

## Perfect Bastard

# Chapter 05: You'll Be the One Begging Me

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ELLIE

"I... I think it depends," I finally replied, wondering if there was any interest beyond provocation and an attempt to embarrass me behind the question.

I was honest in my answer. I preferred wild sex, but making love with someone you're in love with could be hot and mind-blowing, at least that's how I imagined it.

"No, scientist. You have to choose, one or the other."

"Okay. Wild sex. And that's my cue to get another drink. Anyone else?" I stood up and headed for the kitchen.

"I'll grab another drink too."

"Ethan..." I heard Bennett warn.

"I'm just getting a drink, little bro, relax."

He followed me into the kitchen.

"Is Bennett worried you'll try to slip your hand under my skirt without my permission?" I asked before turning to face him.

He smiled, sexy as a devil.

"Good to see you're in a good mood. I think he's more worried you'll fall for me, and I'll end up breaking your heart."

"Then let's ease his mind because that wouldn't happen in a million years."

"Keep pretending you're not attracted to me."

“You’re so full of yourself.”

“I have mirrors at home,” he shrugged.

I had to hold back from rolling my eyes.

“Alright. You might be attractive, but attraction has different levels of significance for people. It must be pretty significant for you, which makes me categorize you as a superficial person.”

His smile widened.

“What I mean is that you might be attractive to me, but I’ve been attracted to plenty of asshole guys whom I avoided any kind of contact with.”

“You talk about common things like a scientist, that makes you even sexier.”

“If all this is part of some plan to try to get me into your bed, give up. It’s never going to happen.”

“We’ll see.”

“You’re such a bastard!”

The bastard kept smiling.

“Do you have some issue with sex?”

“No. Though it’s none of your business.”

“I thought someone like you would understand that sex can be just a pleasurable experience between two adults.”

“I do understand.”

“Doesn’t seem like it.”

“Let me be clear. Casual sex isn’t exactly the problem. It’s you.”

“Me?” He frowned, indignant.

“Yes, I’m not interested in sleeping with someone who’s going to pretend I don’t exist the next day because they’re too much of an asshole.”

“So, you want a boyfriend?”

“Don’t put words in my mouth. My personal life isn’t the issue here. I’m just explaining why nothing’s ever going to happen between us.”

“You’re not being reasonable. It’s just sex. And you wouldn’t say no if you knew what you were missing.”

God! He was so arrogant!

“Ever think maybe you overestimate your abilities? I need something stronger than beer to put up with this.” I groaned in frustration.

A wicked smile curled one side of his mouth.

“What are you thinking?”

“You said something stronger...”

“Stop right there. You’re really a pervert.”

“Whiskey... is the acceptable answer, since you want to play the prude.”

“Prude? Is that what you call women who turn you down?”

“This game just started... and soon you’ll be the one begging me to touch you.”

“In your dreams.”

“In my dreams, you do more than beg.”

Damn! I was trying so hard not to let his words get to me. It was the kind of thing I shouldn’t even think about. Shit. It’s just the alcohol, Ellie.

“Did I leave you speechless, scientist?”

“I was looking for the right words, and I think they are... You’ll have to be content with your dreams.”

“Don’t worry... when it happens, I’ll remember that you like it rough.” He winked before heading back to the living room.

God! I took a deep breath, trying to push away the image that popped into my mind.

What was his goal? To torment me? He was succeeding. And why the hell did my body insist on reacting to his provocations?

Now I was also thinking about him saying he dreamed about me. Was it true?

Doesn't matter, Ellie, just forget he exists. You don't need any man like him in your life, you've had your share of assholes.

"I can see smoke coming out of your ears," Anna approached. "What did he say?"

"Just trying to provoke me, as usual."

"I'm starting to think you guys like it."

"Oh, please! He's the biggest bastard of them all."

"You know what they say about love and hate?"

"If you keep going, I swear I'm going to break this bottle over your head."

We both laughed.

"Have you been thinking about him a lot?"

"Please, don't start."

"I'm your best friend. Be honest."

"I'm trying not to think, but I do exactly the opposite when you ask me this kind of question."

"It's weird, you know, he seems like the kind of guy who's extremely serious about work, but as soon as he gets close to you, this other side comes out."

"What are you trying to say?"

"I don't know. You know what... maybe a little sex wouldn't hurt you."

"I can't believe you're saying this."

"He's not as bad as we thought. Maybe we judged him wrong. I'm starting to like him."

"That's because he didn't just spout a bunch of crap to you."

“I’m just saying...”

“I’m not sleeping with him. End of discussion.”

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Later, when I got back home, it was hard to sleep. And when I did, I had a particularly hot dream about a certain someone.

He was getting into my head, and I couldn’t stop thinking about what he had said.

*When it happens, I’ll remember that you like it rough.*