

Perfect Bastard - Chapter 4 Chapter 04: You started this

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ELLIE

Who invited him? My eyes almost automatically rolled at the sight of him.

He was wearing a black suit that made him look absurdly hot, and his hair was slicked back, with rebellious strands falling onto his forehead.

His appearance gave off an air of arrogance. Why did it always seem like he'd shaved the day before and now had that almost invisible stubble, making him even sexier?

Damn. *It's just hormones, Ellie. It's just hormones.* His presence magically made me more aware of my own body.

"Am I interrupting?" He approached, kissing Zoe on the cheek. "Hey, sis-in-law!"

"Bennett said you weren't coming," she said.

"Oh yeah?" I noticed a quick exchange of glances between the two.

Something was there.

"I changed my mind." He smiled at Ben. "What did I interrupt?"

"Have a seat. We're waiting for our orders. You can still make yours." Will pointed to an empty chair at the end, next to Anna, directly across from me.

"Ellie was just about to open the gift I gave her," Zoe gestured for me to continue, giving me a wink.

The embarrassment hit me, opening that in front of them, whatever it was, would make them all imagine me wearing it. *It would make Ethan imagine me wearing it.*

"I can look at it later. Thank you so much for the gift."

"No... I want to see your reaction. Please?" Zoe asked.

"Yeah, Ellie... open it," Anna encouraged with an almost smile.

I gave her a disapproving look before giving in.

“Okay.”

I opened the box as if there was a bomb inside. I unwrapped some paper before pulling out a black lingerie set, complete with a bra, panties, and sheer stockings.

Eventually, my eyes moved from the lingerie to Ethan’s face, which was directly in my line of sight. I could almost swear I saw him shift in his chair. Then I knew he was imagining me in it.

My face must have been red as I stuffed the pieces back into the box.

“Um... thanks, Zoe. I love it... though the moths will probably get more use out of it.”

“Moths?” Ethan asked, confused, his eyebrows furrowed.

“Ellie thinks she won’t use the gift. But I say that reaction alone was worth it,” Zoe smiled, satisfied.

“We all know why,” Ethan murmured from across the table with a sarcastic smile.

“What did you say?” I asked.

“Ethan... fuck,” Bennett muttered through gritted teeth.

“Just kidding,” he softened.

“Just because I won’t wear it with you... doesn’t mean I can’t wear it with someone less of a bastard.” I retorted with a smile. “Just kidding.” I teased, making everyone at the table stifle their laughter.

Except for Ben, who seemed to disapprove, shaking his head again.

“That’s enough. Where’s the food?” Bennett looked towards the restaurant kitchen.

“I think I get it,” Will said with a smile, looking between me and Ethan.

I narrowed my eyes at him, and he shrugged.

A few minutes later, the waitress brought our orders. I tried to ignore how exaggeratedly Ethan smiled at her while placing his order. Asshole, couldn’t see a pair of boobs.

The conversation shifted to work as we ate. When his order arrived, I couldn’t help but notice the slip of paper discreetly handed to him, which probably contained the waitress’s phone number.

It seems not everyone was avoiding the bastards of Manhattan or had trouble having sex after a few exchanged smiles. Watching the scene made me nauseous.

He made me feel weird, and he'd called me crazy. Can you believe it?

"Did you guys know that more than a million new cases of four sexually transmitted infections are contracted every day? Isn't that scary? That adds up to more than 376 million new cases annually. On average, one in every twenty-five people in the world has at least one of these four STIs," I said, looking at my plate.

When I looked up, everyone was staring at me with strange or surprised expressions.

"What?" I asked.

"Well, in any case, I'm glad I'm married," Will said, looking at no one in particular.

"Are you sure that's a topic for lunch?" Zoe laughed.

"It might be useful to someone here," I shrugged.

But there was only one other single person at the table besides me, and that was exactly who I was trying to hit.

"So that's why single scientists don't have sex," Ethan said from across the table, almost making me smile, because I was already expecting a response from him.

"And we stay healthy," I pointed my fork at him, smiling.

"That probably explains the bad mood too."

"My mood is great," I retorted before taking a sip of juice.

"Just use a condom," Anna interjected, almost making me choke on my drink. "The solution to the problem... the cases you mentioned, of course," she concluded, smiling.

I was going to kill her.

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Anna needed to get back to the lab before I did, so when we finished lunch, Will took the opportunity to drive her. I still had to stop by home before going back.

As I left the restaurant, I left Zoe, Ben, and his brother behind. I was waiting for a cab on the sidewalk when I felt a presence behind me.

“What happened to ‘there won’t be any conflict from my side?’” The deep, provocative voice made me turn to face him.

“Are you following me?”

“You clearly give yourself too much importance.”

“Are you trying to insult me?”

“Another question.”

“I think I’ve been polite enough to you.”

“In which part? When you called me a bastard or when you hinted I might have an STI?”

“Well... every action has a reaction. Or do you think insinuating that I don’t have sex and that I’m in a bad mood is a kind of kindness?”

“They weren’t insinuations. It’s just the truth,” he said, smiling.

Son of a bitch.

“You don’t know anything about me.”

“You know what... I was taking it easy on you, baby, but I’ve decided I won’t anymore because you’re being a bitch.” He moved closer with an irritating smirk at the corner of his lips.

“Well, it seems this relationship is well-defined. So why are you still standing in front of me?”

His proximity caused feelings in me that I would deny to the grave.

“Tell me... do you hate all men who ask you for sex?”

“No, just the ones who can’t admit their asshole behavior.”

“What do you expect? An apology? Wasn’t rejection enough?”

Why was he doing this? I didn’t want an apology; I wanted him to fuck off for being such an asshole.

“Why are you insisting on this? It’s clear to me that you’re an asshole, and I accept that, end of story.”

“So I’m an asshole just for wanting to have sex with you?”

He was trying to make me seem crazy for thinking that asking someone you just met for sex wasn't normal.

"I'm just tired of guys like you."

"Guys like me?"

"Guys who think all women are just sex toys."

"That's a completely hasty conclusion."

"Just pretend I don't exist."

"That's not going to happen. You started this."

"I didn't start anything, and what the hell does that mean?"

"That you have an ass too incredible to pretend it doesn't exist."

Huh? Did he say... He didn't say that, did he?

"What?"

"See you around, crazy scientist," he said before crossing the street. I watched as he got into his car.

Was I really being too quick to judge him as a bastard just because he invited me to have sex? Damn. He was making me question myself. It doesn't matter.

He really was a superficial bastard. It wasn't like we were at a club, and he was some random stranger; we were at his brother's place, and he had just met me. Did he think I'd be easy sex?

Why did that bother me so much? Damn it. I knew why. I was sick of this type of man. The kind who hides their true intentions until they get what they want. The kind who disappears the next day after getting what they want. The kind who isn't honest and hurts a woman just to keep her as an option to satisfy his needs. The kind who hurt me just over a year ago, using me, wasting my time after all the effort I put in, opening up to him like a fool.

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On Friday, after a tiring week at work, we were gathered at Anna and Will's place this time, playing truth or dare.

Actually, our game could be called "truth or truth," because no one ever picked dare. The game was basically just the guys asking each other embarrassing questions, and the girls doing the same, or asking their respective partners.

But this time Ethan was there, and I knew he would be there before I even came. So, I had mentally prepared myself for any little games he might play, but I wasn't ready for this. The question that had just come out of his mouth. I looked at the faces as shocked as mine.

"Vanilla sex or wild sex?" He asked, seriously, as if he were asking if I preferred coffee or tea.

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