

Perfect Bastard - Chapter 7 Chapter 07: A Bad Joke

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ETHAN

She could barely hide the look of surprise on her face, turning pale.

“Mr. Morgan, it’s a pleasure,” she said, extending her hand to greet me after regaining her composure.

My eyes traveled down her long legs before reaching the black skirt just above her knees and the exposed skin above her breasts, which the open buttons of her white shirt revealed.

I cleared my throat and shook the offered hand, ignoring the fact that my cock had just woken up.

“Ethan Morgan, pleasure to meet you, Miss Brown,” I said, wondering why she didn’t mention that we already knew each other.

My attention lingered on the soft skin of her fingers; she had a firm grip that reinforced her confidence. Then she withdrew her hand as Mrs. Anderson began to speak again.

“Ellie, I was just explaining to Mr. Morgan that you can be consulted to clarify any information he may need regarding your department.”

“Of course, you can count on me for whatever you need, Alice.”

“Great.”

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door behind us. The secretary opened it just enough to poke her head in and request Mrs. Anderson’s presence for some delivery.

“Excuse me, I’ll be right back,” she said, offering us a smile before leaving, closing the door behind her and leaving us alone.

Automatically, the air became heavier, and it was possible to feel the tension. I turned my attention to her, who continued to stare at nothing in front of her while taking a deep breath, hands on her hips.

Was she freaking out? Well, so was I.

“Well, this is a surprise,” I finally said, staring at her profile.

“Surprise? This has to be some kind of bad joke,” she said through gritted teeth, finally meeting my gaze, her eyes burning with hatred.

I held back from saying anything to provoke her further. *This is your job, Ethan; don't mix things up.*

“We'll have to deal with it.”

“When Alice told me they were closing a deal with a company to handle the finances, I didn't imagine it was your brother's company.”

“First of all, it's not my brother's company. It's our company. Morgan and Harris is a partnership.”

“Couldn't they have sent another partner then? Ben or Will, or anyone else?”

“You think I'm here because of you? Don't make me laugh.”

“So you didn't know Anna and I work here?” she asked, with an accusatory look.

“Why should I know that?”

“Because she's your partner's wife?”

“And what makes you think I'd want you two involved in my work? I'm the one responsible for closing this deal. Neither Will nor my brother are aware of the deal yet.”

“I don't believe it.”

“Well, that's your problem. Just don't get in my way.”

“Get in your way? You're the one in my workplace.”

“You're a very presumptuous woman.”

“I can't believe this is happening.”

“Be professional. It's not that hard.” She looked at me like she was about to jump on me.

“You're a...”

She was about to curse me out when Mrs. Anderson walked back in. I suppressed a smile, trying to keep my cock in check.

Why the hell did seeing her angry turn me on so much? *Damn it, it's your job, control your cock.*

"Sorry about that, urgent matter," Mrs. Anderson said as she returned to her desk and sat down. "Mr. Morgan, I believe we've covered everything. I'll be waiting for your response."

"Of course. I'll be in touch as soon as we make a decision. I'll try to meet with my partners as soon as possible." I stood up after shaking her hand.

Ellie was still standing next to the chair, with her arms crossed over her breasts. I tried not to look at how her arms pressed against them.

Alice's phone suddenly rang. She answered, asked for a moment, then put the phone aside.

"Ellie, since you're here, could you do me the favor of showing Mr. Morgan out?"

"Of course," she forced a smile before starting to walk.

She opened the door, holding it open and waiting for me to walk through. As I passed by, I waited for her to close it.

"I'm sure you know the way," she muttered through clenched teeth after turning around.

"And are you going to ignore an order from your boss?"

"She's not my boss."

"No?"

"I'm not her secretary or the receptionist here; I'm the head of the research department. Alice is just a colleague, not my boss, so I'm not showing you out. I don't want to spend more time with you than necessary."

"I admire your ability to maintain a professional demeanor."

"Go fuck yourself," she cursed, surprising me and provoking other things in my pants.

"Is that how it's going to be?"

Did she hate me so much that she couldn't stand being around me?

"Do me a favor and stay out of my sight when you come back here."

"You know... I think I'll need your help with some questions about the research department," I teased.

Turning her back on me, she stormed off in her high heels, flipping me off as she walked away, making me smile.

Did she really wear a lab coat? The image of her wearing those heels, a white lab coat, and nothing else stayed in my mind for the rest of the afternoon.

* * *

ELLIE

Anger was all I felt when I returned to my office. This couldn't be happening. At my work? It couldn't be just a coincidence. He could torment me anywhere, but not at my work.

I could handle his provocations, but I wouldn't let him take it this far. Son of a bitch. How could he not know that Anna and I work here? Could it be true? And where was Anna?

It must be lunchtime by now. Would she be out all day? I needed to talk to her. Maybe she could help me understand. Why hadn't Will mentioned this? It must be a lie from that bastard Morgan.

Anna didn't show up until late afternoon. She stopped at my door, bringing a coffee. She managed another department and also taught at the university sometimes.

"Where have you been?" I asked as she sat down across from me and placed the coffee cup on my desk.

"I had to deal with some things at Columbia. I brought you coffee, strong just how you like it. What happened?"

"You have no idea who showed up here. Or rather, you should have an idea."

"Explain."

"Why didn't you tell me that your husband's company was going to work with us?"

"What? I didn't know that."

"Will didn't mention anything about it?"

"No. Was Will here?"

"No. That bastard Bennett's brother."

“Ethan? Why?”

“They’re closing a deal with the lab.”

“Oh! I remember now, Alice mentioned something about hiring a financial consultancy.”

“So your husband’s company is about to close a deal with the company we work for, and you had no idea?”

“I already told you Will didn’t say anything.”

“So he wasn’t lying,” I reflected.

“What?”

“I thought the bastard came here just to annoy me.”

“You thought he did it intentionally? This sounds serious. Bennett and Will would never agree to that, and from what I’ve heard about Ethan, he takes work very seriously.”

“Well, it doesn’t change the fact that this is a joke.”

“You two need to sort this out. Maybe in bed,” she said with a smile.

“Don’t make me throw this coffee at you.”

“Admit that you’re attracted to him.”

“What does that matter?”

“It would be easier if you tried to see him differently.”

“He’s a bastard; why are you trying to push me toward a man like him after everything I’ve been through?”

“I’m sorry, but I think you’re just trying to deny your attraction to him by cultivating this hatred.”

“What do you want? What I feel is the urge to strangle him with my bare hands every time I see him.”

“I’m your best friend, and I’ll be here when you decide to tell me what you’re really feeling.”

“Do us a favor and ask Will to take Ethan’s place in this deal.”

"I'm not getting involved in that," she refused, making me sigh in frustration.

What Anna wanted was for me to admit what I was trying to deny with all my might. That seeing Ethan Morgan dressed in a suit with that arrogant smile, like he owned the world, affected me in a way I'd deny to the death.

That lately, he was constantly stealing my thoughts, even when I slept, and the way he attracted me was almost unbearable.

He made me want to grab that blonde hair, rip his clothes off, and have him possess me from below, above, and behind. But that was never going to happen. Never.

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