

Perfect Bastard - Chapter 6 Chapter 06: A Lesson to Teach

Chapter 06: A Lesson to Teach

Chapter 06: A Lesson to Teach

ETHAN

I stopped by my brother's apartment for breakfast on Monday. I missed New York; it was good to be back. After six years of living in London, I had acquired enough English habits.

But I knew I would soon start missing it, the people and their polite, reserved behavior, which made me feel comfortable and aligned with my ideal of a peaceful, undisturbed life.

"I'm heading out, baby," Zoe said as she approached to kiss my brother.

If anyone asked, I would deny with all my might that a part of me, deep down, envied what they had.

Zoe had stormed into my brother's life like a hurricane. I still remember how crazy he got when he met her, more stressed and grumpy because he couldn't stand her, yet he was attracted to her at the same time.

Bennett went through hell. That thought made me think of a certain crazy scientist who had been occupying more of my thoughts than I'd like to admit. I pushed the thought away.

"Bye, Ethan, we'll finish that conversation later." She smiled at me.

Zoe was a beautiful and elegant woman, but what was most incredible was her strength, always ready to fight tooth and nail for what she wanted. It didn't take long for me to love and admire her after getting to know her a bit.

At the same time, I couldn't quite understand how the two of them managed to handle their differences without killing each other, yet I could see how alike they were in their determination.

My brother was one of the most determined people I knew, and I couldn't even begin to explain how proud I was of him and of the fact that I got to work alongside him.

"Don't encourage this," Bennett said to her with a disapproving look.

We were sitting in the kitchen around the counter, having breakfast.

"Mind your own business, Morgan." She rolled her eyes. "Have a good day at work, you two." She said before heading toward the door, her high heels clicking loudly.

"Just leave her alone, or this won't end well." He pointed his fork at me.

"It's fine."

"No, it's not. What Zoe wants to happen and what you're trying to do are two very different things."

"I'm just trying to teach that woman a lesson."

"What lesson could you teach her? I told you it was a bad idea to even think about getting involved with Ellie, she's not the type of woman for you."

"Seems like you and she think alike. You both think she's too good for me."

"It's not about that, and you know it. Your lifestyle and everything I've heard them talk about what Ellie wants right now just don't match. It wouldn't end well."

"My lifestyle?"

"Yes, you don't want anything but sex because you're an idiot who wants to be alone for the rest of your life and is afraid of giving your heart to someone again because of what happened in the past."

"What does that have to do with it? She's an attractive woman; I didn't think I'd offend her by inviting her to my bed. She's the one who started all this, judging me and being arrogant. I tried to smooth things over between us, like you asked, but she refused. So why should I keep trying?"

"You don't have to try, just don't do what you're doing."

"I could do that if she stopped insulting me."

"You started this."

"Come on, Ben, I just invited her to have sex. It's not a big deal. She could've just said no, but she decided I'm the worst kind of bastard and chose to treat me badly. She's overreacting."

"You were a bastard. She's our friend, and you didn't know her for five minutes before deciding you wanted to fuck her." He stood up, taking his plate to the sink.

"It could've been just a pleasant night if she'd said yes. Why the hell are you all trying to turn this into something bigger than it really is?"

"You're trying to make it seem normal, but I know you understand her side."

"I can understand it, but that doesn't mean I'm going to let her use it to play superior and treat me however she wants. She's the one being a bitch."

"When this all goes wrong, remember that I tried to warn you."

"You weren't much better than I am with women. Do you really think you can give advice about this?"

"I know you two want different things. So just stay away from her, for both your sakes."

"She started this, Ben."

"Then end it."

"Yeah. When I teach her a lesson."

He laughed and turned, leaning against the sink.

"When life kicks your ass, don't say I didn't warn you."

"Life can kick my ass after that woman spends a night with me and then comes begging for more."

"Then do whatever you want. But remember, it might be you doing the begging."

"I'm not you."

"No, you're not. You're a bigger idiot. And if you want to know, I'll enjoy watching Ellie kick your ass. Now let's get to work."

What was my brother thinking? That it would end up like it did for him? With that arrogant, self-assured scientist?

She was attractive, and yes, I spent a lot of time thinking about that ass. And imagining what it would be like to slip my hand under that skirt she wore on Friday and find out if her skin was as soft as I imagined.

And also what it would be like to have those full lips wrapped around my cock, while she looked up at me with those blue-gray eyes, and I held her by the nape of her neck, gripping tightly with my fingers tangled in the waves of that wild brown hair.

Oh, yes, I thought about that a lot. And about how I'd make her beg to have me inside her, just to wipe that 'I'm too good for you' attitude off her face, but that was all.

She needed to learn a lesson, and I needed to stop thinking about that ass, fast. It was never good to think too much about a woman, even if it was just for sexual interest. So, if that woman decided on her own that I'm a bastard, I'd act like one with her.

Our new client was the Independent Research Laboratory at Columbia University. Finance was always finance, regardless of the type of company we served, this was our mantra.

Our job was to get the numbers in order and provide the most efficient solutions for the client. Morgan and Harris Financial started from scratch about eleven years ago when my brother and Will decided to start a company even before finishing university. I joined as a partner a little while later.

I don't think they ever imagined we would achieve the level of success we did, earning a few million a year and opening a second office in London just a short time after starting, more precisely six years ago. All of it was the result of hard work.

I never thought that at twenty-five I would have to manage an office in another country, but now, at thirty-one, all I could feel was pride for having pulled it off. I was grateful to Bennett and Will for trusting me.

Work was everything to me, regardless of the reasons that drove me to become obsessed with this part of my life while ignoring others.

Work had given me everything—stability, confidence, and much more than I needed. And I never let other aspects of my life overshadow or interfere with my work, even when I hit rock bottom some time ago.

So why the hell was life trying to play tricks on me now?

“Mr. Morgan, this is Miss Ellie Brown. She's in charge of our research department,” the lab director said, as I stood up from the chair in her office, turning just enough to come face to face with that woman.

[Previous Chapter](#)

[Next Chapter](#)