

Chapter 22: Just a Little More...

ELLIE

Out of the corner of my eye, I spotted Mr. Morgan entering the bar with another man who wasn't one of our mutual friends.

"Do you know the guy with him?" I asked, shrinking into myself.

"I don't think so. Why? Are you jealous?" she teased.

"Ha-ha, very funny. Let's go. I don't want him to see me."

"Why not? Maybe this is the perfect moment for a quickie in the bathroom."

"

"I'm serious, Anna. Let's go."

"Okay. But I'm going to the bathroom first."

"Seriously?"

"Relax, he won't see you," she said, standing up from the seat across from me. "I'll be right back."

I grabbed my glass to help hide my face. When my eyes found him again, he was already seated near the bar.

He was wearing a black overcoat and gloves. His hair was perfectly styled. He didn't look anything like the drenched man who had been in my apartment this morning.

Whenever his hair looked that polished, I felt an overwhelming urge to

mess it up, to feel it between my fingers and tug at it.

Suddenly, a blonde woman approached his table, interrupting my fantasy.

He stood up to greet her with a kiss on the cheek, and for a moment, he seemed slightly uncomfortable.

Then my attention shifted to the blonde. She was beautiful and all smiles. She wore a black dress with tights and stiletto heels, and her figure was like that of a model: small breasts, long thin legs, and barely any curves in the back. Completely the opposite of me.

Were they close? And why did I care? Maybe it was normal to care since I was considering sleeping with him.

Then, when she touched his arm, my suspicions were confirmed. There was nothing casual about the way she did it. Maybe it was the way she was caressing him. I tried to ignore the anger that took over me.

Don't be ridiculous, Ellie. You don't have the right to feel this way.

When Anna returned from the bathroom, I grabbed her arm and dragged her out of the bar.

"Who is she?" she asked once we were outside.

"Why would I know?"

"Ellie..."

I could tell exactly what she was going to say from the look of pity on her face.

"Not a word! I can't believe I even considered sleeping with that bastard! It disgusts me that he tried something with me earlier."

Stepping closer, she wrapped an arm around my shoulders while we waited for a taxi.

"You're right," she said. "You can find someone better—and less of a bastard."

Everything I did the next day was fueled by pure anger, from getting out of bed to going to the gym and driving to work.

Not even a strong black coffee was enough to improve my mood. And things only got worse when I received flowers.

Apparently, Todd thought that sending me flowers might somehow help make me hate him less, but it had the exact opposite effect.

I crumpled the card tightly before letting it fall to the floor. It read: *"It's always worth starting over. I just need you to give me the chance to do better."*

Bastard. He could go to hell. Seeing Ethan Morgan's name in the email I had replied to earlier had already been bad enough.

Leaving the flowers on the table, I grabbed my lab coat before heading to the research room. I would do what I always did: focus on work and forget that anything else existed.

I skipped lunch and didn't leave the research room until Eve, my intern

and assistant, showed up to tell me that Mr. Morgan was waiting for me in my office.

I prayed it was Bennett Morgan as I walked back to my office. But I wasn't that lucky.

When I walked in, he was sitting in the chair across from my desk, staring at the flowers.

Why didn't I throw them away?

He was wearing a suit, as usual.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Morgan," I said after closing the door and taking a few steps toward my desk.

I didn't sit. Instead, I stood next to my chair, crossing my arms over my chest.

"Good afternoon," he replied, running a thumb over his bottom lip. "Nice flowers."

"I thought I answered your email this morning. What brings you here?" I asked, ignoring his comment and reaffirming the strictly professional stance I had decided to take.

"Exactly. There's a discrepancy between the reports you sent me and the ones Alice sent."

"Can I see?"

"Of course." He opened his black leather folder and pulled out some

papers. "Here," he said, placing them on the edge of the desk.

I stepped closer to get a better look.

"In long-term investments, below operating expenses. See?" he pointed with his finger.

I leaned in further to examine the numbers. There was a slight difference in the values. Maybe it was just a typo.

I was about to respond when my entire body froze as I felt his hand rest behind my knee.

I couldn't move. My heart raced as his palm slowly slid upward.

I closed my eyes, feeling a shiver run down my spine and desire settle between my legs. His hand slid dangerously to the inside of my thigh, moving up beneath my skirt.

"Tell me to stop, Ellie," he whispered, his voice a deep, husky murmur from the back of his throat.

His fingers slid even closer, dangerously near my panties. A little more, and he would discover just how wet I was.

My eyes remained closed as my entire body, consumed by desire, begged for him to touch me there.

Just a little more...