

In Love With My Evil Stepbrother Chapter 11

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Chapter 11

Chapter Eleven His one hand presses me to the mirror, while the other pulls me impossibly close to his body. His lips mold with mine, taking away every shaky breaths that escaped my mouth. And as if it wasn't enough, he sucks my bottom lips and bites it, quietly urging me to open my mouth and let him in.

My mind is cloudy. All sense is lost. So I shakily part my lips, as he immediately snakes his tongue in and tangles with mine.

A sign of pleasure leaves my lips as I find myself melting away in his arms. He groans and travels his hand upwards, longer fingers playing with those thin stripes on my back, causing me to shudder under his touch. The thin layer of clothing becomes nothing, I feel as though I'm naked and my panties felt dam.

"Eason..." I gasp and tilt my head to escape from the kiss, trying to call back some senses to us. But he refused to listen. His hot lips trace my cheek, my neck and down to the upper part of my chest. I cry out as he suddenly bites on my collar bones and suck it hard. I try to push him, but he caught my hands.

"Don't push me away Natalia," he murmurs into my ear, and my sanity leaves me again. My eyes flutter shut as I can hear my inner voice calling for more, longing for his touch. What should I do? He's toxic and impossible to say no to. Then I feel his lips back on mine again. He brings his hand down to lift up my gown and moves his hand dangerously close to my inner thigh. Inch away, his fingers will touch my drenched panties and my core...

"No!" I break free from his arms and take a few staggering steps back. My body ache at the loss of his warmth, but I manage to fight back the temptation.

His breathing is rough, still recovering from the passion. He straightens up his back and looks at me, expression unreadable. "This is wrong." I don't know if I'm telling him or myself, "We are brother and sister, even not by blood. None of that should happen!"

But he simply sneers at my statement.

"Say that all you want, little sis." He walks closer and says in a low voice, "You still want me." I take a sharp intake of breath. But without saying anything else, he walks pass by me and leaves the fitting room.

I quickly take off the gown and put back my own clothes. Thank god those delicate fabric didn't get creased. When I pull open the drape, I'm just in time to see Eason hand the sales lady his credit card.

"What do you think you are doing?" I snap.

"Paying for your dress." He says in a casual manner, "Last time I check, looting is still illegal."

I'm pissed. Is it really so hard for him to check in with me first? I've also made up my mind to

show him that I want nothing to do with the Ramirez's money. Now he just made it even harder to do that.

The sales lady comes forward with a smile, "Miss, we'll have this custom made to your size and have it delivered to you by next Monday. This dress suits you well. You and your boyfriend have excellent taste."

Eason's lips curve up at the corner, but before he can say anything, I turn to her and say, "this is my brother." A strange and weird expression comes over her face. Maybe she's overheard the sound we made in the fitting room. But I don't really give a damn. I look at Eason, whose smile has faded away and became anger.

"Let's go," he stands up and heads out of the store, without looking at me.

The drive back home is filled with awkward silence. None of us is in the mood to talk. When we finally walk into the house, mom and Mr. Ramirez are sitting beside the table, ready for dinner. "You guys are back!" mom stands up to greet us, "Found anything good?" I come to sit with her and mumble a "yes."

"Are you staying for dinner?" asks Mr. Ramirez to Eason. He shrugs and pulls out the chair facing me, "sure why not."

I shift nervously in my seat. For some obvious reasons, I've become more and more guilty of staying in the same room with him, especially in front of my mom and Mr. Ramirez. The dinner is delicious. But I didn't enjoy it a bit. I gobble up my meal, avoiding any eye contact with Eason, even though I know he's been looking at me. When I finish my last bite, I wipe my mouth and excuse myself immediately

"What's the hurry darling? We still have desert." Mom looks up at me, "Wait a second, you got some red marks on your neck Did you get sting by a Eason clears his throat and stands up as well, "I'm finished as well. Mrs. Ramirez, the dinner is very nice, thank you."

It's probably the first time he behaves so nicely to mom. Her face blushes with joy, "it's nothing my dear. Drive home safely."

I try to keep my face calm leaving the dining room, but rage is still burning inside of me. Damn Eason and his audacity! I can't imagine the consequence of mom finding out about what happened.

I pick up my pace heading to the stairs, but he grabs my hand from behind. "Nat, wait a second."

"What!" I turn back and snap at him.

The light is off in the hallway, so I can't see his face clearly. But his bright green eyes are still twinkling in the darkness. The next second, a small box is shoved into my palm. "See you in school," says him whispering, "oh and next time, I'll be careful with the marks."

I want to punch him in the face, but he already takes a quick step back. Smiling at me, he turns around and leaves through the front door. I go back to my room and finally open the box he gave me. The glamorous light from the diamond immediately fills my eyes. It's the necklace I tried on in the store. Even now, I can still recall the feeling when he put it on my neck.

So many complexed feelings swirl inside of me, as I stare at his overly expensive gift.

What should I do with him? I've tried hard to stay rational, but my morals and sanity are slipping away. Maybe the next time I see him, I'll be lured into his trap.

In Love With My Evil Stepbrother Chapter 12

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Chapter 12

Chapter Twelve The clouds are dense and opaque on the first day of my senior year, which kind of mirrors the state of my feelings. In my entire lifetime, I've never detested going to school so badly.

Mr. Ramirez kindly offered to drive me to school in his Rolls, which I can't say no to, since he had made it clear that he wants to send me off on my first day. Looks like the secret of me being the Ramirez's freeloader won't be kept for long.

During the drive, Mr. Ramirez tried his best to ease off my nerve, but I kept tailing off from our conversation. As we approach the front gate of school, my symptom of nausea is getting worse.

The parking area is already packed with fancy cars when we get there. In my old school, everyone had limited budget for cars, and as a result it was common to see dingy second handed Honda and Pirus everywhere on campus. But things clearly work different here. Mercedes and Porsche would still be considered as normal. I just saw a flashy sport car with doors opened like wings pull into the student lot.

But our Rolls stands out, nevertheless. I feel people's eyes flickered to me the moment I open my passenger door.

The attention is just unnerving.

Mr. Ramirez wishes me "good luck", which I mumble a vague "yes" in return and jump off the car. As I start heading towards the front office, I let my hair fall off my shoulder, blocking all curious looks from the outside.

There's already a long line in the front office when I walk in. It's shocking to see how many students are transferring into this school each semester. Mom told me that this is the most prestigious schools in the city, so whenever there's an open seat, everyone wants in.

I scan the room and try to talk to the student in front of me, "Umm, excuse me?"

He turns around with a smile, "yeah?"

"Hey. Is this the line for new transfers?"

"Yes. We are supposed to pick up our schedule and map here," he seems to be glad for having someone to talk to. "My name is Eddie. Are you a new student as well?" He looks friendly, so I take the initiative to offer my hand. "Yes, nice to meet you. And I'm Natalia Moore by the way." But his expression changes all of a sudden. He stares at me in shock, as if he just witnessed a ghost popping up from the thin air. "Natalia?" he repeats, "THE Natalia Moore?"

I felt a surge of bewilderment. "Yeah... I guess so?"

His face immediately grows cold at that. Without saying another word and leaves my hand hanging in the air.

What the hell was that?

I can't believe his sudden change of mood. Either this Eddie boy is insane, or there's something going on without me knowing. As I raise my head to look around, people are quick to avoid any eye contacts with me, even though they are clearly staring at me a moment before.

Ok, something is definitely off.

I was afraid that I might become a target when everyone finds out about who I am. But can rumors spread this fast? Even if I am the stepdaughter of the multi-billionaire Shawn Ramirez, do they have to be so hostile towards me?

I keep wondering about this as the line moves on quickly. Finally it's my turn. "Your name, please?" the red-haired lady behind the reception desk idly asks.

"Natalia Moore," I inform her.

She snaps her head right up, looking at me with an immediate light of awareness in her eyes. And that's when I can't hold it back anymore. "I'm sorry. Have you heard of my name before?"

"No," she automatically denies, but then quickly corrects herself. "Well, yes actually. I've seen your profile, very impressive transcript. No doubt you will fit right into our school. So, here's your schedule and the campus map. Let me briefly walk you through."

She gives me a short orientation and wishes me good luck. Her reaction seems normal enough, but I can sense something is hidden from me beneath the surface.

My first class is literature in Building 8, which is not so hard to find following the map. As I start walking down the corridor and approach the classroom, my heart starts thumping crazy. It gets worse when I open the door and everyone's eyes dart back towards me.

I gulp, pretending to be calm, and walk up to the teacher to explain my situation. Fortunately, my literature teacher doesn't give me that weird look upon hearing my name. She hands me a reading list and assign me to an empty seat at the back.

As I start walking down the aisle, I accidently meet with some curious eyes-let's just say that their looks are not exactly friendly.

This out-of-nowhere hostility carries on throughout the entire morning. A girl deliberately ignored me when I asked her direction of the classroom; one guy even bumped into my shoulder while passing by, even though it's an empty hallway. Quiet whispers of my names follow me wherever I go, but as soon as I turn around to look for the speaker, the crowd immediately spreads out.

It's so frustrating! Embarrassing even. Here I am, haven't done anything wrong, and I'm already the school freak. Worst part is I don't even know why.

During lunch break, I walk into the café seeing that people have already sat in groups. That Eddie boy I met at the Front Office is sitting with his new friends at a large table, talking and laughing excitedly about something.

So clearly this is nothing against newcomers. Just me. I hold my tray and walk to a table with empty seats. But a ginger-haired girl at the same table instantly stops me, "this seat is taken." I felt a flush of embarrassment, but quickly gather my courage to stand up to her. "I'll scootch over when your friends get here." She gawks at me with a bizarre look, "there's plenty seats here. Just find another table."

I roll my eyes at her and take my seat anyway. "No thanks. I'm fine right here."

My extraordinary bold behavior must have shocked her. She glares at me with rage-filled eyes, but it's gonna take more than staring to scare me away.

And right at this moment, I hear someone calling my name. I turn around and find that it's Katherine, the pretty girl I met at the school tour.

She's even more stunning today. Her honey-brown hair is slightly curved to the back, seeming both stylish and casual. She has a very beautiful and angular face, which is accentuated even more by a light apply of makeup. She makes every girl in this café take a hint on her self-esteem.

She walks toward me with a bright smile. "Hey you made it! How's your first day?"

I lose my tongue momentarily, but she has already placed her tray down and taken her seat beside me. With her face, she can join any other table in this café, but no, she chooses to sit with the newly appointed school freak. How astonishing.

The ginger head sniffs at us. But Katherine ignores her, and turns to me whispering, "tough day, huh?" "You bet," I mutter.

"Wanna know why?" She looks at me apprehensively, "Valerie Vale issued a ban on you yesterday on her socials. Your name, face, all over the place. Everyone in this school takes you as a target now."

I almost cry out.

That blonde bitch Valerie? Has she lost her fucking mind? So taking my phone and locking me up aren't enough, and now she pulled this? This outrageous, even by her standard!

"Any ideas why she did this to you?"

I snap, "Yeah I have a theory." Must be her pathetic obsession with Eason.

"This is bad, you know? She's like a queen in this school. No one dares to go against her."

I guessed so. Queen Valerie and King Eason, long may they reign.

“But what about you?” I grow worried towards her, “if they saw us talking,” “Oh, don’t worry,” she gives me a playful wink. “She wasn’t being fair about this. I think I’ve chosen my side.”

I can’t express my gratitude. Just when I thought I can’t make a single friend in this school,

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she showed up and offered me some kindness. I want to thank her for everything, but her eyes dart to my back,”speaking of the bully. Look who just entered the café.”

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