

CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND

Chapter 202



News of Aaron's Engagement

Olive's POV,

After returning from Wall Street, I chose to use work to completely numb myself.

Every day I did experiments in the laboratory until midnight, and I went to the laboratory early in the morning. I found that after keeping myself busy, I didn't have as much time to think about Aaron.

Nick looked at me like I was a madman, and grabbed the data in my hand, "Olive, you've only slept two or three hours a day. Are you not afraid of sudden death?"

I smiled faintly, "I'm not afraid!" Then I snatched back the data. What was sudden death compared to dying of grief? I thought to myself a little mockingly. At least I had made a contribution to the country, and my death would be regarded as a reasonable one, right?

For half a month, I stayed in the laboratory.

One day, Vincent sent me a message asking me to attend a friend's gathering. After reading Vincent's message, I realized that I had forgotten to block his contact information.

I took off the disposable gloves and was about to block his contact information when he sent me another message. [Aaron will be here too. I think you will go, right? Olive.]

A smiley face was attached at the back. It seemed that he had read my mind.

Then, he sent me an address. I looked at the three messages from Vincent blankly and then blocked Vincent. Why was he so sure that I would go?

Because of Aaron?

Vincent was well-informed and I believed he had known that Aaron and I had completely broken up!

I had adjusted my mentality for half a month and there was a slight crack because of this message.

Aaron... I hadn't seen Aaron for a long time.

I sat at the desk with my face in one hand and looked at the dense data on the computer. The data that I could have easily understood seemed like a mystery to me now.

I had to admit that Aaron had a great influence on me. Like now, just hearing his name, I was back to my old ways. I found myself ten thousand reasons to persuade myself to calm down, but in the end, I walked to the bar whose address Vincent had sent me.

I was soft!

"Olive!" Vincent called my name loudly beside me and stepped forward with a look of surprise. He smiled and whispered in my ear, "I knew you would come."

Then he pushed open the door of the box and led me in.

10:48

As soon as I entered the box, I saw Aaron. He had always been the center of attention. Even if he was only wearing a white shirt and black trousers, he could still attract the attention of most of the people present.

I couldn't help but fix my eyes on him, but he just glanced at me indifferently and quickly looked away. He was whispering something to the woman beside him, and I noticed that he was holding hands with that woman. The woman's fingers were painted with bright red nail polish. Her fingers were fair and slender, as beautiful and bright as herself.

Oh, it was Aaron's fiancée. Seeing him being so intimate with his fiancée, I felt extremely uncomfortable, but I didn't even have the right to step forward to complain. I could only silently watch them show off their affection in front of everyone.

At this moment, my hand was suddenly held by Vincent and he deliberately walked in the direction of Aaron. I resisted a little. Just being close to Aaron would make me feel very uncomfortable.

At that moment, I seemed to see Aaron's eyes suddenly darken. Looking at his cold eyes, I suddenly realized that my hand was being held tightly by Vincent. I frowned, feeling disgusted to be touched by Vincent. I would never forget the scene where Vincent used despicable means to win my sympathy. So I struggled and tried to shake off his hand.

Vincent, however, squeezed my hand tightly and pulled me towards Aaron quickly, "Congratulations! You're getting engaged soon and I wish you a happy wedding in advance."

What? I was so shocked by what Vincent said that I forgot to struggle. So, Aaron hadn't lied to me? Was he getting engaged? I looked up in a daze to see Aaron's expression, and I didn't even know what I wanted to confirm. He had said this woman was his fiancée. It was normal for them to get married.

As early as half a month ago, I had been already mentally prepared that Aaron would marry someone else, but why did I still find it difficult to accept the news that he was going to get engaged?

“Honey, are you surprised?” Vincent gently held my slightly trembling shoulders, “When Aaron gets engaged, can we go to the party together?”

My whole body was trembling uncontrollably, and I didn’t even notice how Vincent addressed me. I stared stubbornly at Aaron’s face, wanting to hear from him that he was getting engaged.

Aaron narrowed his eyes slightly and cast his gloomy eyes on my shoulders held by Vincent.

Read Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend Chapter 202 - the best manga of 2020

CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND

Chapter 203



I Should Choose to Escape

For a moment, I even had the feeling that he would rush up and give Vincent a hard punch, and then pull me into his arms. But illusions were just illusions after all.

A smile quickly appeared on Aaron’s face. He stretched out his hand, pulled the woman into his arms, and put his arm around her waist. Then he raised his eyebrows slightly, looked at me, and then looked at Vincent.

He said, "Thank you, but I also would like to congratulate you. You got what you wanted!"

Vincent held my shoulder tightly and smiled very proudly, "Of course. Olive and I have been in love for so many years. There were some conflicts between us, but in the end, I am very grateful that she is willing to come back to me."

The two of them were talking with subtle hostility on their faces. It was just that I couldn't listen to them at all. All I could think of was the scene of Aaron accepting the blessing calmly just now. He was getting engaged! He was getting engaged!

At this moment, I was grateful that Vincent was holding me tightly in his arms because as soon as he let go, I would fall to the ground in embarrassment.

I felt like my whole body was limp as if I was having a nightmare, and I didn't know when I would wake up from this nightmare.

At this time, other people also came forward one after another. They surrounded Aaron and the woman and shouted, asking them to kiss each other.

Aaron calmly took the woman's hand and stood up. At the request of the crowd, he lowered his head, kissed her on the forehead, and said, "The rest is not for you to see. My girl will be shy."

The woman tugged at his clothes shyly in his arms, and gently pounded him on the chest, "You're so naughty!"

I stood there like an outsider, and the scene of them showing off their affection was killing me!

I couldn't take it anymore. When Vincent wasn't paying attention, I pushed him away and said, "Sorry, I have to go to the bathroom."

When I got to the bathroom, I desperately scooped up cold water and poured it on my face. If this was a nightmare, then I hoped I could wake up quickly. Please! If I stayed in this environment any longer, I would suffocate.

But my prayers went unanswered.

I stayed in the bathroom for a full ten minutes. After returning to the box, I found that the room was still very lively. Everyone was congratulating Aaron, and his beautiful smile hurt my eyes more and more as they raised their glasses.

At this moment, Aaron walked up to me holding the woman's hand, and shook the wine glass at me, "Why, aren't you going to congratulate me? Ex-girlfriend!"

When he said the word "ex-girlfriend", I somehow found it a little sarcastic.

I almost couldn't breathe, and he had to remind me over and over again that he no longer belonged to me. After staring at each other for a long time, I suddenly came to my sense, "Okay."

I got up mechanically, picked up the wine glass, and poured myself a glass of red wine, "Congratulations. I wish you a happy wedding."

With that, I raised my head and swallowed the red wine hard. When I was done, I realized that Aaron hadn't even touched his wine. He was just standing there quietly, looking at me with cold and bloodthirsty eyes.

Suddenly, the wine glass in his hand was crushed by him.

The woman immediately exclaimed, "Honey!"

Only then did Aaron look down at the broken glass in his hand, and smile ironically, "It's okay."

“No, your injury is too serious and you have to deal with it. Don’t forget. We are getting engaged soon. I don’t want to see your scarred hand when I put our engagement ring on your finger.” The woman was a little determined and she tried to drag Aaron away.

Aaron smiled at her gently, and turned to look at me, “You will come to my engagement party, right? I sincerely hope that you can attend our engagement party.”

“Okay,” I replied blankly, but I didn’t know what he said at all.

The smile on his face darkened slightly. He gave me a cold look, turned, and left the box with that woman.

I watched them leave the box, and then put down my wine glass decadently.

“Olive, how can you keep staring at Aaron? Don’t forget that you are my wife! Even if you destroy our marriage certificate, we have already held a church wedding in the eyes of outsiders. It’s over between you and Aaron!”

Vincent walked over, put his arm around my waist, and whispered in my ear.

But I couldn’t hear what he said at all. All I was thinking about was Aaron. Even if I had mentally prepared myself for it many times, I still couldn’t accept it when it happened. It would be more painful than killing me to witness their happiness.

After being rejected by Aaron one after another, I would never have the courage to go to him again.

Now, I just wanted to bury my head in the sand like an ostrich. Only in this way could I tell myself that everything in front of me was fake and Aaron was just getting angry with me.

But the stark reality was right in front of me. Perhaps, I should choose to escape...

CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND

Chapter 204



A New Start

Olive's POV,

Bernardo Colton once said that time is the best friend of truth. It's a good confirmation of my doctoral career, and it also confirms my life experience.

Three years have passed since that ridiculous wedding.

Within three years, I completed my research, published my thesis on Nature, and got my diploma.

I graduated in five years. My mentor Dr. Julian said that I broke his laboratory's "record of the earliest student to graduate". I rolled my eyes at this. never thinking that he also knew this kind of silly joke that only circulated among students.

"Seriously, Olive, don't you consider pursuing a post-doctoral degree? Or would you like to go to England? I have an old friend in Oxford who is very interested in your subject..."

"Well, thanks, Dr. Julian. But I've already signed the contract."

"Lucky Germans!" Julian muttered dissatisfiedly but finally gave me a big hug, "Olive, you are a talented young woman. I don't quite understand your decision, but I think maybe young people have their reasons. If one day you regret it, please remember that my laboratory will always welcome you back."

“I was lucky to know you,” I hugged my mentor tightly.

At the beginning of my Ph.D. study, my biggest dream was to get this diploma. To be bolder, I even hoped I could stay for a post-doctoral degree. Now three years later, all these dreams had been over fulfilled. I even got lifetime offers from some schools. But life is like Forrest Gump’s box of chocolates, and you never know what the next one will taste like, just like I had never thought that I would choose to give up scientific research and go to work in a company.

It was a German pharmaceutical company. I didn’t even know German.

“Dr. Woods. Here!” After dozens of hours of flying, I landed at Munich Airport. People were talking in German that I couldn’t understand and the somewhat broken English sounded like heaven to me.

A young girl with curly brown hair waved at me, and she was holding up a sign with my name in her other hand.

“Nice to meet you, Dr. Woods. I’m Charlotte Charles, your research assistant. I got my master’s degree in neuroscience from the University of Munich. I must say that I read your published paper and it’s really impressive...”

“Thanks. Just call me Olive.”

I had to admit that I was a little flattered. Charlotte was so enthusiastic, which didn’t match my impression of Germans.

But technically speaking, I didn’t know many Germans except my classmate Nick’s ex-boyfriend, but he was a cheating scum and I thought scums had nothing to do with nationality.....

Charlotte, driving a spacious Mercedes, talked to me warmly along the way, “We have dozens of laboratories in Germany, and even more abroad. But the No. 3 laboratory you’re joining is the best in all aspects. It not only has the

most adequate funding and the most cutting-edge research projects but also has a superior geographical location. We are only two hours away from Munich by car! God, you know, some laboratories are very dangerous, and the living supplies have to be dropped by helicopters.....

“In comparison, we are really lucky. After work, we can go to Munich to dance. You know, our nightclub culture is famous around the world. If you like, I can give you the phone numbers of some DJs. We can go through the back doors and sneak in without queuing. If you like football, we have the best football teams...”

“Oh, sorry, I forgot that you are an American.” The curly-haired young girl looked at me nervously.

“It’s okay. I’m very interested in ‘football’, ‘football’ that is played with feet instead of hands.” I shrugged and accepted the nationality joke.

“Great. Maybe we can watch games together on weekends. All my family members are fans of Bayern.” The young girl seemed to be relieved. She stuck out her tongue, and said a little embarrassedly, “Sorry, have I been talking too much? Or do you need a break?”

“It’s okay. I’d love to hear more from you. I don’t know anything about this place. Before I came here, I was even afraid that I’d meet some German who doesn’t speak at all, you know...” I winked at this enthusiastic girl.

Charlotte was amused by me, “Oh, yeah, that’s typical German. You will meet many such ‘standard German’ in the laboratory.”

“Well, thank God my assistant is a ‘not so standard’ German.”

“Yes, my father is from California, and my mother is from Cuba. So I am not a standard German.” Charlotte smiled at me. Her olive skin and white teeth made her look very charming. “But don’t worry. I have lived in this country for

almost thirty years, and I love the country very much. I think I can take care of you too.”

“I don’t doubt that at all. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome. I’m paid by the company. It’s part of my job to take care of you. If you quit because you miss the prosperity of Manhattan, FYI, it happened, and I’d lose my job.”

“Don’t worry, Ms., I won’t run away.”

“Oh, it’s such a relief.” Charlotte made an exaggerated movement, “No offense. Please forgive my curiosity as a ‘scientific researcher’. May I ask why you’ve chosen to come to BTR? Of course, BTR is one of the best pharmaceutical companies in German, but you are overqualified. Your paper is subversive, and it can win you a position in the laboratories of several top universities, so...”

Why BRT? Why leave America and go to a country you have never been to?

It was not the first time I had been asked these questions. Almost everyone had asked me these questions.

“Is it because of love?” The curly-haired girl asked cautiously, “Of course, if you’re offended, just forget I even asked.”

About Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend - Chapter 204

[CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND](#)

Chapter 205



Love? I thought of my chaotic love life, the absurd wedding three years ago, Aaron's sad and angry eyes as well as the moment when he finally put his arm around another woman and announced in public, "I'd like to introduce my fiancée to you."

"Why do you think of love?"

"Because leaving one place and starting over in a new place sounds so much like something that a girl with a broken heart would do."

"Do you think I'm that kind of girl?"

"No, you are a well-accomplished scientist."

"So, there is only one reason why I'm coming to BTR..." I announced the answer under Charlotte's excited gaze as if she was expecting the ending of a detective novel.

"I'm here for the money," I said.

Charlotte gave the reaction I expected. For a few seconds, her expression looked utterly amusing.

I couldn't help laughing and reminded her, "Pay attention to the road ahead."

Only then did Charlotte react. She quickly gripped the steering wheel and came to her sense.

"For the money... Well, TWH's salary package is really good...but is that the whole reason?" Charlotte found it unbelievable. But a traffic light interrupted her continued questioning.

"So, shall we go directly to the company now?" I threw out a new question in time and it immediately distracted this enthusiastic mixed-race girl.

“Oh, I was planning to take you to your new residence first, and then take you to the company to check- in. BTW, your other luggage has already arrived at your new home a day earlier.”

“Thank you. If this is the case, then take me to the company to check in first, so you won’t have to go back and forth.” Charlotte accepted my proposal.

After more than an hour’s journey, we finally arrived in Ulm from Munich Airport.

It was a beautiful town on the banks of the Danube. Charlotte told me that although both sides of the Danube were Ulm, they belonged to two states. TWH was located in Neu-Ulm, belonging to Bavaria.

“Here we are.” Charlotte turned off the car and we got out of the car. She came to me with a smile, “Welcome to TWH.”

I have to admit that I was very grateful that Charlotte could be my research assistant. Under her guidance, I quickly met my future leader and boss. After a polite conversation, I completed the entry procedures.

After leaving the office, I asked Charlotte where Lab Two was. But she looked at the time and said, “Dr. Woods, I think maybe you should go to the residence to take a look first. You don’t have much time left.”

Charlotte showed me her phone screen and I noticed it was late afternoon. And I didn’t even have a bed in my new residence now!

“You are right!” But I was a little worried, “But don’t I need to go to the lab to say hello to my colleagues first?”

“Don’t be nervous. Many of your colleagues also come from foreign countries. They will understand.”

“All right.”

Charlotte's smile melted away my nervousness. I took a brand new job card and left TWH talking and laughing with her.

Just at the corner of the corridor, a very typical German man walked towards us.

This man knew Charlotte very well. I could only hear the first-word "Gutentag" from his fast speaking speed.

"This is Dr. Olive Woods, my future boss. Dr. Woods, this is Dr. Peter Hermann, the genius of Lab One."

Dr. Hermann understood English. He laughed heartily when he heard Charlotte's introduction.

He reached out to me, "Welcome to TWH."

I shook hands with him and smiled back.

But to my surprise, when I let go of my hand, he didn't show any sign of letting go of his.

I looked up at Dr. Hermann and soon saw obsession and amazement in his green eyes.

"May I ask, are you single?"

OMG! I knew that I had good looks, but this was the first time I had experienced love at first sight like this!

For a split second, someone's face flashed across my mind.

"Oh, yes."

Out of the corner of my eye, I could see an excited look on Charlotte's face. Everyone was not interested in gossip.

But no one knew how embarrassed I was at the moment, even though I still tried to stay calm on the surface.

Dr. Hermann still held my hand, “Well, can I befriend you on FB?”

“Oh sorry, I don’t use FB.” I finally seized the opportunity to withdraw my hand, “If you need, I can give you my email.”

My words upset this handsome German man.

After exchanging emails, he quickly left.

Watching him disappear into the distance, Charlotte looked at me, as if she wanted to say something.

“Maybe I should give him my phone number, right?” I joked.

Hesitation could be seen on Charlotte’s face as if she was struggling to find the right words.

“It’s nothing. I can understand it. It’s a polite excuse indeed.”

“Excuse?” I didn’t understand, “I don’t use Facebook.”

“No way!” Charlotte couldn’t believe it at all. But after seeing my reaction, she finally realized that I was serious.

“You don’t have a FB account?”

I couldn’t help laughing when I saw her shock as if she was looking at an alien.

However, at this moment, I thought of the annoying ID and the profile picture of a nightclub player.

Aaron and I had started dating on FB. But after he announced his engagement on FB a year ago, I hid my account and uninstalled the software.

It would be great if memories could be uninstalled and deleted at will like mobile apps.

Charlotte was still in shock, “No wonder you’re doing great in scientific research! Dr. Woods, you are the only person I have ever seen who can restrain himself from playing this social software!”

“There should be no sociologist who has studied the relationship between FB and scientific research level.” I smiled at Charlotte, “Let’s go. It’s getting late.”

Charlotte was an enthusiastic girl, and I already knew that. But such enthusiasm also troubled me to a certain extent.

My new residence was a single-family cottage on the banks of the Danube. It was not very big, but it came with a mini courtyard and a garage.

This was much more spacious than my small apartment in Manhattan. Charlotte also thoughtfully rented a car for me in advance.

“Charlotte, you’ve done enough for me. It’s getting late.” Watching her squatting on the ground to help me assemble the bed, I was both moved and helpless.

All afternoon, she helped me decorate and clean my new house... and also told me about Dr. Hermann.

God! Since she learned that I didn’t use FB, she seemed to come up with another thought. She didn’t think that I had no interest in Dr. Hermann!

If I hadn’t stopped her, she would have even tried to explain it to him for me!

“Call me anytime if you need any help.” After I repeatedly assured her that I could pack the rest of my luggage and furniture myself. Charlotte finally said goodbye to me. After she left, the originally lively house suddenly became very quiet.

I sat wearily on my freshly assembled bed, distraught.

I had thought I could have a fresh start when I left America and stopped following all his news online. But a FB account could bring me back to the deep sea of memory.

It made me feel discouraged.

As night fell, I didn't even have the thought of turning on the lights. Some exhaustion beyond imagination came all over me and I just wanted to lie still, but I couldn't fall asleep anyway.

At this moment, I suddenly heard the ringing of the doorbell.

At this moment, I suddenly heard the ringing of the doorbell.

Update Chapter 205 of Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend by Jane E.L.

[CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND](#)

Chapter 206



Surprise

“Surprise!” I heard Cinder's voice when I opened the door.

Then I heard another familiar voice, “I knew she would have this reaction.”

“OMG! Am I dreaming? Why are you here?!” I was stunned!

Who could imagine that the two people who should be in New York and Boston now were standing in front of me at this moment!

Cinder and Nick hugged me warmly with gifts in their hands. I got a kiss on each cheek.

“Congratulations on your new life!”

“I should have recorded your reaction.” Cinder walked over in the latest limited-edition manolo blahnik high heels, took out her mobile phone. and took a group photo of the three of us. Then she walked right past me into the house.

She looked around and couldn't help shaking her head, “Dear Olive, I guessed that you must not have finished packing, but such progress is beyond my expectation.”

I watched the two of them come to the living room as if they had returned to their own home, and it instantly reminded me of three years ago.

Since breaking up with that man, I'd had a really bad time.

Cinder had once called an ambulance and I was sent to the hospital because of excessive drinking. After the doctor performed a gastric lavage on me, she helped me to ask for leave from school.

When she came back, Nick was beside her.

Nick met Cinder at school and came to visit me after hearing about my situation. I'm still wondering how the two of them formed such a deep friendship in such a short time.

Anyway, I've always been very grateful to these two good friends of mine.

If they hadn't taken turns taking care of me at that time, I'm afraid it would have been difficult for me to get over it after I broke up and I wouldn't have successfully gotten a Ph.D. When I told them I wanted to come here and start a new life, they were the ones I felt most guilty about.

God knows I wouldn't want to leave them if I could!

Of course, soon God told me that apparently, our friendship was too good for me to worry about.

Cinder received a new order and flew around the world all the time. The time she spent in Manhattan was not even as long as when she went to Switzerland to see her younger boyfriend. Nick also got an offer from Harvard and he went to Boston with David.

Fortunately, distance did not affect our friendship

“Did you make an appointment to come here together?” I closed the door and walked towards them.

“Eliott lent me his private jet and I picked up Nick on the way,” Cinder said and put her handbag aside.

Nick walked into the kitchen and opened the refrigerator. Then I heard his scream from the kitchen, “Olive, don’t tell me that the first thing you do when you arrive in Germany is to buy alcohol locally!”

“What? No!” I suddenly remembered that Charlotte had prepared some food for me before she left, and quickly explained, “This must be prepared by my assistant Charlotte Charles. I have been unpacking my luggage since I came back after completing the entry procedures.”

“Don’t be nervous. Olive is not the way she was three years ago. Bring it out. Today is indeed a day worth celebrating.” Nick came out of the kitchen and took out three bottles of beer with labels printed in German and some food.

Cinder whistled, “Authentic Bavarian white beer. I haven’t tasted it before.”

There were no beer mugs at home, so we had to open a bottle each, holding it high amidst the sound of bubbling.

“Congratulations to Olive for successfully joining TWH!”

With the crisp sound of glass colliding, I raised my head and drank a big gulp of local German white beer. When the thick liquid was poured into my throat, I found the taste smooth, not bitter, and the aroma of wheat strong.

After a simple celebration, I thought of what Cinder had said just now, “I didn’t expect you and Elliott to be together.”

From what I knew of Cinder, she treated Eliot differently than any of her ex-boyfriends. They had been together for almost four years!

What was more, whenever we mentioned Elliott’s name now, there would be a proud and sweet expression on her face!

“Well, I didn’t expect it either.”

Nick looked at her sideways, “Look at you. Are you still the career- oriented ambitious woman I know?”

“An ambitious woman is also entitled to enjoy love, buddy.”

“So does that mean that we’ll attend your wedding soon?” I asked half-jokingly and half emotionally.

Regarding plans, Cinder instinctively showed her side as a strong career woman.

She shrugged helplessly, “There is no such plan yet. As you have seen, I am very busy with work now. I don’t spend much time with Elliott, let alone you two.”

“When it comes to the wedding, I’m afraid Nick will hold one first. After all, he is now almost with his boyfriend day and night.”

Cinder quickly turned the topic to Nick and teased her, “How does it feel to date your mentor?”

“Not much. But the working environment at Harvard makes me painful and happy.”

Nick’s reaction made me and Cinder subconsciously look at each other. We all saw a hint of surprise in each other’s eyes.

It was not how Nick should react. With his character, when there was a rare opportunity to show off his relationship, he would show it off, instead of changing the subject calmly like he was doing now.

Something must have happened between him and David!

Cinder and I immediately sat on the sofa beside him, "Do you need to talk?"

Nick looked at me in surprise and then turned to look at Cinder. Realizing our attitude, he lay down on his back unhappily, "Oh my sweethearts, you are so sensitive."

Cinder said, "You know, you can always trust us."

Nick said, "I know."

He took another sip of beer and seemed to be thinking about what to say, "Actually, it's nothing. Maybe I just entered a strange environment and a new relationship at the same time. Maybe the time has changed my heart."

I deeply sympathized with Nick's feelings.

"That's true. Time can change a person a lot. It has changed me at least."

Cinder nodded, "Indeed. Who would have thought that you would escape to Germany just for Aaron?"

When I heard her words, my heart suddenly ached. Cinder realized something as soon as she said that name. She fell silent in embarrassment and gave Nick a nervous look.

However, as a professional ambitious woman with sophisticated social experience, she immediately raised her voice to change the topic.

"No matter what, everything is the best arrangement that fate bestows upon us." She raised the wine bottle in her hand, "A toast to time."

Nick was very cooperative, and also raised the bottle to touch hers, “A toast to time.”

I looked at my two friends who were waiting for me to join and pretended not to hear the name. I took a deep breath to cheer myself up and raised my bottle as well, “A toast to time.”

When the cold liquid went down my throat into my stomach, I pretended not to notice the heartache and even emptied my mind.

It was just that the more you want to suppress something, the more it will surface involuntarily.

I had to admit now that three years later, I still hadn’t gotten over him, Aaron Morris.

Read Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend Chapter 206

Novel Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend has been updated Chapter 206

[CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND](#)

Chapter 207



Hangover

There was always a price to be paid for indulgent late-night carnivals.

When I woke up from the hangover, Nick’s thigh was pressed against my stomach, and next to my head were Cinder’s feet with red nail polish.

The coffee table in front of the sofa was full of empty beer bottles, and some even rolled to the ground.

Fortunately, the carpet here was thick enough. No bottles were broken, which saved me some unnecessary cleanup.

The air still smelt like alcohol.

We didn't even draw the curtains last night, and the sunlight streaming through the window reminded me of one thing. It was getting late.

"Wake up." I quickly sat up from the sofa. But as soon as I moved, the pain in my head made me regret last night's indulgence.

I frowned and shook my two friends beside me. Thankfully, Cinder woke up soon.

"What time is it?"

I took my phone and checked the time, "8:45."

"8:45!" Cinder's expression suddenly changed from sleepy to very energetic, "OMG, I told Elliott to pick me up at 9:30!"

She jumped off the sofa almost immediately and headed for the bathroom.

"Olive, please prepare a suit for me. You know, I will never allow myself to appear in front of anyone except you and Nick in this image." Cinder quickly closed the door, and soon there came the sound of running water and a muffled scream from inside, "Damn! Why is there no hot water?!"

I froze for a while and then suddenly laughed.

Ten minutes later, I delivered a Prada slip dress and underwear with the tags still intact, and soon there came the sound of a hair dryer working.

I opened the windows to get rid of the smell of alcohol in the house and cleaned up all the garbage. I was trying to wake Nick up when the bathroom door opened.

Cinder noticed the noise here. While putting on makeup in front of the mirror, she said to me, "Let him sleep more. He drank as much as you did last night."

"What time is his flight today?" I asked Cinder.

"I'm not sure. Does it seem to be in the afternoon? It's a minor problem. Even if he can't make it in time, he can go back if he reschedules it."

At this moment, the sleeping man on the sofa finally moved.

"Jesus! I swear I'll never have a hangover like this again." Nick was 10:40 struggling on the sofa with his head in his arms. I smiled and handed him a glass of honey water.

"Don't make such meaningless vows to Jesus. Do you remember what time your flight is?"

"12:30." Nick took a sip of water, "What time is it?"

"9:15. Oh dear, you may have to hurry up. It's a two-hour drive to the airport."

Nick almost spit out a mouthful of water.

Very good! I saw him jumping off the sofa.

The doorbell rang. I thought Elliott had arrived early. But when I opened the door, I saw Charlotte.

"Good morning, Dr. Woods. I thought you might not know the way around, so..."

"You came just in time." I quickly grabbed her hand, "I might have to ask you a favor."

I pointed to Nick and said, "This is my good friend Nick, who came over from Harvard yesterday to celebrate me. We accidentally got drunk. The problem is, now he needs to catch the 12:30 flight at Munich Airport. Can you take him to the airport for me?"

“No problem. Leave it to me.” Charlotte readily agreed. Nick hugged me and Cinder respectively before he left in a hurry.

After a short while, the doorbell rang again.

I gave this handsome young man a friendly hug, “Hey, Elliott, long time no see.”

He greeted me with a kiss on the cheek, “Congratulations on your new job.”

“Thanks.” I invited him in, and blinked at the bathroom, “I’m afraid you’ll have to wait for your girlfriend for a while. We got dunked last night. She just took a cold shower and is putting on makeup now.”

Cinder’s voice immediately came from the bathroom, “Don’t expose me, baby!”

Elliott smiled.

Five minutes later, Cinder appeared in front of us with a radiant face. She hugged her boyfriend passionately and French kissed him in front of me for a minute. They didn’t stop it until I couldn’t stop complaining.

“Well, we’re leaving.” Elliott walked out with his arm around Cinder.

Cinder stopped suddenly, “Wait, honey, can you go outside and wait for a while?”

Elliott raised his eyebrows and walked out the door obediently.

I watched Cinder walking towards me and asked, “What is it?”

Cinder pointed to the handbag next to the sofa with a strange expression on her face, which seemed to be some kind of teasing.

“I left you a small gift...Don’t treat yourself badly.” She said and left in high heels.

After I saw everyone off, the house fell into silence again. Today was Saturday, so I went back to catch up on sleep without any psychological burden.

I woke up again from hunger.

There was a missed call and a message from Charlotte on the phone, saying that Nick had boarded the plane smoothly. She didn't call me because she guessed that I was probably catching up on sleep. So she went back and asked me to contact her whenever necessary.

What a great assistant!

But I didn't intend to contact her.

As an able-bodied adult, I could go grocery shopping on my own. I knew how to use a navigation app!

But unfortunately, I was proven wrong.

I did manage to find a nearby supermarket, but I forgot that this was in Germany! Except for the imported food section, all the tags were printed in German.

It was so terrible!

Standing in front of a shelf displaying snacks, I awkwardly opened the translation software on my phone, and then identified the food ingredients on the packages of these products one by one.

Suddenly, I heard a deep male voice beside me, "May I help you?"

I looked up and saw a blond man in a gray T-shirt and white pants looking at me with his blue eyes and smiling.

Of course, what caught my attention more was that he just spoke English!

“Thank God, yes! I need help badly.” I hand him the snack in my hand, “Could you please check for high fructose corn syrup on it for me?”

The man took it and replied, “The ingredients that cause obesity, cardiovascular disease, diabetes, and liver disease, I know that.”

I raised my eyebrows, “Yes.”

It seemed that he noticed my surprise. He put the snack back on the shelf and looked at me with a smile, “I also have the habit of checking the ingredients of food. Come with me, the healthy and organic snacks you want are not here.”

I quickly followed behind him. Out of courtesy, I introduced myself to him.

“Hello, I’m Dr. Woods, Olive Woods. I just came here recently to work for a pharmaceutical company.”

The blond man looked at me with a smile, “Oh, what a coincidence. I’m also a doctor.”

He held out his hand to me, “I’m Colston Adenauer. Nice to meet you.”

Read the hottest Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend Chapter 207 story of 2020.

The Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend story is currently published to Chapter 207

CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND

Chapter 208



Cinder’s Gift

I was so thankful that I met that kind of doctor when I desperately needed help.

Although the doctor's joke he told sucked, he not only took me to the healthy and organic snack area but also told me the general location of the products here.

In our simple conversation, I was surprised to find that we had a fairly high tacit agreement on food ingredients.

I almost just followed his habit to find the products I wanted!

When I successfully finished my shopping and walked out of the supermarket, I bowed to him very sincerely, "Thank you very much, Dr. Adenauer. Are you free later? Let me buy you coffee."

"Don't worry about it. I have something else to do. Goodbye." The blond doctor waved goodbye handsomely. After I watched him go, I got back to my new car and started navigating.

I didn't pay much attention to this supermarket incident. After my first weekend in Germany, I showed up at Lab Three at 7:55 on the next Monday morning in a dark dress suit with simple but exquisite makeup I was grateful to Charlotte for telling me a lot about German workplace culture in advance, such as workplace attire, cupcakes for new employees, short lunch breaks, written culture, etc.

Of course, the most classic was certainly the Germans' unusually persistent concept of time. An employee should arrive five minutes earlier, and it was not common to see one enter the office ten minutes earlier or just on time.

Therefore, when it was working time, the personnel of the entire Lab Three had all already arrived. And I distributed the prepared cupcakes to each new colleague.

Just then, the door opened, and Dr. Archer appeared.

Dr. Archer was the general manager of Lab Three as well as our immediate superior. He was a middle- aged married man with a ruddy complexion, but his weight was hovering on the edge of obesity

I thought that Dr. Archer would formally introduce me to all the colleagues in Lab Three as usual, but he didn't!

Dr. Archer was here to see me, "I hope you can submit a report to me half an hour before you get off work today, including how much time you will need to familiarize yourself with the new job position and your preliminary plan for the current position."

I looked him in the eyes and nodded hesitantly.

Dr. Archer nodded, and then briefly introduced my identity and job responsibilities to everyone.

They all applauded.

I hadn't forgotten Charlotte's reminder, "I'll treat everyone to coffee at lunch break.

The applause seemed to be a little warmer.

Dr. Archer turned around and said, "There will be a welcome induction ceremony for you this afternoon, but it's not as good as that in the United States. I hope you can integrate into the team as soon as possible."

With that, he turned and left.

Watching Dr. Archer leave, I secretly sighed that he was indeed a typical German!

I had known that Germans liked to be straightforward in their work and omit unnecessary pleasantries. But it was not until I witnessed it with my own eyes that I had a more intuitive understanding of this cultural custom.

My colleagues had switched back on work mode, returned to their respective positions, and started to get busy.

As my research assistant, Charlotte took me to my office area. We walked through the fume hood to an unoccupied laboratory bench.

“Dr. Woods, this is your workstation. I have collected the basic materials for you from the pick-up area. The entire laboratory bench is yours, and the materials that you need to review are in the folder on the left.”

I looked at Charlotte and joked, “You’re someone who has lived in Germany for nearly thirty years. Your efficiency is so similar to that of ordinary Germans, very typical.”

Sitting at the workstation, I noticed that the owner of another laboratory bench not far away was a yellow race. He looked like a Chinese. The person on the other side of the bench seemed to be from India.

I looked away.

There were people from all over the world in the lab. No wonder the official language in the lab was English. Any other language would bring a lot of trouble to my work.

I quickly got to work.

After a quick scan of the compiled information, I quickly had a preliminary model of career planning in my mind. Just as I was about to type these thoughts into my computer, Charlotte reminded me that it was time for lunch.

I was surprised, “What time is it?”

She smiled awkwardly, "It's noon. If we don't rush to have lunch, I'm afraid it will be difficult for us to come back to the laboratory bench before 12:30."

The rule of having only a half-hour lunch break was beyond my comprehension.

Besides the coffee machine, I quickly made friends with two colleagues from the United States, Dr. Garcia, and Dr. Smith.

The air in Germany seemed to have some kind of magic, and the two people who should be enthusiastic were not talkative at all, almost exactly like the local Germans!

However, what surprised me was the "induction ceremony" after work.

I thought that these typical Germans would show their true side after work. But I was wrong.

These Indians, Chinese, Americans, and native Germans from all corners of the country all lived with their families!

They came here just out of respect.

I listened carefully to their topics for a while, and the most mentioned ones turned out to be about children and trivial family matters.

"Sorry, Dr. Woods, it's getting late, and my daughter is still waiting for me at home." When the first colleague stood up and said goodbye like this, everyone else left one after another.

My induction ceremony ended early!

Charlotte tried to comfort me, "It's like this in Germany. It is difficult to make many friends at work here. You'd better not expect it, or you will feel very lonely here."

I looked at her, "Including you?"

Charlotte immediately raised her voice, "Of course not! As long as you need me, I will be by your side at any time, dear Dr. Woods."

That was enough, at least for me for now.

The induction ceremony ended early, and it was still light when I got home.

I went to the kitchen and whipped up a simple pasta dish with ingredients I had bought last weekend. Then I looked around the empty room in a daze.

Charlotte was right. It was all too easy to feel alone in this environment.

To avoid falling into this loneliness, I turned on the music. In Tyler Swift's beautiful voice and melodious melody, I cleaned the house very clean and then took a shower.

But after doing all this, it was still 9:30 in the evening!

I had to find something else to do!

Suddenly, I remembered that Cinder had said mysteriously that she prepared a gift for me before she left. I had forgotten to open it all weekend.

I quickly took the gift box, which was bigger than my palm, out of the handbag. It was not heavy.

After removing the wrapping paper and opening the box inside, I almost froze in place...

It was a vibrator shaped like a penis!

I thought of what Cinder had said before she left, "Don't treat yourself badly."

It was hard to describe my feelings now.

"What the hell?"

Read Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend Chapter 208

Novel Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend has been updated Chapter 208

CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND

Chapter 209



Guri Friends Fight

I resisted the urge to toss that thing in the trash bin, but an unexplainable sense of shame ignited my anger.

Regardless of the time difference, I picked up my mobile phone and called Cinder.

After a long time, it was answered.

Anger came all over me and took away all my sanity.

I shouted, "What the hell did you give me?!"

On the other end of the phone, Cinder sounded like she had just been woken up, and her voice was still hoarse and sleepy, "What are you talking about? Baby, you don't even look at the time."

I knew I shouldn't continue to let anger get me out of control at this moment, but obviously, I failed.

"Listen, Cinder, I just opened the present you gave me. I just want to know what the hell you mean!"

Finally, my angry shout managed to wake up the woman on the other end of the phone.

Her tone suddenly became a little tense, and she tried to comfort me, "Oh baby, I don't mean anything else. I'm just doing it for your good."

Chapter 209 Girl Friends. Fight

For my good? Did she expect me to hold a silicone dildo, open my thighs to feel mechanical vibrations, and become more aware of myself as a woman who had been abandoned by love? What the hell was she talking about?!

“Olive baby, listen to me. Men can’t take away a woman’s right to sexual pleasure. I’m giving you that just so that you can enjoy sexual pleasure even if you haven’t found true love yet.”

Maybe I could understand what Cinder meant, but I chose to misinterpret her, and I didn’t know why.

I just felt that at this moment, from a long distance away, I seemed to be receiving an embarrassing whipping, and the executioner was my best friend!

I was shaking with anger, and the knuckles of my hand holding the phone turned white from the force.

Then I heard myself warn her word by word, “Don’t worry too much about my love life!”

There was a brief silence on the other end of the phone.

Then Cinder’s pitch rose and her tone became thinner., “So, you are calling me in the middle of the night just to get mad at me, aren’t you?”

Her words gradually became aggressive.

I was familiar with such aggressiveness because it was how she talked. She had hidden all her sharp claws from me just because I was her best friend.

And obviously, she was angry now too.

“Love life? Olive, do you have a so-called love life?”

“Since you broke up with Aaron, you haven’t dated anyone else. I’m giving you a little toy just to get you back to sexual pleasure and stop being an

abstinent woman. What's wrong with me doing that? Please remember, it's not me who dumped you!"

There must be countless people in this world who have learned the same lesson. Never fall out with your best girlfriends because they know the most vulnerable part of your heart best.

Cinder's straightforward words magnified my sense of shame to the extreme in a short period.

I retorted subconsciously, "I have dated..."

"Who? When? Where?" Cinder asked sharply without any emotion, but I couldn't answer.

"Let's face it, Olive. Even though I am busy with work and cannot be with you every day, I am still the person who knows you best in the world. Don't vent your emotions on the person who loves you the most."

I hung up the phone directly.

I burst into tears. I seemed to have been drained of all my strength. I covered my face with my hands, knelt on the ground, and cried loudly.

I was a fool!

What Cinder said was right. I was a bitch who only vented my emotions on the person who loved me the most!

I was aware of Cinder's good intentions in giving me that gift, but I chose to go crazy at her at this time because of my selfishness.

It gave me a strong sense of guilt in addition to my original sadness.

Soon my phone rang on the floor. It was Cinder.

This was how she was. If there was any dispute, she would solve it at the moment instead of letting it be interrupted.

But I didn't dare to answer her phone. Emotions overwhelmed me. I couldn't say anything at the moment.

The empty house echoed with my hysterical cries until my voice became hoarse from crying.

I didn't know how long it had been, but she kept calling me.

The fragile and out-of-control emotions finally let me go. I calmed down, wiped away my tears, and slowly got up from the floor.

What should be faced still had to be faced. I answered the phone.

The scolding and harsh voice I had expected did not appear, and the two of us were silent for a moment.

"I'm sorry." Cinder spoke first, "I didn't mean to. I... I just..."

"I know. I know that's how you are."

Cinder was the person who knew me best in the world and vice versa.

"Cinder, I'm sorry for saying those words to you." I apologized in a low voice, "You're right. I just know that you are the one who loves me the most and you will forgive me even if I vent my emotions on you."

"Of course, I will, Olive baby. It breaks my heart to hear your hoarse voice from crying."

Cinder's words once again made me shed a few tears. It was just that this time they were tears when I felt loved.

"But I'm so angry!" Cinder's tone suddenly became irritable.

"That bastard Aaron! I want to find him right now and teach him a good lesson! If it wasn't for him, you wouldn't be so sad at all, let alone become what you are now."

I knew Cinder well. Others might just think about it when they talked about revenge, but she was someone who might put it into action!

“Don’t. Don’t do that.”

“He has a new life now and I have nothing to do with him. Honey, I swear I’ll be fine and nothing like this will ever happen again.”

“Come on. Stop making such meaningless oaths.” Cinder unceremoniously exposed me, “Next time when you’re really unhappy, call me, okay? I will always forgive you because you’re my best friend.”

I laughed, “I love you, love you so much, Cinder baby.”

“I love you too. But baby, I need to go to sleep. You know, it’s 4:00 a.m. in New York.”

“Oh, then go to bed quickly. Good night.”

“Bye.”

After hanging up the phone, I looked at the dildo on the floor, but my anger was gone.

Although there was no love, I had the best and strongest friendship in the world. I was still luckier than most, weren’t I?

Even for Cinder and her poor sleep, I thought I had to make an effort. I called Charlotte.

Just when I was wondering if it would be impolite to call Charlotte after work, the call was answered immediately, “Hello, Dr. Woods. What’s wrong?”

“No, uh...” I paused, “I was wondering if you could take me to a nightclub?”

Read Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend Chapter 209 -

[CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND](#)



Different Nightclubs

Charlotte sounded a little surprised on the other end of the phone, “Now?”

I heard the hesitation in her voice and suddenly felt that this idea might be impulsive.

Oh, God forgive me! My emotions are really out of control tonight.

“Is this request too presumptuous? Oh, well, forget it. I’m sorry to disturb you at this time.” I was about to hang up, but Charlotte stopped me.

“No no no! Dear Dr. Woods, you’re not bothering me at all. On the contrary, I am very glad that you made this call. I was considering whether to invite you to the nightclub or not.” Charlotte sounded excited.

Thanks to her for soothing my uneasiness.

I quipped lightly, “Why not?”

Charlotte immediately gave the time, “Then I will drive over now, and it will take about ten minutes.”

After hanging up the phone, I put away the “gift” on the floor. While Charlotte was driving on the road for ten minutes, I changed into a new set of clothes and then put on some makeup.

I wanted to do a nightclub look. But when I picked up my makeup

Dividing into pages for products, I realized that I hadn’t seriously put on makeup for a long time, and I didn’t even know what was trending now...

After I awkwardly put on some lipstick, the doorbell rang.

“Coming.” I tossed the lipstick into my tote bag, my go-to bag, weather-resistant and big enough to hold all the things I needed, and rushed to open the door to greet Charlotte.

“Hey, Miss Charlotte, I’m ready. Let’s go straight away.” I turned around and was about to lock the door.

But Charlotte stopped me, “Wait.”

I turned to look at her and noticed that she was looking at my clothes in surprise, “Are you sure you’re going to a nightclub in such a dress?”

“Is there anything wrong with it?” I lowered my head to confirm my attire. I was wearing a Chanel black slip dress from several years ago. This was a very suitable dress for many occasions.

But Charlotte’s expression didn’t look very good, “I have to say, you might be turned away when you go to a nightclub dressed like this.”

What? I found it ridiculous. I was completely shocked, “Are you kidding? In New York, I’ve never been turned down by nightclubs when I was dressed like this, no matter what the theme of the party was.”

“Oh, dear Dr. Woods, nightclubs in Germany are different.” Charlotte’s expression made it clear to me that she wasn’t joking. She thought that my little black dress was not suitable for a nightclub!

She looked at me nervously, and quickly explained to me, “The whole world thinks that Germans are rigid and rigorous especially when the several well-known nightclubs in Berlin are famous for their industrial style. But in fact, there is a huge misunderstanding!”

“What misunderstanding?”

“That is, Germans are also human beings. As long as they are human beings, they need to be entertained and vent their emotions. The more self-repressed, rigid, and rigorous people usually are,

the greater the contrast in indulgence. In Germany, people’s most common daily indulgence is dancing.”

I vaguely understood it a little more, but I still found it weird. This broke my stereotypes about Germans, yet made me feel a little more realistic about the people here.

What Charlotte said was right. No matter which country or what kind of cultural customs a person was from, he had emotions.

“So, in Germany, especially in Munich, when girls go to nightclubs, the more avant-garde they look, the more popular they are.” Charlotte looked at my clothes again and shook her head slightly, “A slip dress like yours only shows your shoulders, and the rest of your body is all covered up. You will likely be rejected in Munich because it is too businesslike.”

“All right.” I reluctantly accepted this explanation, but I was shocked, “So, what should I wear to fit into the nightclubs here?”

Charlotte thought for a moment and said, “May I ask, are you going to dance or mainly have a drink?”

I was confused, “What’s the difference?”

“The night entertainment venues in Munich are mainly concentrated in Glockenbach, Schwabing Street, and the old town. But reservations are required for some top-level nightclubs, and it is too late now. But if you just want to drink a beer and dance, and nothing else, I know a good place and there is a DJ I know there. I can contact him and take us indirectly.” She explained.

Hearing what she said, I nodded.

I immediately made a choice, "That's it."

Apart from the reason that I didn't want to make things difficult for Charlotte, I didn't forget my original intention. I wanted to go to a nightclub on a whim to vent my emotions and be distracted. I needed alcohol and music to make me forget the bad memories.

"Charlotte, could you do me a favor?" I looked at Charlotte, "I'm not quite sure how German-style 'avant-garde' is. So could you help me pick out a dress in my cloakroom?"

Charlotte's eyes lit up, and she said happily, "Of course."

I took her to the cloakroom, opened my closet, and showed her all the summer clothes I had brought.

I had come in a hurry, so I didn't bring many clothes. But I could guarantee that every piece here was a classic.

"Well...I think..."Charlotte didn't go on, but her expression seemed to say it all.

I was stunned, "Isn't there anything avant-garde? Are you serious?"

She shrugged and looked at me very helplessly, "You don't even have a dress with punk elements! Your body is so perfect. You shouldn't wrap it in these clothes and hide your charm!"

She was a good scientific research assistant, and she was so sweet.

I shrugged, "So, tonight's plan is falling through?"

In Germany, most malls closed very early after all. I couldn't conjure up a sexy and hot dress out of thin air right now.

Charlotte glanced at the time, "Not necessarily."

I looked up at her, “What do you mean?”

She picked up her phone and looked at me with firm eyes, “I have a friend who owns a private clothing store nearby. She can’t be asleep at this hour. We can go to her store to buy a dress!TM

It could be seen that Charlotte’s fighting spirit had been kindled at the moment. She seemed determined to get me into a nightclub in Munich tonight!

I was still a little worried, “Are you sure you won’t disturb her?”

Charlotte said to me in a high-pitched and firm voice, “Don’t worry. Germans will never create any hindrance for your entertainment. needs.”

She immediately called the clothing store owner.

A minute later, she hung up the phone and winked at me with a confident smile, “Let’s go.”

That was it!

I grabbed my phone and my all-purpose messenger bag and followed Charlotte out of the house and into her car.

Read Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend Chapter 210