

# Perfect Bastard

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ELLIE

I think being the only single person in a group of friends made up entirely of happy couples who have a lot of sex was affecting me, making me think it was time to find the right guy.

Not that I was really looking; I'd just promised myself not to go out with any more bastards or womanizers after everything I'd been through.

But that's when the problem started—or rather, that's when the problem walked through the door.

Ben's younger brother, Ethan, walked into Zoe and Ben's apartment during one of our gatherings, which involved drinking a lot of alcohol and catching up.

I hadn't heard much about him. All I knew was that he ran the London office and was returning. Anna should have told me he was... *like that*.

Just by looking at him, I'd say he was the kind of guy I called a Wolf Charming. That was my antithesis to Prince Charming, who, in my mind, was what I didn't want but probably should want. But I always thought Prince Charmings were too perfect and, consequently, boring.

The Wolf Charming was my ideal type—the kind who has wild sex with you and takes you roughly, but who has that charming side and treats you like a princess the rest of the time.

That was the impression the tall, broad-shouldered man with dark blonde hair gave me when he walked into the room, dressed in a suit on a Saturday. He looked too elegant and at the same time fierce and virile.

"Wolf Charming?" I whispered to Anna as we moved closer to greet him with the rest of the group.

Anna, my best friend, was probably the main reason I had this idea of finding the right guy stuck in my head.

Not that she had told me to do it, but simply because she was married to Will, the hottest and sexiest tattooed ex-player and nerd I had ever met. They were perfect together.

I was still trying to convince the two of them to donate some of Will's DNA, so I could clone him in a lab. I always say it's unfair that there's only one Will. Anna hit the jackpot, and of course, so did Will.

"Bastard Charming, from what I've heard from Will," she whispered back.

My smile faded instantly. Not that I judged before getting to know someone—I didn't do that; I hated stereotypes and typification as a good scientist should—but hearing that would put any smart woman on guard.

In recent months, I'd worked hard to stay away from any womanizers, bastards, and players in New York.

Swallowing the last sip of beer, I leaned forward, placing the bottle on the coffee table before it was my turn to greet the man with striking light brown eyes. He was a good twenty centimeters taller than me, even in heels.

My stomach churned as I forced a smile in response to his, which revealed perfect teeth.

*Damn... he's fucking gorgeous.*

I blinked, trying to snap out of the trance.

"Nice to meet you, Ethan. I'm Ellie. Welcome back to New York," I said, offering my hand while my heart pounded in my chest.

I ignored that, along with the shiver that ran down my spine. Maybe it was because everyone around us was staring with some strange expectation, as if something screamed, two single people in the room, not just me as always.

"Nice to meet you, Ellie." He shook my hand firmly.

I tried to ignore the quick once-over he gave me, spending way too much time focusing on my breasts. I pulled back as soon as he let go of my hand.

Ben, Will, and Jack gathered on the sofas after Ethan's arrival, and I pulled Anna into the kitchen for another drink.

"His eyes are just like Ben's," she commented.

Yeah, those brown eyes were hypnotic.

“So is the reputation, I mean, before he married Zoe,” I said, making us both laugh. “But don’t let her know I brought that up. She’d eat me alive.”

Zoe and Bennett, or simply Ben, were another couple in my group of friends who were probably influencing me, though I think in a slightly *different* way than Anna and Will.

That’s because both of them were assholes who fell in love before they could kill each other. I don’t know how they’re still alive, maybe because they took out all their anger on each other through sex.

“He checked out your boobs,” Anna said as we entered the kitchen.

Stifling a laugh, she leaned against the island while I got busy opening two beers.

“You managed to notice that? I thought it was in a split second.”

“I think everyone noticed.”

“Ugh! Why was everyone staring?”

“Maybe because you’re the only singles in the room? That makes it interesting to watch when you’re married.”

“Do you really need to remind me? And it’s not like anything’s going to happen between us.”

“I know, I know. No scumbags, bastards, or womanizers. I’ve been hearing that for over a year now?”

“And you’ll keep hearing it until I find the right guy.” I handed her one of the beer bottles.

“To the right guy! May he show up soon!” She raised her bottle, proposing a toast, forcing me to do the same. “And end your bad mood with lots of sex!” she concluded.

“Hey! What bad mood?”

“Excuse me!” The deep voice sounded before he entered the kitchen.

His presence alone was enough to make me uncomfortable.

“Mind if I find Ben’s wine stash?” he asked, making Anna turn to face him.

“I’ll help you,” she offered, guiding him to the wall-mounted wine rack behind me.

I took a long sip of my beer, getting lost in my own thoughts as they discussed wines behind me.

“What do you Morgans take? I know Bennett goes to the gym almost every day, but nothing justifies you growing that much, not just in height,” Anna suddenly said, nearly making me spit out my beer.

God! She, as always, with no filter. I heard him let out a low laugh.

“You’re the scientist, right? Then you can explain genetics.”

“I think there are some things that even scientists like us can’t explain, right, El?” she said, forcing me to turn to them.

“Of course! Whatever you’re talking about, I’m with you.”

“So, you’re also a scientist?” He raised an eyebrow at me.

“Yes, more of a researcher these days.”

“I admit, I had a very different image of scientists in mind,” he said, not bothering to hide the way his eyes moved over my body, leaving me uneasy.

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