

Chapter 23: You Know Where to Find Me

ELLIE

"I waited for you last night," he murmured, making me think of the previous night. The blonde at the bar.

Bastard.

I opened my eyes and glared at him.

"Get your hands off me, you lying bastard," I growled through clenched teeth. Standing up, I stepped back to stop myself from slapping him.

"Why am I a liar?" he asked, furrowing his brows, looking confused as he stood.

"Leave. We'll handle any work-related matters by email."

"Answer me. Why am I a liar?" he said, stepping closer.

"I was there, at the bar. So, tell me, did you wait for me before or after you were done with that blonde?"

I was being ridiculous. I had no right to be angry. But I couldn't help myself.

"I didn't see you there. But nothing happened. I went home alone last night."

"That's none of my business. Do me a favor and leave."

"If it's none of your business and you don't care, then why are you upset?"

"I don't care what you do with others, as long as you keep your filthy hands off me."

"I already told you nothing happened with her last night. You just made me lose control at work. What else do you need to understand that I want you?"

"I'm not playing your game."

"No games. It would just be you and me doing what we both want."

"Enough of this. I don't trust you."

"What do I need to do to earn your trust?"

"There's nothing you can do."

He let out a heavy sigh before stepping closer.

"You can't resist this anymore." His hands cupped my face. "It's just sex. You won't regret it, I can guarantee that," he said, sliding his thumb across my bottom lip. "I'm not playing with you, Ellie. I don't intend to. Trust me."

"Trust you?"

I could barely focus on my thoughts with his face so close, his lips...

"I haven't lied to you so far, have I? I'm being honest."

"Are you? Then tell me you didn't do anything with that woman."

"I didn't... not last night."

Not last night? That meant they'd been involved before?

"So, you've been with her before?"

I knew it wasn't my business, and I had no right to ask.

He hesitated for a moment before answering.

"Yes."

I didn't like hearing him admit what I already suspected, but at least it proved he was being honest. I pushed his hands away, crossing my arms over my chest again.

"Was it a long time ago?"

You're crossing the line, Ellie.

"Does it matter?"

"I want to know when the last time you slept with someone was."

Yes, I needed to know.

He took a deep breath, rubbing his fingers over his forehead, tension evident in his expression.

"Thursday," he admitted.

That was recent. I don't know what I had been expecting. Unlike me, he probably couldn't go more than a few days without sex. Definitely not more than a year.

"And you?" he asked, making me panic.

"Let's drop it."

"Oh, now you want to drop it?"

"It's been a while, okay?"

A long time. Too long. So long that it was embarrassing to even say it out loud.

"A while... let's see, a month?"

"Stop it," I said, wrinkling my nose.

"Two?"

He wasn't going to give up.

"Try multiplying that by six."

"A year?" he blinked, looking shocked and incredulous.

"Maybe a little more," I admitted, utterly embarrassed.

He went silent, reflecting for a moment.

"Why?" he asked, genuinely confused as if it were impossible to go that long without sex.

"I don't want to talk about it."

"You must not find many guys willing to call the next day, huh?"

"Enough."

"I'm being honest. If we're going to do this, I expect the same from you."

"Are you offering sex or a therapy session?"

"Fine," he relented, raising his hands in surrender. "If you don't want to talk, don't talk. But we can at least be friends before anything else."

"Friends don't sleep together. So forget this friendship thing."

"Does that mean you..."

"I haven't decided yet."

He looked frustrated before reaching for my face again.

"You're making my nights impossible. I can barely sleep, thinking about what it would be like to have you in my bed. I can't even focus at work because I'm fantasizing about you half the time. I want this to end. Don't prolong my torture, Ellie," he confessed, staring at my lips, looking tormented. "I'll wait for you tonight."

"I'll think about it," I managed to say.

Taking a deep breath, he pushed my arms away from my chest and rested his forehead against mine, making the air disappear from my lungs and brain.

"That's not what I want to hear," he whispered, pressing his chest against mine. "Say you will."

He was so close. It was as if my body wanted to obey his every command. Then, without realizing it, I simply nodded.

He smiled, then brought his lips to my ear, making my entire body shiver.

"You know where to find me," he whispered before stepping back.

I watched as he gathered his things and left my office. When I could finally breathe and think again, I realized what I had just done.

I agreed to go to his house tonight... *to have sex with him.*

Oh, my God.



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