

# In Love With My Evil Stepbrother Chapter 1

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### Chapter 1

I am outside my boyfriend's apartment.

I just took a 10-hour flight from East Coast to the West, transferred twice, switched subway, and then bus, just to get here in time to surprise him on his birthday.

And here I am.

Listening to him fucking another woman inside that door.

"Oh yes...oh Zack babe...fuck me! Fuck!"

I can clearly hear the bed rattling, sweaty flesh smashing against each other, husky moans of pleasure.

I clamp my hand over my mouth to stop myself from screaming.

All these times he's been begging me to come and visit, and this is his welcome gift? Cheating on me with another woman?

I feel betrayed, furious, and disgusted. Before I know it, I'm banging on his apartment door.

"Zack! Open the fucking door! Zack!"

The sound suddenly stops. A moment later, the door flies open as Zack appears behind it. His chest is naked, hair all ruffled, I can still see all the hickey on his neck.

"Nat!" His eyes widen in panic, "What are you doing here?"

I can't stop my voice from trembling. "What the hell are you doing? Have you been cheating on me? Who is in there!"

I shove him aside and try to push myself into the door. But Zack grabs my arm and stops me, as he growls, "Calm down! Will you?"

He runs his fingers through his hair, obviously frustrated. "Look...Nat, I never meant for you to find out about this. But think about it, for the past one year we are almost never together. You never visit. What do you expect me to do?"

I can't believe my ear.

He is the cheater. And somehow, I'm responsible.

"What to do? I expect you to keep your thing inside of your pants. Is that really so hard?"

His forehead twists into a frown.

"Come on, Nat." Finally he said, "Don't be a baby."

My heart is bumping repeatedly against my chest. I glare at him and boom through my clenched teeth, "Never, ever, call me a BABY! You disgusting, cheating, PIG!"

I slap him, so hard across the face that his head almost knocks on the doorframe. Before he realizes what happened, I turn my heel and stride away.

I rush out of the building and suddenly realize it's pouring outside. I want to head back, but the entrance door is already locked.

Great job, Natalia. You just locked yourself in the rain.

"Fuck..." I wipe the rain off my face and take out my phone.

I want to call someone. The top one and two person on my contact list are Jenna and my dad, none of whom supported my idea of coming here in the first place.

The last thing I need right now is another "you should have" lecture.

I scroll down my contact list while my body shivers in the rain. Suddenly my finger stops at someone's name.

I've never thought about contacting this person...but I am exhausted and soaking wet and have no place to go to. What better idea do I have left?

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One hour later, my cab pulls over in front a townhouse. This is the most prestigious area in the city. You gotta have both the money and the power to be part of this community. Now as I open the passenger door, someone rushes over and opens an umbrella for me.

“God what happened! You are drenched! Why can’t you give me a call and let me pick you up at the airport?”

I let her drag me into the house. “Mom I’m fine...I’m probably just here for one night.”

“What are you talking about?” her tone rises, “Aren’t you here to—”

“I’m not here to visit you, mom.” I tell her, matter-of-factly.

“Oh.” The smile on her face faints, as she tucks a lock of hair to the back of her ear, apparently embarrassed.

My mom is undeniably stunning, with her oval blue eyes and thick brown hair cascades down past her shoulder. She is well aware of her physical attractiveness, probably why she left my dad years ago and threw herself right into the arms of a billionaire.

I resemble her a lot, like looking into the mirror. Zack once said he fell for me instantly the first time he saw me and he compliments me all the time about how good I look. But I don’t care much about my appearance. And as it turns out, a pretty face is not enough to hold onto a cheating soul.

Seeing the sad look on mom’s face, I already regretted my earlier decision. “Are...Mr. Ramirez and Eason home? If this is not a good time, I can easily get room at the hotel.”

“No!” said my mom quickly, “Shawn is away for business trip and Eason is staying at his penthouse. You can stay in his old room tonight. Come, I’ll show you.”

So my stepbrother has a penthouse. Why am I not surprise?

Eason’s old room is on the second floor, first door to the left. When mom opens his bedroom door for me, suddenly it’s like clock has been turned back. Everything is the same as I remembered it. Posters on the wall, his skateboard at the corner, and a glass cabinet showcasing all his antique collections.

Eason loves to collect weird and funny stuffs when he travels abroad. All his collections are shockingly expensive. One time I wanted to use a teacup in his collection to drink water, and he told me this seemingly normal teacup is actually passed down from Victoria Era and worth thousands of dollars. It shocked the crap out of me. But he just laughed and tossed me the teacup like it’s no big deal, saying I can have anything that I like.

Awkward as it is between me and my mom, I do miss Eason.

“I always keep his room tidy and clean, in case he wants to stay the night.” Mom holds the door for me, “but if you’re not comfortable with staying in his room, just give me half-an-hour, I’ll get the guest room ready for you.”

I cut her off. "No that's fine."

"Alright, then." She seems to have something else to say but eventually swallows it back. "Love you baby, sleep tight."

She brings my backpack inside and close the door for me.

Once I'm alone by myself, I immediately sink to the floor. Closing my eyes, I can still hear Zack banging her and both of them growls in pleasure. That makes my stomach swirl with disgust.

I slip into Eason's bed, pulling up the bed sheet to cover my head. His beddings smell like mint and oak wood, a smell that quickly soothes me. I crawl deeper into the bed, immerse myself into the warmth. It almost feels like someone is holding me.

Too bad Eason isn't here. Although we haven't spoken to each other for 3 years, I can really use some company right now...

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I cry myself into sleep. When the morning sunshine falls in through the window, the headache is like a chainsaw slicing my scalp apart.

"Ugh..." I moan. I'm desperately in need of a cold shower.

Eason's bathroom is spotless, doesn't even have a bottle of shampoo or conditioner. I wonder how long he hasn't been home. I turn on the shower and flinch at the ice-cold water running down my skin, but this is just what I need to clear up my head.

But then it occurs to me, I left my backpack and clean clothes outside. And there's not even a towel for me to cover my body.

Of course, I don't feel comfortable walking around naked in my stepbrother's bedroom. But he's not around and I should be fine.

I crack the door open, making sure no one is outside, and quickly sneak out. Mom stored my backpack in the closet last night. Now as I yank the closet door open and pull out the backpack strap, a box is knocked off and falls to the floor.

"What the—" I look down and gasp.

It's a box of condoms.

Funny how his room doesn't even own a towel but has a full box of condoms in storage.

And the next second, the bedroom door flies open. I jerk around and scream at the sight of a strange young man standing beside the door.