

Cheat with My Boyfriend's Best Friend, Chapter 300 The Knot in My Heart

Whose name did I call?

Waking up from my dream, I was confused and unsure if that had been a hallucination.

'Did I shout Aaron's name? Did I really do that?'

"I must be out of my mind!" I murmured in pain, clutching my head, and fell into a silent rant.

Why him?

It didn't make any sense.

Vincent and I had been in love for years, and although he lied to me and hurt me, we had some sweet times before the incident. So, in terms of trust, he came second to Cinder and Nick.

But why? Why did Aaron's name pop out of my mouth when I was helpless?

I didn't get it.

Did I like him that much? A man who bore another woman in his heart?

'What am I doing?' I told myself, 'He is not your true love. Even if you are attracted to each other, it has been tried before, hasn't it? The result is clear. The more reckless I am in love, the more tragic the result.'

We were not a match.

A healthy relationship makes both parties better, not making them torment each other.

I almost died because of him. I reminded myself not to forget that.

I wasn't going to give him the remaining half of my life.

Tears streamed down uncontrollably as I clutched my head and roared silently on the bed.

Each protruding vein expressed my breakdown at that moment.

I turned my head and looked out the window.

Damn! Why was Manhattan still so beautiful in the snow?

The screen of my phone lit up, and it started vibrating.

The caller ID showed Adenauer.

I checked the time.

It was midnight here in Manhattan, and it should be 6 a.m. in Ulm.

I casually wiped away my tears and quickly sorted out my thoughts before answering the phone.

"Merry Christmas, sweetheart." Adenauer's soft voice rang through the line.

His voice had healing power - soft and kind.

So why couldn't I fall in love with him like I had with Aaron?

Damn it! I shouldn't dwell on what had just happened.

I sniffed heavily, trying to lift my spirits.

"Merry Christmas, Adenauer, although I guess it's already the 26th where you are."

"Were you crying?" Adenauer's concern was palpable, even across the Atlantic Ocean.

A professional psychiatrist he was, he always had a knack for seeing through my emotions.

"Did something happen? You sound terrible. I'm worried about you," he said, his voice tinged with urgency and a hint of guilt.

"I'm fine. I just had a dream about my childhood," I lied, trying to rub weariness off my face. I tried to sound cheerful, but it was too hard. "Colston, can I talk to you for a minute?"

"Of course. You can always call on me."

"I never mentioned my parents or family to you before. Maybe you've noticed some-thing, being a professional and all. Sorry, my thoughts are as jumbled as New York traffic right now. My words might not make much sense."

"Don't worry," Adenauer said soothingly.

"Just say whatever comes to mind. And if you need to, we can do some simple Q&A."

"That would be great," I said gratefully.

"Alright then," Adenauer said, slipping into professional mode. "First question: can you tell me about the dream you just had?"

"Uh... It was about my parents," I said hesitantly. "The dream was fragmented. I don't remember most of the details, but there's one part that stands out."

My mind drifted back to Christmas when I was six years old.

"That was the first Christmas I ever spent with my parents," I said, my voice trembling. "They gave me an Adelie stuffed penguin as a gift and took me out for a fancy dinner. I was so happy and told them it was the best Christmas ever because I finally had a family. But when we got home, they told me they were sending me to boarding school."

I tried to steady my voice, but my sobs gave me away.

"I was so confused," I continued. "I asked them why they kept sending me away when they were my parents. Why couldn't we live there with me in New York like other families? But my mother, Kirsty Woods, told me calmly that if they stayed in New York for me, they would have to get divorced."

"Why?" Adenauer asked, puzzled.

In fact, any normal person wouldn't be able to understand my parents' thinking.

"Because they tried," I said bitterly and angrily. "They're both biologists and penguin researchers. In many ways, they are perfect for each other - both nerdy and passionate about their work. They even fell in love on an icebreaker headed to Antarctica."

"They told me that after I was born, they tried to leave Antarctica and move to New York for my education. But it only lasted three years before their marriage hit its biggest crisis, all because of me.

I would never forget that night.

My mother patiently and coldly told me how miserable the two of them were in New York, bickering every day over trivial matters of life, things like who cooked, who washed the dishes, who mopped the floor, who took out the trash... My father, Chris, was a geek with amazing talent at his job, but such people often have zero ability to take care of themselves in life.

And my mother wasn't much better in this regard.

So, faced with all the garbage and the smelly, messy house, they kept quarreling until the point of divorce.

"Baby, your life is going to get a lot worse when we stay with you. The dirty house, the unpalatable food, and the parents who argue every day. Now it's the best option we can think of for you." My mother looked so frank that the young me at the time even thought that they were even weaker than me.

"Do you want us to get a divorce?"

I shook my head.

"Then let us pursue our careers, okay? We promise you that we'll always love you.

I wiped my tears vigorously.

"What kind of parents would put such a heavy moral yoke on a 6-year-old child?"

I was still very ignorant at that time.

All I knew was that my parents loved each other and that I couldn't be the villain who broke their love.

"Sweetheart, I'm so sad I'm not there for you right now." Adenauer's voice was full of regret. "Otherwise, I would have been able to hug you."

"It's a knot in your heart, and apparently, after more than 20 years, it's still there and deeply affecting your life."

Adenauer was right.

"So, what should I do?"