

Chapter 21: Don't Make Me Wait Too Long

ELLIE

"Stop it." I pulled away before I lost control.

I walked around him, my legs feeling weak, fully aware that my panties were drenched.

"Oh, Ellie... let's see how long you can fight what your body wants."

Hearing him say my name was the last straw.

"I told you to stop."

Leaving him behind, I headed back to the laundry room. I couldn't think straight with him so close.

What the hell? He'd barely touched me, and I was already unraveling. I tried to calm my breathing. *You can't do this, Ellie, no matter how much you want to. This won't end well.*

I stared at the dryer, praying for it to finish drying his clothes. I tried not to think about the fact that he was still in my living room.

He must think I'm hiding. *Well, that's exactly what I'm doing. It seems I can't trust myself to think rationally when he's around.*

After what felt like an eternity, the dryer finally stopped. Picking up his clothes, I returned to the living room.

Thank heavens, the storm had stopped. He was sitting on the couch,

scrolling through his phone.

"Here," I said, placing his clothes on the sofa.

Staring at me, he stood up and grabbed his clothes before taking a step toward me, making me step back.

"You don't have to hide, Brown. I'm not going to pounce on you. Unless you ask me to. Or... is it because you don't trust yourself?"

"I was just waiting for the dryer to finish. Now you can leave."

"You lost the bet. You know what that means, don't you?"

"You're being unfair."

"Do you really want to talk about fairness?"

"You're not going to leave me alone, are you?"

He smirked wickedly before turning and heading to the bathroom. That definitely meant no.

✱

I was sitting on the couch when he came back a few minutes later, dressed in his clothes. Holding his beanie in one hand, he stopped in the middle of the room.

"Why was your little ex-boyfriend here?" he asked.

"What?"

"Why was he here? What did he want?"

"That's none of your business."

"You could use that excuse if you hadn't thrown yourself at me last night. Answer me, Brown."

"I don't owe you an explanation, Morgan."

He sighed, remaining silent for a moment before speaking again.

"I'll send you my address."

"What? Why?"

"For when you stop resisting and decide to give in to what your body's begging for. I'll be waiting. All you have to do is knock."

"You're insane."

"Don't worry, I want this just as much as you do." He turned and walked to the door. "Don't make me wait too long, Miss Brown," he said before turning the doorknob and leaving.

✧

Anna's jaw had dropped after hearing me recount everything that had happened up to this morning.

It was already past six in the evening. We were at a bar near her apartment after I called her, desperate to unload everything.

At least now I didn't feel like my head was about to explode.

"The most unbelievable part of all this is that you gave in just to get rid of Todd. That doesn't make any sense," she said, taking another sip of her beer.

"I didn't plan this," I said, taking a long sip of the wine in my glass.

It was cold outside, and we were bundled up in heavy coats and scarves, sitting at a table in the back corner of the bar.

"Don't try to fool me. We both know he's right, and you want this as much as he does."

"That doesn't matter."

"What do you mean it doesn't matter? You just said he might not be as much of a bastard as you thought, so why shouldn't you sleep with him?"

"Because I need more."

"More? It's just sex, Ellie. Stop trying to complicate it."

"I don't want to feel used. We've talked about this."

"Fine, then you two should talk about it. Lay everything out before anything happens. There's no reason to feel used. It would just be consensual sex between two adults. Sometimes it doesn't need to be more than that."

"I can't believe you're trying to convince me to do this."

"Maybe he's the perfect bastard for you," she said, winking with a sly grin.

"Oh, that reminds me—Zoe mentioned something I need to tell you. But

only she can explain it better."

"What?"

"Apparently, Ethan had a fiancée."

A fiancée?

"A fiancée?" I asked, incredulous.

"Yeah, apparently it ended just before the wedding."

Good God! He was going to get married? Nothing could shock me more.

"Why?"

"That, I don't know. But Zoe got it out of Bennett that Ethan needed a lot of time to recover. It seems he loved her and hit rock bottom afterward."

"That sounds awful... That must be why he didn't want to talk about it. Now I feel like such an idiot."

Maybe I was the one acting like a bitch all this time.

"Don't start thinking he's just some sad, broken guy and that you're the evil villain in the story. Everyone goes through hard things. Don't forget the rumors about what he was doing in London. He's no angel."

"Fine, Anna. It's not like I'm about to run to his apartment and console him."

"But you should."

"Anna!"

"After everything you told me about how he makes you feel, I don't know why you're fighting it so much. Any woman in your position would have invited him in—or even fucked him in the car or the restaurant restroom."

"You're forgetting that he's only doing this because I said no, and now he needs to make me give in. It's just a game to him."

"Screw that! You want to sleep with him; so do it. It doesn't matter who says yes in the end. I don't know why you two are making this so complicated."

"You don't want me using you and Will as an example, do you?"

"Okay, fine. I'll let you decide what you're going to do."

I was frustrated and confused. I wanted him. That much was clear, but I knew it wouldn't be smart to get involved with him. It was also clear that Mr. Morgan only wanted to have sex with me.

This was exactly what I'd been trying to avoid for so long—sleeping with someone without a real connection. But repeating that a million times wasn't enough to make my body understand that it shouldn't want him or react to him.

What I wanted was something real, and if I decided to give in to my desire, I'd have to make an exception for something purely physical. But if he wasn't as much of a bastard as I had thought, maybe I wouldn't be going back on my word to never get involved with someone like that again.

Commented [Ma1]:

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Maybe I should just admit that he made me feel things I hadn't felt in a long time.

I couldn't believe I was even considering this.

"Don't look now, but your perfect bastard just walked in," Anna said suddenly, snapping me back to reality.



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