

Chapter 18: Do You Ever Give Up?

ETHAN

When she returned from the bathroom, her mood was back to what it usually was.

"Is everything alright?"

"Of course," she said curtly.

"It doesn't seem like it. Are you upset about what I said?"

"No. And it doesn't matter. I just don't want this to last any longer than necessary."

"What happened to the Miss Brown who was talking to me just a few minutes ago?"

She rolled her eyes, sighing.

"She just remembered who you are. So, let's get this over with," she said, turning her attention back to her food.

Great. We were back to square one. Maybe she was just crazy. Even so, I still wanted her, and I wasn't about to give up easily. Not until I found out if being with her would be as good as I imagined.

Miss Brown sulked through the rest of dinner and shut down any attempt to resume the conversation. When we got up to leave, I was furious, and she was still clearly irritated. It felt like we were about to explode at any moment. And maybe that was exactly what we needed.

When I placed my hand intentionally on her back to guide her to the exit, I felt her entire body tense up. She shot me a deadly look but kept walking.

"If you don't move your hand, I'm going to cut it off," she said through clenched teeth, forcing a smile as we stopped to retrieve her coat.

I let my hand slide a bit lower, stopping just above her ass. When the blonde handed her the coat, she stepped forward to grab it, using the opportunity to get away from me. After saying a quick thank you, she stormed out of the restaurant. I followed her.

She stopped on the sidewalk, her coat draped over one arm, both arms crossed over her chest. We had to wait for the valet to bring the car around.

"I don't understand why you suddenly got all worked up," I teased, stopping beside her.

"Oh, fuck off!"

"I don't think that's the kind of language a scientist should be using."

"Leave me alone," she said as she pulled out her phone from her bag.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm calling a car to go home alone. Our dinner is over. You gave me your word that you'd leave me alone, so do it."

"No. The date isn't over yet. I brought you here, so I'll take you home."

"That's not necessary, and I don't want it."

"I don't care. Those are the rules."

"What rules? The ones you made up? Stop trying to drag this out." Her eyes blazed with such anger that I thought she might jump at my throat at any moment. I was hoping she would. I just needed one opportunity to pull her into my arms.

"I think you really need to get laid, Miss Brown. All this tension is going to make you even crazier."

I waited for a slap, but nothing came. She just closed her eyes, taking a deep breath. At that moment, the valet pulled up the car next to us.

The tension in the car was almost unbearable during the drive back to her apartment. I had to use every ounce of self-control not to pull over and put my hands on her. I was furious, aroused, and frustrated all at once. I knew she must have felt the same way. What a stubborn woman!

Before we stopped in front of her building, I locked the doors to keep her from bolting. That's exactly what she tried to do after unbuckling her seatbelt. Her shoulders slumped when she couldn't get out. She leaned back into the seat, taking a deep breath.

"Can you open the damn door?" she said, staring at the ceiling while her chest rose and fell.

"Not until you tell me what happened."

"Nothing happened!"

"We were doing fine until you got all sulky and went back to being

unbearable."

"Damn it! I did what you wanted, didn't I? I agreed to this stupid thing, now let me go."

"You're being completely unreasonable."

"What do you want?" she sighed deeply. "For me to say that maybe you're not as much of a bastard as I thought? Maybe that's true. But it doesn't matter. It doesn't matter to me."

"And who's being a bitch now?" I said before unlocking the doors, losing my patience.

She turned to get out but hesitated.

"I'm sorry, okay? I just have a lot to deal with right now. And this is too much," she said, staring out at the empty street in front of us.

For a moment, I thought she might start crying right in front of me.

"Good night," she said, turning to leave.

But I didn't want to leave her alone, not now.

"Can I walk you up?" I asked, making her stop.

She turned back to me, shaking her head with a faint smile.

"Do you ever give up?"

"I meant just to your door."

"You're unbelievable..." she sighed. "Alright. But after that, you'll admit you lost," she said, smiling, and I agreed.

We got out of the car, and I followed her up the stairs and through the building's lobby until we reached the elevator. Fifteen seconds alone with her in the elevator was enough to bring the tension back and remind me of what she was wearing under that dress.

Her perfume almost made me lose my mind and pin her against the wall. The pale skin of her neck and neckline seemed to beg for my tongue. She avoided my gaze the entire time, and when the doors opened, I wondered why I hadn't done it.

"Have you lived here long?" I asked as we walked out, looking around.

She must earn well enough to live in a place like this. My eyes ended up on her ass as she walked ahead of me. A little more, and I wouldn't be able to hide what she was doing to me. Maybe I'd get lucky, and she'd invite me in. No, more likely, she'd kick me out.

"A little over a year."

I followed her until she stopped in front of a door at the end of the hallway.

"This is it," she said, turning to me. "So? Do you have anything to say, Mr. Morgan?" she asked with a triumphant smile, capturing all my attention on her lips.

I was fighting against my animal side, which wanted to pin her against the door and kiss her while rubbing my cock against her. Then something caught her eye over my shoulder.

I turned just enough to see an open door and a guy standing in the hallway before feeling her breasts press against my chest and her hands wrap around my neck, pulling my face back toward hers.

Her full, soft lips touched mine, igniting everything I'd been trying to control and sending all my blood straight to my cock.



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