

Perfect Bastard

Chapter 09: Are you afraid?

Chapter 09: Are you afraid?

ETHAN

The next day, I worked hard to gather all the information I would need to start organizing the finances of Columbia Lab.

There was a part of me, deep down, that was hoping there would be missing information about the research department. Just so I could have an excuse to see her. And realizing this pissed me off like hell.

I managed to compile a list of all the missing information before lunch and asked my assistant to schedule a meeting with Mrs. Anderson.

She could only see me at the end of the day, and I accepted anyway. I tried to convince myself that all the anxiety was for the job and not because of her. But I knew that in any other situation, I would have postponed the meeting to the next day.

I arrived punctually at the lab; the meeting was set for five in the afternoon. I spent the next forty minutes with Alice in her office, explaining everything I would need beyond what she had already provided.

When we reached the last items on the list, regarding future investment costs for the research department, I didn't hesitate.

"I hope Miss Brown can assist me with these final items."

"Oh, yes, but I'm not sure if she'll be able to see you right now."

"I see, maybe I could just talk to her and ask her to send me an email later?" I tried to sound as casual as possible.

"Sure, I'll ask my assistant to take you to Ellie's office."

Hearing her name was enough to make me anxious. Alice's assistant, a blonde named Katlyn, was already gathering her things to leave when I stopped in front of her desk.

She walked me through the corridors with a smile, heading to Ellie's office. A few people who were leaving passed us by. I thanked her before she left me at the door.

I took a deep breath before knocking. I waited thirty seconds before knocking again and realizing she wasn't there. Could she be ignoring me? No. She couldn't possibly know it was me.

I heard the sound of footsteps in the hallway, high heels to be precise, before hearing her voice behind me.

"Can I help you with something?" I turned to face her.

Her jaw was clenched, and her hair was tied up in a bun, with loose strands in the front. I cleared my throat before noticing what she was wearing.

Yes, it was a fucking white lab coat. She crossed her arms over her chest, pressing her breasts together.

"I was looking for you," I managed to say, raising my gaze to her face.

"I guess so since this is my office."

I tried to remember what I wanted to say.

"I was in a meeting with Mrs. Anderson. She said I should come to you, that you could help me with some things that are missing from your department."

"Right." She blinked several times before relaxing her shoulders. "I was on my way out, but I guess I can help you since you're still here."

"Can we go inside?" I indicated her office.

"No!" She refused, too quickly. "I mean... It shouldn't take that long, right? Show me." She was trying to get rid of me.

Did she really hate me that much? Or could it be that...

"Are you afraid?"

"What?" I stepped closer, narrowing the distance between us.

"Are you afraid of being alone with me in your office?"

"Why would I feel that way?"

"You tell me." I took a few more steps, and she backed up against the wall.

"What are you doing?" she asked, clearly confused and visibly nervous.

I closed the distance between us, placing my free hand on the wall beside her face. Her breathing became heavy, and I noticed how her chest rose and fell rapidly.

My hand was nearly touching her face when we heard the sound of voices in the hallway behind us.

"Shit!" she cursed before grabbing me and shoving me into a closet, opening a door to our right.

My back slammed against a shelf, and my entire body tensed as I felt her back press against me.

Damn. She tried to close the door, squeezing herself even closer to me in the process. Fucking
hell. I didn't dare move, but I knew she could feel my cock pressing right above her ass.