

# **Perfect Bastard - Chapter 3 Chapter 03: What a Bastard!**

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ELLIE

God! What a bastard! He had to be joking.

"Of course, it's a no! Absolutely not." I declared, feeling a mix of anger and frustration.  
"Good night!" I snarled, rolling my eyes as I walked past him.

What an asshole.

Back in the living room, I grabbed my bag from a side table.

"I'm leaving. Thanks for tonight. Love you guys," I said, heading towards the door.

"Is everything okay?" Anna asked, standing up.

I turned, seeing Ethan return from the kitchen.

"Of course, see you tomorrow." I forced a smile at the group sitting on the couch before heading out the door.

✱

I woke up around eight, much earlier than planned. I really hated waking up before ten on a Sunday. The thought reminded me of the conversation with the bastard last night.

The asshole had the nerve to ask me to have sex after two minutes of conversation. Unbelievable! All that beauty with character would be asking too much, Ellie. What a shame...

Still in bed, I sent a message to Anna, asking if she was still asleep. She replied right away, inviting me for breakfast. I remembered that Will was probably out running with the bastard. I really didn't want to run into him.

After getting up, I took a shower and dressed for the late winter cold.

Anna lived just a few blocks away, which allowed me to walk over and visit her whenever possible. She had only been married for two years and had picked out the apartment with Will. I was extremely happy to have my best friend living nearby.

She opened the door as soon as I knocked, wearing a sweatsuit.

"It's fucking cold out there, isn't it?" She asked, taking my coat.

After hanging it up, she came back to hug me.

"You have no idea."

"Will's crazy to run during winter mornings."

"And yet you still married him."

"What's a little craziness compared to those rock-hard abs?" She winked.

"You're right, as always."

"I'll get the hot chocolate. Want cookies or something else?"

"Cake?"

"Yes. Chocolate? Will made a delicious one yesterday morning."

"Please! Besides the rock-hard abs, the man cooks! God! Who do I need to make a deal with to get one of those?" I threw myself onto the couch, crossing one leg over the other. She laughed from the adjoining kitchen while preparing a tray. "This apartment seems more beautiful every time I come here."

"Thank you. Here you go." She said, placing the tray between us on the couch. "Now tell me why you ran out last night. We tried to get it out of Ethan, but he said nothing happened, and I know that's a lie, I saw the way you looked at him before you left."

"He just thought it was a good idea to ask me to have sex after two minutes of conversation."

"He said he wanted to have sex with you?" She widened her eyes.

"It seemed to me that he had nothing better to do and thought I was available."

"Or he thought you were hot and really wanted to have sex with you. Didn't you think about accepting for even a second?"

"What? Of course not."

I really hadn't thought about it. Even though he was one of the most attractive men I'd ever met.

"You know... the man is..."

"A complete asshole!"

"Very hot."

"Anna!" I scolded her.

"He is, but I know that's not what you're looking for."

"I'm not looking for anything, I just know what I don't want."

"I know. I know. But it's hard to believe you didn't consider the idea for a second."

"No. Not for a second. He was a complete jerk, he knows nothing about me."

"You don't find him attractive?"

Damn, she was making me think about him, something I was trying to avoid at all costs, but the image was quite clear in my mind.

"Why are you asking that when I'm telling you he acted like a bastard?"

"If he had made the offer after getting to know you better, would you have thought about accepting it?"

"That's out of the question."

"I see. You do find him very attractive."

"This is ridiculous! Let's change the subject."

✱

I turned the corner and almost turned back if Will hadn't spotted me as soon as I took a step. They were coming back from their run, dressed in heavy sweats and beanies.

Shit. *Be polite, it's simple.*

"Looks like my wife's already up," Will said, stopping in front of me on the sidewalk before hugging me, making me stretch. "Good morning, El."

"Good morning. We had breakfast together. Your cake was delicious."

"Glad you liked it. I'll make one, especially for you. I think I managed to teach Ethan a lesson at least."

“What? I’m fine.” Ethan said from behind Will.

I ignored his presence as long as I could, but I had to face him and force a smile.

“Good morning,” I murmured.

“Good morning, Ellie.”

“Well, I’ve got to go. See you later, Will.”

I kept walking, leaving them behind. But I only managed to take a few more steps before hearing Ethan call my name.

I stopped, taking a deep breath before turning around. Just looking at his perfect face was enough to irritate me.

He was tall in a way that made me have to tilt my head up, and that only irritated me more.

“What do you want?” I asked.

“I almost believed everything was fine a minute ago. Ever thought about acting?”

He was wearing a black beanie that highlighted his square jaw.

“Do you have something to say to me, or are you just trying to annoy me?”

“Wow... Are you always this receptive?” His hands sank into his pockets.

“Only with assholes.”

“You’re pretty high-strung for a scientist.”

“Say what you want.”

“It seems you might have gotten a bad first impression of me.”

“Really? Why would you think that?” I said, using the maximum amount of sarcasm I could muster.

“Funny. What I mean is, that I didn’t mean to offend you with the invitation yesterday. Quite the opposite.”

“You didn’t offend me.”

"It didn't seem that way." He raised an eyebrow, skeptical. "Bennett told me it was a bad idea... but I accidentally overheard your friend saying you needed to get laid. So..."

"You were eavesdropping?"

"I was coming in and asked for permission right after. You said you weren't offended, but you're clearly upset with me."

"What you did tells me about the kind of guy you are; it has nothing to do with me."

"What kind of guy am I?"

"The kind I want to stay away from. Let's do this... I'll treat you politely because you're Bennett's brother, and because of that, we'll probably run into each other around here. But that's it. Have a nice life." I turned to leave, but he kept talking.

"You've never had sex with someone you just met? Because I think you're overreacting."

"Forget it. You're only managing to be an even bigger asshole."

He kept following me.

"It was just an invitation for sex. You're the one being crazy."

"Forget it. Don't you get it?" I turned back to him again.

"I was just trying to apologize."

"For what? Do you think you did something wrong?"

"No. As I said, I didn't mean to offend you."

"You didn't. So stop apologizing since you don't feel guilty."

"You're still mad, and I don't know why. I want to avoid conflicts since I just got back."

You should have thought about that yesterday, asshole.

"There won't be any conflict from my side."

"Great."

"Great. Goodbye!"

I walked away, leaving him behind.

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We had planned to have lunch together on Tuesday. When Anna and I arrived at the bar, Zoe and Ben were already waiting with Will, seated at a table in the corner.

Anna leaned in to kiss Will without any hesitation as we approached. I greeted everyone with a general “hi.”

“Is everything okay, El?” Will asked after a few minutes, noticing my silence while they chatted.

My mood was terrible this week, probably PMS.

“Just a headache.”

“Maybe my gift will help with that,” Zoe said, bending down and coming back up with two Victoria’s Secret bags.

She handed one to Anna and the other to me.

“It’s not my birthday or anything...” Anna said, confused as she opened the bag. “But thanks.” She pulled out the box and set it on the table as I thanked her.

“Wow! It’s... pink,” Anna said after opening the box and unwrapping a tiny pink lace lingerie set.

It barely covered any skin. Zoe laughed from the other side of the table. Will had a mischievous smile, and Bennett shook his head in disapproval, he did that a lot. Partly because he was grumpy, and partly because he disapproved of this kind of nonsense.

“That color really captures my personality,” Anna mocked as Will held up the pieces to inspect them.

“I think Will likes the gift more than you do,” Zoe said, laughing. “But what about you, Ellie? Aren’t you going to open yours?”

“I think this kind of gift makes perfect sense for Anna... But in my case, it’ll probably end up being eaten by moths in my closet.” I placed the box on the table.

“Shit...” Bennett muttered, making us all turn to look in the direction he was facing, at the restaurant entrance.

*Great.* Ethan was coming our way.

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