend after I found out that Vincent was cheating on me.

I'd met his friend two or three times before, but I didn't even know his name. I'd only ever heard Vincent call him a "tomcat".

Nothing popped up for Tom, and he wasn't a furry... Or at least, he didn't look like one. Fortunately, it wasn't hard to find him through my social media recommendations.

Aaron Morris.

His username was simple: "Amorris", which was a combination of his first initial and his last name.

There wasn't a status set on his homepage either.

His avatar was a picture of himself at what looked like a nightclub: a glass of wine in hand, head tilted in a wicked smile. Medium-length brown curls were accented by striking blue eyes. The black button-down shirt he was wearing had its bottom half opened, slightly exposing his abs.

Did he have a six-pack? That would definitely make this revenge so much sweeter.

He was undeniably s\*xxy – enough to make most men simmer with jealousy. Sure, Vincent was attractive, but next to Aaron? He really wasn't much to look at. How could Vincent be friends with someone so gorgeous? Did it not make him feel insecure?

But that didn't matter. Not anymore.

Aaron accepted my friend request later that afternoon, and it wasn't long before a notification popped up on my messenger.

Amorris: ?

heyOlive: Busy?

Amorris: No, it's cool. What's up?

I began to suspect that Aaron didn't remember who I was at all. My own homepage had no pictures, and my avatar was just black. Looking back, it's funny to think that after being together for two years, I'd only hung out with Vincent and his friends a handful of times. He was definitely trying to keep me away from his circle so that he could cheat on me.

B\*tch!

heyOlive: Are you single?

Amorris: What do you think?

heyOlive: I booked a hotel room. Do you wanna come over...?

Amorris: Oh darling

Amorris: I don't sleep with my friend's girl.)

My face flushed. I did not think he'd recognize my name.

heyOlive: I won't be his girl soon.

Amorris:

That stupid, smug little face made me think that he might've known this whole time that Vincent had been unfaithful. The realization brought my anger to a boil. All men really were the same. I wanted to believe that Vincent's cheating was just a one-time mistake, but Aaron's response led me to believe that it was a regular occurrence. I couldn't imagine the picture that every time Vincent left for a party, he'd have another woman wrapped up in his arms.

My trust to Vincent was just like a joke. And now Aaron must think that I was a slut! He must believe that I'd cheated on Vincent before all of this!

The more I thought about it, the more nauseous I felt. I quickly sent a message to my best friend Cinder, desperately looking for an outlet.

heyOlive: Come to the Beast Pub, tonight

heyOlive: Gonna get wasted lol

Cinderss: I can't tonight. I have to stay late to work on this stupid landscape plan. The homeowner's throwing a sit over the water section

heyOlive: Vincent is cheating

Not even two seconds passed,

Cinderss: Ill meet you there xx

We met up at Beast Pub, the bar near Cinder's office. Before she even showed up, I already had a beer in my hand. I usually hated the taste, but today it felt like the only way to douse my anger.

Around 9 o'clock, Cinder finally arrived. She was a blonde beauty, and not even her conservative office uniform could hide her lithe figure. If the clacking of her designer heels didn't give it away, she came from a family that was a little more than "well off". The girl had all the money she could ask for but still insisted on working, devoted to her career in landscaping.

"Olive! I'm so, so sorry I'm late, babe! Oh! Yes, one cocktail special, please." Cinder made her way to my table. She sat herself down across from me and took my hands in hers. "You look so good! Oh my g\*d!" Then she dropped her voice to a hushed tone, "Are you trying to get laid? Like, a one-night-stand with some total knockout?"

"Apologized for the wait, ordered a drink, and got straight to it, huh?" I waved the glass in my hand and gave her a lazy grin. "Not bad for the heiress of the Swann Group."

"Ugh... quit it! I'm serious! What is going on with you and Vincent?"

I sipped the foam off my drink and then pulled out my phone, passing it to Cinder.

"Remember when I said Vincent was gonna see his friend Emily? From college? She posted this the day after their class reunion last week."

"Ooh! Let's see here... Hotel room window – That's a nice angle. School shirt. No pants. Probably no underwear. Sleepy eyes." Cinder clicked her tongue, eyes scanning over the photo's caption.

"Hmm..."

"Throwback to grad night... Oh, this is so a morning-after pic."

"Right? I thought so, too." I sighed, shoulders slumping as I relived the realization. "That's Vincent's shirt she's wearing."

Her eyes widened and she held the phone closer to her face. "Wha How do you know? I'm sure they all have the school shirt."

"Well, yeah, but Vincent couldn't find his own before he left. Mine's oversized so I just let him borrow it. It has some faint paint splatters on the sleeve." I leaned forward and pointed at the picture. "Right there. She's wearing the evidence, Cinder. How do you explain that any other way?"

She handed my phone back to me, brow furrowed. "... don't know. I mean, I can't. You're right."

A waiter stopped at our table, setting Cinder's cocktail down. She ignored it, grabbing my glass and taking a long drink. She shot the waiter a dazzling smile, "Can I get one of these, 100?"

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After he left, I continued, "I didn't mention it to him at first, but then I found out they did share a room. Then I found their texts and-G\*d, I'm such an idiot..."

"He's such a whore," Cinder corrected.

"Such a whore!" I cried, swallowing another mouthful of beer.

"Hell yeah!" We clinked glasses. The alcohol was washing away my anger, just like I'd hoped it would.

Cinder giggled and sat back, "So what's next?"

"Well..." I smirked over the rim of my drink. "I texted one of his buddies earlier. Said I had a hotel room to myself if he wanted to join me."

"Ooh! So you're gonna cheat right back at him!" She was clearly excited, "I love that! So you were with him at the hotel before coming here? Was he handsome? Was it big?"

"No! I mean, I don't know. Vincent calls him a tomcat," I said, winking at her. "He turned me down, though."

"Turned you down?! For what?!" She scowled at me and reached over the table to give my shoulder a shove. "You should've sent a bikini pic! I bet he wouldn't have been able to resist something like that."

"It doesn't matter. I could easily find someone else..." I set my glass down. "It's just gonna be hard to find such a perfect-looking guy. I really wanna stick it to Vincent, you know?"

"Oh, totally. I mean look at the guys here," Cinder scanned over the men in the room, some of whom threw her a wink when saw her looking. She ignored them with a blank expression and turned back to me, wagging a finger in disgust. "You can't sleep with someone who isn't at least as handsome as Vincent."

I nodded. The whole appeal of my revenge was to have sex with a better man to make Vincent feel pathetic. Otherwise, what's the point?

While I was agonizing over having to find another dreamboat like Aaron, my phone buzzed.

Amorris: Come over?