

Chapter 31 Deny It All You Want

ELLIE

It was a woman's voice.

I panicked. God! I had completely forgotten that we were in a restaurant bathroom. Shit. Ethan had barged into the women's restroom.

Staring at me, he shook his head and placed a finger over my lips, silently telling me to keep quiet before kissing me.

Slowly, he slid inside me again. I didn't know if the person behind the door had left, but Ethan kept moving. Sliding in and out of me, deliciously.

He only stopped to step away from the door and lift me onto the cold marble of one of the bathroom sinks.

The sensation of the cold surface against my back and ass made my body shudder.

Pleasure was taking over my body again. Ethan was moving his hips sensually between my legs and kissing my neck when my phone started ringing in my purse.

Who could be calling me?

He pulled his face away from my neck, staring into my eyes.

"No," he said, realizing I was looking at my purse.

"It could be important," I argued, and he stopped moving.

"More important than this?" he asked, thrusting deep inside me.

I closed my eyes. *No. Nothing was more important than this. Than this incredible feeling.*

Then, suddenly, I remembered that Todd was probably still waiting for me outside. How much time had passed? I should have sent him a message, telling him to leave.

"I need to..." I started to say.

"No."

"I just need to send a message."

He stopped moving again, closing his eyes and taking a deep, frustrated breath.

"To whom?" he asked through clenched teeth.

"He's probably still waiting for me."

"You're unbelievable," he scoffed, irritated. "You're seriously thinking about texting that asshole outside while I'm inside you?"

"I just..."

"I think I underestimated your ability to be such a bitch."

"I already told you not to talk to me like that," I growled, grabbing the collar of his hoodie, pulling his face closer to mine, and unintentionally making him sink even deeper inside me.

We both shuddered. Biting his lip, he gripped the back of my head and started moving inside me again. Thrusting faster and harder.

"How should I talk when you act like a filthy slut?" he whispered against my lips, his anger turning into raw desire, making him move his hips faster. Leaving me breathless and desperate for relief.

"Please," I moaned, begging.

I wrapped my legs around his waist and clung to his body as I felt it all over again—pleasure consuming me.

He kissed me deeply, gripping my hips. Thrusting relentlessly, faster and harder, going deeper until we both came together, overwhelmed by the climax, lost in our sweat-drenched bodies and a feverish kiss.

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ETHAN

She was still breathless, her eyes unfocused, so I took the chance to kiss her once more before she snapped out of it and kicked my ass out. I bit her full bottom lip before covering her mouth with mine, savoring her incredible taste on my tongue.

How the fuck was it possible that I still wanted her, even after just coming inside her?

Her phone started ringing again on the sink.

I pulled away, slipping out of her and letting go, irritation washing over me.

I pulled up my pants as I watched her fix her clothes. She grabbed her things, took her phone out of her purse, and stared at the screen, but didn't answer.

Rage slowly burned inside me. I knew it was her fucking ex.

"Go on, answer it," I challenged.

She shot me a death glare.

"What the fuck is your problem?" she asked, frowning.

Shit. Talking to her after the haze of climax faded always seemed impossible.

That was because facing reality after giving in to this was getting harder.

I knew I had no right to be mad or demand anything from her, but I just couldn't help it. The thought of her going out with another man was enough to make my blood fucking boil.

Fuck. I was feeling possessive over a woman I had nothing with. I ran my hands down my face and through my hair, trying to calm myself.

Where the fuck was my self-control?

"Are you really thinking about going back to him?"

I needed to know. The thought alone was eating me alive.

"Why do you think I owe you an explanation?" she asked, frowning, crossing her arms over her chest.

"Maybe because we just—"

"Stop. We both know this was a mistake."

I could barely contain my anger when I heard her say those words.

"You're kidding."

"No. What's funny is you thinking I owe you anything."

"So that's how it's gonna be?"

"What are you talking about? It was just sex. I thought you said you weren't the kind of guy who calls the next day. So act like it."

Of course, she would take this chance to throw that in my face. And maybe I deserved it.

Shit. I had no fucking clue what I was doing.

The moment I saw her sitting next to that asshole, I lost my fucking mind. I was blinded by rage, and all I could think was, go after her and make her understand she's yours.

She was making me act like a caveman.

And the worst part? I could barely sleep the night before, thinking about her. More specifically, about fucking her. The only time I was able to get her out of my head, even for a second, was when I was working.

So I thought maybe I could find a way to make this work.

If I couldn't, I didn't know what the fuck I would do. I wasn't about to give

up my peace of mind over a woman. I needed to get what I wanted.

And no matter how much she tried to deny it, she couldn't pretend the sex wasn't fucking incredible.

I remembered every single reaction from her body.

"Are you seriously denying what just happened?"

"You didn't hear me? It was just sex. And it was a mistake."

Turning toward the exit, she walked past me, but I grabbed her arm.

She tried to break free, her expression filled with anger.

"Go ahead. Deny it all you want. Pretend you don't want this again," I said, locking eyes with her, my face only inches from hers.

"Let me go," she hissed through gritted teeth.

Taking a deep breath, I let go of her arm and left the bathroom.

What a fucking impossible woman. Why was she so hell-bent on acting like a damn bitch?

"Ethan?" Will called my name just as I closed the door behind me, making me turn toward him.

Fuck. He was standing in the hallway near the men's bathroom door.

"What the hell were you doing in there?" he asked, crossing his arms over his chest, looking confused.

Shit. I needed to get him out of here before Miss Brown decided to come out.

I took a few steps forward, stopping in front of him, trying to think of an excuse.

"Well? Are you finally embracing your feminine side, or..." A smirk spread across his face. "Were you fucking someone in there?"

I swallowed hard. Shit.

"Fuck! You actually were?" His eyes widened.

"Let's just go back to the—" I started to say, but the sound of the door opening behind me made my entire body go rigid.

Then, I saw the smirk disappear from Will's face as he looked over my shoulder.

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