

CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND

Chapter 291 Return To Manhattan



Seeing my complacent look, Aaron suddenly lowered his head and chuckled. “No problem.” She even symbolically clapped her hands and then picked up her coat. “I’ll take you back.”

I had intended to proudly say no to him, but he didn’t give me the chance.

Sitting in the passenger seat, I looked at the snowy scenery outside the car window and listened to lively music. There weren’t many people on the street at this time, but there were still some rushing pedestrians.

Suddenly, a young woman on the left side of the road quickened her pace and rushed forward.

I looked in the direction of her gaze and saw a handsome young man her age galloping towards her with a beautiful bouquet in hand.

The next moment, under the flying snow, the two hugged each other tightly and kissed.

“What a happy scene!” Aaron noticed it too.

I looked away silently.

Then suddenly I realized that this Porsche was only driving at a speed of 10 mph!

“Oh, I didn’t realize it until you reminded me,” Aaron responded in a pompous and perfunctory manner.

Then it still maintained its slow speed.

I finally realized what his plan was, “Really? Are you going to push the time back to midnight like this?”

“Oops, you found out.” Aaron still had that over-the-top, superficial attitude.

“You’re a child?” I was speechless: “You better think clearly. Even if you use this method to delay until midnight, I only agreed to spend Christmas with you, not to obey. In other words, my bedtime is free.”

“And you said you didn’t want to say anything else.” Aaron laughed.

I was so angry, but I couldn’t verbally beat him. So I turned my head and looked out the window, keeping quiet.

The car was still moving at such a slow speed. The original 20-minute ride took him an hour!

When the car stopped at the hotel entrance, it was exactly midnight.

I unbuckled my seatbelt and got out of the car quickly.

Before closing the car door, I crouched down to look at Aaron in the driver’s seat and said with a provocative smile on my face, “I’m going to bed, bye.”

With that, I quickly closed the car door and turned to leave.

“Olive.” Aaron called me from behind: “I’ll give you ten minutes.”

I stopped and turned to see what he was doing again.

I saw him leaning on the car window with a smile and winking at me: “Take your luggage and leave in ten minutes.”

“What are you trying to do again? I said I’m going to sleep.”

“You can sleep on the way. Hurry up”. Aaron urged with a smile, “I’ll take you back to Manhattan, where the bed is more comfortable.”

“Am I crazy or are you crazy?” She couldn’t believe what she was hearing.

“You can sleep in the car, or in Manhattan, for as long as you want.” Aaron insisted again: “You still have nine minutes left.”

I was tempted to ask him what he would do if time ran out, but my gut told me the answer would never be something I wanted to hear.

“Are you sick”. I cursed under my breath, turned and went back into the hotel.

When I got to my hotel room, I looked at the barely opened suitcase, wondering whether to listen to the man below.

Anyway, if I went to sleep now, would he knock on the doors one by one in the hotel to find me?

But on second thought, he had done me a great favor after all. Besides, if the Aaron I knew would do what he said he would.

Therefore, nine minutes later, I ran out of the room.

Walking out the hotel door, I saw Aaron standing outside the car, waiting for me by the car door.

Seeing me appear, he smiled, “I thought you’d just turn off your phone and go to sleep anyway.”

“I’ve thought about it.” I angrily rebutted.

Aaron stepped forward, took the luggage from my hand and put it in the trunk. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a bag of ornaments in the corner.

At first, I wondered why he had brought them to the car. Was it because he didn’t need it, so he planned to return it to me? Now I finally understood why.

He was taking them back to Manhattan.

After all, compared to the vacant apartment here, the luxury apartment in Manhattan was cozier.

Sitting in the passenger seat, I looked at Aaron with some uncertainty.

“Are you sure that your current state is fine?” Before going with him, she had drunk a lot of wine alone, “How about I drive?”

“Don’t worry. She just go to sleep”. Aaron started the stat quickly and the Porsche drove very smoothly.

I watched his condition for a while to make sure his conscience was really clear before I gave up.

Aaron turned on the radio and the excellent sound system

Let the Christmas music immediately flow throughout the car. I listened to the music in silence. Looking at the road that gradually led away from the city, I finally felt sleepy.

I fell asleep.

When I woke up, I was still in the car.

The seat was crushed and I was covered in a black coat with a familiar smell of amber.

“Porsche’s passenger seat is good for sleeping, right?” Aaron said.

I got up immediately, only to realize that the car had been parked in the underground parking lot of Aaron’s Manhattan residence.

“Are we there yet?” I sat up, feeling a little sleepy, “Why didn’t you wake me up?”

“I wanted to see you for a while. Is this reason satisfactory?”

I rolled my eyes, turned my head, and got out of the car.

“Look, you’re always like this. I am telling the truth” ninjanovel.com. Aaron played the innocent role of an innocent man in a mocking tone.

After three years, I returned to this apartment again.

He had everything he had left there, tablecloths, decorative pictures in the hallway, and some books in the bookcase.

For a moment, I almost thought the three-year separation was just a dream.

Aaron and I were still a couple in love and we hadn’t experienced those fights, conflicts or misunderstandings, and we hadn’t hurt each other. Every time I woke up from my dream, I would smell the pleasant smell of amber and receive a long kiss.

But reality hit me and reminded me clearly that those three years were not a dream.

I sniffed, and my eyes were a little wet and warm.

Outside the window, the sky was getting brighter.

I checked the time on my phone and I had slept for seven straight hours!

“Do you want to continue sleeping?” Aaron asked me, making sandwiches for the two of us and setting them out on the dining room table.

“No.”

“Very good. Let’s do the first thing”, she shook the bag in her hand, “decorate the house with all the things you bought”.

I stayed where I was, looking at Aaron uncertainly.

“Are you sure you don’t need to sleep for a while?” I looked at her dark circles.

“Of course I need it. I’m human”. Aaron walked over to me and handed the bag back to me, “Then I’m afraid you’re going to do it yourself.”

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Chapter 292 An Unpleasant Memory



I take the bag from Aaron.

He reached up and tugged the bangs in front of my eyes behind my ears.

This action was so natural. He had done it so many times for me when we were together and I forgot to dodge.

He suddenly chuckled seductively, leaned in and looked into my eyes: “When I wake up, I’ll tell you everything.” He tapped my forehead with his slender fingers before turning and walking up the stairs

. I realized that my heart had raced at this moment.

“This bastard! He’s flirty as always!” Resentfully I began to remove the decorations from the bag.

Within moments, I was cursing myself a few hours earlier.

What was wrong with me? Why did I buy so many decorations?!

They were too many!

After a while, I finally drained the last ounce of energy from my body and fell onto the sofa in the living room.

The soft texture enveloped me, and I smelled the scent of amber.

“It’s finally over!” I almost wanted to scream.

I picked up my phone from the side to check the time and found that it was already 11:00 am. She was tired and hungry, and it was a long time since she had eaten a sandwich.

I suddenly remembered the hamburger restaurant not far away.

I was wondering if the restaurant would still be open today?

I picked up my phone and checked it and it was still open! I immediately ordered a burger and opted for delivery. However, before paying, I looked up in the direction of the stairs.

“Forget it.” Going back to the ordering interface, I added another burger and some sandwiches.

Takeout in the rich zone was always delivered so fast.

When I opened the door to get the burgers, I could still feel the heat in the palm of my hand. I put the food on the dining room table, thought it over, and went upstairs.

Walking back into Aaron’s room, I found everything that looked familiar.

I had thrown the scented candles off the windowsill and the incredibly wide bed had been replaced with a warm double bed after one of my complaints. In the bedroom, some furniture and decorative paintings were also added.

Aaron was sleeping on the left side of the bed, which was where he always slept. I approached on tiptoes and saw him still sleeping.

Even while he slept, his brows were still furrowed, as if he had endless melancholy.

His thin lips were pressed together tightly and the eyeballs under his eyelids kept spinning as if he was having a nightmare.

When I saw Aaron like this, those emotions that had been suppressed for a long time surged up again.

This man in front of me was the most hateful man I had ever seen.

He had the looks, the identity, and the charm that drove all women crazy. Even after breaking up with me, he still had traces of us being together. He made me madly attracted to him and obsessed with him.

He then put his arm around another woman's waist, announcing in front of me that she was his fiancée.

Not only that, when he kissed me when he was drunk, he called out another woman's name.

And what saddened me the most was that even though he was so vicious and ruthless, playing with other people's feelings at will, I still couldn't contain my heart when looking at his sleeping face at this moment.

He seemed so vulnerable. This was impossible to see when he was awake.

My eyes watered.

To prevent my tears from slipping down, I raised my head to look up, turned around, and wanted to get out of here.

Suddenly, my wrist was yanked back with force.

I suddenly lost my balance.

With a scream, I fell directly on top of Aaron.

"Catch you!" Aaron's voice was a little rougher and sexier than when he was awake: "You were looking at me, Olive."

I immediately jumped out of bed in a panic and struggled to my feet.

But Aaron wrapped his arm around my waist tightly without even opening his eyes!

“Sleep with me for a while.” He muttered under his breath, “Just for a while.”

No! Olive, you can't make any more mistakes!

I scolded myself for even doubting.

“I agreed to only spend Christmas with you, not including this type of service.” I tried to free myself from his arm, “Besides, I didn't look at you while you were sleeping. I just wanted to come up and remind you of something. I ordered lunch and you can come downstairs and eat if you're hungry.”

“What did you order for lunch?” Aaron covered half of his face under the covers and asked with a smile.

It's suddenly hard for me to say the word “hamburger.”

Seeing that I didn't answer, Aaron finally widened his eyes, “Could it be some really tasty food?”

“You are thinking too much.” I finally broke his arm and quickly backed away from the bed a meter away, “It's just a burger and sandwiches.”

My throat suddenly felt a bit itchy,

“Hamburger?” Aaron slowly raised his eyebrows, “That is indeed...a very tasty meal.”

I immediately blushed.

“Be quiet. I just casually ordered a lunch. Take it or leave”. I fled in a panic.

I shouldn't have had any compassion for him at any time!

Sitting at the dining room table, I picked up a hamburger and took a big bite, as if to vent my anger.

After a while, I heard footsteps on the stairs.

Aaron appeared at the table.

He picked up the other burger and scanned the decorated room, "It'll be fine."

Hearing his assessment, I couldn't help but roll my eyes again, and immediately said sarcastically: "I'm sorry that you, the second son of the Morris Group, "

Okay. It's time to have new experiences." I was pushing his luck!

I snorted hard.

"When are you going to tell me about the relationship between you and David?" I couldn't help but insist after quickly finishing a burger.

"What's the rush? Let's talk about this unpleasant memory later." Compared to my simple and crude way of eating burgers, Aaron took out a plate, poured ketchup on it, and started slowly cutting the burger like in the past.

I couldn't help but roll my eyes at him!

"Are you going to play a trick on me for a day and then casually say something to deal with me?" I looked at him suspiciously.

"In your eyes, am I this kind of person?" Aaron looked aggrieved, "I'll be hurt."

Aaron stopped what he was doing and seemed to seriously think for a moment, "Okay."

My gaze returned to his face.

"Do you remember that auction?" Aaron looked at me calmly. he hesitated and nodded.

"The reader is in the cemetery and he has a small scar from a cigarette burn on the left side of his chest." As he spoke these key words, memories flooded through me.

"I thought that was your keyword."

"It's my keyword." Aaron's tone turned extraordinarily cold, "but he's a lunatic."

He met my eyes, “You can ask your friend Nick if David has a wound on the left side of his chest that is almost exactly the same as mine.”

Read Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend - Chapter 292 An Unpleasant Memory

CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND

Chapter 293 David Was Crazy



“What Do You Mean?” I was a bit confused.

David and Aaron had the same wounds in the same intimate position. I could understand this, but I felt even more confused.

What kind of tattoo was this? Any ceremony? What was your relationship in the past?

Aaron looked at me without haste. He continued to cut his burger and eat in silence.

Ok, I saw what he meant. He would give me the answer tonight.

I suddenly regretted asking him to tell me something.

What he said was enough to make me anxious and curious. I couldn't help but wonder why they had the same scars.

What kind of things had happened for the two of them to have the same scars?

Had they been kidnapped? Had the kidnapper done it on a whim?

Or had David done it?

I wanted to ask more, but I noticed that there was a layer of pain hidden in Aaron's silence at that moment.

He probably wasn't lying. His history with David can be extremely unpleasant.

To say it was unpleasant would be an understatement. Seeing his reaction, I thought it wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that it was

It made me wonder again.

This seemed to be a scar that Aaron didn't want to expose. If he insisted on asking, it would be tantamount to reopening his scar.

Would he have the courage to face Aaron with great pain?

"If you don't want to talk about it, then forget it." I had to admit that I cringed a little, "Anyway, I walked you from Harvard to Manhattan, and I worked really hard to decorate your house. I think I've returned the favor."

"What nonsense are you talking about?" Aaron looked at me in disbelief, "You didn't sleep on the way back? Or do you think that just fixing the things you bought can be compared to going to the police station to get your bail out?"

I couldn't beat him verbally.

"But... I feel like you don't want to say it. It's better not to force it."

Furthermore, he was also afraid of feeling like he owed him even more after learning the truth!

Aaron smiled and narrowed his eyes at me, "Sorry, it's too late to regret it now. I'm ready to tell you."

"Oh! Wait a minute!" I screamed and covered my ears. I turned around and wanted to run away.

But Aaron caught up with me quickly.

Before he got to the door, he easily put his arm around my waist and dragged me back.

He pushed me onto the couch in the living room.

suddenly he put it in my head. Christmas hat on the coffee table, and Aaron's gesture was anything but kind. Most of my head was directly covered by the Santa hat, leaving only half of my face visible. I was about to take off my hat when I heard Aaron's deep voice, "He used to be my..." "Wait...wait a minute!" My heartbeat suddenly increased and my breathing became a little short. "Didn't you tell me to wait until night?" I tried to remove my hat again, but Aaron put his big hand on my forehead. "Oh, so you want to stay with me that much?" Aaron's words were still mocking, but there was no casualness in his tone. He was very nervous, but he couldn't refute it. Suddenly we fell silent. Aaron's deep breath was extraordinarily clear. "Listen carefully. I'll only say it once." Aaron's tone had completely changed. It was already too late to escape.

"He used to be my best friend."

It was hard to describe what Aaron's tone was at the moment.

He sounded calm and collected, but he could feel the magnificent emotional ups and downs hidden behind the mask of calm and control.

"I used to consider him as the only confidant in my life. I told him everything until one day I didn't drink the milk he gave me before going to bed... After that, I found out that he had looked at me and...

sexually harassed me for more than a year".

Aaron's voice was so light, like a feather, weightless.

But at that moment, in my ears, his voice was like a bomb, he instantly blew my ears to the point of ringing.

I kept the funny look with half my face covered by a Santa hat, and didn't dare move.

Through the thin red cloth, I could vaguely see Aaron's expression at this moment.

He didn't seem to have any expression, but his eyes were downcast.

I feel terrible.

Before he planned to speak just now, I had already vaguely guessed this possibility in my heart.

However, when Aaron confirmed it, I wished it had just been a wild guess.

At this moment, he couldn't deny my anguish at all.

So David had used "Graveyard Reader" as the code name for that auction.

As Aaron's best friend at one point, it wasn't a surprise that David knew that.

"Then, the scar on your body...was also caused by him?" I whispered.

Aaron snorted coldly with extreme disdain, but there was annoyance and disgust in his tone.

"My one is not, but his is his copy." Aaron's hand on my forehead became rigid and hard unconsciously, "According to him, he was so obsessed with me that he got the same scar on his chest." He took advantage of my trust in him and added sleeping pills to my sleeping milk. Later, I searched his room and found thousands of secretly photographed photos and videos of me."

I took his hand and couldn't help but burst into tears.

"I'm sorry". Other than that, I couldn't say anything. Aaron looked at me tenderly to her face, through the red cloth of the hat, I saw an expression that I had never seen on her face before.

“No need to be sorry. These things happened a long time ago.” Aaron smirked, “Anyway, I beat him up right then and broke six of his ribs.”

Seeing his forced smile, I felt very upset.

“Stop smiling.” I covered his face with my hand and closed my eyes.

I never expected such a proud and arrogant man to have such a tragic past.

“You never told me that”. As a listener, he could hardly bear to hear him say it.

He couldn't imagine any images at all. He had been betrayed by his only confidant. He felt terrible. He must have endured a lot of pain and humiliation after the incident.

I was wondering how Aaron had gotten over it over the years!

“You know, I don't like to see you cry over things like this.” Aaron stroked my back gently.

He knew him so well that he somehow knew what he was going to say next.

I pushed him away, slightly annoyed, “At a time like this, you're still in the mood to tell dirty jokes!”

Aaron chuckled softly, “You know me pretty well in this regard.”

“Well... who left the scar on your left breast?” I sobbed.

Anyway, he was already very sad. I would just cry to my heart's content.

Aaron paused, “Why don't you change the subject?”

It's ok, I would change.

I calmed down a bit and took the Christmas hat off my head, “You still haven't told me how you made David stop.”

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CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND

Chapter 294 Getting Back Together



"You don't even need to ask, right?"

Aaron's words caught me off guard.

I blurted, "He's still infatuated with you, so he always follows your advice. There is no need to threaten him at all, might?"

Hearing this, Aaron rolled his eyes at me.

Well, I knew I had asked a stupid question.

He helplessly said, "If I want to kill him, I don't even need to find a high-sounding reason."

Then, he arrogantly continued, "I can make him quietly disappear from this world."

I did not doubt it.

After all, the fierceness flashing across his blue eyes was not fake.

Aaron hated David even more than Nick did! And it made me concerned.

I carefully chose my words and pretended to be casual when saying, "Don't abandon yourself to vice for such a man. He does not deserve it."

Aaron turned to look at me with his deep eyes with a smile as if he had read my mind.

So, I felt a little nervous.

"My story is over. How is it? Are you satisfied with this version?"

He shrugged, relaxedly leaned back on the sofa, and carelessly crossed his legs. I keenly caught the point and asked, "What do you mean by "this version"? Did you make the story up?"

"Do you think it's made up?"

Aaron didn't directly answer my question, so I stood up, clenched the Santa hat in my hand, and stared into his blue eyes.

When he calmly looked at me with a smile, the look in his eyes was frank, making it hard for me to judge whether he was lying.

But I tended to believe the story was true.

Aaron was the second son of the Morris family and had a genius for doing business.

Besides, he was recognized as the best lover in Manhattan.

There was no reason for him to make up such a story to deceive me.

But it made me feel guilty. He had confronted the man who had deeply hurt him for me.

No matter what method he had used, this favor was far beyond my imagination.

And I asked myself, "If the story is true, would he really do such a thing for me?"

I knew the woman he loved the most was Lukita instead of me.

"What are you thinking? Is this matter important to you?" Aaron asked.

Suddenly, a flash of light flashed across my mind.

And I found a hole in the story! "No, you're not a person who can silently swallow your anger."

I immediately became more confident, and even my voice became a little louder when I continued, "If the story were true, you would not have allowed him to succeed in the academic world! Even if you had spared his life, you would not have let him lead such a good life."

David had looked arrogant and complacent when saying, "Although you made me suffer a loss, I will ask Aaron to repay!"

Thinking of his words, I felt uneasy and racked my brain to figure out the reason.

"Is it because he knows your secrets that you can't attack him? Checks and balances are preventing you from harming each other." I thought my guess made sense.

David's attitude toward Aaron was special, while the latter was impatient and angry with the former. But what could David use to threaten Aaron? "Does he still have your photos?"

I soon denied it, "No! Even if he has those photos, they cannot be a threat because of your bad reputation."

What Aaron's body looked like was hardly a secret.

According to his personality, even if those private photos were exposed, they would not affect him in the slightest.

"Is it because of Aunt Jane?"

It was the only reason I could think of now.

David was Jane's cousin-in-law. I did not know how Aaron's relationship with family was but could see he was close to Jane according to his performance at the auction that year.

However, I immediately said with a frown, "But she seems to love you very much. Even if she knows the truth, she will take your side. Does the matter involve the interests of the Green family and the Morris Group?"

After thinking about it for a long time, I found the only person who could restrain Aaron was his father, the head of the Morris family.

Suddenly, I noticed Aaron was staring at me with a complicated expression, so I asked, "What's wrong?"

"I did not expect you to care about me so much. You seem still in love with me."

He suddenly smiled, mischievously approached me, and lowered his voice when saying, "Why don't you dump Colston and get back together with me?"

I was shocked by his sudden words.

"I lied to you three years ago. I bought Porsche a limited-edition Hermés bag and asked her to pretend to be my fiancée because I believed you were playing with my feelings. I admit I was a little out of my mind back then. But I did it because I did not want to look like a loser."

This time, it was my turn to feel shocked. He had asked a woman to pretend to be his fiancée! But it did sound like a thing he would do.

I thought of the gossip Charlotte had shared with me and asked, "So, you didn't go to Germany to get back together with her?"

Aaron laughed so loudly that I uncontrollably blushed.

"Are you jealous?"

He seemed in a good mood when saying, "You're thinking too much. It's just a coincidence. My dad thought I was going too far because of the fake engagement thing. He happened to get evidence of bad

conduct against the former president of TWH. TWH urgently needed a new president, so he banished me there as a punishment."

Aaron leaned forward, grabbed my wrist, and pulled me back to the sofa, letting me be at his eye level. He tempted me in a coaxing tone, asking, "Can we get back together?"

His warm breath was close to me, so my heart began to race.

Suddenly, I felt as if we had returned to three years ago when we had been passionate in love.

At that time, he could affect my emotions easily. But a name instantly brought me back to my senses.

Lukita! "No!"

I immediately refused, "Don't cry over spilled milk. Maybe it's our fate to miss each other."

When I saw the loss in his eyes, I also felt depressed! When he had affectionately called Lukita's name after getting drunk, my heart had ached so much that I had difficulty breathing. But he did not know about it at all.

Not daring to look into his eyes, I lowered my head to avoid his gaze and whispered, "I was very happy when dating you. But it was too painful when you hurt me. I don't dare to gamble anymore."

The huge house fell into silence.

Neither Aaron nor I spoke. I didn't dare to look at his reaction, so I missed his desperate, painful, and sad expression. He suddenly stood up and said, "Forget it! Let's go. I'll send you back to Harvard."

"What?"

I abruptly looked up at him and asked, "Have you forgotten we just drove here from Harvard overnight?"

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Novel Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend has been updated Chapter 294

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Chapter 295 My Property



"Don't you want to go back?"

Aaron blinked and asked, "Do you want to spend the Christmas holiday with me?"

"You wish!"

I unceremoniously retorted, "I have an apartment in Manhattan."

"A new apartment?"

Hearing this, I froze for a second and turned to look at him, suspecting he had gone to my old apartment to meet me after breaking up.

"Are you surprised? I went to your old apartment to meet you after we broke up."

Aaron's frankness made me at a loss for how to react.

He was in love with another woman! How could he always do such things to sway me? I looked away from him, picked up my coat, and walked toward the

door, saying, "There is no point in talking about such things now. What's past is past."

Aaron caught up with me and asked, "Where is your new apartment? I'll drive you there."

"No, thanks. It's not far."

But he ignored my words and said, "You just need to give me the address."

Seeing me turn to look at him, he added, "Don't guard against me like this. I won't do anything to you."

I hoped he would keep his word.

After I gave him the address, he casually asked, "Did you rent or buy the apartment?"

I was surprised to hear him ask such a question but told the truth, saying, "I bought it."

Hearing this, he turned to stare at me and gradually raised his eyebrows.

"Why? Your family is rich, so you can buy houses in any city you like. Do you think ordinary people like me are not allowed to own an apartment?" I harshly asked, leaned my neck forward, and fiercely glared at him.

"Why are you so angry? You misunderstood me."

Aaron was amused by my reaction. But meeting my angry gaze, he shrugged and innocently said, "I'm just a little surprised that you bought an apartment."

"Why are you surprised? I have wanted a property since childhood. So, I've been saving money since I began to work."

According to my original plan, my first property should be a big house instead of a small apartment.

And I had not planned to buy it at such a young age. I had bought it shortly after breaking up with Aaron.

After paying the money, I had only two dollars left on my bank card! So, I even could not afford a hamburger then! In fact, after breaking up with him, I had looked normal for a while as if the relationship was not important to me.

I had normally continued my project and led my life as usual.

When Cinder had said she was worried about me, I had even teased her and said she looked more disappointed in love than me.

It wasn't until I had spent all my savings on the apartment that Cinder had been sure I had gone crazy.

She had lent me money for a long time.

Otherwise, I would have been unable to pay my living expenses.

The lease of my old apartment had not expired then, so I had not immediately moved out.

I had dreamed of Aaron going there to meet me countless times and gradually became addicted to alcohol.

And I had almost died in the rented apartment.

After Nick and Cinder had known each other, they had talked about me and reached an agreement that they must not indulge me in alcohol any longer.

They had helped me throw the lease, pack my things up, and move into my new home.

The new apartment had magic power.

Both my friends and my new home had comforted me and helped me move on.

I had finally stopped wandering around and lived in a place belonging to me!
Then, I had gradually stopped drinking alcohol.

To be honest, when I had seen the number of my debts, I had been so scared that I had almost indulged myself in alcohol again.

However, when I had been worried about how to earn my bread, I had had no energy to think about my ex-boyfriend anymore. I had quickly focused on my project and become a workaholic who often lived in the lab. I had caught up with the project process within a year and stopped sponging off Cinder.

When enjoying TWH, I had just paid off my debt.

And I had not lied when saying I had chosen to work there because of the high salary.

However, there was no need to tell those things to Aaron.

When I got into his car, I suddenly thought of one thing and asked, "Did I mention this matter to you before?"

"What?" "Buying a property."

I did not think I had mentioned it to him.

He turned to glance at me and helplessly said, "It seems you did move on. You even forgot what you said to me."

Really? I searched through the memories in my mind with a frown but couldn't recall anything relevant.

He suddenly said in a sarcastic tone, "You want a property but are afraid of having a family. You're weird."

I immediately glared at him and stopped fastening my seatbelt.

He was taunting me because I had rejected his marriage proposal! "Yeah, I am weird."

I let go of the seatbelt and angrily said, "I'm afraid of marrying a man I don't know well enough! And you think that's why we broke up, right?"

He still did not understand what I was afraid of! I admitted that it stemmed from my unhappy family of origin.

My parents had abandoned me when I had been young, and I had grown up in a foster family.

Others were the fruits of their parents' love, but I was their stumbling block! Families were warm havens for others.

But mine was broken, deserted, and insecure.

"Sorry, I should not have brought it up."

Aaron softened his tone and said, "Fasten your seatbelt. I'll drive you home."

"No, thanks! I can go back by myself."

Anger had completely taken over me.

And I felt like a hedgehog with thorns all over my body. I did not fasten my seatbelt but got out of the car and strode out of the parking lot.

Aaron soon caught up with me and grabbed my wrist.

"Don't be so sensitive! It's a slip of the tongue! I apologize!"

"You don't need to apologize because you didn't say anything wrong. I'm insane. Just leave me alone."

After I rebelliously shook off his hand, he grabbed my arms and tightly hugged me from behind.

"Let me go!" I yelled.

"I won't let you go until you calm down."

Aaron's insistence brought back some unpleasant memories.

And they made me feel even more upset.

When I angrily turned around, my tears uncontrollably flew out of my eyes.

But I still lifted my chin and glared into his blue eyes.

"Do you think I never have the right to be angry with you? Do you think I will always compromise? Aaron, if I remember correctly, I rejected you again just now. Now, we are even not friends. Why do you think you can still treat me like this?"

Read Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend Chapter 295 My Property TODAY

[CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND](#)

Chapter 296 Embarrassing Memory



I regretted it as soon as finishing speaking. It was my problem instead of Aaron's fault.

But I had vented my anger, grievance, and resentment toward my parents on him like a mad woman! I had lost control of myself and said such words. I closed my eyes and turned my head aside, not daring to look into his eyes. If I met his sad eyes, I would hate myself more.

"You are the angriest girl I've ever seen," Aaron sighed.

He was not angry with me? When I was thinking about this matter, he hugged me and forcefully pressed me against his chest.

"But I like angry girls."

A strange emotion instantly erupted from my heart and ran through my body like a flood. It was so warm and turbulent that it rapidly extinguished my anger out of powerlessness. I could no longer hold back my tears, so I cried.

When Aaron chuckled, his chest vibrated.

"It's you who threw temper tantrums. Why are you crying now? Olive, you are so cute."

My face started to burn.

"Let go!"

I broke out of his hug and said, "I'm going home."

My apartment was not far or close.

But after losing my temper just now, I fell into an awkward situation.

Was I walking back for real? Aaron hooked one arm around my neck, led me backward, and gently said in a breezy tone, "Please let me drive you home."

He always knew how to give people a way out.

Feeling embarrassed, I reluctantly got back into his car. He didn't say any more ironic words but turned on the radio in the car.

Then, we kept silent until arriving at the destination.

"Thank you."

After the car stopped, I unbuckled my seatbelt.

When I was about to get off, a big and powerful hand suddenly grabbed my wrist.

"Why don't you invite me upstairs for a cup of coffee?"

He was implying something, so I turned to look into his eyes.

Confirming he wasn't joking, I said, "Unfortunately, I took all my coffee to Germany."

Then, I broke free from his grip and got out of the car. But when I closed the door, he also got off. I immediately raised my vigilance and asked, "What do you want to do?"

"Can I use your toilet?"

He grinned and shrugged, "Don't tell me you don't have a toilet."

I pointed to a hamburger restaurant on the corner of the street and said, "There is a hamburger restaurant over there. You should go there. It will be faster."

Aaron innocently looked at me and said, "You seem afraid of me going to your apartment. Why?"

Sure enough, he did not want to use your toilet at all. I tilted my head and asked in confusion, "You seem eager to go to my apartment. Why?"

"Because you promised to stay with me all day. You knew everything you wanted to know in advance, so you wanted to go home. I couldn't keep you in my place. So, I can go to your apartment."

His words made me sound like a perfidious person, so I rolled my eyes.

"Come on! Do you want us to separate now and spend the Christmas holiday alone?"

Aaron was still struggling.

I unceremoniously said "Yes, I do. But I know I owe you one and will not go back on my word."

When I turned around and entered the apartment building, he whistled in celebration and briskly followed me in.

After half a year, I opened the door again and returned to the place that belonged to me.

When the bright lights lit up the apartment, I stood at the entrance and took a deep breath.

Then, I said to myself, "Welcome home, Olive."

"It's a good apartment. I like its location, floor, interior layout, and decoration," Aaron said.

Then, he opened the shoe cabinet, took out pair of men's slippers, and walked in without regarding himself as a guest.

"But it's a bit small. The whole apartment is smaller than your living room, right?"

I helped him complete the second half of the sentence.

"A small apartment has its advantage!"

Aaron leaned over and raised his eyebrows at me, saying, "Here, you can't stay far away from me."

Before I could push him away, he backed away and walked to the floor-to-ceiling window.

"The size of the floor-to-ceiling window doesn't affect the view.

Look! I saw the hamburger restaurant you mentioned."

He looked outside with great interest, then turned around, walked to the sofa, and sat beside me.

"Have you ever had burgers at that restaurant?"

"Yes. What's the matter?"

I secretly moved my butt away from him.

Aaron moved closer and asked, "Do they taste better than the burgers near my home?"

I stood up and impatiently looked at him, asking, "Can you talk about something new?"

"Sure."

Aaron had always been good at playing the fool, so he said, "There is a new thing I haven't shared with you. Can I borrow your laptop?"

Although I did not know what he wanted to do, it was not too much to borrow my laptop. And I admitted he had aroused my curiosity. I took the laptop out of the suitcase, turned it on, and handed it to him.

He quickly logged into his Google Cloud account and found a video.

"I discovered this good thing by accident after arriving in Germany."

Aaron mysteriously smiled at me and continued, "I had never laughed so happily before watching this surveillance video."

A surveillance video? I had not guessed what the video was about, but the keyword had triggered something in my mind, so I instinctively raised my vigilance.

Soon, he clicked the play button.

And the familiar picture instantly pulled my memory back to a few months ago.

"Stop it! Hurry!"

My face became so hot that it could boil an egg when I jumped up as if stepping on a nail.

It was the surveillance video in the TWH president's office when I had inadvertently watched the former president and his secretary having sex! I rushed toward the laptop, but Aaron raised it high before I could touch it.

And his hearty laughter echoed throughout the apartment.

"Give my laptop back!"

I did dare to imagine how flushed my face was now.

The sound in the video embarrassed me, so I wanted to immediately sink into the ground.

"Do you know what's the funniest part? After they left, your legs went numb, right? You crawled out with a grimace and fled like a zombie!"

His laughter irritated my ears, so I found a good angle and charged at him.

We fell on the sofa together, and I was on top of him.

Then, I grabbed the laptop and closed it.

"You took the initiative this time."

As soon as I bowed my head, Aaron kissed me. And I instantly saw the wild lust in his blue eyes.

Read Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend Chapter 296 Embarrassing Memory

CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND

Chapter 297 No Courage



I could not remember the last time I had had such a passionate kiss.

Aaron tightly wrapped his arm around my waist to keep me in his arms, so I could not break out. He pressed his lips against mine.

Before I could react, his flexible tongue pried open my mouth and slipped in.

When I tried to break free, he pressed the other hand on the back of my head, making the kiss irresistible.

My heart was beating so fast as if it was about to explode!thuy bao Our chaotic breathing overlapped, and the groans with pleasure ignited the romantic atmosphere like a match.

His touch felt so familiar that I could not resist.

My lips swelled from the kiss, and the electric current was running through my body.

I was turned on! No! I must stop him! My reason was roaring in my mind.

But I threw it out when hearing his moan with pleasure.

Although the temperature in the apartment was not high, I felt everything I touched was hot.

His gentle but passionate kiss made me fall into the abyss.

I couldn't and didn't want to extricate myself from it.

When Aaron chuckled, his chest vibrated.

I was lying on top of him, so I began to tremble.

"Your hair makes me feel itchy! he said in a hoarse voice full of desire.

Hearing this, I noticed my red hair had covered his face.

A voice suddenly sobered me up from the sea of lust like thunder, asking, "What are you doing? Are you insane?"

It was my voice speaking in my mind! After regaining my strength, I broke out of his hug, stood up, and turned to escape.

But he soon caught up to me, pressed me against the wall with his hand on the back of my head, and kissed me again.

This kiss was more passionate with his usual domineering aura.

But I shoved him away with all my strength and pushed him out of the door in a panic, saying, "Get out!"

"Wait! Olive, I..."

I slammed the door shut before he could finish speaking.

Then, I leaned against the door and listened to him knocking on it and begging for mercy.

But what was deafening me was my rapid breathing and heartbeat.

"Olive, I'm sorry! I shouldn't have suddenly kissed you. Can you please let me in?"

Aaron slapped on the door and said, "It's cold outside! "You have visited my apartment. You can go home now, I said in a stiff tone, fearing the annoying guy outside would notice my panic "Baby, come on! I'm freezing to death. I'm not joking."

My mind was a mess.

I didn't know what I was thinking or why such a thing had happened.

Aaron and I had kissed again! And I was sure he had had an erection.

I dared not to imagine how outrageous things would have become if I had not stopped him in time! We had long broken up, and I was dating Adenauer.

I could not cheat on my boyfriend! Aaron knocked on the door again and said, "But my shoes and coat are still inside.

Let me go in to get them! What a hateful man! He had barely been so polite! I quickly looked around and saw his leather shoes at my feet and his coat on the sofa.

I quickly opened the door, threw them on him before he could react, and instantly slammed it shut.

Aaron said in a voice full of disbelief and annoyance, "Are you serious? Do you want to drive me away?"

I responded with silence.

He did not give up outside the door, saying, "Actually, I need to use your toilet. It's urgent."

I remained silent.

"I know I was wrong! I still did not reply. My body went stiff when I motionlessly leaned against the door like a statue. After a long time, there was finally no sound outside. My tense muscles instantly lost their strength, so I slumped onto the floor. And my messy mind finally regained the ability to function. I buried my head between my legs with regret, thrust my fingers into my hair, and had a mental breakdown, saying, "God! What have I done?"

I felt regretful.

But I did know I was regretting the kiss or driving him out.

When Aaron had been cheekily joking with me, he had explained he had hired Olive Porsche who had the same first name as me to pretend to be his fiancée. I did know why this suddenly occurred to me.

But since hearing the explanation, I had felt as if a hole in my heart had been repaired.

Aaron had never cheated on me.

He had done such a stupid thing because he had been too sad back then.

But because of this misunderstanding, we had separated for three years! It was incredible like the plot in a romantic movie.

We had talked a lot in the past two days, and I had been swayed because I could feel he was still in love with me.

The way he looked at me and spoke to me and the compulsive kiss could prove it.

Aaron seriously wanted to get back together with me.

In many moments, I had had the urge to agree.

"Aaron, let's get back together! I had wanted to say so several times, especially in the parking lot. But these impulses had been suppressed by a name.

Lukita.

Who the hell was Lukita? I had long wanted to ask him about her.

When he had uttered her name, his affection had made an unprecedented impact on me! It was even more unacceptable than the fact that he used to be a playboy.

I could accept the man I loved had had many women before.

But I could not tolerate him in love with another woman when dating me.

Aaron had become a playboy because of Lukita.

Even after they had broken up, he still loved her the most in his heart! When pushing him away after the kiss, I had wanted to ask him about her but had not had the courage.

I had been afraid the romantic atmosphere would dissipate because of this sudden question.

And I had feared he would suddenly get angry.

I did not want to look self-sentimental or embarrassed in front of him.

"F*ck you, Aaron!"

I tearfully cursed.

Since he was in love with another woman, he should not have flirted with me!
Did he think it was interesting?

"You should go to hell! I murmured. The empty apartment was quiet now. Except for me murmuring at the entrance, there was no sound. I suddenly missed the time when Aaron had been here. He was right. No one wanted to spend the Christmas holiday alone. Suddenly, there was another knock on the door. Then, Aaron asked, "Are you still there?"

Read Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend Chapter 297 No Courage

[CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND](#)

Chapter 298 Postcard



His voice was like a match burning on this cold winter night.

I abruptly raised my head and subconsciously grabbed the doorknob.

But I froze before opening the door, wondering why he had returned.

Aaron said outside, "I know you're still at the door! I saw the doorknob being turned"

What a hateful man! He had sharp eyes! I felt a little annoyed.

Since he had exposed me, I did not want to deny it.

I roughly wiped my tears off and hid my emotions behind a calm voice when asking, "Why are you back?"

Aaron seriously replied, "Because I have a thing to tell you. There seems to be a letter in your mailbox downstairs. Why don't you go to have a look?"

I felt speechless.

"Thank you for telling me. Goodbye!" He asked in surprise, "Aren't you going to check it?"

"I don't feel like going downstairs now"

"You don't want to open the door because you're afraid I'll take the opportunity to go in, right?"

After he exposed my thought again, I fell silent.

"I swear I won't go in. I did see a letter in your mailbox when passing by. Go downstairs and take a look. I can't do anything to you outside, right?"

"That's hard to say" I retorted in a faint voice.

After all, he had a "criminal" record.

When he lost his mind, he would not care about what the occasion was.

Aaron was stunned to hear my words and loudly laughed, "Why do you still remember what happened that day?"

Finally, I opened the door.

I had not paid attention to my mailbox just now.

I would get in trouble if it was a letter about my work or from government agencies.

However, I had been working in Germany for half a year, and there should be no omissions in the formalities.

Even if the government had sent me letters, they should have mailed them to Germany.

Who would send a letter to this apartment? When I was thinking about these questions, I saw Aaron's bright smile again.

Seeing him intend to approach me, I immediately took a step back and said, "Stop.

Please keep a distance from me: Aaron cooperatively raised his hands in a gesture of surrender and obediently stopped his steps.

Then, we went downstairs together.

There was indeed a letter.

"See? I didn't lie."

Aaron seemed to be able to read my mind.

After taking out the key and opening the mailbox, I saw a postcard quietly lying inside.

I instantly knew who had sent it to me.

And my bad mood became even worse.

I took out the postcard with an Adélie penguin on the back and saw a line of words.

"Dear Olive, congratulations on buying your first apartment in Manhattan. We're fine here. Don't worry about us. We miss you."

I had told my parents about the apartment two years ago, but they had not replied until now. I rolled my eyes. I didn't bother to take another look, so I turned around and left.

"What's this? A postcard?"

Aaron followed me and asked, "Is it from your parents?"

I was too lazy to answer his questions but stopped to look at him, asking, "Why are you following me?"

"What's written on it?"

Aaron pointed to the postcard in my hand.

"Are you curious?"

"Can I have a look?"

He did not regard himself as an outsider at all.

After handing the postcard to him, I walked straight into the elevator.

"Wait!" He nimbly squeezed in before the doors closed.

We were in the elevator alone.

He lowered his head and quickly read the words on the postcard.

Then, his smile froze on his face.

"When did you buy this apartment?"

"Three years ago"

"When did you tell your parents about it?"

"Two years ago."

"When was the last time you checked your mailbox? Maybe it had been in there for two years"

Seeing me silently stare at him, he understood what I meant and said, "Sorry.

After the elevator stopped on my floor, Aaron still followed me.

Before opening my door, I stopped my steps and turned to look at him, asking, "How long are you going to follow me?"

Aaron put on an innocent face and replied, "Christmas isn't over"

"I'm tired and want to go to bed early"

"OK. Have a good sleep! I won't disturb you."

I raised my volume and snapped, "Aaron!"

"I'm sorry"

He lowered his head and said with a regretful expression, "If I had known this excuse would upset you, I would have left just now"

"You can leave now"

"No, I can't leave!"

Unexpectedly, he insisted, "I must stay with you to atone"

"No need. My parents have special jobs, so it is our normal frequency of communication. You don't need to feel sorry"

"You can't deceive me"

Aaron looked at me with blue eyes and seriously said, "You have a bad relationship with your parents"

I felt weird and stared into his eyes, asking, "Why are you so sure about it?"

"It's easy to guess!"

Aaron confidently said, "From we started to date to now, you have barely mentioned your parents"

Was it the reason? I thought it was ill-founded, so I retorted, "You barely talk to me about your parents either"

"Yeah! And that's because I have a bad relationship with my dad"

He became more confident.

I was at a loss for words, thinking we did have similar sufferings.

Shall we celebrate it? Of course, I did not say such stupid words to him.

Feeling exhausted, I sighed, "I can't let you in my apartment.

You should not have done such a thing inside just now."

"Trust me! I just want to spend Christmas with you.

What about we go out to Christmas dinner together?"

"No!"

I refused without hesitation, "It's cold today.

I want to stay at home and drink wine by the fireplace to get warm"

"No problem!"

Aaron immediately nodded, "We'll cook dinner at your apartment"

I finally ran out of my patience.

"Aaron, you did not harass me with unreasonable demands like this before!"

I tried to make my words less harsh, but the effect was not good.

I took a deep breath and continued, "Thank you for caring about me, but I do want to be alone"

This time, Aaron stared at me in silence for as long as one minute! "Why are you staring at me?"

I became more impatient.

"I can't leave you alone at Christmas.

I will either take you out for dinner or cook at your apartment.

You have only two choices"

What the hell! I clenched my fists, fighting back the urge to punch his face.

"Fine!"

I stuffed the postcard into the apartment through the crack between the door and the floor.

Then, I turned around, put my hands on my hips, and said, "Let's go out to have dinner."

Anyway, I will not let you step into my home again today"

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it was just an immediate decision that I left the car and watched it take a turn to return to the mansion.

There were enough guards in the cars around my car to promise her safety.

The reason I got off alone was because I saw a girl with Zane, and it just made me feel very uneasy.

I got off in a hurry before Monique could see her face.

"Why the hell was Beatrice with him?"

I muttered, angry at Zane.

Did he find her, or was she just with him? Before anybody else could see them together and a new issue arose, I decided to follow them and speak to her myself.

Maybe I can ask her what's going on.

Because it didn't seem like Zane was taking her back home.

They were headed to the forbidden side of the mountains.

I kept following them, keeping a safe distance from them, and once we were in the mountains, that's when a bigger shock struck me.

He took her to a cave that nobody knew was there.

And even if people knew about it, they wouldn't have considered it of any importance.

The bigger question was, what were they doing in that cave?

Read Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend Chapter 299 Obstacles to Love

CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND

Chapter 299 Obstacles to Love



I slid into the passenger seat of Aaron's car, feeling deflated.

This was, without a doubt, the worst Christmas I had ever experienced as an adult.

The tension between Aaron, my parents, and me had been palpable.

"Where are we going?" I asked as Aaron started the car.

"You'll see," he replied enigmatically. The car's sound system played soft Christmas melodies, with the soothing voices of male and female singers creating a relaxing atmosphere. Aaron focused on the road ahead while my thoughts drifted away, back to my childhood. No child is born without loving their parents, and I was no exception. Despite being left with a host family and sent to boarding school shortly after my birth while my parents returned to their research in Antarctica, I loved them unconditionally during those early years. I waited eagerly for any word from them, even if it was just a brief message.

But as time passed, I never received even a hug.

Eventually, I found myself staring at a photo of my parents in Antarctica, but they felt like strangers to me.

Disappointment turned to despair, and finally, I chose to let go.

Without expectations, there could be no sadness.

After a ten-minute drive, we arrived at a quaint French restaurant near Columbia University.

"You brought me here to eat?"

I came back to my senses and felt surprised.

"Where else did we think we were going? Jean Georges?"

Aaron unbuckled his seatbelt and raised an eyebrow at me.

"I could take you there if you don't mind showing up in that outfit"

I glanced at myself in the rearview mirror and gasped.

My makeup was smudged, and I looked like a mess.

"Why didn't you remind me of my makeup?" I exclaimed.

Aaron laughed out loud.

"You look cute"

"Cute my ass!"

I fumbled for the tissue to wipe away the smudge, trying to save my image. It was of no use.

Frustrated, I got out of the car, rushed over, and punched Aaron in the stomach.

"Ow!" He doubled over.

"Come on! Seriously?"

"You're such a psycho! How could you kiss me when I look like this?"

When I recalled the unexpected kiss on the sofa not long ago, and switched my perspective, I saw myself through Aaron's eyes, looking like a ghost. It

made me feel frustrated. I stormed into the restaurant with my face covered and headed straight for the bathroom to remove my makeup.

When I emerged, fresh-faced, Aaron teased me again.

"You look so much more beautiful without makeup, my dear"

"Shut up!" I snapped, giving him the finger.

I had worked as a waitress at this French restaurant during my undergraduate years and was familiar with the menu.

After placing our order, Aaron asked if I had any wine recommendations.

"That reminded me" I said, beckoning to the waiter.

"Please change our drinks to non-alcoholic beverages. My friend can't drink."

The thought of Aaron and alcohol brought back memories of that ridiculous night.

Not long after, our appetizers arrived at the table.

"A French meal without wine is like a day without sunshine"

Aaron lamented as he finished his special fizzy drink with a rather regretful expression.

"If you have wine, you won't live to see another day, I countered unceremoniously.

Aaron laughed again, saying, "It seems I've completely brought you out of your parents' influence."

"Should I thank you?"

I glanced at him and said, "Well, I don't get along with my parents because they are far away. Why do you hate your parents?"

"It's just my dad. I'm very close to my mom, Aaron replied without looking up, concentrating on his soup.

"I remember. When you got engaged, Mrs. Grace gave her blessing publicly." I recalled some not so pleasant memories.

To that, Aaron just snorted. I looked up at him. "You misunderstood. I'm not talking about her, Aaron said calmly without looking at me. I put down my knife and fork, sensing something different about him.

'Isn't Mrs. Grace his mother?' I wondered.

'What does that mean? Had the old man been married to another wife before?' I was a little puzzled but denied it.

Although I hadn't checked out the Morris family much, a family that big would have to make a big deal out of a divorce and then a remarriage.

I couldn't have been unaware of it.

And most importantly, I remembered reading a story that explicitly mentioned that Mrs. Grace was the old man's first and only love.

'Could it be that...

Aaron is not Mrs. Grace's biological son? Is he an illegitimate child?' Losing interest in eating the meat that came to my mouth, I waited for Aaron to explain.

Seeming to sense my gaze, Aaron looked up to meet my eyes.

"How did you know she gave her blessing? I thought you hadn't paid any attention to me after that."

"The food here is quite good, no worse than that of a 3-star Michelin restaurant"

I quickly lowered my head and concentrated on eating.

Aaron chuckled, not pressing the issue.

And I didn't get a chance to hear him say that Mrs. Grace was not his mother.

We both finished the "romantic Christmas dinner"

in silence, each with our own thoughts.

In fact, the environment was romantic.

It was the people who were not romantic.

Aaron drove me home, and I turned down his proposal to see me upstairs.

I hadn't been lying to him. I was indeed exhausted.

I fell into a dream almost as soon as my head hit the pillow.

Only it was not a nice dream.

Probably because of that postcard, in my dream, I went back to that heartbreaking night in my childhood.

While the other children were the fruit of love.

I was an accident and the biggest obstacle to the love of my parents.

That night, I learned that I was the main reason my parents almost got divorced.

I learned that continuing my boarding school life was the only thing I could do for them.

But why should a three-year-old child bear such a heavy burden of love? Why wouldn't they come to see me for so many years? Just because I made that promise? Every year, all I received from my

parents was a postcard and a penguin doll.

After I wrote them an email telling them I had outgrown playing with toys, all that was left was a postcard.

I hated my parents for their lack of love and attention.

But at the same time, I longed for the day when they would realize their mistake and regret ignoring me.

That day never came.

We stopped contacting each other.

When I came of age, I left boarding school and rented an apartment without any questions from them.

When people are in distress, they often instinctively call out the names of those they trust the most.

Sad for me, I couldn't find any.

Except for...

"Aaron!"

With tears in my eyes, I woke up from my dream and slowly realized that I had shouted his name.490- I Am Not Enough Reign Winchester: We were silently and agitatedly waiting for the arrival of Akin.

Ever since Helel found out that Akin had visited Zane to seek help, he had been restless.

I haven't said much, either.

A part of me felt useless for not being able to help, and the other part was worried that would be the end of my brother, Flynn.

"Why are you all standing at the entrance? We are going to look for Flynn.

We don't have much time"

as soon as Akin entered the mansion, he mumbled in confusion.

But everybody knew he was just trying to avoid the big topic of conflict.

"Why did you go to him?"

Helel stepped up, not letting go of this chance to question him.

"It doesn't matter who I got the help from.

All that matters is that we need to look for Beatrice.

Her life is in danger, Akin said, stopping in his tracks and raising his voice.

The way he passed us a glance, I could tell he wasn't happy about many things.

His mind must be getting restless from thinking about why she left him in the first place and how she ended up in the clutches of Flynn.

"Akin! Do you hear yourself? What makes you think he will not lie to you?"

Helel used a different approach this time.

I know he didn't like Akin even talking to Zane, but because it was about Beatrice, he was also forced to stick to silence.

"Huia did her spell thingy"

Akin replied, stealing eyes from me.

I knew it.

I was becoming useless.

I felt a little comforting nudge around my elbow from Colt because he could feel the ease I was feeling.

"We have a seer too"

Helel whispered, steadily turning to look at me.

"I know, but ---- we need to find her"

Akin was too ashamed to look my way.

I didn't blame him for being desperate to find his mate.

I was the one who couldn't help them.

I was beginning to wonder if I had ever helped them in any way, shape, or form.

"We should go look for her"

Akin then added without raising his head.

After a few seconds of silence, Helel nodded his head and began to walk behind him to exit the mansion.

Now that the brothers had left, I closed my eyes to swallow my tears.

"We better get going too.

I am sure you will be able to locate your br---; Colt stopped murmuring when he acknowledged how I was standing there in tears.

"Hey! Don't take it personally, he instantly wrapped his arms around me and giving me a comforting hug.

"I just wanted to be there for them, but I am so useless"

I complained, trying to hide my tears to not make this moment about myself but failing miserably.

"Reign! It really is not your fault.

There was nothing you could have done when she took her blood with her.

Besides, Beatrice cherishes you, and that alone should be something to you, he was rubbing and patting my back, soothing my aching soul.

"Do you think---Flynn will be ----I don't know why he did that"

I broke the hug when I felt conflicted about this situation.

I didn't like how my brother always used the wrong approaches.

Instead of coming to meet me, he decided to go after Beatrice.

"When did you last visit him?"

Colt asked.

"I have been going to the hospital every other day, sitting by his side and taking care of him, until Gwen's health declined.

I told the doctors to inform me if anything happens, ---I cannot blame them because he must have silenced them, but why didn't he urge seeing me?"

It was breaking my heart that my only family wasn't interested in seeing me.

"And now he's got Mariah on his side.

She never came to the hospital to check on him"

I cupped my face in my hands and sobbed.

"Don't worry.

Beatrice will not let Flynn die.

She will get him arrested, and he will be punished severely, but she will keep him alive to make you meet him at least once"

Colt, being a sweetheart, pulled me into a warm hug once again.

"You think so?"

I murmured, and his fast-beat heart-rate gave me the answer.

"I think I can help you with your powers a little, the voice said straight from behind me.

I turned around to see Monique standing there with a book in her hands.

"I am a seer for an alpha in a faraway pack.

Actually, I got scouted out for him a few days ago.

I couldn't join it because I had to come take care of Lady Gwen.

But soon I will be done here; I will leave for his pack and work with him.

Alpha Bernard had sent me some books of magic that I can lend you to learn some new magic from"

she pulled her hand out, giving me the book.

It was like finding a lost treasure.

I was happy and felt very satisfied seeing that someone was looking out for me.

"Thank you, Monique"

I gave her a smile, and she returned the same smile to me.

"Have you met him before?"

I asked and noticed how she giggled.

I knew there was more to the story.

"I have only seen him around.

I have a huge crush on him.

I am just worried about how I will hide my crush and act normal in front of him"

she giggled when thinking of him.

"You will do just fine.

I am sure he will see the kindness in you, I gave her a reassuring smile before returning to Colt's arms.

I was still worried about Flynn's fate once he got caught.

I just wish Beatrice would give him enough time to meet me once.

I think he would want to know that no matter what, he was always a wanted brother to me, and I cared about him.491-Trying To Save Her Gwen's POV: Everybody returned home hopeless.

Helel and Akin had been looking everywhere for Beatrice but couldn't find her.

"Can Reign track Flynn?"

I asked Helel as he walked inside to check up on me and our daughter.

"She used her blood to see if she could find traces of him.

So far, there have been no signs, but I am hopeful that she will find him soon.

I swear I will make this Flynn feel his worst nightmares, Helel grunted while shaking his head in rage.

I could only imagine how angry he must have been.

Now I realized how strong their love was for Beatrice.

It's only been two days, and they have stopped eating or even sleeping.

Akin was a mess, and Helel wasn't better either.

I could tell he badly wanted to spend time with our daughter, but he was mostly distracted.

"I am sure you will find her soon"

I gave him a smile and then handed him our baby.

"You missed Daddy, didn't you?"

His mood changed when he smiled at her.

It gave me so much solace every time I watched him play with her.

He was so soft with her, just the way my dear daughter deserved.

"I cannot wait for Beatrice to come and name our child,"

I said, missing her.

She was one of my kind.

Obviously, being my princess, I would feel that way about her, but even if she wasn't a princess, Beatrice would have still held a special place in my heart.

She had come very far, and never once did I watch her complain about her life or the difficulties she had faced.

Even with the breakups, she tried to be very thoughtful and remain kind.

Which is why I was missing her a lot, along with everyone else.

"I hope so too.

It seems like the earth opened and swallowed her"

watching Helel say it made me feel his pain.

I wish I hadn't come between them.

"Let's go to bed.

Helel, you haven't rested in two days.

It is not good for you.

You cannot find her while being restless.

Starving yourself or making yourself suffer isn't going to help you find her.

Keep your energy up so that you can start a new day with a fresh mind and more energy"

I murmured softly while he gave me a faint nod.

"I will rest.

Don't worry about me.

I will keep an eye on our daughter so that you can also sleep well, he gave me a smile and fixed the couch so that he could lie down on it.

After I lost my vision, he was mostly crashing on the couch.

I liked him to stay around for our daughter.

Helel was actually very helpful the whole night.

The morning arrived with the same agitation.

Helel and Akin left to look for Beatrice while Colt and Reign teamed up to search for her as well.

I had to visit the hospital for a checkup with Monique.

I didn't tell Helel about it.

I knew it wasn't a big deal, so I can manage it.

Disturbing him when he was looking for Beatrice didn't sit well with me.

"Your highness"

Monique smiled, holding the car door open for me.

"Just Gwen! I am not his mate"

I told her, while giving back a weak smile.

Honestly speaking, after I saw him suffer so much for Beatrice, I just forgot my craving to be with him.

It was like watching your favorite couple split up.

You just want them back together.

The thought of stealing him from her had hurt me for a very long time.

We sat in the car, and soon it was in motion.

My daughter was calm; she would barely ever make a fuzz.

Also, it's only been three days since she was born, so I had to wait for her to grow up a little more to see what kind of little angel she is.

"She is a tribrid?"

Monique shook me awake from my state of trance.

"She is, but she will only inherit all these powers after a great deal of training and at a certain age"

I replied, gently caressing my sleeping daughter's cheeks.

As the car stopped at a stop, I couldn't help but look outside and notice the one face I didn't want to see again.

My eyebrows furrowed at the sight ahead.

I There was only one question that I could ask myself.

Why the heck was Zane in the pack? I knew everyone was looking for her, but I didn't know Zane was allowed back in the pack.

Or was he? "Where is he headed to?"

I whispered under my breath, staring at him constantly.

"Did you say something?"

Monique inquired, following my gaze.

I just couldn't help but keep staring at him.

"Monique! Take my baby home.

I will be back in a minute"

I just felt the urge to follow him.

I didn't bring my cellphone, so I couldn't call anyone either.

"Are you alright?"

she asked, her tone changed when she found me getting out of the car.

"I am fine.

I will be back in a minute"

It was just an immediate decision that I left the car and watched it take a turn to return to the mansion.

There were enough guards in the cars around my car to promise her safety.

The reason I got off alone was because I saw a girl with Zane, and it just made me feel very uneasy.

I got off in a hurry before Monique could see her face.

"Why the hell was Beatrice with him?"

I muttered, angry at Zane.

Did he find her, or was she just with him? Before anybody else could see them together and a new issue arose, I decided to follow them and speak to her myself.

Maybe I can ask her what's going on.

Because it didn't seem like Zane was taking her back home.

They were headed to the forbidden side of the mountains.

I kept following them, keeping a safe distance from them, and once we were in the mountains, that's when a bigger shock struck me.

He took her to a cave that nobody knew was there.

And even if people knew about it, they wouldn't have considered it of any importance.

The bigger question was, what were they doing in that cave?

Read Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend Chapter 299 Obstacles to Love

