

CHEAT WITH MY BOYFRIEND BEST FRIEND

Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend By Jane E.L. Chapter 91



Behind The Curtain

We exchanged a deep, romantic kiss.

Before, I never understood how other couples could be so attached to each other. To me, they were like animals in heat- all over each other wherever they went.

Now, it made sense to me.

“Okay, okay. That’s enough.” I gasped for air and pushed Aaron away. “Stop it.”

We both were panting violently. Aaron’s eyes, like those of a starving beast, were full of aggression. My lipstick had smudged from his lips to his chin, like a red beard, and I burst out laughing.

“What?” Aaron didn’t know what was so funny. He tried to move closer, but I held him back with a smile.

“You did this,” he grumbled as he held my hand against his erection. “Don’t you feel sorry?”

“No way.” I rolled my eyes and pulled my hand away.

I turned away from Aaron, took out my lipstick, and started to fix my makeup in the mirror. Most of my lipstick was on his face now, and my lips were swollen from his kisses.

Aaron leaned against the wall behind me as he watched. When I saw him in the mirror, my chest felt... odd. Right now, I felt like I understood Aaron completely. At this moment, he was no longer an unpredictable p*ayboy. In fact, I was sure that the only thing on his mind right now was sex.

I can read his minds now. I laughed at myself.

I glanced down at the bulge in his pants, which looked hilarious sticking out of his well-tailored trousers. I laughed. "I'll go out first. You come when you're ready."

When Aaron realized I had no intention of helping him, he reluctantly agreed to wait a while before coming out.

I went to the door, but before I opened it, I turned back around and walked back to Aaron.

Aaron looked at me with bright blue eyes, hoping I'd changed my mind.

I suppressed a smile and handed him a tissue.

"There you go." I wiped his mouth for him. "See you soon."

Then I turned and left.

I leaned my back against the door as I reminisced about Aaron's disappointed expression. My heart swelled with joy. I won this time! That look on his face was worth it!

If I wasn't scared of him getting angry, I would've taken a picture of him. The thought alone made me laugh out loud.

"Huh?! Who's there?!"

My laughter echoed down the empty corridor, and I didn't expect to hear a nervous voice speak up when they heard me.

I was tense.

This bathroom was pretty out-of-the-way. I didn't expect people to be lingering in the hall so far from the rest of the party. I needed to make sure that whoever was here wasn't one of our acquaintances.

After keeping this secret for so long, I couldn't be exposed like this. I wanted to reveal it on my own terms.

There was something familiar about the voice, so I crept around the corner to find its owner.

"It's me. Olive." I swallowed. "Who's there?"

"Vincent?! What are you doing here?!" I cried as my heart began to pound wildly.

Nothing was more thrilling than seeing your boyfriend mere moments after cheating on him..

"I... was trying to get some fresh air. You know how stuffy it is back there..." He rambled breathlessly, and his face was flushed. He wasn't lying about needing air.

It's strange to find that Vincent was also nervous.

Vincent was standing awkwardly in front of a window. It was a large French window with a baroque frame. Heavy curtains hung on either side. Vincent was leaning on the window frame as he looked into the distance.

+nodded and decided not to press further. If anything, I felt lucky. If he wasn't so out-of-sorts, he might've been suspicious of me.

I was about to leave, but when I glanced at the window again,

I noticed something was wrong.

"Why's the window closed if you need air?"

“Because... Because I just closed it. Right after I opened it. I got chilly.”

“Oh? Is that so?” I narrowed my eyes.

“Yeah, that’s all. I think I’m catching a cold, actually. Isn’t that something...”

Vincent chuckled nervously. His eyes traveled from the ceiling to the floor to avoid looking at me.

I sneered.

Something was wrong. He was definitely lying.

Cinder was an architectural landscaper. A while back, I visited a hotel with her that had the same type of baroque decorations. She’d pointed out that floor-to-ceiling windows. like these could only be opened from the outside.

There’s no way Vincent opened and closed it just now!

“Oh, Vincent...” I cooed as I took a step forward. “Are you alright? You’re red. Let me see if you have a fever.””

“Wait, wait, wait.” Just as I thought, Vincent became more nervous as I approached. His reaction told me for sure that he was up to something.

“Don’t. It could be contagious.” He held his hands up cautiously.

I stopped and looked out the window carefully. The light was very dim, but when I squinted my eyes, I saw the problem.

Bright pink heels sticking out from underneath the curtain.

Emily was hiding right there!

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Update Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend By Jane E.L. Chapter 91 of Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend

Announcement Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend has updated Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend By Jane E.L. Chapter 91 with many amazing and unexpected details. In fluent writing, In simple but sincere text, sometimes the calm romance of the author Jane E.L.

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Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend By Jane E.L. Chapter 92



I'll Take Emily

“Cheater!” Jack yelled. “Don’t ruin the game with your money!”

“How about \$200 and the game continue?”

Jason blinked, then raised his glass in a toast. “Deal! Ha! I knew you’d resort to bribery!”

Aaron looked at Jason, confused.

With a smirk, Jason explained, “I was planning to buy that diamond for my grandma. And thanks to your 8 million, I will be kick out in the middle of the Christmas dinner. You should allow a poor guy like me to take a litttle revenge, don’t you.”

“Bravo,” Jack snickered. “You’re everyone’s hero tonight. Aaron’s gonna know, money is not everything!”

“You’re welcome.” Jason smiled. “Don’t get too excited now though. You’re still not my type.”

“Oh, f*ck off,” Jack laughed and flipped him off. Then he looked at Aaron, yelled excited. “Last chance. Tell us who she is or take a girl to Christmas!!!”

Aaron thought for a moment, looking around almost nervously. “That isn’t much of a choice…”

I

Most of the girls here came with their partners. Still, several of them squealed when Aaron glanced their way.

“Pick me! I’ll leave my boyfriend for you!” A woman with platinum blonde hair cried.

“Come on, Edith,” her boyfriend frowned beside her. He held a hand over his chest in mock heartbreak. “You’ll throw me away just like that?”

“Babe, that man is Aaron Morris.” She pouted and tapped her boyfriend’s face with her long red nails. “I’ll come back to you once he dumps me. He seems like the type to spoil his exes.”

“Deal,” her boyfriend said without missing a beat.

Everyone laughed at their vivid performance.

“What about me, Aaron? I’m single! I’d love to go on vacation with you!” Leslie wanted to get in on the fun. “I promise there’ ll be no strings attached! I just want a hot night.”

“I heard your d*ck is huge!”

“Come on, mama need some big di
ck energy!”

The girls were going crazy over him.

“I hope your girl knows how popular you are,” Jack sighed.

Aaron smiled at him and glanced at me for a split second. “I’m sure she knows.” Then he chuckled and called out, “Sorry, ladies. One lucky woman already has me wrapped around her finger.”

I knew full well how much of a p*ayboy Aaron was, but my mood soured when I realized just how easy it was for him to have any woman he wanted. Why on earth would he into me? Did he really like me? Or I have just fantasized everything?

Uncertainty crept into my heart.

Before it could spiral out of control, I felt him take my hand under the table. My eyes widened. I never thought he’d be this bold in public. The next thing I knew, he was slowly moving my hand over his crotch. When I felt how hard he was,

I quickly yanked my hand away as if I’d been burned.

The nerve of this man!

I glared at him, but he only smiled innocently.

Then my phone vibrated.

‘Amorris: I’m only hard for you’

‘Amorris: Just smelling you did this to me.’

I blushed.

“Wait a minute. What was your name again?” Jack leaned toward me. “Iris? Ivy?”

I got nervous. I don’t know why Jack suddenly paid attention to me. Honestly speaking, I was the invisible woman here, since I knew nearly none of them!

“Her name is Olive,” Aaron answered for me.

“Ah... I see,” Jack smirked. His expression told me he knew something was fishy between us. “Pretty name. You were the one who got called up to play with Aaron, right? Well, how about it? Why don’t you take Olive with you, Aaron?”

Before Aaron’s response, someone yelled angrily.

“That’s my girlfriend.” Vincent finally spoke up and slammed his hand on the table. “We’re engaged. Did you not see the f*cking ring on her finger? She’s mine.”

“Chiil, Vince. What’s wrong with you?” Jack looked startled by Vincent’s sudden outburst.

“I don’t like when other people mess with my girlfriend,” Vincent growled.

“easy, easy. I don’t mean it. It’s just a joke, ok.” Jack wanted to explain, but Vincent did not listen to him obviously.

“I said, she was my girl! Keep my girl’s name out off your f*cking d*mn mouth!” Vincent yelled.

“Oh yeah?” Jack sneered, irritated by Vincent’s attitude “Why don’t we let her speak for herself?”

Now everyone’s eyes were on me, and the sudden change of pace gave me whiplash.

“Fine. Olive, me or Aaron?” Vincent looked at me expectantly. When I didn’t answer right away, he narrowed his bloodshot eyes at me. “Well?! Tell him who you belong to!”

“It’s ridiculous. I don’t want to answer it. I belong to myself.” I felt terrible.

“Don’t talk about those b*llshi*s, b*tch. You just need to say who proposed to you!” Vincent yelled at me. Obviously, he was out of control.

“... You.” I muttered. As I said that, I tried my best to ignore Aaron staring at me, and I dug my nails into my palms. I didn’t want to see the disappointment in his eyes.

Before I lost my nerve entirely, I heard Aaron’s low voice cut through the tense silence.

“I have made up my mind.”

“I guess I’ll take Emily with me then.”

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Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend By Jane E.L. Chapter 93



Never Have I Ever

“Who’s there?” Vincent asked nervously. Obviously, he didn’t want this fiasco to be seen by a fourth person.

Immediately, Vincent glanced at me suspiciously. “Didn’t you just come out of there? What’s going on? Why were you with...”

“Aaron?!” Vincent stared in disbelief, then he turned to me angrily. “Why is Aaron here? What the f*ck were you doing with him?!”

“I...” I hurried to come up with an excuse to explain myself. Even though I was ready to break up, I didn’t want to be the one singled out for cheating. I couldn’t have Vincent slander me to the rest of the world. Imagine if he went around saying we broke up just because I slept with Aaron!

Aaron stepped forward and pushed Vincent away from me. “Why don’t you ask me yourself?”

Vincent’s eyes turned red and he clenched his fists. “What the hell are you doing here?”

Aaron raised his eyebrows and glanced at me, then he put one hand in his pocket and shrugged. “I was just passing by.”

His answer only made Vincent more irritated. His knuckles turned white, and I was worried that he’d throw a punch, but Aaron just looked at Vincent with a smile. It was like he was sure that Vincent wouldn’t do it.

“I was!” Aaron smiled mockingly. “You think I came to eavesdrop on your soap opera on purpose? I don’t care why Emily’s behind the curtain.”

Then he looked at me coldly and continued, “I am interested in your uncle hunting crocodiles in Burma. You’re going to Vincent’s reunion for Christmas, Olive?”

I felt guilty. The last time Aaron and I spoke, I rejected his Christmas invitation. What I said about Vincent’s party just now was just a joke, but Aaron didn’t know that... He thought I chose Vincent over him.

Vincent was livid. Aaron's snide comment implied he'd heard everything since then! Vincent stepped forward and grabbed Aaron by the collar.

"I was talking about the bathroom! You were in there with Olive just now! What were you doing?!"

Aaron brushed Vincent's hand off and glanced at me.

"The same thing you were doing out here with Emily." His blue eyes narrowed at Vincent, and his body language became domineering. "Are you satisfied with that answer?"

"You..." Vincent's face contorted with anger, and he raised his fist at Aaron as if he was actually going to hit him. "Say that again! I dare you!"

I nearly fainted because of my hyperventilating. I couldn't tell if I was stressed because of what Aaron said, or because Vincent almost hurt him.

But Aaron didn't flinch at all. In fact, he tilted his face slightly to give Vincent a better angle.

"Go ahead. Hit me."

"You f*cking-! You think I won't?!" Vincent snarled, but he dropped his hand.

Aaron stood up straighter and fixed his collar. Either he didn't care about Vincent hitting him, or he knew he wouldn't really do it.

BANG!

Vincent slammed his fist into the window frame with a scoff.

Then he turned and left.

"You're walking away from the only chance you'll ever get to hit me. Sure you wanna waste it?" Aaron called after him.

I wanted to slap my hand over his mouth. Did he want to be punched that badly?

And why was he willing to let Vincent treat him like this? He wasn't a pushover. In fact, he was in great shape! I knew his toned muscles weren't just for show. He had power behind them.

I've seen him practice muay thai. His muscles move like gears in a well-oiled machine, full of synchronized power. G*d, and when that body was on top of mine...

"Hmph-" Vincent angrily kicked over a trash can as he walked by, but he didn't look back. He simply picked up the pace and left.

Did he just left?

Though I was happy Aaron did not get hurt, I could not lie to myself that what Vincent had done was disappointing.

He was a coward! A weak man who did not dare to defend his girl.

"Wait for me!" Emily chased after him after giving me and Aaron one final glance.

"You..." I trailed off as I looked up at Aaron. There were millions of words in my mind, but I couldn't say a single one.

This was happening too fast. I never imagined things would turn out this way, and I was totally unprepared.

I have been troubled with the whole thing for such a long time. And now, everything's gone?

Is that all?

I have to say that's really beyond my plan.

As a scientist, I am used to plan everything well. But now, Aaron just messed up with all my plans and made everything lose control.

Yet, I found myself could not mad at him.

“Let’s go. The party’s starting soon. Let’s just have fun.” Aaron straightened out his clothes and pulled me out of the hallway.

In the club’s main area, the DJ was yelling over the ear- piercing music. The smells of cigarettes, marijuana, and vape pens floated through the air.

I involuntarily took a step back, trying to hide in the calm hallway, but I crashed into Aaron’s arms.

“What’s wrong?” He hugged me and lowered his head onto my shoulder.

With him beside me, I immediately calmed down.

“Let’s get out of here,” I said to him. “I don’t want to celebrate with a bunch of strangers. I just want to be with you.”

I only came here to break up with Vincent and tell Aaron how I felt. Now that I’ve accomplished both those things, I didn’t need to waste any more time here.

I felt the vibrations of Aaron’s laughter.

What was he laughing at? Was I being too forward? Too naive? Did he not take me seriously?

“Alright, princess.” Aaron took my hand. “Let’s go.”

In the next moment, a dazzling spotlight shone on the two of us, and I felt like a criminal who was just caught on camera.

“Up next! Here’s the lucky couple who’s been chosen to play our surprise game: Never Have I Ever!”

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Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend By Jane E.L. Chapter 94



Aaron Moms I Never Knew

My mind went blank and I subconsciously broke free of Aaron's embrace.

This was too soon. I wasn't ready to call us a couple yet.

I didn't know how to deal with the situation. A spotlight just caught the two of us holding each other, like partners in crime highlighted for everyone to see.

I heard surprised gasps and excited whispers from the crowd.

"Let's go." Aaron's voice brought me back to my senses before I could panic.

"Where?"

"Anywhere you want. If you want to play, we'll go on stage. If you want to leave, we'll leave." Aaron shrugged, as if not influenced by the spotlight.

A strange feeling bubbled up in my stomach. I've had to depend on only myself for such a long time... Now I had someone behind me.

And that someone was Aaron Morris.-

"Let's go," I whispered to him.

Because I saw who else was on stage. Vincent and Emily had also been chosen!

The moment I saw them, I calmed down. What right did these f**kers have to make me out to be the only bad guy?

I grabbed Aaron's hand and, to his surprise, led him up to the stage.

The center of the dance floor had been transformed into a stage with a large round table on top. Each of the "lucky" winners chosen by the spotlight was sitting around the table. Vincent stared at us viciously while Emily sat to the left of him. She rested her cheeks on her hands as if she was watching a good show.

"You can sit next to me. Since you're my girlfriend." Vincent spoke through clenched teeth and patted the empty seat to his right.

While I hesitated, Aaron pushed me away and sat next to Vincent.

"Can I sit here?" Aaron grinned at Vincent and gestured toward Emily. "Your girlfriend is sitting on your left, right?"

"Aaron..." Vincent growled.

“Allow me to explain the rules.” The singer who’d just performed in the rock band was doubling as a host, and he introduced us to the game with a raspy voice.

I sat next to Aaron and listened carefully.

I knew this game, of course. But I was not sure whether those players had made some changes...

It looked like everyone else had played before. They were relaxed, drinking and chatting while the MC spoke. I, on the other hand, was tense. I sat up straight as if I was attending a lecture.

The rules were simple. As the name suggested, players would take turns saying something they’ve never done. The other players would put down a finger if they have done that thing. If someone puts all ten fingers down, they’re eliminated.

“And the winner can ask one of the losers to do one thing!”

After hearing the rules, it immediately occurred to me that it was possible to single someone out for elimination if you knew them well enough.

As I looked around, I noticed that Aaron was the center of attention. He was absentmindedly playing with his watch, but all eyes in the room swept over him.

My heart sank at the possibility that Aaron’s reputation would make him a target.

“What’s with that look? Don’t tell me you’re worried about me.” Aaron met my gaze as he looked up at me.

“You might be in the hot seat.” I furrowed my brow.

“Oh? You’re a clever one.” Aaron’s blue eyes shone in the spotlight. “Don’t worry about me.”

He said nothing remotely close to a flirt, but my face reddened. He might as well have kissed me in front of everyone.

‘Stop,’ I told myself.

Then I took a deep breath and asked Aaron, “What are you gonna do?”

“Nothing.”

“Really?”

“Are you alright being put on the spot in front of everyone?”

“That’s just how the game goes.” Aaron’s lazy smile put me at ease.

And the game began.

The first question was from Jack Howard. I’d seen him a few times at Vincent’s parties, and all I knew about him was that he was a gamer. He looked around impishly and said, “Never have I ever had a million dollars in my bank account.”

All eyes were on Aaron, who calmly tucked one finger away.

Instantly, whistles and cheers erupted throughout the club.

“Just a million? Don’t insult him like that!” A voice called from the crowd, sending the room into another frenzy.

“My turn,” the blonde man beside Jack spoke up. He wore a pair of gold-rimmed glasses and a suit that screamed ‘lawyer. He sat back in his chair and

said, "I've met two presidents, so... never have I ever met three U.S. presidents."

"Does TV count?" Jack nudged the blonde man's shoulder.

"I'm not done yet." The blonde man gave Jack a blank look, but I could tell that the two were close. "Met three presidents in person. While they were in office."

Again, Aaron put a finger down, much to the crowd's disappointment.

"Family business." Aaron smiled. "I'll remember that, Seb."

The man in gold laughed. "Maybe if your family hired me as your personal lawyer, I would've asked something else."

"You're too expensive!" Aaron laughed: "I only have enough to pay you for a night? What does one night get me?"

"Oh, f**k off," Seb laughed back.

Huh... His name was Seb and really was a lawyer.

The next players all targeted Aaron. The statements were varied, and each of them went beyond my imagination.

Only one statement got me: Never have I ever visited 20 countries before I turned 20 years old.

Thanks to my daddy and mummy, I have traveled more than 20 countries in a ship, when I was a baby.

I still had nine fingers up, so I was safe.

Next to me, Aaron was down to one finger after someone said, "Never have I ever owned a team of thoroughbred racehorses."

He chuckled and shook his head. "Maybe I shouldn't have played."

"I'll give you a break this round." A woman with parted hair threw Aaron a wink. "Never have I ever been in love."

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Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend By Jane E.L. Chapter 95



I'm In Love

"Never have I ever been in love."

As soon as the pink-haired woman spoke, the crowd's booing drowned her out.

"Leslie, are you just venting now?" Someone sighed.

“I told you, you can’t flirt with Aaron Morris like that. He prefers chicks who play hard to get, unlike you.” Jack said loudly as he downed a shot of tequila.

“Don’t mind me then.” Leslie leaned forward in her low-cut tank top, catching the eyes of most of the men in the room.

“You little tease... Why don’t you try winning me over instead?” Jack gazed at her boobs resting on the table.

“F**k off. I’m more woman than you can handle.” Leslie said, winking at Aaron

“Fine. I admit defeat.” Aaron put down his last finger and rolled his shoulders.

Everyone was shocked.

“What?! Aaron, I said ‘never have I ever been in love.’ Are you saying you have a special someone?” Leslie’s eyes were wide with wonder.

“Seriously? You?” Jack was so taken aback that he spat his tequila all over the blonde lawyer next to him. “No way. You’re saying there’s a woman that you can’t win over?”

“I’d like to point out that love and sexual infatuation are two different things.” Seb wiped his face in disgust. “Leslie was asking if there was a woman you wanted to spend your life with.”

“I know.” Aaron raised his eyebrows and glanced at me for a brief second, then he finished his wine in one swig. “And I’d want nothing more than to spend my life with her.”

When our eyes met, my heart fluttered. Was he talking about me? It seemed impossible, but at that moment, I was almost certain I knew how he felt about me. Where could those feelings have come from? Did he just love having me in his bed? Most of our time together was spent making love...

If the way to a woman's heart was through her vagina, could the same be said about a man and his d**k? Does he want to spend the rest of his life with me just because he likes having sex with me?

I laughed to myself at my naivety.

If it was that easy for a man to fall in love, there would be fewer lonely women in the world. If sex was the only qualifier, that would be too simple.

Still, my heart pounded despite my reasoning.

Silently, I put one of my fingers down. I was in love with someone. I abandoned my morals and threw caution to the wind when it came to him. I was a scientist, but for him, I was a musician. Every moment we spent together rang through my mind like love songs.

I'd assumed no one would notice since I was off to the side, but Aaron did. His eyes lit up, and I looked away,

embarrassed. I didn't expect him to notice...

I scrambled to grab my glass on the table, which I had barely touched, and took a large gulp. The c**ktail burned down my throat all the way to my stomach, and its intoxicating aroma still lingered in my

nostrils. I didn't have to drink much before I began to feel tipsy, but even then, it wasn't the wine that made me drunk. It was him.

When I looked up at Aaron again, I noticed that his eyes were shining as if they were full of stars. Then he gave me a pure, joyful smile, like a child seeing the sea for the first time. I was so enamored by his beauty that I couldn't help but giggle.

Then, the music changed from loud rock to a lighter tune:

"Did you ever have someone kiss you in a crowded room

And every single one of your friends was makin' fun of you...

But 15 seconds later, they were clappin' too?"* (song from Taylor Swift's new Album)

I felt compelled to pull Aaron in for a kiss right then and there, as the song suggested. In front of everyone. In front of my 'fiancee'. In front of the world.

I didn't care about their reactions or what they'd think of me. In the end, they'd cheer and celebrate my love for him, just like the song said...

But in the next second, my dream was shattered.

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Cheat With My Boyfriend Best Friend By Jane E.L. Chapter 96



Eight Million

Everyone's attention moved on to the next press- ing matter.

Leslie's statement did more damage than she'd expected. What she assumed was a 'harmless statement' ended up making most of the players put a finger down. She scoffed and smiled, "Is this a Hallmark movie or something? And you guys who put your fingers down must be afraid your girlfriend refuse to go back with you in Christmas, so that you will be laughed by the whole family."

"Besides, I don't think Aaron really lost. He's probably just lying to make us all feel poor!"

"Bingo!" Aaron grinned. "Now she gets it!"

"What?!" Jack cried. "So your mansion isn't the size of a small theme park? And you don't have a cellar full of vintage wines? You don't own horses..?"

"Well," Aaron glanced at me. "There is a woman I love. As long as she knows who she is, that's all that matters."

"Who even is she?!" Jack's question put everyone's eyes on me. "An actor? A supermodel?"

With a frown, Jack started listing obscure celebrities:

"Jennifer Swiss?"

"No."

"Susan Butler?"

"No."

"Lydia Johnson...?"

"No. What the hell, man? Lydia's married," Aaron scowled.

The crowd was up in arms asking him who his love was, but he simply laughed and refrained from answering.

Then, from the corner of the room, Jason chimed in. "I heard Aaron won an auction for a raw diamond at Sotheby's a while ago..."

”

Jason had five fingers left in the game, and I knew who he was. Vincent was always polite to him since he was another man born with a silver spoon in his mouth. As soon as he spoke up, everyone quieted down to listen, and I was no exception.

Was the diamond on my finger the same one that Aaron had bought in that auction? Did he really buy a raw diamond and send it to Cartier to have it cut and made into a ring?

“The thing was huge!” Jason’s eyes widened as he exaggerated to the crowd. “The starting bid was \$3 million! And guess how much Aaron paid for it? \$8 million!” He slapped his leg, astounded.

Eight million dollars...

My breath hitched, and my hand suddenly felt heavy with the dainty ring on my finger. My mind drifted to machinery: all of the experimental instruments that my lab couldn’t afford. If I could pawn off this rock, I could buy the advanced EEG equipment I’ve been dreaming of!

“Not this one,” Aaron whispered to me as he subtly gestured to my hand.

I froze. He knew what I was thinking just by seeing me touch my ring!

I felt embarrassed. Hopefully, he didn’t know I was also thinking about selling it for cash.

In the next second, my phone vibrated. When I pulled it out, I saw a text from Aaron.

Lady

Amorris: The diamond in your ring is called the Single

Amorris: It’s bigger, clearer, and brighter than the one Vincent got you

I laughed out loud and set my phone down. When I looked up, I saw Aaron's bright eyes looking at me, like a puppy waiting for praise. G*d, I wanted to pet him. He was too

cute!

I was doomed.

When a man was handsome, you still have a chance.

When he's cute, you're done for.

The room was still filled with talk about the lucky lady who was gonna get an \$8 million ring from Aaron. A bunch of women were excitedly discussing what the best cut would be and what other stones would complement it. A handful of those women lamented that they weren't Aaron's lover. Some of the men even joked and said that Aaron should do some 'exploring' and give them a chance.

With a laugh, Aaron told them to forget it.

Then Jason asked, "So if you're spending this much money, you have to be planning on proposing, right?"

Aaron crossed his legs and gave me a look that made my heart beat faster, and I was afraid that he was ready to pull out the ring from his pocket and get down on one knee in front of me.

Even though I knew I was in love with him, I didn't want to hear a second proposal so soon. Besides, I was only 27. I was still working on my PhD! Marriage wasn't part of my life plan at the moment.

"Well, what do you think?" Aaron asked casually as he stirred the ice in his drink.

Then, the host tapped on his microphone a few times to get the audience's attention. His voice echoed over the speakers. "Ladies and gentlemen. Our first game is over, and the loser is Aaron Morris!"

The crowd howled, and again, I was surprised by just how popular this man was.

"Quiet down, now! According to the rules, he must accept his punishment. So, Aaron... truth or dare?"

Other people started to call out, "Pick truth!"

"I need to know who she is!"

"Tell us her name!"

The shrill voices of the women threatened to shatter the glasses, and the ear-piercing chorus filled me with dread. I felt

like a wicked witch was prowling through the room, looking for me.

"Quiet, quiet, quiet..." The host tapped the mic again. "What do you choose, Aaron?"

"Since everyone's so enthusiastic..." Aaron smiled, and his words made my heart feel like it was dangling on a thread. I was just as scared as I was eager to hear the name of his beloved.

"I'll take the dare."

Aaron's answer made the crowd boo, but he simply watched with enjoyment.

"You can't do this to us," someone complained.

"Welcome to the real world," Aaron smirked. "Santa isn't real, and I picked dare. Sorry, boys."

“You forced me to do this... “Jack threatened him with a flushed face. He looked like he’d reached his limit drinking tonight, and he climbed up on the table. “I dare you... to pick one person here to take on Christmas vacation!”

Aaron raised an eyebrow. “Then I pick you, Jason.”

“Wh-what?! You’re straight! I’m straight! Pick a woman!”

“Yeah!” The women in the room cheered for Jack, who, turned to face them and saluted before getting off the table.

Aaron raised an eyebrow and looked around the room. He spoke slowly as he glanced at the faces of everyone around him. “What if... I give everyone here \$100 to let me off the book this time?”

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I'll Take Emily

"Cheater!" Jack yelled. "Don't ruin the game with your money!"

"How about \$200 and the game continue?"

Jason blinked, then raised his glass in a toast. "Deal! Ha! I knew you'd resort to bribery!"

Aaron looked at Jason, confused.

With a smirk, Jason explained, "I was planning to buy that diamond for my grandma. And thanks to your 8 million, I will be kick out in the middle of the Christmas dinner. You should allow a poor guy like me to take a littttle revenge, don't you."

"Bravo," Jack snickered. "You're everyone's hero tonight. Aaron's gonna know, money is not everything!"

"You're welcome." Jason smiled. "Don't get too excited now though. You're still not my type."

"Oh, f*ck off," Jack laughed and flipped him off. Then he looked at Aaron, yelled excited. "Last chance. Tell us who she is or take a girl to Christmas!!!"

Aaron thought for a moment, looking around almost nervously. "That isn't much of a choice..."

Most of the girls here came with their partners. Still, several of them squealed when Aaron glanced their way.

"Pick me! I'll leave my boyfriend for you!" A woman with platinum blonde hair cried.

"Come on, Edith," her boyfriend frowned beside her. He held a hand over his chest in mock heartbreak. "You'll throw me away just like that?"

“Babe, that man is Aaron Morris.” She pouted and tapped her boyfriend’s face with her long red nails. “I’ll come back to you once he dumps me. He seems like the type to spoil his ex- es.”

“Deal,” her boyfriend said without missing a beat.

Everyone laughed at their vivid performance.

“What about me, Aaron? I’m single! I’d love to go on vaca- tion with you!”

Leslie wanted to get in on the fun. “I promise there’ll be no strings attached! I just want a hot night.”

“I heard your d*ck is huge!”

“Come on, mama need some big d*ck energy!”

The girls were going crazy over him.

“I hope your girl knows how popular you are,” Jack sighed.

Aaron smiled at him and glanced at me for a split second. “I’m sure she knows.” Then he chuckled and called out, “Sorry, ladies. One lucky woman already has me wrapped around her finger.”

I knew full well how much of a pla*boy Aaron was, but my mood soured when I realized just how easy it was for him to have any woman he wanted. Why on earth would he into me? Did he really like me? Or I have just fantasized everything?

Uncertainty crept into my heart.

Before it could spiral out of control, I felt him take my hand under the table. My eyes widened. I never thought he’d be this bold in public. The next thing I knew, he was slowly moving my hand over his c*otch. When I felt how hard he was,

I quickly yanked my hand away as if I’d been burned.

The nerve of this man!

I glared at him, but he only smiled innocently.

Then my phone vibrated.

'Amorris: I'm only hard for you'

'Amorris: Just smelling you did this to me.'

I blushed.

"Wait a minute. What was your name again?" Jack leaned toward me. "Iris? Ivy?"

I got nervous. I don't know why Jack suddenly paid attention to me. Honestly speaking, I was the invisible woman here, since I knew nearly none of them!

"Her name is Olive," Aaron answered for me.

"Ah... I see," Jack smirked. His expression told me he knew something was fishy between us. "Pretty name. You were the one who got called up to play with Aaron, right? Well, how about it? Why don't you take Olive with you, Aaron?"

Before Aaron's response, someone yelled angrily.

"That's my girlfriend." Vincent finally spoke up and slammed his hand on the table. "We're engaged. Did you not see the f**king ring on her finger? She's mine."

"Chill, Vince. What's wrong with you?" Jack looked startled by Vincent's sudden outburst.

"I don't like when other people mess with my girlfriend," Vincent growled.

"easy, easy. I don't mean it. It's just a joke, ok." Jack wanted to explain, but Vincent did not listen to him obviously.

“I said, she was my girl! Keep my girl’s name out off your f**king d*mn mouth!” Vincent yelled.

“Oh yeah?” Jack sneered, irritated by Vincent’s attitude “Why don’t we let her speak for herself?”

Now everyone’s eyes were on me, and the sudden change of pace gave me whiplash.

“Fine. Olive, me or Aaron?” Vincent looked at me expectantly. When I didn’t answer right away, he narrowed his bloodshot eyes at me. “Well?! Tell him who you belong to!”

“It’s ridiculous. I don’t want to answer it. I belong to myself.” I felt terrible.

“Don’t talk about those bu**sh*ts, b*tch. You just need to say who proposed to you!” Vincent yelled at me. Obviously, he was out of control.

“... You.” I muttered. As I said that, I tried my best to ignore Aaron staring at me, and I dug my nails into my palms. I didn’t want to see the disappointment in his eyes.

Before I lost my nerve entirely, I heard Aaron’s low voice cut through the tense silence.

“I have made up my mind.”

“I guess I’ll take Emily with me then.”

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Exposing Vincent

“What?”

No one expected that, especially not Emily. She looked up, shocked that he'd chosen her.

Vincent stood up and slammed his hand on the table again. “No!”

“What's the problem?” Aaron asked coldly. “Who is Emily to you?”

“I... She's... She was my classmate back in university.” Vincent frowned and started to sweat.

“Oh, so she's a schoolgirl. I'm sure you had fun being her senior.”

Jack made a gagging noise.

“Look,” Vincent tried to explain himself. “I invited her to this party, so I'm responsible for her.”

“She’s an adult woman,” Jack shot back. “Shouldn’t you be more worried about your fiancé?”

“Why, you-” Vincent balled his hands into fists.

His immature behavior made me feel embarrassed to be called his fiance in front of everyone.

The women around me offered both words of sympathy and snide remarks, which made me felt as if naked sitting in this room. And when they finally quieted down, the second round of the game began.

Since Aaron lost the last game, he got to start things off.

“Never have I ever... messed around with my cousin.”

D*mn. Which unlucky person was about to be publicly shamed? I was almost forgot my wired situation and laughed out loudly.

Did he do that to amuse me?

No one put their finger down, and when Aaron glanced around the room, he cleared his throat and added, “I knew a cousin, whose name is Losian. In my third year of high school.”

Losian? How did I know that name...?

Then Vincent nervously put down one finger, and my smile faded.

Did he really mess up with his cousin? That cousin named

Losian?

G*d! Did I really date such a p*rvert? Oh my g*d. Now I no longer care about other’s people now, I myself felt disgusting.

Now it was my turn. I didn't know what to say, but after thinking for a long time, I closed my eyes and said, "Never have I ever cheated on... an..."

"Exam." I bit my lip, stopping myself from saying what I really wanted to say.

"Aw, what?!" The other players complained as most of them put a finger down, but when I looked around, I was surprised to see that Aaron wasn't one of them. He'd never cheated on a test?

Next was a man with black hair. He gave Aaron a knowing nod and said, "Never have I ever slept with a woman after seeing her once at the gym."

Again, Vincent put a finger down.

Aaron was gunning for Vincent this round.

By now, everyone seemed to have caught on to Aaron's plan, and each turn made Vincent's face turn even redder.

"Never have I ever passed a class by sleeping with the TA."

"Never have I ever been in a relationship with two women at the same time."

"Never have I ever peeked on girls in the shower."

Every time, he put a finger down, and I was finding myself becoming more and more disgusted with him. If it wasn't for this stupid game, I never would've known how awful he was! I felt dizzy just thinking about it.

How bad was I at reading people?

On top of that, everyone saw me as the pathetic girl who was engaged to this man!

Finally, it was Aaron's turn again. "So I get the final nail in the coffin," he mused.

"No!" Vincent shook his head and slapped the table. "This is going too far!"

“I don’t know... How about everyone else? Do you guys wanna stop here?”

Everyone shook their heads.

“I quit. I’m done.” Vincent pushed away from the table and got up to leave.

“Aw, don’t be like that. I accepted my punishment, didn’t I? Are you a coward or are you Vincent Raymond?” Aaron raised an eyebrow, and the room went silent. Everyone knew the weight of those words.

Vincent’s face turned from an enraged red to an anxious pale, and he sat back down helplessly.

“Good,” Aaron smiled. “Never have I ever slept with two of the women at this party.”

No one could’ve imagined that Aaron would cross that line. Given his reputation as a playboy, everyone assumed that he would’ve been the one to put a finger down this time. If you chose ten famous actresses at random, Aaron’s probably slept with eight of them.

But if Aaron wasn’t the one he was calling out, then who was it?

“I didn’t-” Vincent stammered.

“You know the cost of dishonesty, right?” Aaron narrowed his eyes.

The vein on Vincent’s forehead bulged, and he slowly put down his last finger.

“That’s it.”

The room was quiet with the exception of Aaron’s applause, and no one said a word.

I stared at Vincent while I felt everyone’s eyes fall on me.

I wasn’t sure if it was out of pity or silent laughter.

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Couple Swap

“Ahem...” Jason cleared his throat awkwardly. “Since Vincent lost this round, it’s time for his punishment-aside from getting his dirty laundry aired out like that, I mean. Truth or dare, Vincent?”

Aaron spoke up first. “If you pick truth, we’ll ask you to specifically point out the two women you’ve slept with. If you pick dare, you’ll have to swap partners with someone. So... truth or dare?”

The heavy smell of smoke hung in the air, and Aaron reclined on the sofa without a care in the world. He seemed absolutely confident that Vincent wouldn’t dare take his anger out on

him.

I stared at Aaron, and my blood was boiling so hot that it made my chest hurt. I knew why he was doing this. He just wanted to force Vincent to reveal his affair so that I'd finally break up with him. Officially. Publicly. Like I am some f*cking celebrity or what.

Should I invite some reporters? Or should I buy an 24/7 advertisement to announce the fact, me, Olive Woods, had been cheated by my boyfriend Vincent.

Did he not realize how humiliating it would be for me? For males, cheating is usually nothing but even honor, to some extent. Hey, look, this guy got two hot girls, brilliant! And for girls, cheating usually means abandon. The girl is not attractive enough to 'keep' the boy. D*mn it!

I mean, I am not feminist or something, but I knew we will be treated differently! And sympathy was the least thing I would like to have. G*d, my parents left me since I was a child and I grew up to be a good person, all depend on myself! I don't

want to be the 'pathetic' woman abandoned by Vincent. Did not he understand?

Or he just did not care...

This scandal was about to be exposed in front of everyone! Fine. I'd be seen as the poor, ignorant girlfriend.

It was one thing for Vincent to admit he slept with two women here, but Aaron wanted him to say our names out loud. Everyone was going to know that Vincent ran off to sleep with Emily instead of me! How would I recover from being shamed like that?

But Aaron didn't care about any of that. All he wanted was my relationship with Vincent to end, regardless of how I wanted it done.

"That... It could be an old affair that he's talking about. Don't worry, Olive. It probably happened before you were in the picture." Jason explained dryly.

Maybe he felt sorry for me. Maybe he was trying to cover for Vincent. Either way, there was no point. Vincent and I had been together for years, and I knew every single one of his friends even if I wasn't close with them. He met most of the people here after we started dating. If he slept with any of them, that meant that it happened while he was in a relationship with me. That meant he was cheating.

And that was exactly the case.

I pursed my lips and didn't respond. Jason, flustered, urged Vincent to make his choice quickly.

Everyone was waiting for Vincent's answer.

Vincent sneered. "Dare. Let's swap partners, Aaron. You and me."

His answer was beyond everyone's expectations. Vincent would rather trade partners than say the name of the other woman.

Honestly speaking, I felt relief when he chose dare. I meant, I had been humiliated enough, and I did not want to fuel the situation.

I understood Vincent's choice, but why did he specify that he wanted to swap with Aaron? Was it because he suspected I was cheating on him? Or did he just want to pay back? An eyes for an eyes, a tooth for a tooth.

Aaron raised his eyebrows, surprised. He didn't expect Vincent would choose the dare either. He shrugged his shoulders and spread his hands. "I'd love to, but I don't have a partner to trade with you."

That's typical Aaron. He's always the boss, the ruler maker.

Vincent gritted his teeth and clenched his fists. His knuckles cracked under the pressure.

Just as I started to worry that he was going to start a fight with Aaron, Emily suddenly stepped forward. "I'll be your date, Aaron."

Aaron looked at Emily and laughed lightly, but he didn't refuse.

So, what happen?

I will date Aaron and Emily with Vincent, publicly?

Seriously?

The atmosphere started to become stale, so Jason hurriedly announced that Vincent and Aaron would swap partners. With that settled, he started the next round of games.

I wanted to say something, to fight against that ridiculous swap, but obviously, no one cared about me. No one remembered to ask my opinion.

And things were just settled down.

Vincent sat down with a stern face and lit a cigarette. I wrinkled my nose and scooted further away from him.

Tonight's game was unexpected, but that b*tch Emily must've been happy that she could finally be with Vincent publicly, even if it was just for a dare. Aaron had to be pleased that he was giving Vincent a hard time. As for Vincent, even though he looked angry, he was still able to save face somewhat.

So where did that leave me?

They all decided on this couple swap, but no one stopped to ask for my opinion. I couldn't care less about Vincent's choice." What upset me more was Aaron. How could he do this to me?

The more I suppressed my emotions, the more uncomfortable I became. A heavy frustration settled onto my heart and made me want to cry. I knew it was pretentious to keep my composure, but I still tried my hardest to hold back.

Eventually, it was too much, and I got to my feet and rushed out of the room.

I stood outside on the terrace as a cold breeze blew over me. Unfortunately, it wasn't enough to cool the fire in my heart. The flames only grew stronger and stronger, and my sanity almost burned away.

The snowflakes fell on my shoulders and quickly melted. I had rushed out without my jacket, and now, the chill was getting to me. Goosebumps sprang up on my skin.

I hugged myself and refused to go back since I was waiting for someone. I knew that Aaron would follow me out here.

Eventually, there were footsteps behind me, and a large jacket was draped over my shoulders. When the familiar smell of amber surrounded me, I knew he was here.

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Love Hate

Aaron Morris was there.

The f*cking golden boy that all woman crazy about this night was there, in front of me.

But I didn't feel happy.

Actually, I did not know what I feel. It could not be simplify as 'happy' or 'hate'. Right now, my mind was full of different voices, and my heart felt like it'd been thrown into a furnace, cold and numb, and the thrashing flames had finally reached my brain.

And when I saw his face, his beautiful f*cking face, I knew my feelings immediately.

It's anger.

Aaron made a public spectacle out of me for fun!

I raised my hands without hesitation, and when I raise it, I myself did not what I want to do.

Did I want to slap him? I got surprised myself.

And I still troubled in that when my hand really hit his face.

Slap!

“Olive, you-” He tried to hug me from behind, his voice sounded still and calm. Why could he be still calm like that? He made me the irrational crazy one.

He must be happy tonight, everything just happened as he wished. why not happy? I guess he was the second happiest people tonight.

The first one must be Emily.

I shoved him off of me.

Sneering, I ripped his jacket off my shoulders and threw it on the ground. Then I turned around and slapped him as hard as I could. My voice rang out loud and clear: “Mr. Morris! Were you trying to make a fool of me tonight?!”

His head whipped to one side and a strand of hair fell over his eyes. An angry red handprint covered one side of his face, but it wasn't swelling. If anything, the red tint gave him a sort of broken beauty.

But I didn't want to stop to admire it.

I looked at Aaron with cold eyes as my voice trembled. “happy now, huh?”

Aaron looked up at me with his bloodshot blue eyes. I thought he'd be angry, and I even expected him to slap me back. I

hated his 'decent' this time. And I did not want to be the only one care about it.

Besides, he was the second son of 'THE' Morris Group. This was probably the first time he'd been slapped by a woman. Wouldn't he be furious?

But he didn't. Instead, he rushed forward and hugged me, and his embrace was too strong for me to refuse.

I struggled, but nothing work.

Locked in his arms, I inhaled his unique scent. It was powerful and warm-so warm that I wanted to cry. But what was going on? First, he stabs me in the back. Now, he's holding me?

"You let go right now!" I struggled to break free from his embrace. He didn't move at all. He held me tightly, and I heard him whispering in my ear over and over that he was sorry.

I stopped thrashing, and the violent anger in my heart cooled. I read some paper said human's smells were more powerful and important even most of us did not realize it. We believed in our eyes, we trust what we see most times, but our brain trust the smells.

And my brain, just betrayed my feelings, compromised to that familiar smell.

The sensation swept over me until my eyes started to burn, and my tears fell without warning. "What's 'sorry' gonna do? Do you know how badly you just humiliated me? You turned me into a joke in front of all of my friends..."

"I am sorry, bebe. I..."

He finally let go of me and continued to apologize while wiping my tears away, but they only flowed faster. They fell down my cheeks like endless strings of pearls.

I admit I was being pathetic. I should've calmly blamed Aaron and asked him to explain himself, but when he was being so gentle to me, I lost control over my emotions. All I could do was let the pent-up frustration in my heart burst free.

“Aaron, did you see how they looked at me? You don’t- You have no way of understanding how I feel. You just wanted to embarrass Vincent at my expense... Now you’ve done it.”

Aaron shook his head in a panic, like a child who’d done something wrong. “No, no, no. It’s not like that, Olive. I just wanted to help you...”

“But now everyone knows that my boyfriend cheated on me! Now they’re all laughing at me behind my back! I’m just a st*pid, naive woman to them! What did I do to deserve this?!” Just thinking about what happened made my heart ache so badly that I could hardly breathe.

“I’m sorry... but it’s not your fault. It’s Vincent’s.” Aaron took my face in his hands. His blue eyes were filled with sincerity. “Olive, you are the most incredible woman in the world. Vincent was an idiot for cheating on you. He doesn’t deserve you. In fact, you deserve so much better.”

I sobbed and looked at him with teary eyes. “Really?”

I knew he was just try to say something sweet bull*hits, and usually you cannot trust man in such situation, but hell, I needed something sweet Right Now!

“Of course.” He took a deep breath and continued, “But a selfish part of me is glad he did it. I mean, meeting you was the greatest thing that’s ever happened to me.”

I was suddenly afraid of where this was going. This was too sudden.

They say the eyes are the windows to the soul. Right now, while I looked straight into Aaron’s eyes, they were full of determination and sincerity.

I knew it.

He loved me.

In countless nights, I have been tossed about it. And now I got a confirmed answer from his eyes.

'will he kneel down and propose with that eight million diamond?'

When Aaron bent down, this idea suddenly occurred in my mind. And then I found he was just picking up the jacket I had thrown away.

'what are you thinking!!!' I blamed myself.

He brushed the dust off and draped it over my shoulders again. "It's alright, darling. Don't waste any more tears on him. Even though you're beautiful when you cry, I'd much rather see you smile."

With that, he placed a tender kiss on my forehead. It was as light as a feather brushing against my skin, and it was gone with the next cold breeze that swept past.

I couldn't help but break into tears and smile as adoration flooded my heart. I looked at his reddened cheek, and I reached out to caress it. I felt guilty. "Does it hurt?"

At that moment, all I wanted was to vent my frustration. Now that I was thinking clearly, I regretted hitting him.

Aaron smiled and moved his face closer to mine. "Not if you kiss it better."

I rolled my eyes. I walked into that one.

When Aaron didn't get what he wanted right away, he leaned in to give me a kiss on the cheek. His voice was low, yet clear. "Olive... Even though I made a mess out of tonight, I'm still glad that I get to spend Christmas with you this year.""

I looked up at him-at his mesmerizing eyes. They reflected the vast starry sky above our heads.

My eyes moved to his lips. While we were playing that silly game inside, I was suppressing the urge to kiss him. Now that we were alone, I could do just that.

I reached up to tug him down by his collar, and I kissed him.

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