

Perfect Bastard - Chapter 8 Chapter 08: Exactly What He Wants

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ELLIE

"Damn it," I groaned in frustration. "Okay. He's attractive. Any sane woman would think so. Satisfied?"

"That's not what I'm talking about. We both know he's visibly hot. I'm talking about what he makes you feel."

"Please, stop."

"Own it, Ellie, and everything will get easier between you two. If you want him, then take him. It's that simple."

"It seems like you've forgotten everything I've been through because of men like him."

"It would just be sex. You're both adults. It could be good for you."

"Why do you think sex is the solution to my problems?"

"Why are you looking for reasons to hate him? Just because he wants to have sex with you?" she questioned, laughing.

"I just want him to leave me alone. I don't want anything to do with him, no matter how attractive he is. Got it?"

"Alright," she sighed. "Then stop thinking that everything he does is to get at you. You're being paranoid."

"You say that because you didn't see the satisfied smile on that bastard's face."

"That's because he's getting exactly what he wants, driving you crazy."

I took a deep breath.

"So what should I do then? Let him provoke me and just stay quiet?"

"Either you play the game, and we both know where that's going to end, or you forget he exists. If you even can."

Yes, I was playing his game without even realizing it, but I wouldn't let this end the way he wanted.

Ethan Morgan might make my skin tingle with his deep voice and turn me on with his provocations, making me crave the feel of his hands on me, but I would never let the bastard get what he wanted.

I couldn't risk getting involved with him. My intuition told me it would end badly if I continued. I had to forget about him.

But how could I do that if he could show up at my work whenever he wanted? And he was also the brother of one of my friends, who I saw frequently.

Damn it, Ellie! You're not a teenager anymore; you're a grown woman, so get a grip. You can't let a man who's just come into your life make you lose control and your sanity.

I would work with him if necessary, in an extremely professional manner, and I could try to pretend he didn't exist when I saw him at meetings with my friends. Yes, that's what I had to do. Ignore him. Ignore the things he made me feel. Ignore his provocations.

"Where did you go just now?" Anna asked, interrupting my thoughts.

"You're right. I can't let that man make me lose my mind. He's getting exactly what he wants."

"Great. And what did you decide? I'm rooting for the option that ends in sex," she said, making me roll my eyes.

"If you really think sex would solve something in my life, you should know I could find someone less of a bastard."

"Then do it. It might help you forget him."

"You think so?"

"We both know the benefits and honestly, you need to get rid of that tension."

"I'll think about it."

"Well, while you're thinking, I'm going home to get rid of mine," she said with a wink.

"Thanks for reminding me that while you have Will waiting at home, I have books, TV... and a lonely bed."

* * *

ETHAN

I managed to meet with Will and my brother late in the afternoon to go over all the information Alice had provided about the laboratory issues. This would be my first client since returning from London, and I was determined to do my best, as always.

Apparently, neither Will nor Bennett had realized earlier that this was the lab where Anna and Ellie worked. Now, the two of them sat at the conference table, staring at each other in silence.

"I think it would be more appropriate for Will to handle this client," my brother said, his fist pressed against his lips.

"What? Why? I've already made the first contact with the client."

I was indignant because I knew exactly what he was thinking.

"His wife works there, as you mentioned."

"And that has nothing to do with Miss Brown, right?" I asked sarcastically, crossing my arms and leaning against the bookshelf behind me. "Are you seriously questioning my ability to act professionally?"

"It's not that. We should just avoid any risk."

"Of course! Because you, my dear brother, are the most suitable person to judge someone for that!" I scoffed with sarcasm.

Was Bennett forgetting that his own wife had worked with him when they first met?

"Enough," Will said. "I believe your brother knows exactly how to handle this."

"Thank you. At least someone here can see that."

"Will didn't have the conversation with you that I had this morning."

"Well, my brother, unlike you, I know how to separate work from my personal life."

"As if you had one. Fine, do as you wish. The risks are all yours, and so are the consequences."

"When have I ever given you a reason to think I can't do my job to the best of my ability?"

Bennett had to be kidding. He knew exactly what work meant to me; I had dedicated the past few years of my life to this company.

"You're obsessed with that woman. Trust me, I know exactly what that's like."

"Nonsense! I'm not you, and she's not Zoe."

"Enough! Don't forget, we're talking about Ellie. She's like part of my family. I'll kick your ass myself if you hurt her. Remember that," Will said in a threatening tone.

I took a deep breath and approached the table.

"I'll pass on the information to the rest of the team so we can get started. Is there anything else to discuss?"

"I hope not because it's already past seven. Anna's going to kill me," Will said, glancing at his wristwatch.

"Well then, good night!"

I left the room, heading back to my office, still in disbelief that my brother had just questioned my ability to be professional because of that woman. Damn it. I barely knew her, and she was already causing me problems.

I sat in my chair, frustrated. Taking a deep breath, I ran my hands over my face, trying to clear my thoughts. Just then, Bennett knocked on the door before opening it.

"Don't you have a wifey waiting at home too?"

"Don't be an asshole." He walked in, closing the door behind him.

"I'll remind you as many times as necessary that you can't judge anyone for that."

My brother was the biggest bastard of all, and still is, but now Zoe had found ways to keep him in check. Sex was one of them.

But it would only take a week away from her for Bennett to turn heaven into hell. I had witnessed this many times when he traveled to London for work.

"It's late," he said, taking a few steps and sitting in the chair across from my desk. "Go home. Stop working so much."

I knew this was just my brother being concerned about me, but I was still pissed at him.

"I don't want to give you any reason to doubt my work; you're already doing that without one."

"Cut it out. You know exactly why I said that."

"In front of Will?"

"Will is like our brother."

"Screw it all! I've never given you any reason to doubt my damn work."

"This isn't about you. I know exactly what it's like to be involved with a woman who makes you lose your mind. It even screws up your damn job."

"I'm not you. How many times do I have to say it?"

"You're heading down the same path."

"God! She's just a woman! I haven't even fucked her yet, and you're already seeing things that aren't there."

"You just said 'yet.' That's exactly why," he said, slamming his fist on the table with a smirk.

"No woman will make me lose my mind again."

"Well, now you won't just have to worry about life kicking your ass, but Will too."

"What do you want me to say to leave me alone? Huh? That I won't get involved with her? Don't worry, I won't do that while I'm working."

"Good! Now go home. Enough work for today," he said as he stood up.

"I need to get a head start on this client's stuff."

"Do it tomorrow."

"Unlike you..." I stared at my computer screen and started typing the password to unlock it. "I'm not in a hurry; I don't have any woman waiting for me at home."

"If you keep this up, you never will. You should start paying attention to things that really matter," he said as he walked toward the door, his back to me.

"Like a wife?" I arched an eyebrow at him sarcastically, waiting for a response.

He turned around before reaching the doorknob.

"Yes, or just a woman who loves you."

I scoffed. A woman was the last thing I needed. I remembered all too well what happened the last time I needed one, and honestly, I was much better off alone.

"Good night, brother. Tell Zoe I send her a kiss."

"Don't stay too late," Bennett said before leaving and closing the door.

Even though I tried to deny it, I knew exactly why he was worried that I might not be able to do my job. Miss Brown had occupied my thoughts all afternoon.

I hadn't even kissed or touched her yet, but I'd already had all sorts of fantasies about what I would do with her. And now my cock was waking up just thinking about her. I needed to get her out of my system as soon as possible. I wouldn't let any woman mess with my work.

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