

CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND

Chapter 211



Nightlife in Munich

Ten minutes later, Charlotte took me to the door of her friend's clothing store. Along the way, all the shops on both sides of the road were completely dark. The road was very deserted, and there were hardly any people in sight. So the only clothing store with lights on easily stood out.

"Charlotte!" After pushing open the store door, I heard a scream from inside. Then someone rushed over quickly and hugged Charlotte in front of me.

Charlotte smiled and quickly opened her arms, "Long time no see, Sofia."

After a simple face-to-face kiss, Charlotte immediately introduced me to her friend who was the owner of the clothing store, "This is Dr. Olive Woods, my boss in TWH. She just came from America."

Then she looked at me, "Dr. Woods, this is Sofia Michael."

Sofia reached out to me first, "Nice to meet you. And your hair color is really beautiful."

I held her hand, "Thank you. It's also nice to meet you. I hope it won't cause you too much trouble at this late hour."

To be honest, Sofia's dress was a bit beyond my expectation.

On our way here, Charlotte had told me that her friend was a native German. But the German lady standing in front of me was not "German" at all.

She had three piercings in each ear, and her figure was very sexy. Especially at this moment, she was wearing a tight sequined skirt that could be called revealing! This made her figure curve nowhere to hide.

She had sexy brown long curls, charming long eyelashes, smoky makeup, and plump red lips, and half of her breasts were exposé...

I had to admit that she was the most un-German German I had ever seen!

“No, no, you’re here just in time.” Sofia’s English accent had distinctly German accent to it. Her English obviously could only allow her to say some simple content.

Fortunately, we had Charlotte!

With the help of our good translator Charlotte, my suspicion was confirmed. Sofia was planning to go to a nightclub for a while.

Charlotte asked me if I would mind taking Sofia with us, and of course, I had no problem.

But I looked at her, “So, is this how a girl should look like in Munich nightclubs?”

Charlotte nodded.

Okay, now I could understand why Charlotte had looked at my nightclub dress in that way.

She was right!

With the help of Charlotte and Sofia, I was recommended several outfits that were quite sexy and edgy. In order not to waste time, I gritted, my teeth and completed the payment without hesitation.

In this way, I bought a few pieces of clothing that I had never tried before, including black silk fishnet stockings, a slip dress with a deep V-cut and silver tassels, a backless Sheath dress with a leopard print, etc.

When I changed into the slip dress with a deep V-cut and silver tassels that Charlotte and Sofia had been raving about, I looked at myself in the full-length mirror and my face was flushed.

Charlotte took several photos for me, and kept saying how beautiful I looked, “You will be the queen on the dance floor tonight!”

Honestly, I didn’t care if I would be the queen on the dance floor. This was not my style.

But I thought about that phone call with Cinder and my determination. I needed a fresh start, didn’t I?

So I would get started by trying this new hot girl style.

For Charlotte’s sake, Sofia gave me a very nice discount. We got into Charlotte’s convertible and headed to Munich.

Even though it was June, nighttime temperatures here were still in the mid-sixties. I put on a thin black coat and sat in the passenger seat, and my heartbeat became faster as I got closer to the destination.

The slip dress I was wearing had a very deep V-cut! I could see my breasts just by looking down!

I didn’t have confidence, “Charlotte, are you sure it’s not too outrageous to dress like this?”

“Not at all. Believe me, this is the most common dress in Munich nightclubs. Just relax and enjoy.” As she spoke, she suddenly lifted her chin and motioned me to look at the road ahead, “Look.”

I followed her gaze and looked over.

At this moment, our car had arrived near the old city, and we could already see a long queue ahead. At the end of the line was the entrance to a nightclub.

I was completely stunned at this moment!

Charlotte had not exaggerated at all. Every girl who came to the nightclub was dressed extra sexy and avant-garde!

I even saw a lady with long green hair only wearing sexy bras!

“OMG!” I didn’t even know whether to be amazed by the nightclub culture here or to admire the lady’s bravery in the cold.

Charlotte smiled at me, “Look, isn’t it completely different from Germany you knew?”

I nodded repeatedly.

“The stereotype of Germans is well-known around the world. Germans, especially young people, are having more fun than Americans these days.” Charlotte turned the steering wheel, leading us into a dark intersection, “In Germany, the more abstinent and stuffy people look, the greater the contrast. I guess you won’t believe it. There are several well-known nightclubs in Berlin where you even have to take off your clothes. I went there once when I was in college. To be honest, anyone with a little lack of self-confidence would be afraid to go there.”

She seemed to suddenly think of something, and her tone became agitated, “Can you believe that there were even people making love in public?”

I was stunned.

At this moment, Charlotte finally stopped, “Here we are.”

Sofia in the back had already started screaming excitedly. But I

looked around and felt confused.

I just remembered we had just passed the door of an industrial nightclub, and I hadn't even had time to see the name of the nightclub! But the place where the car stopped was very remote, and only loud electronic music could be faintly heard in the distance.

Despite the many doubts in my heart, I unbuckled my seat belt and got out of the car.

Charlotte took her phone and sent a message. She looked at Sofia, said something, and then translated it for me, "Wait a minute, my DJ friend, Tobi Wright, will be leading us through the back door soon."

I realized what was going on and nodded.

As expected, after waiting for less than five minutes, a young man with yellow hair in an ordinary T-shirt appeared. The tattoos on his arms could be seen when he was rolling up his sleeves. I guessed he was in his early twenties and he looked very young and handsome.

Charlotte introduced me and the young man to each other immediately.

"Thank God I've met a beautiful new friend tonight." Mr. Wright was very warm to me.

He hugged me before he took us into the nightclub through the back door, and stored our bags and coats. But what I hadn't expected was that this brand new nightclub experience was just beginning now.

As soon as we entered the arena, the scene inside shocked me! There were people everywhere I looked!

I had never seen such a crowded nightclub!

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Crazy Night

In the dim environment, the combination of rhythmic electronic music and dazzling lights was like some kind of psychotropic drug, forcing everyone here to relax their pores, intensify their breathing and speed up their heartbeat.

Even so, dense crowds of heads were undulating on the dance floor. The impact of such a scene somehow made me feel a little uncomfortable.

At this moment, I even felt a little trypophobia attack, though I did not have this disease.

I was so shocked that I said subconsciously, “Shit! There are too many people!”

Charlotte was very close to me, and she seemed to be the only one who heard me.

She laughed loudly, leaned close to my ear, and yelled loudly amidst the loud music, “This is not the peak time. It’s not even noon yet.”

God!

I looked around and couldn’t imagine how many people could fit in such a place. In other words, was there no stampede happening here? I was not kidding.

If this were Manhattan right now, I swore I wouldn’t hesitate to

turn around and leave. I couldn't stay in such a horrible place for another second. But now it was Munich, and I was the one who had told Charlotte I wanted to go to a nightclub. It wouldn't be polite if I left like this anyway.

Charlotte took my hand and said, "Come with me. Let's drink some wine and go dancing. Here, dancing without alcohol is no fun."

She took me to the bar and I ordered a beer. Luckily the wine was very good and I quickly drained my glass of beer.

Just as I was looking for the bartender for a refill, a bearded handsome man approached me with a glass of wine.

He put on a smile that he thought was very attractive, handed me the wine glass, and said something quickly. It was a pity that I knew almost nothing about German, and I only heard a few keywords such as "lady" and "beer".

But from his body language and expression, I roughly guessed what he meant.

He wanted to buy me a drink.

Charlotte was very active and translated his words in my ear, "He wants to buy you a drink, and then go dance together."

Then Charlotte added, "Dr. Woods, your red hair and green eyes are popular here. Since you came in, the eyes of many men around have been fixed on you."

It turned out that this was not my illusion!

The bearded man was still looking at me affectionately, expecting my answer.

But maybe his eyes were too explicit, and I could easily see his desire for me in them. This look made me uncomfortable.

I even had an intuition. If I said yes to him, after a dance, he might directly invite me for a one-night stand!

“Sorry, but I...” I tried to come up with an excuse, but a flash of that man’s face in my mind made me irritated.

Because of him, I couldn’t think normally at all!

Fortunately, Charlotte was very friendly. She saw my hint of refusal. and took the initiative to say something to the man.

The man shrugged, raised his eyebrows in disappointment, and left without saying anything.

Charlotte turned around and I asked her what she had said.

She said, “I said that you are from the United States, and it is your first time coming to a nightclub in Germany. It will take time for you to adapt.”

I hugged her excitedly, “Oh, dear Charlotte, I am so touched. You are my angel!”

She completely saw my discomfort!

Sofia and the DJ named Tobi had left, and only Charlotte and I were here now. I could tell that she wanted to dance, but she still chose to be by my side.

She was so considerate and sweet. I didn’t want her to sit at the bar with me.

“Let’s go dance for a while,” I suggested.

Charlotte’s eyes lit up, but she still said very kindly, “If you don’t like this place, I can take you away. You don’t need to have any psychological burden.”

She was so kind!

But I didn’t want her to come here in vain, “I know, but we’ve drunk some wine. Let’s go dancing for a while.”

With that, I pulled Charlotte into the dance floor.

The rhythmic music made everyone's adrenaline soar. Even if I hadn't heard the music, I could still twist my body to the rhythm.

Soon, Charlotte and I were dispersed by the crowd. Charlotte had drunk more wine than I did. Now she had completely entered the state of carnival, and couldn't care about me anymore.

I danced for a while and lost interest.

The smoke in the air and the loud electronic music made my brain swell. At the same time, the passionate embrace and unrestrained actions of many men and women around me also made me feel a little uncomfortable.

Just as I was thinking about how to leave the dance floor, suddenly a hand was pressed on my hip!

Then another hand tried to grab my waist.

At this moment, my hair stood on end, and I instantly became much soberer.

I turned around immediately, only to see a fat man with a buzz cut standing in front of me. Seeing me looking at him, he winked at me and put on a smile that he thought was charming.

But in my eyes, his smile was simply disgusting!

"Sorry, I need to go to the bathroom." I hurriedly avoided his touch.

Regardless of whether he understood English or not, and whether he heard my excuse, I hurried off the dance floor and hurried into the ladies' room.

I tried to get a moment of peace in it, but the smell inside was terrible.

The smell of sweat, vomit, and smoke was mixed with the stink of excrement. Even with the exhaust fan running at full power, it still smelled so bad that it was almost suffocating!

I had to leave.

On the way here just now, I noticed that there were some private boxes in this nightclub. Perhaps, I could find an empty box there to stay..

I immediately walked towards the box area.

“Oh yeah! Umm...give me more! Harder...”

“Fuck! You’re one hell of a whore!”

What the hell? What did I hear?

Subconsciously looking in the direction of the sound, I noticed that the door of a box was not fully closed with a gap of about three inches.

From this angle, I could just look through that gap and see the passionate scene inside!

OMG!

There were two men and a woman having sex inside!

In an instant, I fully understood the purpose of these boxes. They were dirty rooms for love-making!

Suddenly a whistle not far away attracted my attention.

I turned around and saw a man approaching me with his face flushed from drinking. He was staring at me with lust and excitement in his eyes.

God!

A person in the dirty room area would be assumed to be looking for excitement by default. He misunderstood!

“Fuck!”

I really shouldn’t stay here. I couldn’t bear to stay for another second.

I ran away.

I went out for some fresh air before I came to my sense after a while. I sent Charlotte a message and told her I was going back first, and that I would see her in the lab tomorrow.

Looking at the time, I realized that I had only been in this nightclub for less than half an hour.

What a long half hour!

I took the night train back to Ulm from the central station, and I was a little upset along the way. I wanted to start a new life in Germany, have a new social life, and meet new men because I hoped I could get over him completely and maybe have some dates. But obviously, the nightclubs here were not suitable for me.

On the way home from the station, I kept thinking about what other hobbies I should take to distract myself.

At this moment, I was attracted by two black shadows in front of

It was already one o'clock in the morning, and there were still people walking their dogs!

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Goodbye. Doctor

Seeing a person and a dog walking in front of me, I suddenly

remembered the scene I had seen when I went to work during the day.

When a German named Nils Schmidt came to work in our laboratory, he brought his German Shepherd dog with him!

It seemed that in Germany, people cared more about pets than in the United States.

For at least the past two decades, I had not seen an American walking their dogs at one o'clock in the morning.

I stopped suddenly.

An idea suddenly came to me. I could also have a dog.

Dogs were so loyal. Once a dog became a family member with me, he would never betray me and would exist around me all his life.

Wasn't it the love I had always wanted?

Thinking of this, I couldn't help feeling better. I made up my mind. I would go to the pet center to get a dog tomorrow and I would pick either a German Shepherd dog or a Golden Retriever.

"Dr. Woods?" The lady with the dog walked to me. It wasn't until she called out my name that I finally recognized who it was.

"Mrs. Krause! I didn't expect it to be you."

Mrs. Mia Krause was my neighbor, and I visited my neighbors one by one on Sunday with souvenirs.

Mrs. Krause glanced at my attire, "You come back so early. Are you not used to German nightclubs?"

She was indeed a fifty-year-old lady with rich life experience. She had a such keen observation.

I nodded with a smile and admitted, "American nightclubs and German nightclubs are so different. I am not used to it."

Then I bent down and touched the golden retriever's head, "Good evening, Balu."

Balu lowered his head and snored softly at me.

"He doesn't look very energetic."

Mrs. Krause nodded, "Yes, he is sleepy, and so am I. But I have no choice. I only have time now, and I have to finish the two-hour dog walk ahead of schedule."

I didn't quite understand, "Why?"

"You may not know much about the requirements for keeping a dog here. Germany has very strict dog laws, and they were even supplemented and adjusted not long ago. In addition to the basic ones, such as dogs cannot be abandoned at will and the owners need to pay taxes, the owners are also required to take their dogs out for a walk for two hours every day. Oh, the owners can't leave their dogs alone at home for more than three hours."

Hearing Mrs. Krause's introduction, I was stunned.

"It's so strict! I wanted to raise one."

At this moment, I suddenly felt lucky. If I didn't know this and directly bring a dog back, I would be in big trouble soon. I finally understand why my colleague brought a dog to work.

Although I liked pets a lot, the two rules of walking the dog for two hours a day and not allowing the dog to be left alone at home for more than three hours made me hesitate again.

I stroked Balu's head, unable to make a choice.

Mrs. Krause suddenly made a sound, and then looked at me, "If you can't make up your mind yet, maybe you can try life with a dog before making a decision."

Her proposal immediately caught my attention, "What do you mean?"

Mrs. Krause suddenly looked a little awkward and said. "Actually, this is kind of my request."

"Recently, I have had some changes at work and I often need to go to Hamburg for business trips. You know, my husband will return to Germany in half a year. During this time, I am planning to hand Balu over to the trusteeship center.

"If you're not sure whether you want to get a dog, maybe you can use Balu to experience that life in advance. Of course, this is just my selfish request."

I was so touched that Mrs. Krause said this to me.

After living in Germany for a short three days, I had gotten a preliminary understanding of the social style here. In Germany, one could only keep a social distance of fewer than 1.5 meters from strangers in nightclubs.

Mrs. Krause and I had only known each other for two days. Or even strictly speaking, we had only met twice, and we had talked for no more than half an hour. But she was giving such trust and friendliness to a foreigner, though there might be some helplessness in such friendliness.

But it touched me anyway.

"Mrs. Krause, I appreciate you trusting me so much. I like Balu very much, from the first moment I met him. If you trust me, I will be happy to babysit him for a while." I squatted down, hugged Balu affectionately, and stroked his soft golden hair.

Mrs. Krause breathed a long sigh of relief, "Thank God. I finally don't have to keep walking the dog now. You know, for an aging woman like me, every late night will shorten my lifespan."

I followed her in the direction of home.

On the way, she told me a lot about Balu's living habits. We exchanged contact information and she said she would be waiting for me at home to pick up Balu after work tomorrow.

When I got home, I took off my make-up, took a shower, and fell on the bed sleepily. Maybe because of Balu's cute smile, I fell asleep quickly.

When I woke up the next day, I saw the message from Charlotte at 2 am.

When I went to work, she apologized to me again, but I didn't take it to heart and told her about the dirty room.

"By the way, I may need to bring a golden retriever over from tomorrow. Do I need any approval or application?"

Charlotte's eyes widened in surprise, "Are you getting a dog?"

I quickly explained, "I'm just helping a neighbor take care of her dog for a while."

I picked up Balu from Mrs. Krause's after work.

Balu was a very gentle golden retriever. He seemed to understand that his master needed to be away for a while. He was whimpering and wagging his tail at Mrs. Krause, circling her feet.

Mrs. Krause rubbed his face. She was as reluctant to say goodbye as Balu.

I had no choice but to comfort her, "Don't worry. I will send you his videos from time to time. If there is anything that needs attention, you can tell me at any time."

Mrs. Krause thanked me again and left.

Balu watched her leave. Although he didn't want her to go, he was still very obedient and didn't bark or make a loud noise.

I kept rubbing his hair, "Mrs. Krause will be back soon. Just get along with me during this time and don't make her worry, okay?"

It seemed he understood what I said. He obediently allowed me to put him on a leash and go for a walk.

Then I discovered something funny. Balu was more familiar with the nearby terrain than I was. It was not so much me walking the dog as it was the dog walking me.

"Dr. Woods?" There suddenly came a nice male voice from not far behind.

I turned around and saw a tall man who looked familiar. He had blond hair and a pair of blue eyes, and he was wearing a suit.

He approached me, "Don't you remember me? We met in the supermarket."

When I heard the keywords, I immediately remembered, "Oh, you are that doctor!"

"Yes, Colston Adenauer, psychiatrist."

He glanced at Balu, "Your dog?"

"No, my neighbor asked to take care of him for a few days."

He raised his eyebrows and nodded, "It seems that you get along very well with your neighbor. Germans usually would not dare to hand over their pets to strangers."

While speaking, Doctor Adenauer knelt and stroked Balu's head, "I seem to have seen you before."

He looked at Balu for a while and then looked up at me, "Is his name Balu?"

“How do you know?”

I was very amazed.

Adenauer smiled gently again, “My residence is nearby, and I saw Mrs. Krause take him out for a walk before.”

“Wow.” I couldn’t help but sigh, “Your memory is really good.”

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Chapter 214



Date

Something suddenly occurred to me, so I asked, “Doctor, do you have time now?”

“Please call me Adenauer. And yes, I have time. Do you want to buy a cup of coffee?”

I was stunned and asked, “How do you know what I want to say?”

It seemed he had a good memory because he even remembered I had offered to buy him coffee when we had walked out of the supermarket.

Adenauer turned to look at me, thought for a while, and raised his eyebrows, saying, “Maybe it’s an occupational disease. As a psychiatrist, I need to observe human beings.”

“You’re awesome,” I complimented him without reservation.

Then we went to a Starbucks nearby with Balu. Adenauer was self-disciplined and did not add sugar to his coffee.

Seeing my expression, he said, "I want to keep healthy."

I joked, "Please stop reading my mind, Wizard Adenauer!"

When he laughed heartily, I found the man in his thirties had dimples. At the thought of this, I shook it out of my mind. After all, he was a wizard who could read people's minds!

If he found out what I was thinking, I'd be so embarrassed that I would want to disappear.

It was getting late, and I needed to take Balu home and prepare dinner. So, Adenauer politely said goodbye to me at an intersection.

I had thought I would not see him anymore. But unexpectedly, since I had met him on his way off work that evening, I had always bumped into him while walking the dog.

At first, we had only said hello to each other. Gradually, we began to have small talk.

I was glad to know him because he was gentle and humorous. I had never had dealings with such a mature and tender man before. At most times, he could guess what I wanted to say before I opened my mouth. But I knew he was not showing off his professional abilities.

Even though a week had passed, he still maintained a moderate social distance from me. And I thought we were friends now.

However, things changed on Tuesday of the next week.

I had miscalculated the daily amount of the dog food Mrs. Krause had prepared for Balu, so I ran out of it a day earlier. Even though she would be

back tonight, I could not let Balu starve for over ten hours! So, I decided to go to the pet store to buy the same dog food by myself.

On the way, I came across Adenauer again.

When he saw me, he asked, "This is not your usual route, right?"

"Well, I have to buy some dog food for Balu."

"Have you run out of dog food?"

"Yes."

He motioned for me to get in his Mercedes and said, "Let me drive you to the pet store. It is not close."

I readily took Balu into his car.

"Do you remember the brand of the dog food Mrs. Krause prepared?"

"I wrote it down in the memo. It's an American brand. And I don't need your help to check the ingredients this time."

I guessed his concern, so I explain in advance.

He glanced at me in the rearview mirror, looking in a good mood.

"It better be."

Ten minutes later, I felt like being slapped in the face.

Adenauer stood in front of several distinct products from "StellaChewys" and waited for me to choose with a smile.

"Why does one brand have so many types of dog food with different ingredients?"

I admitted defeat and asked, "Do you know how to choose?"

"Yes, I do. Have you forgotten I raised a golden retriever when I was a student? I'm a professional in this area."

He accurately took a pack from the shelf and said, "Balu is 5 years old. This one has freeze-dried red meat, so it is more suitable. If you don't believe me, you can check it with Mrs. Krause."

"Why are you so confident?"

I took out my phone and sent Mrs. Krause a message.

When I got her reply after a while, I widened my eyes and looked up at Adenauer, not knowing what to say.

"You are indeed professional."

He raised an eyebrow and said, "I told you."

When we walked out of the pet store, he suddenly stopped his steps, looked around, and asked, "Would you like to have a meal with me?"

I glanced in the direction he had been looking at just now and saw several restaurants of various styles. It was mealtime now, so it looked lively over there.

"Sure."

I happened to be hungry. If I went home now, it would take half an hour to cook a meal. So, it was more convenient to have a meal out.

"Do you need to avoid any food?"

"No."

"What cuisine would you like to eat? French, Chinese, Japanese, or Thai?"

I shook my head and said, "All are OK for me."

Adenauer nodded, "I know a good restaurant. Let's go"

His tone sounded too casual, so I did not feel anything wrong until I followed him into a fancy French restaurant.

Weren't we going to have a casual meal? But it would be impolite to leave now.

After Adenauer whispered to the waiter at the door, the latter soon took Balu to another place.

Sitting opposite him in the bright and spacious restaurant, I felt a little nervous for the first time.

"Can you read French?" Adenauer asked, looking casual and natural as usual. So, I thought I was thinking too much and nodded, "Yes, a little bit."

He handed me a menu and recommended several specialties. But I was in no mood for thinking about the food, so I ordered several dishes according to his recommendation.

When I looked at the prices on the menu, I was sure this was not a casual meal!

Closing the menu, I made up my mind that I would tell him I needed to use the bathroom later and pay the bill in advance. I did not want to owe him anything no matter whether he wanted to chase after me.

But when I went to pay the bill, the waiter's words made me uneasy.

"Ma'am, we are a reservation-only restaurant. And Mr. Adenauer has paid for the meal after ordering."

Sure enough, he had prejudged my actions again!

Back at our table, I felt restless. As much as I tried to look normal, I couldn't hide it from Adenauer.

"If you have any questions, please go ahead."

"Is this a date?" I asked.

Adenauer put down his knife and fork, seriously looked at me, and replied, "Yes."

I knew it!

I felt a little distraught. Objectively speaking, Adenauer was an excellent date. He was graceful and mature. And he was gentler than all the men I had dated.

But...

I avoided his gaze and said in embarrassment, "Sorry! I am so sorry. But I'm not ready for a new relationship."

Because of my nervousness, I was getting my words muddled up.

I saw the disappointment on his face. His blue eyes used to look bright like stars, but now, they had lost their light, "It's okay. I understand."

Hearing him comforting me, I felt even more guilty!

When meeting him every day when walking the dog, I had guessed he liked me. But I had subconsciously chosen to avoid thinking about this matter! What a selfish woman I was!

After parting with Adenauer, I finally met Mrs. Krause at my door whom I hadn't seen for a week.

After she had taken Balu home, I was left alone in the house. So, I opened a bottle of beer and silently drank it on the sofa.

I suddenly felt uncomfortable for no reason, as if something knotted in my chest. And urgently needed to vent my emotion.

Alcohol gradually clouded my consciousness. In a trance, I looked at the bedside table in my bedroom. So, I went over, opened the drawer of the bedside table, and saw the sex toy from Cinder.

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Chapter 215



A Sad Attempt

Maybe she was right. I had not dated for too long. Since the breakup with Aaron, I had completely closed my heart and refused all my admirers.

And I did not understand it. I had not dated him for long, and he wasn't my first love. But after breaking up with him, I could not move on.

Because of the catalysis of alcohol, my self-restraint gradually collapsed. I let myself recall every day and every moment with Aaron.

From that daring booty call, things had gotten out of my control, and my heart had kept moving toward him. I could by no means stop myself from falling in love with him.

We were not only compatible in sex. When we had been dating, he had almost occupied my entire mind. If I had not met him, I wouldn't have known I could love someone so deeply.

However, although we used to be so deep in love, we had broken up. So, I felt depressed as if having a lump in my heart.

When I took out the dildo, I saw blue veins on its soft silicone body. I must be insane! Otherwise, I would not have crazily thought it looked like Aaron's dick.

The more I tried to stop recalling, the more memories rebelliously popped into my mind.

I remembered how Aaron and I had had sex. He had liked letting me sit on his lap before slowly undressing, revealing his sexy body like that of a male model. I even vividly remembered the shape of his six-pack abs!

I slowly unbuttoned my blouse with my fingers.

When we had had sex for the first time, he had also taken off my clothes extremely slowly.

I closed my eyes and took off my bra in the dark. My enlarged areolae gradually shrank in the cold air, turning into a dark red nipple.

Suddenly, I seemed to see Aaron's lustful eyes in the darkness. Then, his hand slowly slipped down my back and gently clasped my waist.

He had always enjoyed admiring my naked body. In the past, I had always had the illusion that I was his muse. His eyes had been deep-set and had fatal magic power that could easily swallow me up! He had loved fondling me, although I had always tried to avoid his foreplay.

But now, those loving flirtations had become precious fragments of memory. I missed them but could never re-experience them.

I imitated his movements, slid my fingers down along the inside of my thighs, and rubbed the periphery of my pussy.

But masturbation was completely different from his caresses. The harder I tried to move my fingers in my pussy, the emptier I felt.

Memories completely went out of control.

Alcohol was a good thing because it helped me forget about reality. I had a very real dream. In my dream, Aaron pressed his hot chest against mine. One of his hands gently held my face when he kissed my lips, neck, and collarbones. Then. He went all the way down.

My lust was immediately revived. So, I roughly took off my underwear, short of breath.

I was wet.

My disordered breathing sounded like two people were gasping. I seemed to hear him excitedly say in a familiar tone, "I made your tits hard again."

My pussy was itchy. When my fingers explored and massaged inside, the hot liquid made my lower abdomen twitch. I felt extremely empty in my lower body, so I desperately longed for his big dick to enter my body.

"Fill me up! Be quick!"

I didn't notice that I had said such words out loud.

Aaron had liked to irritate me by saying nasty words. Hearing those words, I had always been turned on while feeling ashamed.

Now, I had completely lost my reason.

I squeezed the dildo hard into my pussy. I hadn't had sex for a long time, so I felt a dull pain when my vagina was filled up.

Then, I regained consciousness and sadly thought it was not his size.

But soon, I seemed to hear him say, "Relax."

I sank in lust again and intermittently groaned.

He had liked to hear my feedback when having sex to know whether I felt uncomfortable or not. But now, it was not his dick that was in my pussy.

The sad mood in my chest was not relieved but grew stronger.

I was so empty and lonely!

I gradually tightened the grip on the dildo and moved it violently, imitating his movements. Every time I pushed it in, I screamed because it was the reaction he had liked to see.

When we had been dating, he had almost made my body only bloom for him. We had had sex in many places. When we had once had sex outside, David and the others had almost seen us!

I used to think I was sexless, but he had reversed my perception. As long as I thought about him, I would be turned on.

But his Adam's apple was not rubbing against my neck, his fingers were thrust not into my hair, and he was not pressing my head. So, everything felt wrong.

Merely the groans and whispers in my memory could make me go on with it, and my pussy was getting increasingly wet. I did not know whether the liquid had wetted the sheets. All I know was I could by no means stop now.

The physical pleasure made me fall into the abyss of desire. Although the intense movements had satisfied my pussy, they couldn't fill up the vacancy in my heart.

Because of the masturbation, I felt even emptier.

I was lonely.

Sometimes, people were unreasonable.

My mind was full of his name, but I could not get it out of my throat. I knew I was just trying to deceive myself, but I still closed my eyes like an ostrich, pretending to be indulging in past love.

He used to be very fond of kissing me and could notice all the details that I had not even cared about.

He had always served me long and ardently and tried to make me have an orgasm together with him.

Soon, I lay limply on the bed, too lazy to deal with the mess in my lower body. The orgasm made me gasp for breath. Then, I opened my blurry eyes and looked at the ceiling in a daze.

His physical strength had always been good, so we had often had sex twice or three times in one night. And I had never been his match in this respect.

Realizing I would never be so obsessed with another man, I couldn't hold back my tears anymore.

As my tears kept sliding down the corner of my eyes into my hair, I almost threw up from crying.

I had had such a beautiful love, but I had failed to grasp my happiness when it had been only one step away!

My longing and sadness broke down the defenses I had been building for three years.

No! I could no longer be sad like this! I must do something to make a change!

At the thought of this, I got out of bed, picked up my phone, and made a call.


Update Chapter 215 of Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend

Announcement Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend has updated Chapter 215

[CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND](#)

Chapter 216





Gentle Adenauer

Hearing the ringtone on the phone, I felt my heart racing aga

I didn't know if my choice was right. Maybe I had gone crazy. Maybe I would realize it was a wrong decision in the future and hate myself even more. My selfishness and vulnerability would only hurt others! But I did it anyway.

While waiting, I felt as if time had slowed down. When I stared blankly at the phone screen, my heart was full of contradictions. And I wish the call could never get through. However, as soon as this idea popped into my mind, he answered the call.

Seeing the call duration under his name increasing from zero, I put the phone to my ear.

Then, I heard a long breath before he said, "Olive?"

I should have been familiar with his deep and charming voice, but I was unexpectedly taken aback. I was so nervous that I felt my heart about to jump out of my chest. And I suspected he could hear my intense heartbeats on the other end of the phone.

"Olive, what's wrong? Where are you now?"

His tone became anxious, full of worry.

"No, I'm fine. Don't worry about me," I hurriedly explained. But when I opened my mouth, my words were incoherent. I took a deep breath and forced myself to calm down. After all, there was no turning back at this point.

"I just wanted to ask you a question."

I closed my eyes and plucked up my courage, saying, "Adenauer, can I change my mind?"

While speaking, I couldn't even raise my head because of the guilt in my heart. I had a lot to explain, but my confused mind did not allow me to organize my language within a short time.

An hour ago, I had bluntly rejected him. But now, I changed my mind. How ridiculous it was!

If I were him, I would severely scold this capricious woman and hang up the phone.

But he didn't, so we were still on the phone.

Adenauer was a good man. Maybe he had not understood what I meant. But when he came back to his senses, he would be extremely disappointed with me. And I was ready to be scolded.

"Do you mean you're willing to date me?" Adenauer asked in a calm voice on the phone.

This was different from what I had expected!

I repeatedly think about his words but couldn't figure out his emotion. So, I guessed he was restraining his anger and disappointment. After all, he was a professional psychiatrist who could always easily see through my thoughts. He probably had guessed a lot after seeing my bad behavior in the restaurant. My restlessness and refusal had revealed that I was in love with someone else!

Adenauer was an excellent man, so his self-esteem would not allow him to pretend not to know or keep humble in front of me. So, I blushed at my despicable and selfish behavior. His good manners and upbringing did not allow him to yell at me, but I would probably lose a friend forever.

"I see."

Not hearing my answer, Adenauer said, “Dear Olive, does this mean I can formally invite you to dinner if you are free after getting off work tomorrow?”

I raised my head in surprise with the phone in my hand, not knowing how to react.

“What did you say?”

Had I misheard his words?

Adenauer had invited me to dinner instead of getting angry!

Was he crazy? Was this a prank? He must be so mad that he wanted to play a trick on me, right?

Adenauer laughed on the phone, “Did you expect I would get angry? Did you think I will accuse you of being fickle and not taking me seriously?”

Look, he could read my mind!

“Adenauer, I’m not kidding with you.”

He stopped laughing and seriously said, “I’m not kidding either.”

“Why?”

“You know I have feelings for you. Since you are willing to give me a chance, I am naturally happy.”

Although his words sounded reasonable, I felt something wrong.

“But I turned you down in the restaurant.”

“Anyway, you’ve changed your mind.”

I couldn’t understand his logic at all, so I asked, “Don’t you think my vacillating attitude makes me look frivolous?”

“Exactly the opposite is true! You called me after thinking about it carefully. It proved you’re serious about your feelings and me.”

I wanted to tell him he had guessed it wrong. I had called him at the spur of the moment. But I could not say so.

So, I ventured, "Don't you want to know why I changed my mind?"

"No!" Adenauer replied crisply, "Based on the result, I must be a good date in your eyes no matter what the reason is. And I'm glad that you chose me."

Adenauer's tone was so gentle that it soothed my broken soul. I had never met such a warm gentleman. When his voice gently brushed over my broken heart like a feather, I suddenly wanted to meet him very much. If he were in front of me now, I would have hugged him without hesitation.

"Thank you, Adenauer."

My tear glands went out of control again, so my voice became sobbing.

"Olive, I did not expect you to be so prone to feel moved."

His well-placed joke made me smile through tears.

"I didn't cry."

"Fine! If you say you did not cry, I will believe you."

"I'm telling the truth." I wiped away the tears and said, "I feel lucky to know you, Adenauer."

"Me too. Maybe I should go to church this Sunday to express my deepest thanks to God for confusing you and sending you to my side from far-off America."

His words amused me.

"Are you sure you're thanking God? God did not confuse me. It's my choice to come here."

Adenauer obediently corrected himself and said, "Okay, how about I pick you up at TWH when you get off work tomorrow to express my thanks to you?"

“Are you serious?”

I was afraid this was not improper. After all, we had just decided to date.

“Don’t get me wrong. I accidentally saw a piece of news that there will be a lecture about dogs in a bookstore near TWH at 5:30 pm tomorrow. I guess you might be interested.”

“About dogs?”

Well, I admitted I was interested in it.

“Yes. When I was regretting not asking you out to the lecture just now, I received your call! Thank God!”

I did not know how to reply. But I was not a teenager anymore. When I did not know how to respond, I usually chose to start a new topic.

“Well, in return, we can have dinner together after the lecture.”

I thought about it for a while and added, “My treat.”

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CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND

Chapter 217



A German Gentleman

Adenauer readily accepted my offer.

After hanging up the phone, I sat on the sofa in a daze. My mind went blank, but my heartbeat was clear.

I had made a crucial decision! And I knew what it meant no matter if it was right.

Since losing Aaron's love, I had been overwhelmed by sadness for three years and refused to open my eyes to look at the world. I had avoided all intimate contact with men and filled my time with the alcohol and academic studies. I had lived like an unconscious puppet and trapped myself in a prison set up by myself.

And that phone call just now meant a lot to me because I had finally stepped out of the barren prison!

Cinder had made me see reality in her way.

There was no possibility between Aaron and me anymore!

Before canceling my FB account, I had seen the news of his engagement. Maybe he had married that rich girl now. So, I must move on too.

Putting down the phone, I went to the bedroom and threw the sheets and the dildo in the bathroom.

Under the spray of water from the shower, I closed my eyes and silently cleaned the place in my heart that had once belonged to Aaron.

It was time to start a new relationship.

Goodbye, Aaron Morris.

I had thought I would lose sleep, but when I woke up in the morning, I found I had slept well.

Then, I went to the laboratory and changed into my white uniform. After saying hello to Charlotte, I intended to continue working on my drug research and development.

But she stared at me and suddenly said, "You look different today."

I looked down at my clothes and said, "What do you mean?"

"It's hard to describe it. But you look energetic today. Did anything good happen?"

I froze for a moment and laughed, "Maybe."

Giving up Aaron was tantamount to letting go of myself. It seemed I had made the right decision!

When I worked in such a good mood, my efficiency had been surprisingly high throughout the day, so today's research was smooth.

I felt as if everything was celebrating me starting a new life.

When it was time to get off work, my colleagues left one after another. Soon, I received Adenauer's message, saying, "I'm in Parking Lot Two."

I immediately replied, "Got it. I will be there in five minutes."

After sending the message, I started winding up. After moving the glassware from the washer to the dryer, I intended to leave. But Charlotte suddenly came out of the MRI room with 900MHZ.

As my assistant, she was dedicated to her job and had never left the lab before I got off work.

Dividing into

Then, we left the lab together and went out of TWH.

Charlotte usually parked her car in Parking Lot Five which was in the opposite direction of Parking Lot Two. Seeing her going to Parking Lot Two with me, I couldn't help asking, "Didn't you park your car in Parking Lot Five today?"

"Yes! I was almost late today, so I parked it at Parking Lot Two which is nearer."

Charlotte's answer made me a little concerned.

Although I didn't want to tell everyone about my relationship with Adenauer for now, I had no reason to hide it. Otherwise, it would be disrespectful to him.

When we arrived at Parking Lot two, Adenauer got out of the car and walked straight toward me.

"Olive, here!"

Charlotte's gossipy eyes instantly lit up as if a light were being switched on.

"Oh my god! Who is he? Where did you know such a handsome guy!"

"I have you to thank for that." Seeing Adenauer approaching us, I frankly teased, "He is my neighbor Adenauer, a psychiatrist."

I look to Adenauer and said, "This is my assistant Charlotte, and she is a Master's degree candidate in neuroscience at the University of Munich."

Then, they shook hands and tacitly greeted each other in English.

"Nice to meet you."

"Nice to meet you too!" Charlotte said excitedly, "I'm the happiest person to see Dr. Woods making friends and starting a new life in Germany. Do you have a date later?"

When Adenauer looked at me, I replied, "Yes."

Then, I explained to him, saying, "Charlotte is worried that I will go back to the United States because she does not want to lose her job."

Adenauer laughed, "So, will you go back?"

"Hmph, maybe. Who knows?" I deliberately joked.

Charlotte was insensible, so she urged us to go on the date after the small talk.

Then, Adenauer and I went to the bookstore nearby and attended a well-known local animal behavior therapist's lecture. Many people had come with their pet dogs.

Seeing Adenauer listen carefully, I appreciated him more. I did not want him to attend the lecture merely for my interest because it would be a waste of time for him.

The lecture was only half an hour. When we got back to the car, he asked me where to have dinner.

I asked with curiosity, "What does German homely food look like?"

As an American, my meal was full of carbs and calories. I often ate fried chicken, steak, salad, dessert, and pottage. And when I was busy, I perfunctorily had burgers, macaroni, and pizza.

But I wanted to use this dinner to make it up to Adenauer. He was German, so I hoped to show him my sincerity by letting him know I was trying to learn more about his life.

Dividing into pag

He asked in surprise, "Do you want to have German homely food?"

"Yeah. I must fit in, right?"

"OK, I know a local restaurant with a long history. And I am a regular customer."

Soon, I tasted a German homely meal. Potatoes, sausages, green salad, cheese, and a glass of beer. Everything was cold except the mashed potatoes!

"How about the food here? Do you like it?"

After leaving the restaurant, Adenauer smiled and asked me about my feelings for the food.

I honestly said it was okay, but I preferred freshly baked beef and chicken.

When the car arrived at my house, Adenauer opened the door and got out.

I wondered whether he wanted to go in. And the uneasiness hidden in the bottom of my heart gradually cropped up. As an adult, I understood what it meant to let a date in the house at night. Even though we had had a harmonious date today, I was not ready for sex. So, when he walked up to me, my palms started to sweat.

I thought maybe I should launch a pre-emptive strike, so I asked, "Would you like to go in to have a cup of coffee?"

When Adenauer looked down at me, he seemed startled by my direct question. Then, he laughed, "No, thanks."

His answer largely relieved my nervousness.

Then, he put his hands on my shoulders, slightly bent over, and tenderly looked into my eyes, saying, "As much as I'd like to go in, I don't think you're ready."

He was indeed a good psychiatrist because he could precisely read my mind every time.

A tinge of guilt crept into my heart, but I was undeniably relieved to hear such a gentle reply.

Suddenly, I felt a soft and warm touch on my forehead.

Adenauer had kissed my forehead!

When I looked up at him in surprise, I met his beautiful blue eyes.

"Good night! Sweet dreams."

I had to admit that no woman could resist such a gentle offensive.

Not even one!

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Chapter 218



A New Relationship

I had never met such a tender gentleman.

Since that day, Adenauer and I had become much closer.

The next day, Charlotte occasionally teased me in the lab and asked about our relationship. I had thought I would mind it, but now, I found I wasn't averse to talking about him to the people around me. He made me understand a 30-year-old mature man could give me a sense of security.

I looked at two faces on the screen of my laptop and said, "To be honest, I feel lucky to meet him. If I were dating any other man, I would not have adapted myself to it so quickly."

Today was Saturday. Cinder finally could take a break from her busy schedule of work and dating, so she thought of me and Nick and made a video call to us.

Cinder had just taken a shower and was wearing Victoria's Secret pajamas. After removing the delicate makeup, she looked less aggressive and more easygoing.

She sat cross-legged on the bed, pushed her face toward the screen, and smiled brightly, “My dear Olive, judging from the frequency you mention him, I believe you did start a new relationship. Congratulations! So, where have you gotten?”

I glanced at the date in the upper right corner of the screen and said, “We’ve dated for almost two months.”

“You know that’s not what she wanted to know,” Nick said.

Cinder high-fived him across the screen.

Seeing their interaction, I shrugged, “Well, we haven’t had sex yet.”

“What?” Cinder showed a look of disappointment.

“Hey, don’t be so surprised!” I thought about my wording and continued, “It’s my problem. I’m not ready.”

Cinder looked at me with a worried face and said, “Poor girl, doesn’t he have a problem with that?”

“I asked him about it.”

I clearly remembered the scene. After dating him for a month, I had deliberately brought up the topic when walking the dog with him.

I had to admit that Adenauer was a perfect date. He was gentle, mature, thoughtful, and attentive to details. And he could always get my jokes and reply with humor. But I had not invited him into my house, and we had never touched each other intimately.

However, I had been observing him, trying to see his desire from his expression or movement. But I could not find any signs that he wanted to have sex with me. Maybe he was too restrained and gentlemanly. But I could feel him trying to come into my life and advance our relationship.

“We had been dating for a month then. In the eyes of outsiders, we are a sweet couple. But I am not ready to go further. So, I asked why he had never asked for sex.”

Cinder asked with interest, “What did he say?”

It was a scene worth remembering for a long time.

Adenauer had stopped his steps under a huge linden tree and affectionately gazed at me on the side of the road, saying, “I’m no longer a teenager who has just reached puberty, so sex isn’t that important to me.”

He had taken my hand and gently rubbed the back of my hand with the pad of his thumb. And I could see how he valued me in his eyes.

I could feel he cared for, respected, and loved me every day. And it was his earnestness that had made me confirm with him again by asking, “It is not that important, but you still need it, right?”

Adenauer laughed, “Yes, you’re right about it. But I have grown up. If I were twenty, I would have felt disappointed. But now, I care more about how we get along with each other.”

When he had taken a step toward me, the distance between us had become shorter than a common social distance, making us look more intimate.

Balu had obediently stood in place and watched us as if it had been aware of the romantic atmosphere.

“Olive, you are the most charming woman I have ever met. I feel comfortable when dating you. And you respect me very much.”

“I respect you because you respect me,” I had teased.

Adenauer had grinned, revealing his pretty straight teeth.

“Look, that’s why I’m so obsessed with you. You are always kind to the people who are kind to you. Not everyone can do such a thing.”

Was I always kind to the people who were kind to me?

I had never known I had such an advantage, but I knew I sought revenge for the smallest grievance. When Vincent had cheated on me, I had fucked his friend. I always insisted on revenge because I wanted the people who hurt me to regret it.

But no one had complimented me like that.

Knowing I did not deserve the compliment, I had kept silent then.

After all, I had not treated Aaron kindly when dating him. I could not stop myself from thinking about him again. After breaking up with Vincent, I couldn’t help falling in love with Aaron. We had had a good time together, and he had made me understand what true love was like. But I had not dared return him with the same fervent love.

I had been too selfish and cowardly. The overly strong love had made my possessiveness reach its peak, so I couldn’t help doubting whether the current happiness was real. I had suspected whether I was the only woman he loved and wondered how long his love for me would last.

Should I bet all my love on a notorious playboy? I had hesitated.

Facts had proved my hesitation was justified.

Aaron had easily taken back his love for me and hadn’t called me once during the past three years. When I had suffered from

alcoholism in pain and been sent to the hospital at night, he had been dating his rich fiancée.

“Olive, what are you thinking?”

I seemed to hear Adenauer's voice and see him wave his hand in front of my eyes.

I quickly regained my senses and blinked a few times, only to see Cinder waving her hand at the camera on the computer screen.

"Baby, why are you in a daze? What did he say?"

Only then did I realize I had thought of Aaron again! I had vowed to remove him from my heart, so I must not think about him anymore!

I quickly shook him out of my mind and told Cinder and Nick what Adenauer had said then.

"Olive, you met the right man," Cinder said with emotions.

She imitated Adenauer's deep voice and said, "If I were twenty, I would have felt disappointed. But now, I care more about how we get along with each other. These are the love words that only a mature man in his thirties can say! He is a reliable good man!"

I thought the same. But when I was about to echo her, Nick suddenly snorted and coldly said, "Maybe he is just impotent."

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CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND

Chapter 219



Strange Nick

Cinder and I turned to look at Nick on the computer screen in unison and then exchanged glances because he made us feel unfamiliar!

Thinking carefully, I realized his state had also been strange during the last few FaceTime calls. But we had both bought his story, believing it was because he hadn't adapted to the high-pressure life at Harvard.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to lie."

Before Cinder and I could speak, Nick took the initiative to apologize like the previous few times.

He looked at me with a guilty expression and said, "Baby, please believe me. I do hope you lead a happy life, but my work has been too stressful recently."

Then, he lowered his head and spoke incoherently in a hoarse voice.

I remember he had once been in such a state before, but it was not because of work pressure. We had worked with the same professor for several years, so I knew his reaction in a high-pressure work environment well.

Back then, he had become talkative, frantically complained as soon as leaving the lab, and tried his best to have fun after work.

He had worked out in the gym, gone camping, hit bars, or just had a crazy snack purchase in Walmart. But in most cases, he had stayed with his ex who was a scumbag.

Although these were all past, I could not believe his current state was because of "work pressure".

"Nick, you know we'll always be your friends, right?" Cinder suddenly said.

She had spoken my mind.

Nick looked up at us with moist eyes and laughed, "Of course. I don't need to hide anything from you! You know my depth better than my exes!"

Well, his joke always amused me.

“Since you are worried, I will briefly tell you about it. After joining the new team, I have a minor problem. My colleague Dr. Craigie Reuben hates gays, especially bottoms like me.”

Hearing him talking about his unpleasant conflicts with the homophobic man in the lab, I suppressed my doubts. But my instinct told me this was not the real source of his stress. However, since he did not want to say, I was willing to respect his will.

Anyway, he just needed to remember we would always be his friends as Cinder had said. As long as he needed to talk, he could contact us at any time.

Hearing his words, Cinder said, “Some people are sanctimonious. They look educated, but their heads are full of shit!”

Her words aroused our curiosity.

I teased, “It seems weird guys appeared in your world again.”

“Although I don’t want to admit it, you guess it right. I met one of the five most disgusting and despicable clients in my life.”

“Who are the other four?” Nick asked.

“There are no other four! This list is specially made for him.”

Nick and I had relatively closed social environments, but Cinder needed to deal with more people at work.

As a professional landscape architect with a firm career pursuit, she was striving to make everyone she met her client or an intermediary who could introduce clients to her. And the more people she met, the more weirdos she knew.

“Eliott was busy studying in the hospital last month, so I attended a business party alone. A man took the initiative to talk to me. After learning about my occupation, he said he happened to have a newly completed villa and invited me to design for him.”

On the screen, Cinder stood with arms akimbo with a distraught face.

I grabbed a bag of snacks, adjusted to a comfortable posture on the sofa, and teased, “It seems the man made you suffer a lot. I’ve known you for many years, but you have never lost control like this because of a client.”

Hearing her tone of voice, I was pretty sure she would begin her rant.

Sure enough, Cinder took a deep breath, exhaled heavily, and said, “Although I don’t want to admit it, you are right again. I did misjudge him. But I have never expected a man from the Middle East to be so stingy!”

Nick also took a sip of water, looked at her with interest, and asked, “Does he think your design fee is too expensive?”

Cinder rolled her eyes and said, “Many clients bargain with me on design fees, so I will not get angry about such a thing. He is ridiculous because he not only demanded a free design but also sued me!”

“What?” Nick was stunned.

I was also shocked, so I asked, “Well, he deserves to be put on the list of the most disgusting clients. Tell us the details.”

“First of all, this strange client has a long family name. Let’s call him Mr. Jamaal for short. And he has a Sheikh before his name.”

“What does it mean?”

“Sheikh is an honorific title, indicating the person is the head of an Arab tribe, a family, or a village, an important member of the royal family, or a religious

scholar. Because of this title, I relaxed my guard. I thought since he has a high status in Saudi Arabia, he must be rich.”

“So, he’s a fake rich man?”

“Yes, and he is a jerk! I attended the party alone, so he mistakenly thought I was single and took me out of the party on the pretext of talking business.

Nick interrupted with a gossipy face, “Was he trying to chase after you?”

Cinder lowered her head in frustration like a leaky balloon, saying, “Yes.”

Then, she raised her head and angrily said, “When he first

expressed his feelings for me, I decided to endure it for money. When I worked out the design plan for his villa and gave it to him, he nodded to express his satisfaction. But after I refused to date him and told him I was seeing someone else, he kicked me out of his residence and blamed me for playing with his feelings! What disgusted me more is that he refused to pay me the design fee and accused me of fraud. He claimed our contract has an imparity clause.”

Nick and I exchanged glances with each other, mourning for Cinder.

I thought Mr. Stranger was indeed a disgusting man.

“Can you solve it?” I asked.

“Yeah. After I told my dad about it, he arranged a professional lawyer team for me. Even if Mr. Stranger were the king of Saudi Arabia, he would have to pay me the design fee!”

I couldn’t help applauding her spirit.

Cinder looked at me and said, “Nick and I have both talked about the weirdos we met. What about you? Have you encountered any interesting things at work?”

Nick showed an interested expression on the screen.

I pondered for a while and said, "Yes, I have one!"

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CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND

Chapter 220



Two Choices "I ran into the CEO of our company having sex in the office." My words instantly got Cinder and Nick excited, so they pumped up their cars to hear the details. My mind went back to that afternoon. The light was dim at sunset. I saw two scruffy people crash into the gap between the sofa and the flowerpot and heard them gasp and moan in lust. I had to admit that the Germans knew how to restrain themselves and indulge themselves well. I had come from the United States, which was very far away, so we had completely different languages and lifestyles. But my work environment had hardly changed because I was in the lab most of the time. After our group took over the new project, progress was rapid, but we soon encountered a bottleneck. Our group was primarily responsible for quantitative proteomics and had developed a targeted analysis technique. It could detect more regular changes in biomarkers in the liver cancer stage. But we did notice some problems, the biggest of which was that there were very few samples from animal experiments.

We summarize these problems, hold a meeting and internally find a solution. We decided to report the problems to upper management and request an increase in the budget to add new samples as soon as possible. But after Charlotte calculated the funding we needed, all my colleagues raised their eyebrows and made strange expressions. "This is not a small number. I am afraid it exceeds the authority of Dr. Archer's approval." "Then, we must also get Mr. Schutze's approval, right?" Eric Schutze was the CEO of TWH and I had gone to his office on my first day on the job. He was a man in his sixties with a large nose and deep set eyes. That day, he had put on a well-fitting suit with a tie, looking even fitter than my boss, Dr. Archer. I looked curiously at my colleagues and asked, "Why do you react like this? Is something wrong with

Mr. Schutze?" "The problem lies with the boss, Dr. Archer, rather than Mr. Schutze," Kayden said bluntly. Hearing his words, the others nodded their heads and told me the reason. Although Dr. Archer was kind, he was a slow trainer and always strictly adhered to the approval process. If we gave him the application today, he wouldn't make it to the CEO's desk for a week. "But we can't afford to wait a week." I said with a frown, "Is there a way to push it?" After a brief silence, Charlotte suddenly looked at me and said, "Maybe I can do it, Dr. Olive." Then I took the advice of my enthusiastic assistant and knocked on the door of Dr. Archer's office with the files we'd ordered together. After listening to my explanation, Dr. Archer expressed his understanding and said, "I have something to discuss with Mr. Schutze now. I'll send you the files." So fast? He surprised me because what everyone in the lab was worried about didn't happen. But when Dr. Archer was about to leave with the files, a phone call stopped him. Watching him return to his desk and set the files aside, I knew my colleagues were right. "If you don't immediately send the files to Mr. Schutze, he won't remember this matter for several days." I waited at Dr. Archer's desk until he hung up the phone, then offered to help

him send the files to Mr. Schutze. Although he was a bit surprised, he still agreed, "Thank you." I didn't expect to see such a passionate scene later or pay attention to my boss's hesitant expression at that moment. God knew how surprised he was. Her young and beautiful secretary, Mrs. Monica, lay prostrate on Mr. Schutze's desk with her skirt rolled up to her waist, revealing her plump, peach-colored buttocks. Mr. Schutze buried his head between her buttocks, spread her legs with both hands and nimbly licked her pussy with his tongue. "Oh! It itches..." His breathless, soft voice made my toes curl. I should have run away but I couldn't because I was inside the office!

"Jesus!" Hearing this, Cinder and Nick yelled at the same time. "How did you do that?" "Did they find out?" Looking at my excited friends on the screen, I blushed and said, "I won't be found out unless Mr. Schutze checks the surveillance video." I shrugged, "When I took the files to his office, the door was open, but no one was inside." Cinder chuckled gloatingly, "You shouldn't have come in." I nodded helplessly, "Yes, and I learned a lesson." In retrospect, I admitted that it was my fault. Seeing that Ms. Monica was not at the secretary's desk outside the CEO's office, I wanted to leave when I saw the office empty but I hesitated because I had gone with the expectations of the entire laboratory No. 3. I hoped I could tell everyone that the files they had been delivered to Mr. Schutze when I returned. So, I decided to wait outside the office. The door was open, so I figured Mr. Schutze would be back soon. But unexpectedly, when he was about to go out, I heard some strange sounds outside. I was no stranger to such sounds. I heard the jumbled footsteps of two people and the sound of a passionate French kiss. "Oh my God! Can you imagine my feeling at that moment?" Thinking about it now, he still wanted to scream. When he was standing behind the door, the sound of two people kissing was getting closer. The exit was blocked, so I looked around in a panic, trying to find a place to hide. Cinder laughed unscrupulously: "Olive, you shouldn't have hidden. They are the ones who should be ashamed."

What done is done. Anyway, I decided to hide at that time.” Fortunately, the office was big enough. In addition to the desk, there was a space between the black

leather sofa and the huge flowerpot that could accommodate an adult. There were two options in front of me, and my heart was racing. It was more exciting than the roller coaster. If I hid under the desk, they would discover me immediately as long as they went directly to the desk. But if I hid next to the sofa, they would find me too. find me if they had reckless sex on the soft and comfortable sofa. I was running out of time so I bit the bullet and took a chance. I quickly hid behind the black sofa and the large flower pot, took off my coat, and covered my too-flashy red hair. I bet they couldn’t bring themselves to have sex on the couch in the office.

As soon as the office door was opened, I heard high heels hitting the carpet and the two people gasping messily. “You hurt me, Mr. Schutze.” When I recognized the voice of Mrs. Monica. I gasped in shock and screamed silently. Although he had only met her once, she remembered that she was in her late thirties. But Mr. Schutze would be retiring soon! In other words, he was the same age as his daughter! How had they come together? “Let’s go to the sofa. I’ll serve you, okay?” Mr. Schutze said softly lustfully. But his voice sounded like a bomb in my ears. I’d be screwed if they saw me! When I closed my eyes in fear and was ready to accept the execution, Ms. Monica refused, “Let’s do it on the desk in case someone...” When they had recovered briefly, Mr. Schutze nodded quietly. Thank God! My heart had almost exploded just now! Hearing the footsteps of him gradually moving away from my hiding place, I was secretly glad that I hadn’t chosen to hide under the desk at this time.

After all, I didn’t want Mr. Schutze to find a reason to fire me. But after a brief exhilaration, a new problem appeared. How should I leave this place?

Through the gap between the sofa and the flowerpot, I could see what was going on on the desk. Mr. Schutze had unbuttoned Mrs. Monica's blouse, pushed the fabric aside. with her big hands, and he revealed her plump round tits. "What beautiful tits they are!" The huge dark red arcola of hers contracted rapidly after kneading her. And he tugged at her nipples with his fingers to make them hard.

I closed my eyes in despair because it didn't seem like fast sex. I may have to be there to see the whole process before I get a chance to leave. "Did they find out?" Cinder asked. Before she could reply, Nick interrupted, "Definitely not. Otherwise, we would have received the news that she was fired from her a few days ago. On the screen, they were giggling. I sighed helplessly, "Yes, I managed to slip away and they didn't catch me." 16.04% But I wasn't sure either. Maybe our CEO was prudent and in the habit of reviewing surveillance video after having sex. If so, I would have found myself hiding and watching them have sex. However, since he had forgotten to lock the door when leaving the office, I didn't think he was such a person. "Tell us what you did next." My thoughts returned to the scene again. They remembered that they were in the office, so they didn't take off all their clothes but only exposed their key parts. Mrs. Monica was lying on her back on the desk, revealing her huge round breasts. And her skirt was up to her waist when she spread her legs and wrapped them around Mr. Schutze's waist. She took off her underwear, sniffed deeply and showed a delighted look. "Come on, catch me." Ms. Monica seemed a bit nervous. She moved her waist, vigorously raised her p*ss and made a welcome gesture. And Mr. Schutze seemed crazy about this. Her gasping became faster, and the look in her eyes was haunted as he plunged her fingers inside her. Then he let out a flirtatious moan with satisfied pleasure. "Don't grab it so tight. I will make you fully blossom for me soon." Mr. Schutze grabbed Ms. Monica's hand, put it between her legs, and said, "Help me untie...". Then he unzipped her waist, zipped down, pulled her

panties down a bit, and took the c*ck out of her. I hadn't seen too many d*cks, but I thought he was God's favorite. After all, he was in his sixties.

After Mrs. Monica played with him for a while, Mr. Schutze was even more excited. He added another finger to her cunt and quickly pushed and pulled as he lowered his head to lick her cunt, making her breathe fast. "Oh my God! I'm c*mming..." Ms. Monica's voice gradually became higher-pitched. And soon, she gasped violently and reached o*gasm from the constant thrusting and c*toral stimulation. But the scream was swallowed by Mr. Schutze's mouth the moment it rang. And the musky smell gradually filled the air. "Honey, now it's my turn." Mr. Schutze couldn't take it anymore, so he brought her c*ck up to her c*ck, rubbed his head against the slippery hole, then pushed hard. 11:24 AM " A passionate kiss blocked her enthusiastic moans. After Mr. Schutze held Ms. Monica's legs with both hands and pulled her towards him, her round buttocks were pressed tightly against her vagina with only her sex exposed. And her buttocks were in the air. Soon, the rhythmic sound of physical impact echoed through the office. Mr. Schutze was getting old. Although he wanted to show his power, his breathing was becoming heavier and his movements were becoming slower. After a while, he thrust hard and ejaculated in her. Then he sprawled across her body like an exhausted donkey, panting heavily. I raised my vigilance, intending to sneak away. I figured since they hadn't even used a condom, they would have to go to the bathroom to clean up later. And he could take the opportunity to escape! But he did not expect that the matter was not over yet. After a short rest, Mr. Schutze ordered: "Turn around and get on your hands and knees." Ms. Monica obediently lay down on her desk, kneading her tits with both hands.

11 24 Mr. Schutze then squatted down, spread her legs apart, stuck out his tongue and buried his head in her buttocks. "Oh! F*ck me! F*ck me!"

Enthusiastic moans soon echoed through the office again, making me blush. He could fully understand why they had come together. Mr. Schutze not only

had a younger dick, but also a tongue that drove women crazy. He was good at serving his sexual partner. After another ten minutes, the office game was finally over. After confirming that they had gone far, I immediately decided to run away from this place of trouble. But as soon as I got to my feet, I fell to the ground with a grimace. I had held still for so long that my legs had gone numb. And it felt terrible when I suddenly stood up. But he had no time to waste! They would be back at any time. So, I endured the feeling of hemiplegia and left the office with a horrible face. I left Mr. Schutze's office. It took me a long time to calm down in the nearby bathroom. I stayed in the bathroom until my legs were no longer numb. I still had the unsubmitted documents in my hands. I was very indecisive. God! He was very scared! The smell in the office was very strong. He hoped they would think about ventilation when they got back. How long used to take that vent? Some memories flashed through my mind. Suddenly, my phone rang in my pocket. I was surprised! Damn! I had forgotten to silence my phone! At this moment, I was extremely grateful for my good luck. What if he had received this call earlier when he was still hiding on the couch in the office? I couldn't even imagine it! I quickly took out my phone. It was Charlotte. 11.25

"Hey, Dr. Olive, you've been out for half an hour. We are all worried about you. Is there anything we can help you with?" She knew she was just asking for kindness on the other end of the phone, but she still wanted to swear. Of course, he didn't go against her. I held back the excitement in my heart and tried to make my voice sound calmer. "Sorry to worry you guys. I'm fine. I'm just... in the bathroom. Yes, I have had an upset stomach." The best way to lie was to give key information but vague details, and then change the subject as soon as possible: "By the way, the documents are still in my hand."

Update Chapter 220 of Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend

Announcement Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend has updated Chapter 220