

## Chapter 10: You Felt It, Didn't You?

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ETHAN

She could probably feel my heart pounding wildly in my chest too. I bit my lip and closed my eyes, trying to control my breathing and my instincts.

I fought the urge to grab her hips and grind against her or lift her clothes to feel her ass.

I fought with all my strength not to put my hands on her, but her scent made everything even more unbearable.

We waited for the people to pass. The minute seemed to last an eternity. She didn't move a muscle, completely tense, but I could hear her ragged breathing.

Fuck! I couldn't control my cock like I did with my hands. It was rock hard against her.

She opened a small crack in the door when we heard the voices fade, then practically bolted out of the closet.

Fucking hell. I took a deep breath, trying to compose myself. I picked up my leather briefcase that had fallen to the floor and ran a hand over my suit, straightening it before stepping out.

The door to her office was now open. I had no idea what to do, especially

with the tent pitched in my pants at that very moment.

A second later, she came out of her office with a bag.

"Here," she said, handing me a card without looking at me, before turning on her heel and disappearing down the hallway.

I stared at the business card in my hand, which had her name and contact information, before slipping it into my pocket. What the fuck just happened?

I started walking through the corridors, searching for a bathroom. What the hell had I just done, losing control of my dick around her?

Now, she probably thought I was nothing but a pervert. \*As if she didn't think that already.\*

And how the hell had that just been one of the most exciting experiences of my life without me even touching her? Damn it! I was screwed.

\* \* \*

ELLIE

I couldn't let myself think straight until I found the bathroom. I stared at my reflection in the mirror. I looked like I had just seen a ghost. My hair was more disheveled than usual.

Was I sweating? God! What just happened? What was I thinking, shoving myself into a closet with him? How could I have imagined there wouldn't be enough space for the two of us? And that I'd end up rubbing against his...

The memory was enough to make desire pulse between my legs, and I knew my panties were completely soaked.

I stared at my hands on the marble counter, they were still trembling. I closed my eyes, trying to calm down. The way he got aroused... He seemed enormous, almost intimidating.

It was nearly impossible to resist the overwhelming urge to rub against him and touch him with my hands. At least I didn't do something that crazy. But I wanted to... I wanted to feel him touching me and rubbing against me. Part of me wished he had done exactly that.

With my eyes closed, I could still feel the sensation of his huge, warm body against my back.

Damn it, Ellie! What are you doing?

I ran out of there without even looking him in the eyes after handing him my card. Now he had all my contact information, and that seemed bad. But it was less bad than having to meet him for a meeting. At least that's what I thought at the time.

Maybe I was losing my mind for real. Why the hell did my body react so much to him? I hated it. I needed to go home, and I also needed to talk to Anna urgently. A cold shower seemed more urgent, actually.

\*I couldn't reach Anna. I kept wondering why she wasn't answering, she was probably having sex with her hot husband. That's what I would be doing if I were her.\*

\*Meanwhile, I spent two hours soaking in the bathtub, trying to stop thinking about what had happened. But the memory was enough to send heat coursing through my body.\*

\*Now I was tossing and turning in my bed, unable to sleep, staring at the ceiling, sweaty and still aroused by the memory of him pressed against me.\*

\*I'm not doing this. I'm not going to touch myself thinking about him. I buried my head in the pillow, groaning in frustration. Damn, bastard.\*

Anna didn't show up at the lab all day; she just sent me a message saying we should have dinner. Zoe would be there too.

The day at the lab was hellish, I could barely concentrate on work. When I wasn't in the research room supervising, I was in my office, glancing at the door every thirty seconds, afraid that Mr. Morgan would suddenly appear.

I was going crazy. I needed to stop thinking about this. Stop thinking about him.

Zoe always liked sophistication. Thanks to her, my wardrobe probably had lingerie pieces worth over three thousand dollars.

She managed to influence me into carefully selecting every outfit I wore. But making me wait in a fancy bar at Rockefeller Plaza on a Wednesday night was making me want to strangle her. At least the view was breathtaking.

The two of them arrived smiling after making me wait for over twenty minutes and took their seats.

"I hope you at least got stuck in awful traffic," I grumbled, taking a sip of my martini.

"Wow! What a mood!" Anna said before turning her attention to Zoe. "See, this is what I was talking about."

"I didn't think it was this serious," Zoe said, and they both laughed.

"So you were talking about me behind my back?" I raised an inquisitive eyebrow.

"I was just telling Zoe why you've been so tense lately. And guess what? She agreed with me that you need to get laid."

I rolled my eyes.

"Now tell me what you wanted to say yesterday," she demanded.

"I'm not sure if I want to anymore."

"Spill it!" Zoe gave me her threatening look, eager for answers.

"I'm not Bennett; that won't work on me," I said.

"Well, then I won't tell you who's been causing arguments between him and my brother-in-law lately."

She was talking about me? Why the hell would they be arguing over me?

"Are you serious? Why would they do that?" I asked, straightening in my chair.

"You first." She smiled.

"Okay." I sighed, giving in. "Anna must have told you that the lab is the new client for Morgan and Harris."

"No, she didn't. Neither did Bennett," she said, narrowing her eyes at Anna, who shrugged.

I almost felt sorry for Bennett; he'd have to deal with this later.

"Anyway, your brother-in-law took over the case, and you can guess the rest."

"Well, that at least explains why Bennett's been so tense lately. He's completely against the idea of you and Ethan having any involvement."

"I couldn't agree more." I took another sip from my glass.

"But... I'm encouraging Ethan in this," she said, and I nearly spit out my drink.

"What? In this what?"

"Going out with you."

### Error correction of this chapter