

## Chapter 12: From One Bastard to Another

ETHAN

My chest and legs were burning as I ran on the treadmill. I had already passed five kilometers, but it didn't seem to be helping, even after almost two hours of workout.

Nothing was helping. It didn't matter how many times I jerked off. I still felt tense and irritable. I hadn't been able to sleep properly all night, aroused, unable to close my eyes without remembering the feeling of that body against mine and her scent.

I hit the button to stop the treadmill, feeling like I was going to get hard again. Shit. I hadn't even touched her yet. I needed to put an end to this.

Panting, I left the building's gym and got into the elevator, heading back to my apartment, I had to go to work.

As if that wasn't enough, traffic was hell on the way to the office. I was tempted to get out of the car and walk the last few blocks.

When I arrived at the office, Bennett parked right after me. I hurried my pace to avoid getting in the elevator with him. I wasn't in the mood to talk to anyone, especially my brother, who had been getting nosy lately.

But it was no use, the elevator took long enough, and he got in before the doors closed. Leaning against the steel panel on the opposite side of me, he crossed his arms over his chest and started analyzing me, getting on my

nerves.

He cleared his throat, and a smile tugged at the corner of his lips.

"Good morning to you too, little brother." I wanted to punch him.

"Not today," I said through gritted teeth.

"You need to relax, you look like you're carrying a hundred pounds on your shoulders."

Easy for him to say, he probably spent the night fucking.

"Go fuck yourself."

He laughed.

"Say what you're thinking."

"That my brother is a nosy asshole."

"What happened? Why are you in such a good mood?"

"Don't you have anything better to do than supervise my state of mind?"

Luckily, the doors opened on my floor.

"If you need to talk, you know where to find me," he said before I got out, holding back from flipping him off, just because my assistant was at the reception.

I replied with a curt good morning to her before entering my office.

slamming the door. After sitting down and realizing what I had to do, I got even more pissed off.

Fuck it. I needed the information for work. I stared at the business card that contained her name, phone number, and email for almost thirty minutes.

I wondered if I should save her contact. That might be a mistake. I ended up shoving it back in the drawer. I could focus on something else for now.

I made a mistake. I shouldn't have approached her, not during work, but at that moment, when I realized she got nervous just at the thought of being alone with me, I wanted to test how she would react to me.

I didn't imagine the exact opposite would happen, that I would get hard just from being near her. Now Miss Brown must be thinking that I couldn't control my own dick, or that she had some effect on me.

And she really did. But she didn't need to know that. She didn't need to think that I was head over heels for her, she was already arrogant enough.

Shit. I needed to get laid. Maybe sex would solve my mood problem. But I wasn't in London anymore, and consequently, didn't have access to my casual partners, Emma and Jessica.

They wanted the same thing I did, and they didn't ask about other women. That was exactly what I needed, what fits into my life.

When Emma wasn't available, I could be with Jess and vice versa, and it was working perfectly until I had to return to New York.

Maybe I could find something similar here. Not with Miss Brown. I laughed at the thought. No. She wasn't the type who would accept a casual relationship. She needed someone who would call her the next day.

That guy definitely wasn't me. Even so, I still wanted her to be mine, at least once. I needed to experience her, almost as a necessity.

There was something about her that I couldn't explain, like a magnet that attracted me and made me want to possess her in every way. Maybe it was those eyes that seemed to beg me to put her on her knees and fill her mouth with my cock, or the voluptuous body that made me want to caress every curve with my hands.

From the first time I saw her, it was impossible not to notice that there was something different about her. A kind of superior energy, with that upturned nose and the defiant sparkle in her eyes, as if she was ready to confront anyone at any moment.

I wanted to get rid of that look, making her beg or bringing her to her knees before me.

Shit. I was fantasizing about her again when I should be working.

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By the end of the afternoon, I was staring at the computer, and when I finally decided to send the email, I wrote it as formally as possible, with a brief greeting and a detailed explanation of the information I would need.

I read and re-read it, checking for any errors. I wondered if I should apologize for what happened in the closet, but quickly dismissed the idea.

What would I say? 'I'm sorry for being such an asshole that I couldn't control my dick around you'? That wouldn't be appropriate for the work email records.

I could apologize in person when I saw her. I saved her contact in my phone before putting the business card back in the drawer, trying to convince myself it was just for professional reasons.

I was grateful that Bennett didn't show up to bother me, and I didn't stay a minute longer than necessary after hours. Unusual, because I usually stayed working one or two hours more, even after everyone had left.

I drove to a bar near the office that I had seen the other day. I had no plans to spend another night awake, tossing and turning in bed, and hard.

I needed to relax to focus on work. Sex could help solve this. It always helped. I sat at the bar and ordered a whiskey, watching a blonde who was accompanied by a friend on the opposite side.

I asked the bartender to put her next drink on my tab.

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ELLIE

I drove to work after stopping at home for a shower. The apartment next to mine was being vacated, which delayed my departure.

Why did everything in my life seem to be going down the drain? \*Don't exaggerate, Ellie,\* It's just your damn ex who's back, bringing all the memories with him. Good and bad.

It was easy to look at Todd and understand why I fell for him. He was extremely attractive. The kind that makes your panties wet just by looking at him. He could be sexy doing the most basic things, like changing a lightbulb.

That memory was still fresh in my mind. The sex was really good. He was also smart, caring, and had that Italian charm.

Our relationship was good, even though it was never official. For seven months, he never asked me to be his girlfriend, even though everything between us functioned exactly like a relationship, and we also had an exclusivity agreement. He knew that was the only way he could have me, so he agreed.

I couldn't wrap my head around the idea of liking someone and being willing to share them with another. That's probably why I didn't do casual relationships. There was no point in going out with someone more than once if I didn't like the person. To me, it was a waste of time.

That was the problem with Todd, he just pretended to like me. Only now could I see that. I still wondered if he did all that just for the sex.

Big bastard. He didn't think twice before leaving because of work. As if I meant nothing in his life. As if I hadn't dedicated seven months to him, making him my priority.

That dishonest son of a bitch. I punched the steering wheel, feeling the anger take over me and hurting my fingers.

Damn it. How dare that asshole come back now and say he's going to send me a message? Asshole. I should've told him to shove that message up his ass.

When I arrived at the lab and sat down to work, turning on my computer, I did the first thing I always did in the morning after getting my coffee.

I checked my emails. There was one from Mr. Ethan Morgan, \*co-owner of Morgan & Harris\*. Even his title sounded arrogant.

\*Stop being petty, Ellie.\* I laughed as I started reading the email. He explained in detail the information he would need. It was just a normal, extremely formal work email.

I don't know why I was expecting something different. At least he wouldn't be showing up here again. I tried to convince myself that I didn't care about that.

\*

When Anna and I arrived at the bar, Zara and Zoe were already waiting for us. It was exactly what I needed, drinking heavily with my friends on a Friday night and venting about my damn ex.

"Girls' night out?" I asked as I sat down.

"I think the guys will be here soon," Zoe said.

I nodded.

"Aren't you going to ask about you-know-who?" she inquired.

"No. I don't care." I shrugged.

"Sure," she scoffed, tucking a strand of her black hair behind her ear.

"She had a tough day. It's not a good idea," Anna intervened.

I had told her about my encounter with the asshole Todd.

"What happened? I think you better update me on everything I missed during the trip," Zara said.

She and her husband had just returned from Washington on a business trip.

"That asshole Todd is back in New York," Anna said, leaving the two of them with surprised expressions. "Ellie ran into him this morning, and the jerk had the audacity to say he'd send her a message."

"That son of a bitch!" Zoe cursed.

"Why did he come back?" Zara wanted to know.

"Who cares?" Zoe continued. "He should never have come back."

We heard a noise at the bar entrance. The four tall men walked in laughing about something, dressed in work clothes.

Only Bennett was still wearing a full suit. The man was the epitome of



elegance. The other three looked more casual. Will had a loose tie and sleeves rolled up to his elbows. Sexy as hell.

Jack was without a tie, his jacket open. He didn't need much, as he was the most charming of them all. Ethan was wearing a white shirt, with a black tie and the jacket slung over his shoulder, and that messy hair that made it look like he had just had sex.

Wait... \*Ethan's here.\* Shit!

Maryanne Nel

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Oh yes please

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