

## Chapter 8

Ethan's expression shifted. He pushed Felicia away and shot to his feet, dragging Maisie to him. "What the hell are you doing, Maisie?"

She struggled to break free. "It hurts. Let me go..."

"You'd better make yourself clear. What the hell do you mean?"

Maisie laughed again. "You wanted me to introduce you to my new man, so I did. Now, you're mad. You're so hard to please, Ethan..."

Ethan's expression changed drastically, and he dragged Maisie out with him.

Jeremy hurriedly said, "Don't be like this, Ethan. Maisie can't handle your strength..."

Ethan stopped and turned to look at him. "I'll settle the score with you later."

Jeremy was baffled. "What in the world is going on with you two? Why are you being so weird?"

He wanted to run after them to get some answers, but Seth stopped him. He asked, "Have they gotten into a fight, Seth?"

"Yeah, so don't go over. Let them handle this themselves."

"Ethan doesn't look right, though. I've never seen him like that before. It's scary."

Seth smiled faintly. "Don't worry. He wouldn't harm a hair on Maisie's head even if he were to make Earth explode."

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Maisie struggled to keep up with Ethan. He was basically dragging her behind him. She couldn't walk anymore when they reached the bistro's entrance, so she grabbed hold of the pillars beside it, refusing to let go.

Ethan had no choice but to stop. "You'd better explain yourself, Maisie. What's going on between you and Jeremy?"

She was still out of it. "Don't you already know the answer? Why are you still asking me?"

He let out an exasperated laugh. "You're still lying to me."

"What makes you think that?"

"There's nothing between you two," he said confidently. "I saw how lost he was earlier—he obviously knows nothing about this."

Maisie looked at him and snorted. "You know better than me what men are like, Ethan. It's always more fun to sleep with your buddy's wife, isn't it? I..."

She couldn't talk anymore. The whiskey had done her in.

Suddenly, she was swept off her feet. Before she even realized what was going on, Ethan had lifted her into his arms.

She flailed like a fish out of water. "What are you doing, Ethan? Where are you taking me?"

"You want to be a slut, don't you? I'll take you to a brothel so you can be satisfied there."

"Let me go! You're an asshole, Ethan!"

He didn't say anything. Instead, he threw her into the backseat of the car before locking the doors. When he started the car, a pair of arms wrapped themselves around his neck from behind.

Maisie didn't have any strength, so it was more like she was hugging him from behind and resting on his shoulder. She kept her arms around his neck and said, "If you dare do anything to me, I'll bite you..."

He kissed her hard, and it hurt. Before she could bite him, he did it first. Then, she felt him pull her to the driver's seat.

She didn't know how he'd done it, but he'd lifted and placed her between his chest and the wheel. She was straddling him. They'd been together for so many years that they knew each other's bodies like the backs of their hands.

Maisie suddenly got the urge to do something nasty, so she ground herself against his groin, immediately feeling it form a tent in his pants.

She laughed and cocked her head. Then, she looked into his eyes and said, "Look at how shameless you are, Ethan."

He breathed heavily and gripped her waist tightly, pushing her down onto him. "You wanted to bite me, didn't you? Come on, then. I'm waiting."