

CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND

Chapter 181



He Will Always Conquer My Body

Aaron pushed my bra up so he could cup one of my breasts in his hand. He nuzzled and nibbled at it nonchalantly. I couldn't help but grunt softly, but I bit my lower lip to prevent any more sounds from escaping. I couldn't let Aaron get his way.

He lifted his head and glanced up at me knowingly. He laughed lightly and slid his long fingers down my belly while he buried his head in my chest. He increased his teasing, licking and nibbling at the tip of my breast.

"You..." My eyes widened as I felt two of his fingers dip into my p*ssy, pushing in as his thumb pressed and swirled my cl*t. I curled my toes, trying my best to stay composed.

But my o*gasm kept building, and before I knew it my legs were wrapped around his waist. One of my arms was slung around his neck as I tilted my head back to grant his mouth access to my neck.

I should've pushed him away, but my body always submitted to him.

Aaron lifted his head and paused his kisses. He stared down lovingly at me with such passion that I felt the heat of his gaze. He murmured softly, "Olive, let's not fight, okay? And don't leave me."

My breathing was rapid, but I pursed my lips and refused to answer him.

The next moment, I felt Aaron's heavy breath on my ear before he gave it a nibble. His hot tongue licked a trail from my earlobe all the way down my neck, leaving spots of warm saliva.

"Do you want it or not?"

His voice resonated like a cello in my ears, and I struggled to keep my sanity. Eventually, I stiffly said that I didn't want it.

"Then I'll think of something else to do." Aaron bit down hard on my collarbone, then knelt down in front of me. I was caught off guard, so I didn't resist as he pulled my legs open and buried his face in my core.

"Ah!" I clenched my legs around him in vain as his strong hands held my thighs open and his tongue licked up and down my wet p*ssy.

Right then I felt my mind turn to mush.

He just continued to lick slowly like a simmering pot. The pleasure continued to pile up deep inside me and I couldn't stand it anymore. I pulled his head closer with my free hand and panted heavily.

I longed in my heart for Aaron to make it hurt, but Aaron only paused his movements. Instead of thrusting in the thing I craved most as I hoped he would, he sucked gently on my labia before returning to teasing my cl*t with his tongue.

As soon as he felt me shiver, he began to move more aggressively, constantly licking and sucking at my cl*t.

I felt my core tighten and uncontrollably thrust myself down onto Aaron's tongue. "Aaron, you b*stard!"

"I'm only a b*stard to you," he replied. He pushed my thighs even further apart, then plunged his tongue deep into my hole.

“Ah!” The pleasure was so overwhelming that my mind went blank. I felt like I was going to burst.

The next second, I felt a huge stream of liquid squirt out of me.

Aaron lifted his head, my fluids dripping down his chin, and his lips red and shiny.

I stared at his face in disbelief, and I felt a sudden flash of warmth between my legs. My heart tensed and I had just come back to my senses when Aaron shoved inside of me.

“Mm!” The sensitive flesh inside me shivered as his d*ck ground against it, and a surge of pleasure ran down my spine. I winced as my entire body shuttered.

After he was deep inside of me, he stopped moving. My desire was still not released, so I twisted my waist in an attempt to get him to move. I heard a soft laugh from above me.

“Babe, I feel like when you’re underneath me you love me the most.” Aaron leaned down to pepper gentle kisses on my forehead, brow, and eyelids.

His kisses traveled lower before pausing at my chest to nibble delicately on it. His hips finally moved as he began thrusting into me. It felt like he was so deep that he would thrust right through me.

I craned my neck and let out a long sigh. My cuffed hand trembled as the chain thunked against the headboard. My other hand gripped the sheets, showing how good I really felt.

Aaron didn’t give me a chance to catch my breath as he grabbed me by the waist and pounded into me faster. My hand moved to clutch his arm. I had no strength left to resist, and I shuddered as he brought me to o*gasm. It felt like my soul was leaving my body.

It was very late at night by the time we were done.

Aaron carried me to the shower with the handcuffs still around my wrists. Yes, at one point he cuffed my hands together to stop me from wriggling about.

I hated myself a little for my lack of will. Things shouldn't have

But even with my mind resisting, my body listened to him. I leaned my head onto his shoulder and pitifully raised my hands. My voice was h*arse as I said, "Uncuff me. Now.

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Chapter 182



Escape from Aaron

Aaron grabbed my hand against his chest and pulled my waist forward so that I was straddling him. "I guess I didn't exhaust you enough earlier if you still have the energy to think about things like that."

His erect c*ck rested against my tender p*ssy and he slightly raised his hips, plunging it deep inside me.

"Aaron... mmm...: I bit my bottom lip and stifled a grunt as he continued to thrust into me.

Aaron held my hips and stared at me with an expressionless face. If it weren't for the splashing in the tub, no one looking at us would be able to guess what Aaron was doing to me right now.

He reached out and brushed a lock of my wet hair behind my ear, his eyes dark and heavy. "Olive, don't you want to stay by my side? Why do you have to see him?"

As he spoke, he shoved upwards again.

His paranoia about me seeing Vincent bothered me. I met his annoyed gaze and tried to suppress the displeasure in my heart as I explained once more, "I'll come back right after I go to see his mother..."

"You're stalling!" Aaron lowered his head and bit down hard on my left breast, leaving a dark red mark.

I couldn't help but scream, and I instantly shouted at Aaron. "Aaron, you're too much sometimes! You're going to make me hate you!"

I don't know which word stirred him, but his eyes suddenly became cold and dangerous as he pressed me further into the water. I could only barely hold onto his neck to keep my face above the water, but this position felt even more intimate.

Dividing into pages now

His jaw tensed, he lifted my leg around his waist, and he once again thrust into me. Hard.

The lewd sounds of splashing filled the bathroom.

Aaron lowered his head so he was next to my ear, gave it a nip, and said in a deep voice, "Olive, you're mine. I won't let anyone take you away from me. You don't want to escape."

The room was dark and Aaron was breathing deeply next to me, already asleep.

I listened to my own heartbeat as I struggled to fall asleep.

Aaron stubbornly believed that I was going to see Vincent, no matter how much

I explained. He just kept saying I was twisting the truth. He even restrained me and teased me. His attitude made me lose patience as I tried to explain the situation to him.

Aaron couldn't keep me shut in here forever.

I made sure Aaron was asleep before gingerly getting out of bed. I grabbed my phone and walked to the foyer to look for the handcuff keys on the counter. It took me a while to find the key in the trash.

I unlocked the handcuffs, changed my clothes, stole one last glance at the sleeping Aaron, and left the room.

When I left the hotel, the night was in full swing.

It was a chilly night in Bern. The cold wind blew right through my sweater and directly into my heart. I wrapped my coat tighter around me and hailed a cab to head to the airport.

When I got there, I called Vincent.

"Olive." His helpless, bitter voice was slightly distorted by the call. "I thought you'd never call me again."

I didn't call Vincent just to chat, so I got straight to the point and said, "Which hospital is your mom in?"

Vincent was silent for a couple of seconds, as if he considered hanging up.

Instead, he dropped that lost tone and spoke seriously. “We’re in Las Vegas. What time are you arriving? I’ll pick you up at the airport.”

“I’ll let you know when I get there.” I didn’t want to talk to Vincent any longer, so

I hung up the phone without giving him a chance to reply. I was a bit confused. Why would Vincent’s mother go all the way to Las Vegas for treatment instead of choosing a hospital in New York?

A bit of suspicion flashed through my mind, but I was so exhausted from my argument with Aaron that I didn’t think too much about it.

After I bought a ticket for the latest flight to Las Vegas, I figured that Aaron would call me when I woke up so I turned off my phone. I only turned it back on once I had arrived in Las Vegas.

Tons of messages from Aaron immediately popped up on my screen. I didn’t know exactly how many he sent, but my phone constantly buzzed.

Looking at the messages, I could tell how bad Aaron felt after he realized I left.

He was asking for it! I tried to explain it to him, but he refused to listen and imprisoned me. When I thought about what he did to me, I teared up.

So I didn’t message Aaron back. I already decided to visit Vincent’s mother, and talking to Aaron wouldn’t change that. It would be better for us both to calm down first. I’d talk with him after visiting Vincent’s mother.

I felt my phone ring, and I noticed Vincent was calling, so I picked up.

“Olive, I’m at the airport entrance. Did you get off the plane?” I was a bit surprised at Vincent’s words. How did he know that I was here?

Maybe I had known him for so long that he knew what course of action I would take. I suppressed my amazement and headed to the doors of the airport.

Right after I stepped out of the doors, I spotted Vincent. He was wearing a long, black trench coat. He leaned against his car door and waved at me. His outfit and attitude reminded me of when I first started dating him. But as soon as I came back to my senses, I was filled with disgust.

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Chapter 183



I promise to play along with you

Vincent opened the passenger door and motioned for me to get in. I didn't know if he deliberately dressed up today, but he didn't have that tired, haggard vibe he usually had.

I strode over and ducked into the car. As I spoke, my tone was slightly distant.

"How's Mrs. Jones doing?"

Vincent got in the car as well and turned his head to look at me. His eyes lingered on my neck for a couple of seconds, and he quickly put on a smile. He tried to hide the gloom in his eyes, but he still let out a sigh and shook his head.

"The scan determined that her cancer is already quite advanced. According to the doctor, she's not doing great. If the medication controls the cancer well, she'll probably live for another six months."

I couldn't help but feel a bit sad. Mrs. Jones was such a good woman, but her illness was so severe that her days were numbered.

Vincent pursed his lips. "Olive, thank you so much for making this trip. My mother will be very happy to see you."

I was still exhausted from the flight and didn't notice the calculating glint in Vincent's eyes. He suddenly leaned forward, his eyes staring directly into mine.

"Olive, could you do me a favor?"

He leaned in so close that I was uncomfortable. I furrowed my brow and shuffled away, asking with some apprehension, "What's wrong?"

Vincent sensed my reluctance and smiled bitterly. "You know that my mother's always adored you, and she always wanted us to get married. So... Olive, will you marry me? I don't want my mother to leave this world with regrets."

His idea was so ridiculous that I thought I misheard him for a moment.

"Vincent, do you even know what you're saying?"

"Olive." Vincent leaned even closer and looked at me with a desperate expression. "I really don't have a choice. You're the only one who can help me with this, since my mother likes you so much. Please, will you help me?"

Even though Vincent was basically begging, I could only shake my head and refuse. I thought about Aaron, who was now my boyfriend. I wouldn't dare to imagine how Aaron would react if he learned I was married to Vincent.

Vincent saw me shake my head and his words grew more desperate in response. "Are you reluctant to say yes because you're worried about Aaron's reaction?"

I frowned, and I tried to make my voice sterner. "It's not only that, Vincent. You should know that I would never say yes, even if you're desperate. This whole thing is ridiculous."

I was sad about his mother's sudden illness, but I couldn't play around with marriage just so she wouldn't have any regrets. Even if he was a good friend, I wouldn't agree to such a request, let alone one from that s*umbag Vincent!

He hadn't forgotten about how he betrayed me, right?

Vincent was still anxious. "Don't worry, we wouldn't actually get married. I wouldn't want to ruin your future with Aaron. Here in Las Vegas, even if we get a marriage license, if we don't submit the proper documents with the signatures then our marriage certificate would be invalid. I just want us to put on a little show for my mother. She's been good to you for so many years, so could you please just do this one thing for me?"

He was pleading with me. I knew that if I refused again, he would grovel in the middle of the road and beg me to say yes. Even if he was complete s*um, he was still a devoted son.

But I still felt like something was wrong. Vincent's mother wasn't an idiot-she would be able to tell if we were acting.

Vincent didn't give me a chance to think. I hesitated to answer him, but I saw a tear fall from the corner of his eye.

He covered his face with his hand and his shoulders trembled as he tried to suppress his s*bs. "I'm sorry for making things difficult, Olive. I just don't know what to do anymore. I want to make her happy before she passes on, but I can't even satisfy this one small request. It's all my fault! I lost you, and now I'm about to lose my mother, too."

The more Vincent said, the worse I felt. I don't know if it was because he looked so pitiful, but I felt a tiny bit of sympathy for him.

Vincent always had a good relationship with his mother. If I was already feeling upset about her sickness, I could only imagine what kind of pain he was in right now.

I hated Vincent from the moment he betrayed me. I never wanted to speak with him again, so I never thought I would feel this way when I saw him cry in front of me. Maybe I didn't feel bad for him, but I felt bad for his mother. She was still so young, but she was about to die.

Vincent was still sobbing. He slumped over the steering wheel and tried to keep quiet, but he still sounded so desperate. Just like Vincent, I couldn't bear to see his mother pass away with regrets.

If it would really be like he said it would, with us just acting for his mother, maybe I could agree.

I sighed, scratched my head irritably, and interrupted his crying. "Don't cry, I promise I'll pretend to marry you."

The next moment, Vincent grasped my hands in his. There were still tears on his face, but his expression was now pleasantly surprised. He held my hands tightly, and his lips trembled as he smiled. "Olive, thank you so much! I knew you were the kindest girl in the world. My mother will be so happy to watch us get married!"

I was a bit uncomfortable to see Vincent's joy, and his casual touching irked me even more. Did he seriously forget about his betrayal?

I suppressed my disgust and coldly yanked my hand away. "You're welcome. I'm doing this to make your mother happy, not for you."

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Chapter 184



Getting a license with Vincent

As soon as I'd agreed to Vincent, I started to regret it. But he kept excitedly repeating how his mother would be so happy to see us getting married, and I dismissed my hesitation again.

It was all fake anyway, and if I could help his mother die peacefully with no regrets, then it would be worth it.

The next morning, Vincent knocked on my door. He was dressed in a sleek black suit and tie, and his hair was neatly slicked back with hairspray.

Compared to Vincent's fancy attire, I looked quite plain and

definitely not like his girlfriend at all. It was surprising to hear a compliment from Vincent despite my appearance, "You look very beautiful today."

He was practically glowing, his face transformed by a charming smile that struck a sharp contrast with the Vincent I had seen crying against the steering wheel yesterday. This version of Vincent was undeniably handsome, but his overly polished appearance gave me a sinking feeling in my stomach, and I knew that something was wrong.

This feeling reached its breaking point when Vincent handed me a bright red rose. I didn't accept it, but frowned and looked at Vincent with some hesitation. "Vincent, aren't you forgetting that our marriage is fake?"

The smile on Vincent's face tightened slightly. He grabbed my hand and stuffed the rose into it a little forcefully, then nodded. "Of course I know that. I just wanted to make the scene a little more realistic, Olive. I'm not so shameless that I would lie to you about something like this."

Even if he was a s*umbag, I didn't think Vincent would use his mother's illness to trick me into spending time with him.

But I still didn't accept the rose in the end. My fake marriage with Vincent was already making me feel sorry for Aaron, but I'd been justifying it by reminding myself that I just wanted to make Mrs. Jones happy.

Knowing that Vincent still had feelings for me, there was no way I could accept such a romantic gesture.

"Okay, I'm sorry, I guess I overstepped." Vincent smiled slightly as he shoved the rose into the nearest trash can. "Are you ready? Let's go now."

"Yes, I'm ready." I nodded. I still had a bad feeling about this entire situation, but Vincent quickly changed the subject, leaving me no time to think about it.

When we arrived at the city hall, Vincent glanced at me, then headed over to the kiosk to start our registration. Seeing Vincent hurriedly typing in his personal information, I still felt that inexplicable heaviness in my heart.

I didn't want to think about how Aaron would react if he knew I was marrying Vincent.

He was probably... going crazy right now.

I couldn't help but think of Aaron's dim, lifeless eyes when I rejected him before, and the fake smile he put on despite being disappointed. For some reason, at that moment, I missed Aaron so much I could hardly breathe. I wanted to explain all of this to him, and I figured if I just talked things over with Aaron, he would understand.

I left without saying goodbye, and now I was getting a marriage license with Vincent. If Aaron found out about this, I couldn't imagine how devastated he would be. My heart suddenly swelled up with guilt and sorrow, and I couldn't think about anything but

Aaron's sad face.

I turned around to leave. I wanted to go back to Switzerland, so I could see Aaron and explain the situation to him. At the very least, I owed Aaron an explanation before I finalized my fake marriage.

I had only taken a couple of steps when someone grabbed my wrist forcefully. It might have been my imagination, but I thought I saw something dark and sinister flash across Vincent's face.

When I looked again, though, he was gazing at me with a desperate, pleading expression. He held my wrist tightly. "Olive, where are you going?"

Vincent's smile was increasingly forced as he pulled me over to the registration desk. "I'm done entering my information, Olive. Now it's your turn."

He pursed his lips and smiled bitterly. "Help me, please? You're the only person who can help me now."

I had already come all the way to the city hall. I was doing this for a good cause, and I had to commit to it until the end. I clenched my fist to mentally prepare myself.

It took a while before I finally gathered the courage to walk up to the kiosk..

The digital registration form was simple enough to fill out, and soon Vincent held the printed marriage certificate, his hands shaking with excitement.

Looking at his expression, I felt a little overwhelmed again. If I'd done this with Aaron, would he have been even more excited than Vincent after we registered our marriage?

While I was lost in thought, Vincent patted my arm lightly. “My mother is going to be thrilled when she sees this certificate, Olive. Let’s go see her now.”

“Okay.” Hearing Vincent’s words, I breathed a sigh of relief. After I visited Vincent’s mother, I could finally go back to Aaron.

Vincent and I left the marriage licensing bureau and headed back to his car.

Vincent took a long look at our marriage certificate and carefully put it into the glove box. Once the form was put away, Vincent straightened his cufflinks, then opened a carton of milk and handed it over to me. “Are you thirsty? Do you want some milk?”

I got up early that morning, and I hadn’t had time to eat before Vincent and I came straight to the registration office. Vincent’s offer reminded me that I was really hungry and thirsty, so I accepted the carton and took a sip.

I swear, I only took a single sip.

But after raising the can to my lips, my head suddenly started to spin. Vincent’s face in front of me blurred and separated into three different images. I shook my head vigorously, wanting to ask Vincent what was going on.

But Vincent was looking at me with a blank expression, and before I could question him, my vision faded to black.


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Chapter 185





. The wedding is about to begin

When I regained consciousness, I was surprised to find myself lying on a simple, narrow bed. I looked down to discover that I was wearing a wedding dress!

Vincent was standing on the other side of the room, holding a bouquet of roses. When he saw me tugging at my dress in disbelief, he strode over to me, squatted down, and pressed the delicate flowers into my hands. He said, "Olive, we're supposed to be at the altar soon. You need to get ready."

I thought I must be dreaming. There was no other possible explanation for what Vincent was saying. Why was he talking about an altar?

My eyes widened in shock. "Vincent, are you out of your mind?"

What the hell had he done? What was wrong with that can of milk... Had Vincent drugged me?

He smiled as he pushed the bouquet of roses into my hands, gently cradling my cheek in his cool palm. "I'll explain everything later. For now, can you just trust me?"

I struggled to sit up on the bed, still feeling dizzy. I looked around slowly and realized that I was in a church!

Vincent looked at me with a calm expression. "That's right, Olive. We're in a church, and in ten minutes, you and I are going to have our wedding ceremony."

He tried to touch my face again, but this time I didn't give him the chance. As he reached out to me, I picked up the bouquet of roses and smashed them into Vincent's head as hard as I could.

I shoved him away from me and staggered up from the bed. "This isn't funny, Vincent! I really misjudged you. I didn't realize you were such a shameless, despicable person!"

I thought Vincent's formal outfit this morning was strange, but I hadn't questioned it in the moment. This was completely ridiculous, and I'd never expected Vincent to take his little joke so far.

But now it seemed like Vincent was actually crazy, and there was no telling what he might do! I was starting to wonder if Vincent had lied to me about his mother's illness, and it was all just a ruse to drag me into this wedding scheme!

I couldn't let Vincent get away with this; I had to get out of this d*mn church immediately. I didn't even have the energy to yell at Vincent anymore, I just wanted to escape as fast as I could.

But after opening the door, I froze in my tracks.

Vincent's mother, Kaitlyn Jones, was sitting in a wheelchair in the front row of the church sanctuary. She was wearing a plain white dress with a corsage pinned to her chest, and she had a joyful, relieved smile on her face.

She looked like she'd lost a lot of weight since I had last seen her, and her face was transformed by a haggard exhaustion that couldn't be hidden by makeup. Apparently, she really was sick.

While I was still processing Mrs. Jones's weakened state, Vincent came striding over to me. He took my elbow, lowered his head, and whispered in a pleading tone, "Olive, I'm sorry, but this is all out of necessity. I never meant to

lie to you, but my mother would be so disappointed if we didn't have a real wedding."

From the pew, Kaitlyn smiled and waved at me. She was so thin, she was basically just skin and bones, but the light in her eyes as she gazed at me and Vincent was impossible to miss.

Seeing Kaitlyn like this gave me pause, but I still couldn't hold back my anger at Vincent. "But you still shouldn't have lied to me!"

I'd passed out and woken up to find myself wearing a wedding dress. Vincent had no idea how much this scene had affected me.

Vincent clutched my hand tightly, as if he thought I might try to run away. He whispered again in my ear, "I swear, Olive, I really am sorry. I was afraid you wouldn't cooperate with me. Please, forgive my selfishness. All I want is to make my mother happy, so I had no choice but to deceive you."

He took a deep breath and continued, "We just have to get through this ceremony. As long as we don't file it on record, our marriage license won't be valid. Like I told you, this is all just an act for my mother's benefit. If you're worried about Aaron getting the wrong idea, I can explain it to him personally."

Despite the sincerity in Vincent's voice, I couldn't let go of my anger. "I don't want you to do that, either!"

If it wasn't for Kaitlyn's obvious poor health, I would have shaken off Vincent's hand and run out of the church. But when I met Kaitlyn's loving gaze, my feet felt like they were made of lead.

I stood there stiffly, trying to decide if I should continue to cooperate with Vincent's performance.

Vincent gave me a pitiful look. "Olive, do you really want to see my mother disappointed when she's like this? Have you forgotten how kind she was to

you? We're already in the church, it'll just take another thirty minutes. Please, make my mother happy."

His tone was filled with concern, like he was afraid I would change my mind.

Out in the pew, Kaitlyn frowned anxiously when she saw that we weren't walking down the aisle. She said something to the people sitting around her, craning her neck to look back at us,

I was still frozen in indecision. Did I really want to go this far to help Vincent? But before I could think of a way to end all this drama, a young woman was pushing Kaitlyn toward us.

With a warm smile on her face, Kaitlyn took out a ring and handed it to me, looking at me with a mother's loving gaze. "Vincent, Olive, congratulations on becoming a couple. I wish you nothing but happiness for the rest of your lives."

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Chapter 186



I Do

That was a ruby ring. Just by looking at it, you would know it was something from the past. I knew the ring was their heirloom. Kaitlyn had told me that when Vincent and I got married, she would pass the family ring to me.

Remembering that this was their family ring, of course, I wanted to refuse it. My marriage to Vincent was a sham. I never expected anything like this to happen today.

This ring was for Vincent's wife. I had no excuse to accept it, but...

Kaitlyn was beaming with joy. Her smile was so sincere I had no courage to tell her that our marriage was just a sham. A little embarrassed, I clenched my fists, not knowing what to do.

The minutes ticked by, but I still had no mind to take the ring. The atmosphere looked embarrassing

"Sorry, she's too nervous," Vincent smiled. He took the ruby ring and held my left hand, going to put it on my finger.

Kaitlyn suddenly wowed, looking in great surprise at the pink diamond ring in my hand. "Olive, is this Vincent's proposal ring for you? It's really beautiful!"

The moment she finished that, not only my smile but Vincent's expression became embarrassed. He gave my fingers a hard squeeze but smiled at his mother, "Yes, mom, this is the ring I gave Olive when I proposed to her."

Before I could ask him to stop, he slipped the ring off my finger and put the ruby ring on it.

In a panic, I took back my ring from his hand. When I was about to reproach him, he leaned close with a broad smile but said with an imploring look, "Could you please cooperate with me to finish the play? My mother is so happy. You can't bear to watch her disappointed, can you?"

I did want to refuse him, but his mother's smile was sincere and beautiful. Then I couldn't say a word to refuse him.

Will I also have to attend the wedding ceremony with him in the church to please his mother after the sham marriage? I haven't even done such things for Aaron.

But his mother had gathered up all her own energy to look spirited. When I saw that, the courage I had just summoned up was all gone. If I exposes Vincent's lie at this moment, his mother will be so sad, won't she?

I didn't dare to imagine if anything would happen to her under the huge shock. If something happened, I would be responsible for part of it.

Once again, Vincent took my wrist, making it hook his arm. After that, he explained to his mother with a smile, "This is Olive's first marriage. She's so nervous. You people don't have to mind it."

"Why do we have to mind it? I'm so happy to see you two get married." His mother's eyes were smiling. She wiped away her tears and said, "Since I can see you and Olive get married at this time, even if I had to die on the spot, I would be willing."

"Mom!" Vincent shouted to stop her. He let go of my hand, walked to his mother, and hugged her. "You'll also see Olive and I bear a child. We'll have a smart, beautiful child, just like Olive."

His mother laughed heartily, "That's so great. I really want that day to come soon."

"You will." Vincent sobbed a bit. Then he looked back and beckoned me. "Is that right, Olive?"

His mother looked at me expectantly, and the people around us looked at me with joy.

I pursed my lips, so afraid. Everyone is happy but me. Can I really withdraw from the play that has reached this point?

I closed my eyes for a few seconds, but I finally decided to keep playing this game with Vincent until we finished it. Holding the pink diamond ring firmly in my hand, I smiled, "Yeah!"

The smile in Vincent's eyes was more obvious. He came over, pinched my cheek intimately, and said, "Are you ready? We'll hold the ceremony now."

Since he has pushed me to this point, is it useful to say I'm not ready? When the onlookers didn't notice us, I glared at him with hatred.

His expression stiffened for a second. But after that, he laughed more happily, "The priest has come. Let's go."

The moment the solemn, romantic wedding march song started, I was a little nervous. On both sides of the red carpet were blooming flowers. On the benches, Vincent's relatives all looked at us with their best wishes

I was standing beside Vincent, but my mind once again began wandering. If the one beside me were Aaron, would I also be so uneasy and uncomfortable? I thought uncontrollably.

The priest barely nodded to us from the platform. Then he opened the vow book and read the marriage vow seriously.

Standing there like a piece of wood, I saw him open and close his mouth repeatedly, but didn't know what he was reading. All my mind was filled with Aaron. When things had come to this point, I was even a little afraid to see him, and I didn't dare to tell him everything I had experienced today.

No doubt, he would be unhappy! Aaron had a problem with me keeping in touch with Vincent, but I was now already Vincent's "bride" wearing a snow-white wedding dress in the church.

Feeling a sudden pinch on my arm, I came back to earth and heard Vincent whisper in my ear, "Say I do."

Not realizing what was going on, I subconsciously said “I do” as he told
After I said that, my heart suddenly thumped. I felt that something was wrong.
What did I say?

Before I could figure it out, I felt a harsh gaze from the place opposite. I was
panicky, but I intuitively knew something bad would happen. With this intuition,
I looked up.

And I saw Aaron, who was dozens of meters away from me.

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Chapter 186

CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND

Chapter 187



Aaron's blessing

Aaron seemed to have gone through a heavy blow. He couldn't stand steady
and had to lean against the church door, his face as white as a sheet of
paper.

The instant my eyes met his, his face turned grave. After a cold glance at me,
he turned and strode away. When I saw him stride away, my heart seemed to
be hit hard by a sledgehammer.

My heart shrank a lot. The priest was still talking, but I couldn't hear anything anymore. I broke free from Vincent's hand and lifted my wedding dress, going to run after Aaron, but Vincent held my arm firmly

With a little dark face, he warned me in a low voice, "Olive, our wedding is almost complete. You should be cooperative at this time."

"Get out of the way!" How could I have the mood to care about the wedding now? I pushed Vincent away, said sorry to Kaitlyn in a hurry, and turned, running to the entrance.

No sooner had I come out of the church did I see Aaron. He was wearing a fine suit, but the areas below his eyes were bluish-black. Obviously, he had not had a good sleep lately.

Since I had seen the shining Aaron in fine suits many times, this appearance pained my heart.

Now I couldn't care about Vincent or his seriously ill mother anymore. I just wanted to comfort Aaron, telling him everything he had seen was untrue.

Despite everything, I lifted my dress, running toward him. When I reached him, I opened my arms to hug him. But the moment I was about to hold him, he took two steps back.

His beautiful blue eyes were cold and vigilant, just like two frozen lakes. I sank my arms stiffly to my sides, astounded. "Aaron?"

I've been with Aaron for so long, but this is the first time he has avoided me getting close to him. Why? Is he angry with me for leaving without informing him? If this is the case, I can explain.

I sorted out my thoughts, ready to explain, but he put a gift box in my hands.

I was stunned for a moment before opening it. In the box, there was a set of cups with exquisitely carved patterns. Obviously, they were for lovers.

“Bilder spent a year making this set of cups. Now I give the cups to you. I wish you and Vincent a happy marriage.” Aaron put a smile on his face, but his eyes were cold. I could see that they were without warmth.

But my heart felt more coldness than what Aaron’s eyes bore, and it was sinking. I lost all my strength, and the gift box almost slipped out of my hand.

“What do you mean?” I looked up at Aaron in shock. I didn’t believe this was what he said.

He shrugged a bit and said in a carefree manner, “I said, ‘I wish you and Vincent a happy marriage.’ And I hope you have a beautiful, smart baby next year.”

He must be so angry he said something like this. I shook my head and explained anxiously, “This is not the truth. It’s because Vincent’s mother is sick...”

“Does it have anything to do with me?” He frowned with grumpy eyes and interrupted me impatiently, “Your wedding ceremony is n over yet, right? Don’t you need to go back to finish it? This is the most important day in your life. Don’t waste your time on me. It’s not worth it at all!”

How could the time I spend with him be the time wasted? I shook my head, which was a mess now. I never expected anything like this to happen. Why did Aaron have to appear when Vincent and I took the oath?

“Aaron.”

Just when my head was a mess and I didn’t know how to explain, a woman’s cheerful, lively voice came from behind my back.

I saw Aaron’s eyes light up. He hit me straight on the shoulder, rushing toward the woman, who was wearing a jacket that exposed her belly button and a mini skirt.

He held the woman's waist skillfully, kissed the side of her face, and chatted with her lovingly for a while. Only then did he look back and say, "Let me introduce her to you. This is my fiancée."

The woman Aaron called fiancée was tall with bulging breasts, fair hair, and blue eyes. Coupled with a good temperament, she was a style Aaron used to like.

The woman raised her brows a bit and glanced at me with some hostility. Then she said perfunctorily, "Congratulations! Happy wedding!"

I saw Aaron hold her waist, whispering something in her ear. The woman pounded his chest coyly and gently, and Aaron took her hand and held it in his hand.

After I saw him do all that so naturally, my heart was almost broken. This woman was absolutely not his fiancée. He was just trying to use her to make me feel bad because I left without informing him.

I kept consoling myself with such words, but I couldn't even stand steady. Seeing Aaron and another woman were so close, even though I knew he was acting, I felt excruciating pain in my heart.

While chatting intimately with the woman, he glanced in the direction behind me from the corner of his eye. Soon he stopped his playful smile and arched his brows with an unclear meaning. "Your husband is already impatient. Are you sure you won't go back to continue your wedding ceremony?"

Wedding ceremony? That is obviously a sham! I can explain!

I felt bitterness spreading in my chest. His hand was still on the woman's hip. Looking at the hand, I couldn't utter a single word.

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Let's end our relationship

At this point, someone held my waist and pulled me into his arms forcefully.

I subconsciously went to see how Aaron would react, but found he was smiling indifferently. Yet, the knuckles of the hand holding the woman's waist were slightly pale.

Vincent irrefutably dragged me into his arms, caressed my hair, and smiled gently at me, "Finished? The wedding is not complete yet. Let's go back now."

After an indifferent glance at me, Aaron continued to chat with his female companion.

Why did the thing end up like this? He ignored me completely. His strange, cold look at me almost made me stagger and fall.

Vincent held my shoulder and whispered in my ear, "Let's go, dear. It's a little cold outside."

Cold? I can't feel it at all. I just stood there stiffly, watching Aaron and the woman beside him chatting with a broad smile.

Vincent sighed softly and bent down to pick me up. I took a step back, refusing him to do something so intimate. I shouted to Aaron, "Aaron, can we have a talk? I want to talk to you alone."

He glanced at my face with his deep blue eyes, but then stopped looking. "Sorry, I'm busy." Then he took the woman's hand, about to leave.

Watching his back moving away, I was so clear that if I didn't stop him, maybe our relationship would end forever.

I staggered after him. When I reached him, I held his arm firmly and looked at him imploringly, "I beg of you! Let's have a talk, okay?"

I thought I might cry because my eyelids were burning hot and Aaron was getting blurred in my eyes. Through the blurred vision, I saw that Aaron pursed his thin lips slightly and frowned a bit, but he didn't sweep my hand away with his.

I held his arm firmly and took him to an open lawn.

Only then did he shake my hands off. He crossed his arms and observed the surrounding scenery casually. "The scenery here is very good. I can see that Vincent has put some thought into this. No wonder you were willing to marry him."

"This is not true!" I almost broke down. Every word Aaron seemed to speak without intention was like a needle driven deep into my heart.

I wanted to explain, but Aaron's face was covered with mocking smiles. Also, his eyebrows were filled with impatience, showing he didn't want to hear a word from me.

But I didn't want to give up like this. As long as I can clarify it to him, he will understand me, I thought.

Facing his mocking eyes, I had no time to put my words in order. Instead, I could only say drily, "Trust me. What you saw is really not the truth. I don't have any relationship with Vincent. I married him just to help his mother."

"Hah," Aaron sneered, "do you think I'll believe such an awkward answer so stupidly?"

I said helplessly, "I'm not lying to you..."

True, I left without informing Aaron because I was sure he would forgive me.
Wh

I went to falsely get the marriage certificate with Vincent, I hesitated. But I thought that after I coaxed him, Aaron wouldn't be angry. I did think I was on the side of reason.

Being taken to the church to attend the wedding ceremony by Vincent was not my wish. But when I saw his mother's happy face, I agreed because I didn't think anything would happen after I clarified this to Aaron.

Time after time, I neglected Aaron and showed his feelings no respect. Now, when his ice-cold eyes were on me, I finally realized how wrong I had been.

He put his index finger on my lips, asking me to keep quiet. "You don't have to explain. Just now, I saw how happily you smiled and how crisply you said 'I do.'"

"No wonder you didn't want to accept my proposal. It turns out you've been hoping to marry Vincent. You felt so much pain when you were with me, right?" He lifted my chin. When our eyes met, I couldn't see even a bit of love in his eyes.

My heart quickly sank, I felt so cold as if I had fallen into an ice cave. I mumbled unconsciously, again and again, "This is not true. Trust me. He deceived me. Trust me. Aaron..."

"Olive, how could I trust you?" Aaron pressed my lips gently with his thumb. "You promised me that you would never slip off the ring I gave you, but you're now wearing a diamond ring another man gave you."

He suddenly smacked his lips and smiled coldly, "I almost forgot something. This man is your husband. Compared with him, I am nothing!"

“No, don’t talk like that. You’re the most important in my heart. Aaron, I know I was wrong. Please forgive me. This attitude scares me a lot...” Regretful tears ran down my eyes. At this moment, I did

wish I had the superpower of putting the clock back, letting everything return to the past. Then I would choose to stay with Aaron.

Aaron let go of my chin and looked at me deeply with ridicule, as if to show he didn’t believe a word of mine. He took two steps back and coldly announced the verdict to me, “Olive, I misread you. Let’s end our relationship. Don’t come to me anymore in the future.”

I heard every word he said, but didn’t know what he meant by that. I strode forward, stopped him, and asked, “What did you say?”

“I mean we’re over. Don’t contact me anymore in the future!” Aaron bent slightly down with his blue eyes approaching me and said word for word.

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CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND

Chapter 189



Why did this happen? We had been fine with each other earlier. It’d just been a few days. How could we have come to this point? I couldn’t even see from Aaron’s face if he said this out of anger or if he really wanted to break up with me.

A wind came, and I trembled So cold! How could the winter in Las Vegas be so cold?

I shrank my shoulders. It was so cold I couldn't stand still. But I couldn't tell if it was my body or my heart that felt more coldness.

Aaron glanced at my shivering shoulders and ridiculed, "Go back to attend your wedding ceremony. I don't want to be the one who ruins it."

His ironic smile was imprinted in my eyes, and I clenched my fists. I was just a poor wretch at the moment. I begged Aaron to hear my explanation, but he wanted to give up on our relationship without hesitation. I gradually stopped begging and asked him seriously, "Do you really want to break up with me."

If this was what he really wanted, I would agree.

"You've been the one who wants to break up, haven't you?" Aaron raised his brows with disbelief. "You left without telling me, and I thought I was wrong, so I flew to Alaska. When I got here, I finally learned that you left, not because you were angry with me, but because you wanted to marry Vincent."

I didn't know how to defend myself. "That's not true..." So he flew to Alaska because of me?

He raised my hand impatiently, stopping me from explaining. "If you want to marry Vincent, you should have told me. Olive, you shouldn't have given me hope but then turned to Vincent. You know, I'll think I'm an idiot."

"The current situation is good for us, isn't it? Each of us has one to marry. No doubt, you can love your Vincent until the end of your days!" He narrowed his eyes a bit and approached me. "I won't be as mean as you. You held your wedding ceremony secretly, but if I get engaged, I'll tell you."

Engaged? He has decided to get engaged to that woman? Hearing these words, I felt unbearable pain in my heart. But Aaron was smiling, not showing the slightest pain.

Is Aaron already fed up with me? Thinking of the woman with big breasts and wide hips, I seemed to feel something bigger stuck in my throat.

I took a deep breath, slipped out the pink diamond, and said to Aaron seriously, "Oh, really? If you're truly to be engaged, I'll return this ring to you."

This ring was quite valuable. If Aaron wanted to break up with me, I would have no excuse to keep it.

Aaron knitted his brows, staring at the ring seriously for a long while. Then he said coldly, "If you don't want this ring, just throw it away. I'll give my fiancée a better one." After that, he stopped looking at me and turned to leave without looking back.

His handsome figure soon disappeared from my view. I stood there in a daze, watching him stride away.

Now I can still remember Aaron's sad, painful expression when I wanted to slip off this ring to end our relationship that night. He was so sad and painful, but just now, he said, 'If you don't want this ring, just throw it away. I'll give my fiancée a better one.'

This time we are truly over. Our relationship ends in such an absurd way!

Vincent had come to me at some point.

He took out a white handkerchief from his pocket, wiped away my tears, and said, "Olive, this is your last chance to shed tears for another man. I hope you remember that I'll be your husband from now on, and that you should keep a distance from the other men, especially Aaron. Got it?"

Vincent was like the final winner. The air of assuming superiority made me burn with anger. I even wished to tear the hypocritical face apart! If not for him, Aaron and I wouldn't have ended up like this. He was responsible for everything! He was the culprit!

I suddenly realized that all this was Vincent's plan. Aaron got the news of our marriage because Vincent had spread it.

He planned everything, including letting Aaron see me walk into the church with him.

My heart was burning with anger. Seeing Vincent was so excited, I slapped him hard. "You're shameless!"

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Novel Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend has been published to Chapter 189

CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND

Chapter 190



Going to Aaron

Vincent rubbed the red cheek I had slapped. He didn't get angry but smiled. He held my arm and pulled me into his arms. With a broad, proud smile, he said, "Keep slapping! As your legal husband, I'll tolerate and understand you."

He smelled good and refreshing as if he had perfume on himself. But for me, the smell was so disgusting! I broke free of his arms and hit his groin hard with my knee. "To hell with you!"

His scheme was great. With his mother as his excuse, he had pushed me all the way to this point with various tricks. But I would make his wish end up in vain. Marrying him was no better than marrying a donkey!

In a rage, I hit him with all my might. The cold sweat that had instantly appeared on his forehead and his ashen face both showed that he was in great pain.

He subconsciously let go of me, covered his underbelly, and bent down to moan, but I wouldn't show him mercy this time.

I took off my head veil, threw it hard to the ground, and spat at him, "Want me to marry you? Never dream about it! Whenever I see your face, I want to throw up!" I lifted my thick dress and turned, striding outside.

Vincent looked up and roared at me, "Do you think you can be with Aaron by doing this? Olive, believe me, he won't return to you!"/

Vincent's words just hit my soft spot. The wrath in me was like a detonated atomic bomb. All this was caused by Vincent, wasn't it? How dare he mock me without feeling ashamed?

I said harshly, "Even if he and I won't make peace with each other in this life, I won't marry you because you make me feel sick!" Not wishing to waste time on Vincent anymore, I turned to leave.

Not until now did I realize that I had been so wrong. Back then, I should have been selfish. Even if I hurt Vincent's mother. I should have refused all this bravely.

This was a farce anyway. Sooner or later, Vincent's mother would find the real relationship between me and Vincent.

And I found that I had not even thought about Aaron's feelings when I was in this farce. I ignored him completely. No wonder he was so angry.

If I saw Aaron hold a wedding ceremony with his ex-girlfriend in the church, I would also break down, presumably.

Lifting my dress, I returned to the church and secretly tore apart the certificate on which the priest had signed his name. Then, I rushed back to the hotel behind the church, changed back into my own clothes, and left the hotel with my phone.

On the street in Las Vega, I watched the people come and go in a hurry. But I didn't know where I should go.

I took out my phone, opened my contacts, and saw so many unanswered calls from Aaron. Why didn't I receive any one of his calls at that time?

I didn't dare to imagine what kind of mood he was in when he made all these calls to me, and there was another thing I was more afraid to think about. It was the scene where Aaron asked to break up with me with a cold face. The scene was like a nightmare. Just thinking about it would pain me to the bone.

Earlier, I had thought that Aaron and I might break up someday. For a few days in a row, I thought I could let go of the love easily. But just now, when Aaron asked break up...

The intuitive resistance and fear in my heart told me that I was unwilling to break up with him! But now, it was too late, for everything! Aaron wouldn't believe in me. I had broken his heart, and he was not willing to hear my explanation anymore.

Even so, I was unwilling to give up. I wanted to explain it to him. At least, I would tell him every detail of the matter! I pursed my lips and called him with summoned courage.

I heard a long ringtone until the call ended automatically. Right, Aaron didn't answer the call.

He didn't want to answer my call? Or he didn't notice it? I subconsciously chose the latter for Aaron. If he had noticed my phone call, he would have answered it.

Maybe I should return to New York. I would explain it to his face. I didn't believe he would take another woman as his fiancée in such a short time.

I tried another time but failed to reach him. Then I booked a flight back to New York the next day.

Today, I had been moving around all day and got a heavy blow. I didn't want to meet Aaron when I was in such a tired state.

Why did he get angry today? He must have been impulsive. After he calmed down, completely calmed down, tomorrow, he would probably be willing to hear my explanation, right?

Then I had been so uneasy during the rest of the day.

Even when I got on the plane, I still felt uneasy.

When I arrived in New York, I went straight to Aaron's home by taxi. Standing at his door with an unclear mind, somehow I wanted to retreat. I wanted to see him, I was afraid to see him. Even at the moment, when I recalled his cold eyes, I felt like they were my nightmare.

After hesitating for a long time, I finally got the nerve to knock on the door.

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