

CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND

Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend By Jane E.L. Chapter 51



My Whole Body Wants It

When Aaron kissed me again, I felt my lips ache. They were already sore, but still, I responded eagerly.

I decided to let myself enjoy it. He was great at it after all.

At first Aaron nibbled on my lips as if he was expressing his frustration, but once I started kissing him back, he became much more gentle.

I laughed inwardly. He made me feel like a giddy teenager.

And then I suddenly realized that Aaron was wrong about one thing. This was my house. I wasn't the one offering myself to him. He was here to give himself to me.

Aaron's lips trailed down my neck. They licked, kissed, and sucked the entire way. I reminded him not to mark me there since it'd be nearly impossible to cover up, but he hummed and squeezed my breast in protest. The tingling sensation made my scalp tingle and I nearly screamed out.

He kissed his way to my breast, where his tongue swirled around my nipple as he teased it with his teeth.

I felt like an electric current was running through my body, and I rubbed my legs together as my whole body begged for more of him.

But at this point, he stopped to ask me, "Do you want it?"

I didn't want to answer, so I just took his face in my hands and kissed it. That was obvious enough.

He seemed pleased by my nonverbal response, and he kept his lips on mine while he got busy taking off my clothes. His hand glided down my body until his fingers sank into my wet

tunnel. They curled and twisted inside me, and it almost sounded like splashes as they picked up speed.

It was deliciously erotic, but it wasn't enough. After my release, my lust only grew.

When I came down from my high, Aaron's pants were off and he was positioned between my legs. "Want more?"

Feeling the fiery hardness beneath me, I rolled my eyes in exasperation. "Hurry up. Vincent could be back any-"

He grabbed my waist and rammed into me, and I screamed. All I could do was hold onto his arms for dear life, like a small boat rocked by a vicious storm. I was at his mercy as I rose and fell with his movements.

"Aaron... S-slow down..." My volume peaked every time he thrust into me.

"When will you finally leave him?"

What?

I hadn't expected him to ask something like that now of all times. Did he care so much that it distracted him from f*cking me?

When I didn't answer, he slammed into me even harder, like a machine.

His pettiness made my anger flare, and I was even more adamant about not answering his question.

But he was also fierce. I could've sworn I saw his eyes glow red before he suddenly lowered his head and bit my breast.

I yelped as my body tensed. "Aaron!"

He was too lost in the pleasure to care. He laid all of his weight on me as he growled low.

Aaron's voice was beautiful, and his panting in bed was even better. It was so mouthwatering that it felt like my ears were melting, but then I wondered if this was how he sounded to all the other women he'd slept with.

It made me jealous.

He reached up and kissed me on the mouth, then buried his face in the crook of my neck and kept f*cking me harder and faster. I couldn't hold back my gasps and moans. Suddenly, I curled my toes and dug my nails into his arm when I reached my climax again.

By the time it was over, my voice was h*a*r*e and my legs were shaking.

"Still mad?" Aaron grinned and came over to kiss me, and I was so angry I turned my head away from him. He was lying next to me, with his arm around my waist and his chin resting on my shoulder.

When he finally stopped talking, I couldn't help but turn my head to look at him. I found him looking at me quietly, his blue eyes filled with a tenderness that I could've gotten lost in.

At that moment, my heart fluttered. I averted my eyes in panic.

"Are your legs still sore? Let me massage them." With that, Aaron's hand moved to my thigh. He was kneading it just right, and I let out a low hum of relief.

I didn't speak as I relaxed and enjoyed his service. He owed me this much. It was only fair.

While I was lying there, I calmed down and thought about our relationship. I knew my feelings toward him were changing, and that wasn't a good sign. If we took things beyond being friends with benefits, it would end badly for both of us.

This had to end. Now.

After a long silence, I cleared my throat and said, "Was that good?"

"It was." He smiled, and he seemed genuinely satisfied.

I pursed my lips for a moment, then continued. "I thought so too... Tonight was a perfect way to end our relationship."

I didn't even turn my head to look at him, but I could still feel his anger.

I was about to say something else when Aaron suddenly rolled on top of me again. He stared at me with a blank expression. "The bed isn't even cold, and you're already talking about cutting me off?"

"I..."

Then there was a knock on the front door.

"Honey? I'm back!"

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CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND

Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend By Jane E.L. Chapter 52



Do You Still Want To Break Up Now?

My heart skipped a beat the moment I heard Vincent's voice.

I'd told Aaron he could be back any minute, but now I wanted to smack myself in the mouth. Who would've thought he'd be back this soon?!

My eyes were glued to the door. Despite it being locked, I was still worried that Vincent would burst into the room.

Even if Aaron hid, it'd be useless. The whole bedroom smelled like sex. As soon as Vincent came in, he would understand what was happening.

On top of that, I can't let him see me like this. I didn't need a mirror to know my body was covered in marks.

I was naked in bed with another man, and just outside, my boyfriend was back from cheating.

Then I felt Aaron's eyes on my face. When I turned to face him, I found him looking at me like he was watching a good show. It was as if all he wanted was to see how I would react

to the situation.

All I could do was stare back. He didn't need to come here. I wouldn't be in this mess if he just left me alone.

"Olive, I'm home. Could you open the door?" Vincent knocked two more times.

Aaron looked at me with raised eyebrows. "Still wanna end things with me?"

I slapped my hand over his mouth and glared. "Keep your voice down."

Aaron squinted at me deviously and kissed my palm. I knew he must have been proud of himself.

I shook my head helplessly and handed him his shirt. "Get up and put this on."

After he took the shirt from me, he tossed it aside with a flourish.

I was so mad I couldn't breathe. If it wasn't for Vincent standing right outside, I would've teasingly complimented him on how oh-so-graceful he was, but right now? I wanted to scream at him.

"Are you asleep?" Vincent called.

I didn't dare answer, and I didn't even get to hear what else Vincent said because Aaron's hands started moving around my body!

I felt his dick harden against my legs, and I looked at him incredulously. Why was he getting so worked up now?

He hooked my legs around his waist, and once I realized what he was about to do, I lowered my voice to hiss at him. "You're insane!"

"Darling... if he knew I was fucking you in his bed, I wonder how he'd react..."

“Aaron, stop...” My voice was pleading. No man can accept his woman cheating on him, not even Vincent. If he knew, he’d probably kick down the door and beat me and Aaron to death.

“Since we’re chasing the thrill, we might as well follow through.” Aaron had a mischievous grin on his face. In the next second, he thrust into me.

I was so caught off guard that I cried out, and Aaron quickly covered my mouth with his to muffle my voice. Of course, it was too late for that.

Vincent knocked more eagerly this time. “Olive? I know you’re awake, I just heard you. Why are you ignoring me?”

And on my side of the bedroom door, I was pinned between the bed and Aaron’s body. I had to bite my cheek to keep from moaning while I gripped his shoulders with my hands.

I could see that Aaron was thoroughly enjoying himself. His eyes glittered with happiness. A strand of hair hung down in front of his forehead while he looked down at me, and he looked hypnotic. For a moment, I forgot where I was and what was going on.

But Vincent’s annoying voice pulled me out of my daze.

“Honey, are you mad at me? I know it’s my fault, but there was something really urgent at work. I had to leave, okay? Don’t be upset.”

Hearing Vincent’s explanation, I snickered inside. Whenever I had an emergency at work, he’d always a

“What’s got you so distracted?” Aaron suddenly stopped moving and looked at me. He narrowed his eyes dangerously. “He just apologized. Didn’t you hear him?”

“What?” I frowned at him, confused. His blue eyes seemed to glow, and an ominous feeling rose in my chest. He was about

to do something awful. I knew it.

Sure enough, he chuckled and said, “I’ll bring you closer so you can hear him properly.”

With that, he hoisted me up and rose from the bed. My legs were still wrapped around his waist and his cock was still buried inside me. Without pulling out, he carried me to the door.

“Are you crazy?!” I was horrified.

I pushed and shoved, but to no avail. I could only watch as we got closer and closer to the door.

89.44%

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Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend By Jane E.L. Chapter 53





I'll Cover You

“No... Too deep...”

With every step he took, it felt like his c**k pushed right into my womb, and it was driving me crazy. Desperate to m*ffle my moans, I bit down on his shoulder.

Aaron stroked my spine gently to comfort me before he pinned me against the door.

The cold wood made my entire body tighten, and I heard Aaron groan beside my ear.

He nibbled on my ear and asked with a low smile, “Are you ready?”

Without waiting for my answer, he started thrusting into me.

I was afraid of the door rattling, so I wrapped my arms around his neck and pulled him as close as possible. With just the door between us, it was inevitable that Vincent would still hear some noise.

“Olive, are you at the door? Can you just open up and let me in first?”

Vincent’s voice was right in my ear. I couldn’t tell his knocking apart from my booming heartbeat.

I was so anxious that I thought I was going to die.

Aaron slowed down at this point and leaned against me with a smile on his face.

“Aaron, stop...” I pleaded with him.

He nuzzled my cheek and softly laughed. “I’m helping you get back at him, darling.”

Obviously, he was enjoying the thrill of our affair. I glared at him. “Are you helping me or hurting me? My boyfriend is right outside the door. If he hears us, do you think it’ll end well for me?”

“Then break up with him and stay with me. I’ll protect you.”

His deep blue eyes glittered as he grinned, and I couldn’t tell if he was serious or not.

But at the end of the day, you can’t trust what a man says during sex. Let alone if he’s your f*ck buddy.

I repeatedly told myself not to fall for his b*llsh*t, but for some reason, my heart still pounded relentlessly.

Aaron suddenly slowed down when I didn’t answer. His rhythm was reduced to a shallow rhythm as he left light kisses on my lips, collar, and earlobe. He meticulously outlined each spot with the tip of his tongue. Every kiss tickled me to the bone.

I felt an unexpected calmness as I relaxed, and my heart began to yearn for him. I wanted to be filled by him and only him, and just then, his hips snapped forward.

I was caught off guard and let out a half-m*ffled grunt. Vincent banged on the door. “Olive, what’s wrong? Open the door!”

I was filled with ecstasy, but at the same time, my heart felt like it was crawling up my throat. A layer of cold sweat appeared across my back, and I was so angry that I pinched

Aaron.

Aaron gave me a dangerous look before lowering his head and licking my nipple.

Pinned against the door panel, I could see from the top of his head all the way down his spine. I could even see my legs wrapped around his waist.

Vincent kept knocking, so I took a deep breath and tried to answer as steadily as I could. "I... Ha... It's nothing..."

I inhaled sharply and glared at Aaron. He really bit my breast again!

Aaron raised an eyebrow at me, and I looked down to see my sore nipple. It glistened with saliva, and it became red and swollen. There was a clear set of teeth marks around it.

I gritted my teeth and it took everything I had to not punch him in his pretty face.

"What's going on? You don't sound right... What's the matter with you? Open the door and talk. Don't make me worry, okay?"

The whole door shook and my body shook with it. I didn't dare try to respond to him again. I was afraid Aaron would try something. Regardless of whether or not I spoke, Aaron still wasn't about to let me off easy. He had new tricks up his sleeves.

He put his arms through my legs and lifted me up. My back stayed pressed against the door panel, and I had to put my hands on his shoulders for support as he moved in and out of

me. When I looked down, I could see everything. Between every thrust, his c*ck glistened with my juices.

The wet slap of his skin against mine nearly crushed my eardrums.

My sanity slowly crumbled as I took in the sights and sounds of our scandal. I opened my mouth, but my voice was stuck in my throat. My hands could do nothing but tangle in his messy brown curls.

He looked up at me, and I saw myself reflected in his crystal blue eyes: sweaty and flushed. Thoroughly debauched.

Between meeting Aaron, I never knew I had this kind of passion in me. He brought me a level of excitement and pleasure I'd never known before.

But the moment was ruined by Vincent's nagging voice.

"Olive, if you don't open the door right now, I'm going to kick it in."

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Magic Words

That wasn't good.

I was alarmed. If Vincent really kicked in the door, then... I didn't even want to imagine the consequences.

I quickly called, "I'm fine, just go away! I don't want to see you right now."

Aaron tried to get a rise out of me again, and it made my voice pitch unnaturally. I didn't even care what Vincent would have to say about that though, because Aaron was picking up the pace.

It was so hot down there, and I was so happy that my legs were tightly wrapped around his waist. My toes curled, and my juices were dripping onto the floor. The air was filled with the scent of lust.

I could not stop the moan that escaped my throat no matter how hard I tried. Luckily, it sounded more like a choked s*b.

"Olive, are you crying?" Vincent became more anxious. He apologized, his voice revealing panic. "Baby, I'm sorry. It's all my fault. I shouldn't have left tonight. Please don't cry, it breaks my heart to hear you like that... Open the door and let me in, okay? Let's talk about it."

I was on the verge of tears, but not from Vincent's words. I was too busy getting my brains f*cked out.

I wasn't sure if Aaron was crazy, but after hearing Vincent say those words, he seemed energized. Intense waves of pleasure washed over me again and again. My lower body twitched and tightened into a deadly stranglehold, and my reaction told him right away that I had o*gassed.

He didn't withdraw immediately, and each fast thrust gave me even stronger jolts of pleasure. After a few more seconds of this, my convulsions became constant shivers. My inner walls squeezed and pushed along his c*ck, and I almost cried for

mercy.

Perhaps my show of total submission pleased him, and he kissed the tip of my nose happily. Then, he slowed his movements, and I felt like I could finally think clearly again.

Vincent was oblivious to what was going on on my side of the door, and he kept apologizing. Over and over, he called to me, and he tried to reassure me that he loved me and wanted to

marry me.

I would have been happy if I'd heard these words before, but now I didn't feel moved at all. It just made me feel like a disgusting hypocrite, and I had the sudden urge to vomit.

I still had Emily to deal with after all. How worthless was Vincent's love at this point? He still wanted to marry me?! As

if!

"Your fiancé is apologizing to you. Why don't you say

something to him?" Aaron asked as he lowered his head to take one of my nipples in his mouth.

His sour tone made me roll my eyes. When I thought of how he tortured me just now, my need for vengeance reared its ugly head. I arched my back and squeezed my abdominal muscles hard, and smiled to myself when I heard Aaron stifle a groan.

I raised my eyebrows in triumph, but he looked up from my chest with a smirk in his eyes. It was like... he was waiting for

something.

It didn't take me long to realize that the knocking and apologizing had stopped. Did Vincent hear Aaron just now?!

My face changed in a heartbeat, my hair stood on end, and I looked at Aaron in a panic. I didn't know what to do.

I really didn't want to continue living with Vincent, but getting caught in bed with Aaron was definitely not how I wanted our breakup to unfold.

When Aaron saw my fear, he smiled and kissed me on the corner of my mouth. I didn't duck this time. I didn't dare move. Instead, I listened quietly to the movement outside the door.

I bit my lip and stared at him with indignation, but I knew better than to tease him again.

"Are you alone?" Vincent's voice was full of suspicion. "Who was that?"

My heart sank. He had heard.

'Take it easy,' I told myself. 'You can handle tracking individual nerve responses. Dealing with a piece of s*it like Vincent will be a piece of cake!'

My last o*gasm left me hyperventilating, so I tried to calm myself down first. It took everything I had to not sound like a cat in heat.

"I have someone in here with me. More than one, actually." | rasped. "I called a bunch of strippers to keep me company after you left."

I gave Aaron a look, and he smirked and raised his eyebrows.. Then my expression turned into a glare, but he pretended not to see until I clenched my p*ssy again. That was when his face changed, and he raised his arms in surrender.

Aaron took out his phone and tapped it a few times. In seconds, loud music and whistling started to play.

He got the hint and played a scene from Magic Mike.

Sure enough, Vincent sounded relieved. “I shouldn’t have left, I know, but don’t make fun of me like that. If you want to see strippers, you don’t have to watch videos online. I’ll buy tickets right now and we can go watch a show together. Whatever makes you happy.”

“I... This isn’t a video!” I feigned anger and indignation. “Get out of here. I don’t want to see you right now.”

“Alright, alright... I’m leaving. Goodnight, babe.” Vincent’s voice faded as he briskly walked away.

I would bet on my PhD that he still thought I loved him to death. If I was the one who disappeared on the night of our proposal for no good reason, he’d assume it was a harmless joke. The thought of me turning him down never crossed his mind.

When I turned around, I saw the surprised look on Aaron’s face.

“G*d, Olive... You’re pretty good at this cheating thing.”

“I’m a neuroscientist,” I said matter-of-factly. Aaron’s sincere compliment gave me an eerie sense of satisfaction, but it was followed by a deep emptiness.

“Did you major in manipulating men?” Aaron hummed appreciatively. “Bravo, you scheming little witch.”

No. I wasn’t a witch at all. If I was, I wouldn’t have lost my boyfriend in the first place.

“It’s time for you to go.” I turned my head away from him. After all of my frustration, after the wild sex, the only thing I wanted to do now was take a bath and go to bed.

“So cold,” Aaron sighed as he pulled out of me.

Knock! Knock!

“Olive, could you open up? I really want to see you. It’s about the ring...”

What the f*ck?!

Why was Vincent back?!

Aaron was amused by my panicked expression, and he leaned over me with a low, s*xy chuckle.

“Work your magic again, little witch.”

“Don’t be ridiculous!” I lowered my voice to warn him. I furrowed my brow and silently urged him to come up with something. If this kept up, we were definitely going to get caught.

Aaron smiled lazily with a sly glint in his eyes. He whispered, “I know the perfect spell, little witch. Just say the three magic words and I’ll handle everything.”

83.60%

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Magic Words

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BO COW

"Olive, are you actually hiding someone in there?" The silence after his question made him even more suspicious.

"Open the door. I know you're not asleep."

Vincent pounded the door, but I couldn't care less about him. All I was thinking about was what Aaron had said.

Three magical words.

What did he mean?

There were so many combinations of words that could exist in this world: "please help me," or "give me money," or "I hate you."

But my mind was drowning in my thoughts. A million combinations wizzed through my head, but I knew they weren't the ones Aaron wanted to hear.

"I-I," I stuttered.

"Olive, don't pretend to be asleep. I have the key, but I don't want to disrespect you. If you keep ignoring me, though, I'll force my way in."

I heard Vincent's threat, and strangely enough, I didn't feel nervous at all.

My brain refused to process the consequences of cheating on him. What were the words Aaron wanted to hear? There was no time to think about Vincent. I just needed to talk to Aaron.

I love you, my inner voice screamed. I love you, I love you, I love you. The words overwhelmed my entire body and entered my bloodstream. It was like an orchestra playing in

my head.

“I...I lo...” The words reached my mouth, and I looked at Aaron’s ocean-blue eyes.

Suddenly, a piece of music rang out from the doorway, and I snapped to attention. It was the song I had sung for Vincent, and he had set it as his ringtone.

He picked up the phone and listened to the person on the other end. After a while, Vincent hung up and knocked on the door again, gently this time.

“Olive, I was too impulsive tonight. Please don’t be mad. I’m not going inside. I’ll just see you tomorrow.”

After that, the footsteps outside the door faded away.

As Vincent left, I felt a subtle sense of guilt. I’m glad I didn’t say the words since I still carried some regrets.

Had I really fallen in love with Aaron, the p*ayboy? The man I cheated on Vincent with?

I laughed at my own s*upidity. This was Aaron I was thinking about. Vincent was easy to handle, but Aaron was definitely the worst p*ayboy I’ve ever met. I didn’t think I could handle him the way I handled Vincent. But Aaron was so handsome, it hurt.

D*mn, women really did think with their vaginas.

The sex actually led me to believe Aaron was in love with me.

“Thank you,” I said to Aaron, whose expression was remarkably calm after what had happened. I didn’t expect

Aaron to have so much control that he could get Vincent's supervisor to call him. One time, I walked past a row of magazines and saw Vincent's boss on the cover of People, and I was amazed at how much leeway Aaron had.

"It was nothing," Aaron said indifferently. "He was my dad's friend."

Fine.

D*mn rich people.

I now understood why Vincent was so jealous of Aaron and still wanted to be on his side. In order to be obedient, he bit his tongue and never said anything to offend him.

Even if he wasn't rich as f*ck, Aaron's looks alone would be enough to get a woman into bed.

After running my fingers through his chestnut curls, it made him look even more handsome. And I found that he looked sexier when he was in my bed. But maybe it wasn't just my bed.

Maybe he looked like this in other women's beds.

The thought suddenly soured my mood, and I frowned.

"You-" I started to say, but Aaron cut me off.

"I should go."

He stood up, and I saw that he was covered in scratches. Some of them were b*oody, and I hid my blushing cheeks. I made those marks on his skin.

"Don't bother kicking me out, you cold-blooded little witch." He found his underwear, looked at the c*m stains on it,

frowned, and threw it away. Afterward, he started to put on his suit pants, and I gawked at him.

He was so s*xy it made me weak.

“How are you going to get back?” I tried to stall him from leaving.

“I’ll walk.” He looked at the crumpled shirt and sighed, obviously not wanting to wear it again.

“I didn’t drive today. My secretary is in Paris on vacation after dropping me off, and I don’t want a third person to see me coming out of your apartment dressed like this.”

“Then maybe…” I hesitated. I knew that this man had the power to send Vincent away with one phone call, but he wouldn’t dare try to call someone to drive him home. It would tarnish his reputation.

“Or you can stay and leave tomorrow,” I finally said.

Aaron stopped wrestling with his shirt, throwing it to the ground. I swallowed as he looked at me and smirked. Then, he walked over to the bed and lifted me in his arms.

“Really?” He teased with a raised brow.

“Hey! I only said you could stay, I didn’t say you could have another round.” I shrieked in his arms.

“What are you thinking?” Aaron gave me a lazy smile. “I was just carrying you to the shower.””

“No don’t, I’ll go by myself.” I pushed him away, but as soon as my feet hit the ground, my legs went limp and I fell to my knees.

Aaron’s eyes widened as he quickly helped me stand. But then his laughter rang in my ears as he picked me up and carried me in his arms.

“I f*cked you so hard you can’t walk. I guess I’ll have to carry you in the end.”

“It’s all your fault!” I was so frustrated that I wanted to bite him on his shoulder, but when I saw the teeth marks, I couldn’t bring myself to do it again.

Despite the fact that I left a b*oody mark on his shoulder, he didn’t say a word about it. I gently traced the teeth marks with my hand, and it seemed like the wound was a little sore.

Aaron noticed and looked at me sideways. “What, guilty? I’ll forgive you if you kiss me.”

I rolled my eyes, “We’re even. I’m not guilty of anything.”

Aaron didn’t argue with me as he carried me into the bathtub and meticulously washed my body. His hands traveled down my breasts to my thighs and I savored the warmth of his touch.

I was a little shy, but I realized that he’d seen and touched my entire body already. It was useless for me to cover up. So I closed my eyes, lay in his arms, and let him wash me. Suddenly Aaron chuckled, and I met his gaze.

“Are you enjoying this?”

I didn’t reply.

“You’re the first woman who’s ever let me wash you like this.”

I looked at him and tilted my head. “What about other girls?”

He raised his eyebrows, his eyes glinting in the light. “They can never compare to you.”

I breathed a sigh of relief and studied Aaron’s gentle smile. For a moment, I couldn’t tell if he was telling the truth or not. If I take the words of a p*ayboy seriously, I’ll end up

heartbroken in the end.

So, I closed my eyes again and concentrated on his touch.

I was really tired tonight and fell asleep in the bathtub, not even knowing when I was carried back to bed by Aaron. When I woke up again, it was morning, and I was the only one in the room. It looked like it'd been cleaned, and there was breakfast on the table.

Aaron had just left, and I reached out and touched the other side of the bed, feeling how warm it was.

I didn't know if I should've called him bold or reckless. He wasn't worried that Vincent would come back in the middle of the night.

I got out of bed and headed to the bathroom to wash up again. The marks on my body were more apparent today than yesterday. If Vincent saw my body, he would probably lose his mind.

Luckily there were no marks above my neck, and I sighed in relief.

I finished my breakfast, changed my clothes, and got ready to go out. But when I opened the door, Vincent was standing outside.

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CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND

Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend By Jane E.L. Chapter 56



Where's The Ring

The moment I saw Vincent, I got nervous and thought about what had happened last night. Soon, I calmed down and looked at him coldly, waiting for him to speak first.

“Olive, have you eaten yet? I bought you breakfast.” Vincent shook the breakfast bag in his hand, not mentioning anything about last night.

I saw the name of the cafe printed on the bag, and that wasn't nearby. The nearest one was under Emily's house.

Last night he was called away by the company boss, and this morning he bought breakfast near Emily's house. Of course, he probably finished f*cking her and then went to the cafe.

“I'm done eating; you can keep it for yourself.” I forced out a smile.

Vincent kept his face neutral. “Are you going to the lab? I'll give you a ride,” He said eagerly.

I nodded, closed the door, and walked downstairs with him.

I was a bit surprised when Vincent didn't say anything about last night, but since he didn't mention it, I wouldn't take the initiative to get myself into trouble.

When I got into the car, he opened the door for me and fastened my seat belt. As he drove, he told me about his boss playing a drinking game with him. It

seemed like he had gotten so drunk last night and ran straight to Emily's house.

I didn't want to care, so I closed my eyes and pretended to rest.

Last night's sleep wasn't enough, so I began to drift off. But just when I was about to fall asleep, Vincent slammed the brakes, and my body lurched forward. If I hadn't been wearing a seat belt, I could have flown out of the car.

I looked at Vincent with wide eyes, ready to ask what had happened. But I found him staring angrily at my hand. It was like he was staring a hole through my hand, and I looked down and found nothing.

Then, "Olive, where's the diamond ring I gave you?"

I froze. I had completely forgotten about it, and Aaron had thrown it out the g*dda*n window.

I turned my head to look at Vincent, and my mind was racing, looking for a reasonable excuse. "I was afraid I'd lose it or break it, so I took it off and put it away. When we get married, I'll take it out and put it back on."

"Is that true?" There was doubt in his voice.

"You don't believe me?" I c*cked my head and sounded a little impatient. In fact, my heart was beating, but I couldn't let him see through my lie.

"I believe you! I believe whatever you say." Vincent

immediately started to panic. "I thought it was because you didn't like that ring. But honey, wear it when you get home. Don't be afraid to lose it or break it. I'll just buy you a new one."

I nodded, ending the conversation. I'll find a suitable time to say I lost the ring in a few days.

It was literally our engagement ring. Aaron threw it out the window, so there was no way to break the news to Vincent. I couldn't break up with him without returning the ring, but I needed to find a way.

I started having a headache when my phone suddenly pinged with a text. I took a look at it and saw that it was from Aaron.

I glanced at Vincent and found that he was trying to look at my phone screen, but he couldn't see it because of the sunlight reflecting on the glass.

"It's Nick asking why I'm not at the lab yet," I blurted out, prompting him to focus on the road and refrain from asking further questions.

Vincent let out an 'Oh' and, sure enough, didn't press the issue any further.

I didn't know what Aaron's message said, and I didn't want to know. When I thought of Aaron, my head started to hurt even more. I thought I would cut off all contact with him last night, but I couldn't bring myself to do it.

But a f*ck buddy was just a f*ck buddy. It wasn't healthy for anyone, and being caught in the middle of Aaron and Vincent made me feel so unbelievably tired. Maybe I needed time to calm my thoughts and plan for the future.

Olive, what the hell is wrong with you?

I felt terrified when I realized how s*upid I was. So, for the next few days, I locked myself in the lab. I changed the status of all my social media pages to 'Do Not Disturb' and let Aaron and Vincent know that I was busy.

43.63%

My life got quiet again.

No parties, no alcohol, no drama. I even forgot to wash my face one day when I rushed to the lab.

This is why I became a neuroscientist.

This is what I wanted to do.

When I got back home, I felt unreasonably uncomfortable. So,

I checked my messages and found no new texts.

No message from Aaron.

I knew that I couldn't blame Aaron. After all, I turned him down when he asked me out a few days ago. That day, I had forgotten to eat lunch so I tried to call the nearest pizza place when I saw Aaron's message pop up.

My brain was still debating whether to click on it or just delete the conversation, but my fingers had already pressed it.

Amorris: Let's meet up. I miss you.

Amorris: I'm in front of your lab.

I can't deny that my heart leaped when I saw his text, but then I berated myself for reacting like that. What I was doing was wrong, and I needed to cut ties.

I stared at his message for a long time, but I finally mustered up the courage to tell him to stop contacting me. The message was sent within ten seconds, and his phone call came. Of course, I didn't hesitate to end the call. But then he sent another message.

Amorris: You're the most insensitive woman I've ever met.

itsOlive: Thanks, i'll take that as a compliment

Amorris: You'll regret this.

No, I wouldn't.

I forced myself to block him.

It was clear that this was what I wanted, but I still felt empty inside.

It was just withdrawal. I was too dependent on him and it was just the brain releasing hormones. I'll get over it in three to six months.

I was a neuroscientist. I knew how the brain functions.

It was just a matter of enduring those three to six months. Then, my brain would forget about that man and start a whole new relationship.

I was fully committed to my work. But there was more drama.

One day, as I was writing my lab report, Nick suddenly came up to me with a surprised look on his face.

"Olive, you're getting married! Congratulations!"

"What?" I was so surprised that I almost jumped up.

"Your test tube! Don't pour it in there!" Nick yelled, his screams sounding like a chicken caught in a chokehold.

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CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND

Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend By Jane E.L. Chapter 57



You Will Regret it

Nick and I stared at the unresponsive liquid in the flask in front of me.

We'd been working on this experiment for almost half a year. All of my materials came directly from the lab's budget, and I had just poured the reagent from my test tube into the wrong flask...

"Olive," Nick swallowed. His voice was incredibly low. "You just poured the Z solvent into it, didn't you?"

"I did..." My mouth was dry, and I glanced at the tube in my hand labeled 'Z! There was still some of the light blue liquid left inside.

"And it's not reacting?" Nick's voice grew even quieter like he was about to evaporate on the spot.

"It's not..." I stared at the flask, expecting it to explode in the next second, but nothing happened. There were no bubbles, no discoloration, nothing. "It's stable... It... Oh my g*d!"

"You did it!" Nick screamed, "You found it! You're amazing! A literal angel!"

Nick's mouth was overflowing with compliments, and I never realized there were so many positive words in the dictionary. Every bit of his praise was absorbed into my skin like fine wine.

I made it.

I found it.

Nick threw his arms around me and we both squealed like children.

People were inevitably drawn to the noise we were making. I'd never seen this many people in the lab before, and their

combined enthusiasm made me feel like I just won the Nobel Peace Prize.

Maybe they all just needed a dose of excitement to break up their monotonous research projects.

"Congratulations, Dr. Woods."

"Dr. Julian!" I was shocked. Even my mentor, the head of the lab, was here to congratulate me. He was a jolly old man who was as kind as a teddy bear, but today, his smile was especially sweet.

Thugged him. "I'm so glad you're here!"

"And I'm glad to have you on my team, Olive." He laughed. "I s*atched you up from a million other competitors. I've never been more sure of my decision."

Nick, now holding a can of beer, came over and stuck out his tongue. "You're not the only one with a good eye, Julian! Another lucky man picked our Olive!"

Wait. What was he talking about?

My heart sank.

I gave Nick a desperate look, silently telling him to shut up, but the drunken man ignored me. He clinked a test tube on the table as if he was ready to give a speech.

'Attention, everyone.'" Nick cleared his throat, satisfied once all eyes were on him.

“I’d like us to gather to celebrate this woman, Dr. Olive Woods, for her incredible breakthrough. She’s solved a puzzle that our lab has been working on for months.”

A group of my fellow researchers w*ooped and cheered.

But my smile didn’t come easily. There was more, wasn’t there?

“And in her personal life, she’s also reached a wonderful milestone. She just got engaged!”

The cheers grew louder.

That was when I saw the big projector screen in the lab start playing a video of my proposal. Vincent’s face looked so different on the screen. The moment he got down on one knee, the small crowd roared and streamers flew across the room.

Everyone was screaming and clapping like they were the ones who’d just gotten engaged.

“You like the surprise?” Nick was breathing heavily when he spoke to me.

“Congratulations again, Olive.”

“Oh... haha, thank you. What a surprise... How did you know?” I smiled through clenched teeth. With the video looping on the screen, I had no way to deny it now.

“Vincent posted it online!”

D*mn it... Of course he did...

Dr. Julian made his way over. “I’m so happy for you, Olive. This is amazing!”

“Dr. Julian! Yes... Thanks...”

“So you and Mr. Morris know each other quite well?” He asked.

“What?” My heart ached at the mention of his name. I hadn’t heard anything about him in a long time.

“He’s in the video,” he gestured at the screen. “He was at your proposal.”

“Oh... Um, yes. He’s Vincent’s friend.”

“That’s great,” Dr. Julian smiled. “Then you can be the one to present our progress report to Mr. Morris. You were the one who made the major breakthrough, after all!”

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Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend is the best current series of the author Jane E.L.. With the below content will make us lost in the world of love and hatred interchangeably, despite all the tricks to achieve the goal without any concern for the other half, and then regret. late.

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Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend By Jane E.L. Chapter 58



Humiliation

My mind went blank and I stammered, “Dr. Julian, I don’t think that’s appropriate... Maybe you should find someone else to go...”

“Nonsense, I’m sure you’ll do fine. Mr. Morris praised your hypothesis and called your experiments constructive. You were the one who produced our latest results, so it’s only right that you present them. ”

He adjusted his glasses and continued. “What’s more is that I know you will not let me down. You’re the leading female researcher on our team.”

That didn’t mean much. I was the only female researcher.

In the end, I couldn’t get Dr. Julian to change his mind. I shuddered and thought back to the last message Aaron sent me: “You’ll regret this.”

I didn’t think it would happen so soon. It’s only been two days!

I was full of regrets. We weren’t just emotionally involved, we were financially committed! He was one of our investors!

If I offend Aaron, he might withdraw as a partner. That would affect the whole lab! Our funds will be cut, we won’t be able to conduct experiments, and I’ll become everyone’s enemy. The mere thought made my knees feel weak.

The presentation was supposed to be at Aaron’s company headquarters. Dr. Julian said he was too busy with lectures to accompany me, so I would have to

go to Aaron’s office by myself. The thought of going to Aaron’s place of work made me feel even more uncertain.

But what goes around comes around.

I prepared my documents overnight, had dinner early the next morning, and hightailed it to Aaron’s company building.

Dr. Julian sent me the address, and I was surprised to see that the building was located on Wall Street.

I knew Aaron was rich, but I never expected this.

I was dressed in a sweatshirt and jeans while I held my papers in my hand. I looked out of place in the crowd of suits and ties, like a tourist who'd gotten lost. I'd been to this part of the city with Vincent, and I hadn't felt nearly as anxious.

Last night, I was standing in front of my closet and stressing over my outfit. I nearly wore a black dress before I gave up and opted for a casual look.

Damn it, Olive, this wasn't a date!

But standing in front of Aaron's office, I realized that overdressing would've been impossible.

I was acutely aware that Aaron and I were completely different people. He was a big man at the top of the social pyramid, and I was just an ordinary person at the bottom. We never could've been together in a meaningful capacity.

When I reminded myself of the vast gap between us, it reinforced my determination to stay away from him. Personally, at least. Moving forward, we should only ever see each other as business partners.

I cleared my mind, took a deep breath, and walked into Aaron's company building.

23.09%

That was when I met the receptionist.

The lady at the front desk was wearing a crisp Dior suit. Her blonde hair was smoothly slicked behind her head,

highlighting her Chanel pearl earrings, but my attention was completely drawn to her fingernails.

Her nails made her hands look twice as long. How could anyone function with nails like that?

“Hi, I’m Dr. Olive Woords. I’m here to give our regular progress report to Mr. Morris.” I politely introduced myself.

“You have an appointment? For what time?” The receptionist gave me a patronizing look.

Her voice was sweet, her words were polite, and her smile was warm.

And she just rolled her eyes!

Why?

“Yes...? For this morning.”

“The morning, hm?” She waved her long, delicate nails as she flipped through a pad of paper. It didn’t even look like she read anything before she closed it. The whole time, she wore that polite, plastic smile. “Our morning appointment is already checked in. Are you sure you’re here at the right time?”

“Yes, I’m sure I’m supposed to see him now.” I was confused. Dr. Julian confirmed with Aaron directly that the presentation would be in a few minutes.

“Right. Well, you’d better go back wherever you came from and come back when it’s time for your appointment.” She grinned smugly.

I didn’t know why she was so sure I wasn’t supposed to be here, but her attitude was really off-putting. I came all the way here early in the morning, and she wanted to kick me out before I even saw Aaron! I wasn’t about to leave so soon.

“Can I see the schedule?” I reached out and grabbed what I assumed was the visitor’s sheet. Cinder told me that Aaron ran a tech company, so why were they tracking their visitors on paper? Surely they had a computer program for this kind of thing.

“What are you doing?” The receptionist’s eyes widened at my movements. For the first time, her fake smile wavered, and she swung her long nails in an attempt to snatch the paper back from me.

Now I understood why people had their nails done like that. They made for excellent weapons!

“I’ve seen a lot of our boss’s admirers, but this is the first time I’ve seen someone as desperate as you.”

I dodged her wild scratches and flipped the form over to read it.

It was blank.

“This isn’t even a schedule. Why won’t you just let me go upstairs and see him?” I questioned the receptionist, waving the page around.

I don’t need a schedule to know what you’re here for” He sweet tone instantly turned bitter. “This is Wall Street, honey. If you want our boss to even look at you, you’d best get changed. He doesn’t have time for an ordinary girl like you.”

My face felt numb. “Miss, I think you’re mistaken. I’m really just here to show Mr. Morris our research report.”

But she wasn’t paying attention to me anymore. She picked up the phone and said, “Security, we have another crazy woman trying to see the boss. Please escort her outside.”

With every word she said, my blood burned hotter. Eventually, I was so enraged that I slammed the folder on the desk. “Are you kidding me?! I don’t even like him! If he was the one pining after me, he’d have to get in line!” I huffed.

Then a soft laugh came from behind me.

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Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend By Jane E.L. Chapter 59



B Side Of Player

I didn’t expect to catch someone else’s attention, and when I turned around, I was shocked to see Daisy. She laughed as she walked toward me, and my

face turned red. If a c*ack suddenly appeared in the ground, I wouldn't hesitate to jump right in. Anywhere would be better than here.

"Miss Green!" The receptionist greeted Daisy in a respectful tone.

I sighed at how quickly she had changed her tune. If I hadn't seen her true colors just now, I would've been fooled.

"What's going on?" Daisy asked me.

Before I had a chance to answer, the receptionist jumped in and said, "Miss Green, this ignorant woman wanted to see the boss without an appointment. I told her to come back after making an appointment, but she still refused to leave. She even disrespected him by calling him by his first name! I already called security to get rid of her."

"You're the ignorant one." Daisy looked at her coldly. "This is Dr. Woods. She never needs an appointment to visit. You'd do well to remember that in the future."

I had to admit, Daisy was one of the strongest women I'd ever met. Even with her on my side, I felt nervous. She exuded power.

A woman like her would be a much better match for Aaron.

"But..." The lady stared in shock.

Daisy continued. "You should be glad that I was the one who found out. If Mr. Morris was the one who caught you, you would've been fired by now!"

She didn't want to waste any more time on the receptionist. With a turn, she took my hand and walked me toward the elevator. When I looked back, the receptionist was still frozen in disbelief, and I felt satisfied.

But when Daisy and I were face-to-face in the elevator, I felt a tinge of embarrassment again. She kept grinning at me, which made me think of the last thing I said to the receptionist. Daisy heard me say that Aaron had to get in line for me!

It was so humiliating... I wondered what Daisy thought of me at that moment. Would she laugh at me for thinking I had a chance with Aaron?

I clutched the folder in my hand and tried to explain. "I know what you heard, but... I'm really here to deliver my team's research report."

"I know." She smiled. "Aaron's a little busy right now. One of our business partners is visiting, so he's with them in the conference room. After that, he has another meeting that might take about an hour... Then there are a few appointments he has this afternoon... I'll just take you to his office."

"If he's really busy, I could just come back another time," I offered.

"He hasn't been a good mood lately, so he crammed his schedule. In two days, he's off to Moscow on business. If you don't see him today, I don't know when you'll get another chance."

"What's got him so upset?" I asked. As soon as the words left my mouth, I noticed Daisy's smile grow for just a second. My interest in his wellbeing did not go unnoticed by her.

She turned toward me and scowled, "Apparently, someone hurt him recently. I wonder who. You'll have to ask him yourself."

“Okay...” Was she implying that his foul mood was because of me? How? I didn’t think I had that much influence on him. Besides, why did I even care how he was feeling? That was none of my business.

Daisy took me to the office, poured me a cup of tea, and then excused herself to finish her work. “I’ll give you a call when Aaron’s on his way to meet you.”

His office was simple. There was a desk and chair, a sofa, and a bookshelf on one wall. Overall, it was clean and tidy, but it also felt cold and impersonal.

I sat on the sofa and reviewed the report while I waited.

As time passed, I drank three more cups of tea, but Aaron still wasn’t back from his meeting. After an hour of this, I was having a hard time sitting still.

The meeting room was not far from his office, so I walked down the hall and waited outside. Curiously, I glanced through the window to see a dozen people sitting inside.

The first person I saw was Aaron.

He was sitting in the middle of the conference room with his arms crossed over his chest as he spoke with his employees. It

was warm inside, so he was only dressed in a white shirt and black pants. The latter fitted him well: not too tight, not too loose. It made him look lean and elegant.

During the meeting, his face wasn’t very expressive. His eyebrows were slightly furrowed and his eyes were filled with a harshness that intimidated everyone around him. This was Aaron at work, and it was a side of him that I had never seen before.

When I was alone with him, he always seemed like a smooth-talking p*ayboy. In here, he was a cold tyrant.

I couldn’t help but start to daydream as I stared at him.

Suddenly, as if he sensed my gaze, he turned to look at me. Those pure blue eyes, like a deep sea, could suck people in.

My heart s*ipped a beat.

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Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend By Jane E.L. Chapter 60



I Need To Get In Line Now?

I quickly averted my eyes and walked back down the hall to wait for him in his office.

It wasn't until a while later that my heart finally calmed-I attributed my excitement to the embarrassment of being caught staring at him. Not because I was attracted to him, in that moment.

I knew he was everyone's Prince Charming, but the way he looked with his plain shirt and unkempt hair was much more enchanting than when he'd show up to the club all dressed up.

Another half hour passed in the office, and Aaron still wasn't back. Eventually, I started to drift off.

Aaron seems very focused on creating a comfortable environment for his staff, and besides, he was a generous boss. Each office had a soft couch, lavender-scented air fresheners, and large floor-to-ceiling windows that let in generous amounts of sunlight. It was far better than the working conditions in my lab.

Maybe I could do something rather than stand here stupidly and wait for him as if I was his girlfriend. Run away, Olive. It's too dangerous.

As I lay on the sofa, I forgot my research materials waiting to be read immediately, instead, I started to get drowsy as I basked in the sun. Since I was so busy with my research lately, I hadn't been getting enough sleep. I couldn't remember the

last time I relaxed... I fell asleep without realizing it!

When I woke up, I smelled the familiar scent of amber.

"Aaron..." I moaned unconsciously.

When I opened my eyes, I found myself covered in a suit jacket. Aaron's jacket.

How did that get there?

Still unconscious, I heard Aaron's voice behind me. "Awake?"

With raised eyebrows, Aaron sat in his office chair with a thick book in his hand. I took a quick glimpse of it—G*d! Why he was reading some neuroscience? What the hell? Am I woke up in another world that Aaron was not a billionaire but a neuroscientist?

I hurriedly got up and looked at the time. I'd been asleep for another half hour. Oh my g*d, it's so embarrassing.

"Aaron? When did your meeting end?" And why did you read neuroscience?

"Twenty minutes ago."

Twenty minutes ago? So he spent the last few minutes quietly waiting for me to wake up?! The more I thought about it, the more miserable I felt. Oh god, I must be the worst, the most unprofessional researcher who fell asleep in sponsor's sofa.

"Why didn't you wake me up?"

He shrugged. "You looked like you needed sleep. When was the last time you got some rest?"

"I've been working on more experimental research, and it's kept me up for a few days. Luckily, it was actually worth something. We made new progress—Julian should've told you

about it—and I'm here with the report." I quickly steered the conversation to business. That was the reason I was here, after all.

I took out the copy of the information I had prepared and placed it on the desk in front of Aaron, then I began to explain our findings.

Aaron listened thoughtfully as he looked through the paperwork.

I thought he'd quickly lose patience since most of the report was numerical data. It wasn't exactly layman-friendly, yet Aaron followed along and even asked questions here and there.

His questions were so professional that I began to wonder if he spent his undergraduate years studying biology instead of computer science. Or I have just traveled to another universe where Aaron was a neuroscientist during my nap.

This man was difficult to figure out. It was like he was a chameleon, and I couldn't tell which one of his faces was the real one.

When I was finished with the presentation, Aaron nodded.

"Good work," he said.

I waited for him to say something else. He acted very professionally, so I thought he'd offer advice or suggest the next step for our research.

I ended up waiting longer than I thought.

"Did you expect me to say something else?"

"No." I shook my head.

He patted my head and smiled. "Good girl."

"I... Alright."

"Disappointed?"

"No, not at all." I denied it immediately, but my true thoughts followed shortly afterward. "I... I just thought you might know what direction we should go next, or how we can apply our discovery. You know, since you seem like you know a lot about the subject."

“I’m not almighty.” He shrugged: “To be honest, I only understood half of what you said.”

“But you looked so engaged...” I was surprised.

“Well, I spent the other half of the presentation staring at you.” His tone was casual as if he was commenting on the weather. “Nothing can distract me from you.”

Oh, hell no.

That was definitely a flirt, and it left me blushing.

“Mr. Morris, we really should focus on work.” I turned away to avoid his ocean-blue eyes.

“Okay.” He smirked. “Let’s talk about what you said in the lobby this morning. Daisy told me that you said I have to get in line if I wanna see you?”

That was the most embarrassing thing he could have said.

“I... I just...” I stammered, struggling to find an excuse.

“So, Miss Woods, might I ask where I am on that list? How long until I’m at the front?”

Aaron smiled at me and leaned in. His deep blue eyes looked straight at me. They were like whirlpools in the open sea that pulled my entire being into them.

My heart started pounding.

That was just because he suddenly moved in. I was startled, nothing more.

Right?

I pointedly ignored the tiny waves in my heart and reassured myself that these were the sweet nothings of a p*ayboy. I couldn’t tell what made him say

something like that. All I knew was that if I took him seriously, that would make me the biggest idiot.

So I smirked back and said, “Just wait. I’ll let you know when it’s your turn.”

Then I put away the file and added, “That concludes my report. If you have no other comments or concerns, then I’ll be off now.”

I had to get out of here.

This man was too dangerous. No matter what he said, I couldn’t let myself fall for it. The best way to resist was to stay away.

I counted my steps as I turned and left.

One.

Two.

Three.

Just as I was about to push the door open, Aaron spoke up.

“Do you like the sofa?”

What? Why would he bring that up?

Yes?” I answered warily. “That one’s really nice.”

“Do you want one for your lab?” He whispered devilishly.

I couldn’t help but think of those heavenly c*shions. It was like sleeping on a cloud. If I had one of those in my lab, I could...

I thought of the countless days and nights I spent going without sleep.

“What do you want from me?” I turned back to face him.

“Nothing much.” He grinned.

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