

In Love With My Evil Stepbrother Chapter 36

In Love With My Evil Stepbrother

Chapter 36

Chapter 36: Mad Love An awkward silence fills the car. He waits patiently for my answer, threading his fingers through my hairs. I know there's no way I can escape his questioning. So after a long pause, I finally open my mouth.

"I-I just think it's a weird timing, with you and James suddenly appear at the beach house..." I say in a low voice. "...and I thought you were giving up on me after-you know, that night. So what made you change your mind?" So that's my final decision-not telling him the truth. I know a relationship counselor would probably tell me that it's important to share things with my boyfriend and to keep it open and honest in a relationship. But I've decided against it. Eason is the most manipulative person I've ever known. I have to keep my guards up around him-even though I don't want to.

I really hope that I can just throw myself into his arms and pour my heart out. But there's something about him-something that I can't quite put my finger on-that stops me from fully committing to this relationship. Plus, I want to protect Alex. I don't want to drag him into more troubles. Eason frowns. His deep green eyes trail across my face, as if he's trying to find out my true feelings. A moment later, he says in a strained voice, "so that's what's been bothering you? You thought that I'm up to something?"

"Eason..." I sign.

"Who fed these stupid ideas into your head?" he asks sharply and then snorts. "No need to answer. I already knew. Fucking Alex." I'm irritated by his attitude. "Am I so stupid that I can't figure out all these things by myself? Just admit it, Eason! You are weird and twisted. One minute you are acting all cold and heartless, totally fine with me walking away; and another minute you become gentle and sweet, kissing me in the rain and telling me that you love me! Which one is the real you!" He curses and hits the wheel with his fist. He glares at me with fury burning in his eyes like flames and snaps:

"You accuse me of being twisted? Well then, how about you? One minute you were lying under me and letting me fuck your brain out and the next morning you just said you wanted to leave. Have you ever considered my feeling? You really thought I was ok with that?" I inhale shakily and don't know what to say. Yet he isn't done with venting his anger yet as he raises his voice and keeps going, "No girl has ever done that to me. So I let you walk away that day. But do you think I was going to let you leave permanently? NO FUCKING WAY! I'm not losing you. And definitely not losing you to that fucking Alex!"

My body cowers under his rage. His chest rises and falls quickly and his nostrils flare. He really is pissed.

For a few minutes, none of us spoke. We can only hear his ragged and heavy breathing.

“Eason,” I bite my lower lip and sign. “This is too much...do you really think this is a good idea to—?”

“Don’t you fucking ask me that,” he interrupts me harshly. “We are perfectly with each other. If a certain someone could just stop meddling with our business.” I’m amused by his childish speech. Before I even realize, I’m already smiling.

He looks at me and the angry look on his face is finally replaced by gentleness. He takes my hand in his palm and pouts, “...so, are we good?” I look back at him, deep into his eyes. I find nothing but passionate love and genuine feelings there.

After pondering for a few more seconds, I ask carefully, “answer me this and I’ll trust you... have you ever plotted anything against me?” His face darkens. “So you still don’t believe me.”

“Eason, just answer my question. Please.” “No,” he says without hesitation. “My feelings are real. Every bit of it. Believe it or not.” I bite my lower lip. Call me crazy and stupid but I really think he loves me.

And it’s true that I’m accusing him of something based on no solid ground. What Alex told me doesn’t mean anything.

That sentence, Eason has it all under control, it probably just means that James trusts Eason’s swimming skill. Or maybe James is just such a lousy friend that he doesn’t really care about Eason’s safety.

And even though Eason was a fuckboy once, he has never trashed my heart. And I know for certain that he’d never hurt me for money. He’s not that kind of person.

Finally, after a long silence, I raise my head and look at him.

“I believe you.”

I have some trusting issues, but I need to work on that myself. His face lights up immediately at my words. Then he holds the back of neck and pull me in for a kiss.

“Thank god,” he murmurs. My heart swells. I raise my head to return his kiss and say quietly, “don’t disappoint me... please.”

I don’t want to get my heart torn up again.

“Stop thinking about nonsense,” he grins and sits back into the driver’s seat. “I think our relationship will go much smoother if you can just stay away from Alex.” I roll my eyes and talk back to him, “how about you stay away from Valerie first?”

He snorts and shrugs, doesn’t say anything else and starts the engine again.

I’m a little disappointed at his reaction. I thought he would do something like explaining his relationship with Valerie or promising that he will cut it off with her.

But no. He said nothing.

I hesitate for a second and decide to keep my mouth shut for the time being.

We just had a huge fight. No need to make things worse now. As long as his feelings are real, I have plenty of time to figure out his past.

The rest of the drive is calm and peaceful. He turns on the music and rolls down the window, letting the summer breeze fill the car.

We talk randomly about things. He says he wants to take me to Switzerland this winter and teach me how to ski. And then we’ll fly to Paris to check out some spring collections and do some shopping. There are a few art galleries that he thinks I will definitely fall in love with.

The way he talks about these things is so natural, like he has been thinking about them for a million times. I can’t stop smiling and nodding along.

For the first time, I can see a clear future ahead of us.

A few hours later, his car parks in front of the townhouse. I sit still in the passenger’s seat and don’t want to get off the car so soon. If possible, I want to stay with him all day.

He takes my hand and kisses it, “I hope you don’t have to go.” “Me too,” I sign. But if I spend another night with him, mom will definitely get suspicious.

“Are you free tomorrow after class?” he asks. “I want to take you to dinner. It’s our first official date.”

My heart leaps. I wanted to say yes but suddenly something else occurs to me. “I’d love to but

I can’t... I have an interview tomorrow.” He raises his brow, “an interview for what?”

“I’m looking for a part-time job. I need to start saving up for college,” I study his face. “You are not stopping me, are you? I know Mr. Ramirez is probably willing to pay for my

college tuition, but I don't want to keep spending his money." I'm also not telling him that Alex set me up for this interview. It'll get him all crazy again.

Fortunately, he seems pretty calm. "Why would I stop you? You are an independent and strong woman. I'm proud of you. But I'm still taking you out for dinner. I'll pick you up after the interview."

I smile and agree. After kissing him goodbye, I exit the car and head towards the door.

I was so excited about tomorrow, about our first date, that I didn't notice that his face darkened immediately after I left. 1

If I knew, if I was more cautious, I'd probably be able to avoid many misfortunes coming at my way.

But no one can predict the future. And I was so madly and stupidly in love with him.

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Chapter 37: Unexpected Someone The next day after school, I go to a local coffee house for interview as planned.

This job is nothing fancy, but it pays really well. Too well actually. If my job is to brew some coffee, serve some pastries and mop the floor, then I think I'm definitely overvalued given my wage.

The coffee shop is in the university district, right next to a school library. So I'm not surprised to find that the room is packed with college students reading, writing and discussing assignments when I step in.

There's a cute girl with pink hairs and lip rings standing behind the counter. She welcomes me with a hearty smile, "Hey! What can I get ya?" "Hi," I can't help but smile back. "I'm here for interview. My name is Natalia Moore?" "Oh yeah! I've been expecting you. Follow me please."

She leaves the counter and leads me to the back and into an office. When we get in, she casually points me to a seat and sits down behind the desk herself, "can I offer you anything to drink? Water? Tea? Coffee?" 1

It looks like that she's the one doing the interview. Although she seems very friendly, I am still a little nervous, "I'm good. Thank you for asking though."

"Relax," she senses my nervousness and grins at me. "You can call me Lola. Actually, I don't have any questions for you. Alex had already given me all the information I need, and it seems that you are more than qualified. You can start anytime you want."

I can't believe how easily everything goes, "Sorry...but Alex told you about me?" "Yeah. Don't you know?" she seems surprised as well. "Alex's aunt owns this place. So when he told us that his friend needed a job, we are definitely willing to help. And, of course, we are understaffed so we can really use some helps. Actually you don't even need to come in for this interview. You can just text me your starting time."

I had no idea about this.

I thought Alex just walked pass by here, saw that they were hiring and simply passed on the information. Or maybe he worked here himself once and referred me as an old employee.

But he didn't tell me that he had already gotten me the job before I even showed up.

A wave of mixed emotions washes over me as I sit there processing the information. On the one hand, I'm really grateful for everything he has done for me; yet on the other hand, I feel that I will never be able to repay him...especially since I know that he has feelings for me.

"Hey, are you OK?" Lola's voice snaps me back to reality. "Do you have any questions for me?" "Umm, no. I'm all good," I take in a deep breath. "I can start tomorrow if that works for you."

"Perfect!" she smiles. "Well then, I'll see you tomorrow."

I nod and pick up my bag. She opens the door for me and says, "I won't walk you out since I'm still waiting for my next interviewer...Oh here you are! Right on time."

I turn around involuntarily to look at the person she is talking to. And the next second, I'm face-to-face with the last person I'm expected to see.

It's Zack

My asshole ex-boyfriend who cheated on me and dumped me and blamed me for everything. What the hell is he doing here??? I bet my face is as shocked as it can be. And his face is the same, like a thunder has struck him from above. We just stand there stiffly, staring at each other with wide eyes. The air is filled with awkwardness.

Lola looks back and forth between us and frowns, do you guys know each other?"

“No,” I finally come back to my senses. “Bye Lola, see you tomorrow.”

I drop down my eyes and escape the scene, as quickly as possible. But Zack suddenly takes a step aside and blocks my way, “Nat..”

“Out of my way!” I snap. The moment I landed my eyes on him, those horrible things from the past came back at me immediately. Those harsh words he said and those shitty things he has done. Everything still hurts me like yesterday. I thought I’ve moved on. But no. I still hate his guts. He better behaves and gets the hell out of my way before I lose it.

Fortunately, after a short silence, he turns and makes way for me quietly. I instantly walk pass him and rush out.

I walk hastily pass the room, out of the door and onto the street. After taking a long deep breath of the fresh air, I am finally able to calm down a bit.

I can’t believe I just run into him here like that.

I stand there by the street grabbing the strap of my bag as worry fills my heart. If I’m going to see Zack every day I work here, I better quit this job now. But what’s he doing here anyway? According to Lola, it seems that he was also coming in for interview. But why? I thought he was also born with a silver spoon and therefore never has to worry about the money. Maybe he’s only working here for fun? Ahh this is fucked-up. Just when I thought I had found the perfect job, that jerk just had to come out and ruin everything for me.

I sign in frustration and take out my phone, texting Eason and letting him know that my interview has went short.

While I was waiting for Eason beside the street, I heard someone calling me from behind. Turn around, and I find it’s Zack again.

“Stop right there,” I point my finger at him and warn him. “Don’t you dare taking another step further!”

“OK, OK. Calm down,” he spreads his hands and stops a few steps away from me. “It’s all cool.

I just wanted to say hello.”

“I think we’ve moved pass beyond that. We are now in hate-each-other-to-guts kind of area,” I say without hiding my disgust. “Can’t you just walk away and pretend that you never saw me?” :

But he stands there still and keeps staring at me in a really creepy way, “Nat I never hated you... I miss you. Everything has been wrong and different after you left.” My stomach swirls and I want to throw up. His words, his face, and everything about him make me sick.

“Just go. Now.” I wave my hand like chasing away a fly. “Please? Like... I don’t get it. You slept with someone else, and you dumped me, and I’ve moved on from that already. Why do you even bother talking to me now?”

He opens his mouth trying to say something but swallows it back again. He frowns and twists his finger, as if he’s going through some serious inner struggles. He seems gaunter and greyer than the last time I saw him. There are dark circles under his eyes.

But I’ve already lost my patience. If he’s not leaving, then I am.

I turn around and start walking away. Yet he rushes forward and grabs me elbow from behind, “Nat wait!”

“Let go of me!” I bark.

“No-OK, one sentence, OK? Just one sentence and then I’ll leave. Please, please hear me out!” he says urgently under his breath tightening his grip on my arm. “Your stepfather is Shawn Ramirez, right? Please you have got to help me out. My family is going bankrupt because of him! If you can just talk to him and—”.

I can’t believe what I just heard.

That cheating pig has the audacity to come back to me and ask me for favor?! My whole-body is shaking. My head is going to explode. I’m so angry that I can’t even say a full sentence.

“H-how...what are you FUCKING thinking?! Do you really think-do you seriously believe that I’m this stupid?! No... No! Fuck! Get away from me!!!”

I start to struggle violently with all my strength. I even try to beat him with my bag. But he just won’t let go. His hairs are messy, his eyes bloodshot, and his face is twisted.

And he’s still pleading, “Natalia please! This is serious. This is about the future and fate of my family! And me! I know we didn’t end well but at least we had some happy times together, right? Can’t you just do this for the sake of our past? Please I’m not asking for much. Just one call! Just one word with Mr. Ramirez will be enough!”

He scares me and I start screaming for help, so loudly that passers-by actually turn to stare. And young man steps out and shouts at us, “Hey stop! Miss, is he bothering you?”

Before I can reply, Zack snaps his head around and shouts back, "Stay out of OUR FUCKING BUSSINESS!!"

He is crazy. Zack is crazy. He is literally losing his mind!

I want to run but my feet are numb because of fear.

Right at this moment, I hear a screeching sound. A black Maserati roars down the street and makes a sharp stop so close to us that it almost knocks Zack down.

Zack jerks around and is just about to go nuts again. But his body freezes when he sees the driver's door flies open and Eason's furious face appears from it.

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Chapter 38: Bloody Fight Within the blink of an eye, Eason has come near us. He grabs Zack's collar and hits him right

into the face. Zack yells out in pain covering his nose and staggers back. Blood oozes out between his fingers. Eason doesn't give him time to react as he raises his leg and kicks him down to the ground again. I stumble and fall, struggling to breath. I think I'm having a panic attack. Some passers-by gather up and try to help me up, but my legs feel so weak that I can barely stand. "Oh my god!" someone suddenly gasps. "I think he's killing him...should we call the police?"

I'm whipped back to reality. Through my blurry vision I see Eason nails Zack's body down to the ground as he keeps pummeling him. Blood covers both his hand and Zack's face. The sound of his fist hitting against the flesh makes the hairs on my arm to stand up.

Zack is begging for mercy, whining and crying. He is a huge guy and he can easily take me with one hand. But he doesn't stand a chance against Eason's brutal beating. I have no doubts that Eason wants to kill him right here and right now. "No...no! Eason! Stop!!" I pull myself up from the ground and run to them with my shaky legs. "You are killing him! Please stop!"

I wrap my arms around Eason and try to drag him away. But his muscles are hard as rock and I can't move him even one inch. Now looking at him within such a close distance, I'm even a little scared by his rage-filled face. "I'm killing this fucking son of a

bitch!" Eason shouts as his face twists in fury. And he squeezes both his hands around Zack's neck. Zack's begging grows lower and he's barely conscious.

I've never seen Eason like this before. He comes from a very prestige family and people like him never get their hands dirty or get involved in bloody street fights like this.

But now he is doing this for me. Getting his knees down in the dirt and beating the shit out of Zack with his own fists. He must have thrown away all his educations and manners in anger.

Yet I have to stop him. I couldn't care less about Zack's life. But I can't have Eason commit such a huge mistake because of me. "Stop, please! I-I'm so scared," I clench on to his clothes and beg. "I'm shaking...please...I need you."

That works magically well. Eason's body freezes and he turns to me immediately. His fingers loosen dropping Zack onto the ground. I lean in and wrap my arms around his chest. He holds me back, really tight, and lowers his head to plant kisses on my forehead.

"Shh, it's OK." I hear his soft voice whispering beside my ears. "I'm here. Nobody can hurt you anymore."

His comforting voice is the last straw breaking my nerves. I finally burst into tears within his arms, venting out all my fears and anxieties.

The chaos ended with people calling the police. Ambulance arrives the scene shortly after to

take the unconscious Zack away. I vaguely hear a few words like "concussion" and "broken

ribs."

My mind is clouded the entire time. Those buzzing noise, the crowd, the police, everything feels surreal. The only thing real is Eason's warm and firm hand and he's holding my hand the entire time.

I was so scared that the police may take Eason away and throw him in jail. But that never happens. Eason made a call and a man in sharp suit arrived thirty-minutes later. After a short negotiation with the police, he tells us that we are free to go. For now. "Thank you, David," Eason shakes hands with him. "Natalia, this is David Brown, our family lawyer. And please meet Natalia Moore, my sister."

"My pleasure, Miss Moore. Sorry that we have to meet like this," the man smiles at me. He seems very sophisticated. I'm a bit relieved that a professional like him is taking care of the issue.

"Let's go home and talk then," David looks at his phone. "Mr. Ramirez is expecting us."

I gulp. Of course, with something huge like this, of course Mr. Ramirez will be involved. I feel guilty and partially responsible for everything. On the drive home, I can't help but ask our lawyer, "Umm...Mr. Brown?" "It's David please."

"Yes, David. I know it's probably too soon to say anything, but do you think Eason will get into any troubles because of this?" "Well then, that depends on how badly that boy was injured and whether he wants to press charges against us. So we don't know anything for sure right now," he says. My heart sinks. Ah-oh, that sounds bad.

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"Oh come on, Eason whines besides me. "Don't get her all worried again."

David laughs and casually shrugs, "But that's why you have people like me to take care of things. So you can rest assure that Eason will be alright."

Our car arrives at the townhouse shortly after. Mom is already expecting us outside. She rushes downstairs at first sight of us and drags me into her arms. "Oh my god Natalia," she sobs. "How can things like this happen? Are you alright? Are you hurt?" "No I'm fine mom," I pat her back. "Eason is more injured than I am. His knuckles are ripped." "Sure, I'll have someone bring over the first-aid kit," she signs and turns over to David. "And Shawn is upstairs in his study. He said he wants to talk to you first." David nods and heads upstairs. Mom disappears into the kitchen making us some hot tea. So that leaves me and Eason alone in the living room.

"Hey," he moves closer to me and holds my hand again. "Are you OK?"

I bite my lip and nods.

I really want to throw myself into his arms and kiss him and let him calm me down in his own special way. My whole body is craving him.

But we can't. We are at home. We have to control the way we look at each other to not let our secret get exposed.

"I'm sorry that our first date ends up like this," he whispers to me. His beautiful green eyes trail my face, and it gleams with love and gentleness. Right. Our first date!

Hill

I almost forgot. If I didn't run into Zack, we are probably having the greatest time together right now. That makes me hate that bastard even more. I sign and ask him curiously, "what did you originally plan?" He stays quiet for a while and then says in a low voice, "I was going to take you to the Secret Garden." Secret Garden? I blink, "what's that? Like a restaurant?" His body freezes. When he looks at me again, all those love and affections are gone. His face darkens with anger. "You don't remember?" he asks in a strained voice. I'm startled by his reaction. Should I remember this place? I search my memories but no...I've never heard of it in my entire life. "I'm sorry but no," I'm even more confused. "Maybe a small hint?" He snorts and looks away, taking his hand away from me. There it comes, the mood swing. I have no idea why he is pissed. Did I miss something that's really important to him? "Eason," I try to get him to talk to me again. "Don't be like that. Maybe I forgot. What's this Secret"

Yet I couldn't finish because David has come downstairs to get us. "Eason and Natalia? Mr. Ramirez wants to see you both now."

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Chapter 39: Scheming When we walk into the study, Mr. Ramirez is already expecting us. He seems calm but I still can't help but feel edgy.

Mom walks in with us and closes the door behind her. She sits down next to me, her lips pressed firmly together, and she seems just as nervous as I am.

"Eason," Mr. Ramirez turns his eyes toward his son, his voice deep and stern. "I just received a phone call from the hospital. They said that the boy is suffering a severe head concussion, internal bleeding, and his rib is broken. Do you have anything to say about this?"

I inhale quietly. This is even worse than I thought.

Yet Eason doesn't seem to care at all. He lets out a cold sneer and crosses his legs, "serves that bastard just right."

BANG!

Mr. Ramirez hits the table surface really hard with his hand. I almost cry out in fear but quickly stifle my voice. I cower in my chair, keeping my eyes down.

I know Mr. Ramirez is an intimidating person. Yet I've never seen him lost his temper like this before. Now I understand why he is both feared and respected by many people.

"Eason, do you think this is some kind of joke?" Mr. Ramirez stands up looking straight at his son. His face holds a frightening trace of anger that makes me hold my breath involuntarily." Is this how you solve all kinds of problems? To beat someone to near death right on the street in front of everyone's eyes? Is this how a Ramirez react facing crisis?"

"Of course not," Eason replies coldly. "Because beating the shit out of him isn't enough. I want to see him destroyed, academically, socially, and permanently."

My heart has jumped to my throat. Before I can stop myself, I've blurted out, "No! Eason stop,

This isn't your fault."

"Natalia!" mom immediately interrupts shooting me a warning glare. "Don't."

But I don't care. I gather all my courage and look at Mr. Ramirez before saying, "Zack came at me. Because—because he said his family is going bankrupt because of the Ramirez. And he wanted to talk to you, but I refused him...Eason didn't do anything wrong! He was just protecting me."

I can't be the coward here and let Eason take all the blames.

Mom widens her eyes and gasps, "what are you saying? His family is broke because of us?" then she snaps her head towards Mr. Ramirez and asks sharply. "Are you aware of this, Shawn?"

Mr. Ramirez frowns and remains quiet. Yet his silence speaks for everything. Mom's face tenses and her eyes blazing with anger. She's always been super protective me and this time is no exception.

"What were you thinking? Don't tell me you didn't know Nat's relationship with that boy! Do you know that all of your business decisions may and will affect my daughter? How can you make such a reckless move and put Nat in danger! She is not a Ramirez. So she doesn't need to

carry the risk!"

"Mom..." I say uneasily.

Mr. Ramirez narrows his eyes at us. I'm so afraid that he will take it on mom. But after a short while, he simply sits back to his seat and turns his eyes to Eason, "maybe we should hear this from you, son."

...What?

I'm totally baffled by the situation. Eason sits in his chair quietly. His face carries the same calm expression the entire time and I can't figure out what he is thinking. After a long deathly silent, Eason finally looks up to mom and says, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Ramirez. It was me. I advised father to take down Zack's family in the first place. I apologize for dragging Nat into danger."

My mind went blank.

No...this is ridiculous. How can Eason be the one? We haven't even started college. Who gives him the right to make any business call?

Yet even though everything seems hard to believe. Eason is nevertheless the one and only Ramirez's heir. He apparently possesses more power than I thought.

"He advised me. And after putting some thoughts into it, I think it's a real good move. Brilliant tactic," Mr. Ramirez stares at Eason. "I thought you gave that advice based on logic. Yet it seems that it's not the case at all. Care to tell us why now?" Eason exhales and shrugs, "That piece of shit treats Nat like trash. I want to see him pay. End of story."

Mom seems speechless as well. She falls back into her chair, her eyes roaming towards me for help. Yet I'm still in a trance myself.

I mean...how long did he plan this?? And why didn't he say anything before? I know he's only doing this for me and probably he just didn't want to brag about it, but it still scares me a little. His scheming, and the fact that he's able to destroy someone's life so easily...all these scare me.

I sit in my chair, rigid with shock and fear, unable to say anything at the moment.

"But father," Eason breaks the silence, his tone very calm as if he has anticipated everyone's reaction. "You'll have to admit that was a good move, business wise. And I'm sure Nat can forgive my recklessness." He turns to me, smiling, "right Nat?" Everyone's eyes are on me, waiting for me to response. Yet what can I say? Nevertheless, he did everything for me. "Of course," I avoid his gaze and look down, saying in a low voice. "You didn't see the danger coming either... I don't blame you." "Fine," mom says harshly, strengthening up from her seat. "But Shawn, I still need to talk to you about this."

Mr. Ramirez signs and then turns to us, "Nat can you take Eason out and help him with his ripped knuckle? Your mom, David and I will take care of the rest."

We both nod and exit the room. When the door is closed behind us, I immediately hear mom's rage-filled voice coming from inside. I bet she is still super pissed about how Eason involved me into their business rivals.

It's already so close to their anniversary. Hope nothing happens before that.

"Hey."

Eason suddenly takes my hand and drags me down the hallway. He leads me into his room, closing the door behind him and pulling me into his arms. "Now you can tell the truth," he whispers besides my ear, his hot breath on my earlobe. "Are you mad?" I take in a deep breath and try to keep my mind sharp, "How long have you been plotting things against Zack?"

"Since the first time I met him," his long fingers play with a lock of my hair, making it harder for me to concentrate on what he's saying, "I couldn't stand the way he treated you. And apparently, throwing a glass of water onto his face wasn't enough. Sorry, I didn't think he has the nerve to come back to you again."

My heart swells. So doesn't it mean that, even when he gave me a hard time on everything, he was actually looking out for me behind my back?

That's...kind of sweet.

"Wait," I suddenly realize something and pushes him away slightly, squinting at him. "So you already started to like me at that time right? Even though you were acting like an asshole on the outside, you did have feelings for me on the inside!" Eason raises his eyebrows, giving me a meaningful smile. "Aren't you a little genius," he says and lowers his head to nibble my neck. I giggle wrapping my arms around his neck and kiss him, "So how about you take me out again tomorrow? To that Secret Garden that you mentioned? I only have one crazy ex so no one will come in the way again, I promise." He chuckles, "I like that idea. Though we are not going to the Secret Garden." "Why not? If you've planned it out already-"

"Can we talk about this later?" he interrupts me and slips his hand into my shorts. "I've always wanted to fuck you in this room."

I gasp in shock, "No! They are just down the hall -"

"They won't finish in some long hours," he catches my lips murmuring under his breath. "And these walls are soundproofed."

I still want to say no. But when his hand comes down between my thighs, I totally forget what I was going to say.

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Chapter 40: Betrayal

Eason is thrusting deep into me when someone knocks the door.

“Eason. Natalia? Are you in there?”

It’s mom.

My mind is clouded by the pleasure he’s giving me. And mom’s voice is like a wakeup call that I most cry out. But Eason quickly clamps his hand over my mouth, stifling all my voice. There’s only a thin door between mom and us. The fear of getting caught is like a thrilling electricity coursing through my body. I grab his shoulders shaking with desire and anxiety, my nails digging into his flesh. His hot gaze never leaves my face as he slightly pulls out his dick from me and answers her raising his voice:

“We’ll be right down.” His voice is perfectly natural. Yet I still can’t help but tense my body and feel his dick slightly twitching inside of my pussy. “OK,” mom doesn’t suspect a thing and says on the other side of the door. “Dinner is ready. Come down when you are ready.” “Sure. Thank you.”

I hold my breath listening to her footsteps gradually leaving. And the next second, he draws up my legs and thrusts deep. A shaky moan escapes my lips and this time he stops me.

“Babe you are killing me,” he murmurs besides my ear, his voice filled with burning desire.

With long and powerful strokes, he drives into me again, stirring up all the sensation in my body.

My body is humming with electricity. I cup his neck and pull him closer, calling his name under my breath, “god...Eason...I-I think I’m about to ”

He leans down and takes my mouth in a hot and deep kiss, rocking his hips against me and hammering into me again and again.

“Wait for me,” he pants.

I pant and coil tight, my inner walls clench his hot dick. He lets out a shaky groan and picks up the speed, thrusting harder, deeper, and faster. Grinding against me. I feel the

familiar heat building from my stomach. I bite my lips and find his rhythm, riding out wave after wave of delicious sensation and feeling myself reaching the climax.

And finally he jerks, losing all control he had as he comes inside of the condom, just as my orgasm rushing through me the same time, my juice milking all over him. He collapses on top of me, burying his face in the hollow of my neck and inhales, as if he craves the special scent that belongs to me.

Moments later when we both come downstairs, everyone is already seated beside the table.

“What took you so long?” mom asks. Her face is dark, and she is still in sulk.

I mumble a vague answer and take my seat beside her. Her nose twitches and she instantly frowns, “you both took a shower?”

Damn my mom’s sharp nose. My heart skips a beat. Of course we both had to take a shower, because I don’t want to smell like sex. But it seems that the shower only makes things more suspicious. “The AC broke,” Eason pulls out the chair across me and sits down. “It’s like a sauna up there.” He always seems so natural and calm when he lies. I don’t know if I should appreciate this trait of him.

David is having a quiet conversation with Mr. Ramirez, and then he turns to us, “so I just called the hospital. It seems that the boy will be alright.” “Oh,” Eason answers dryly. “Good for him.”

Mr. Ramirez narrows his eyes at Eason, his disapproval very obvious. “David will go to the hospital later and finds out what they want. But I hope you have learnt your lesson from this already: weigh up the pros and cons before you rush in next time.”

Eason snots. And I quickly answer before he says anything defiant again, “yes Mr. Ramirez, we both have learnt our lesson.” “But what about Nat?” mom questions sharply, her voice high and squeaky. “The boy assaulted my daughter right on the street! Aren’t we going to do something about that?” David gives her a comforting smile, “of course we are. I will make sure he owns up to everything he did to Natalia. But in the meantime, maybe it’s a good idea to put up some extra securities for Natalia?”

I blink. Extra securities?

An image of me going to school with a group of bodyguards clustering around me rushes into my mind and I immediately decline, “no I really don’t need that.”

Mom frowns, “But Nat—”

"Trust me on this," I say quickly. "I always come back home right after school. What can possibly happen?"

"Don't worry Mr. Ramirez," Eason chimes in. "I'll keep an eye on her. Make sure she is safe."

I look up at him, with gratitude flashing in my eyes. Yet the next second, he speaks up again and it makes my heart sink, "though I don't think it's a good idea for Nat to do part-time job now."

I part my lips in shock and my eyes widen. He just said what?

Mom immediately straightens up from her chair in disbelief, raising her voice, "what part time job? What are you talking about??"

"Natalia was just offered a job at a local coffee shop. Didn't she tell you?" Eason says in an expressionless voice. "And Zack was also coming in for an interview at that place. So that's why they met."

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Everyone's eyes are on me, waiting for my answer.

"Natalia, is this true?" Mr. Ramirez asks me in a deep voice.

I open my mouth, but no words come out of it. I look towards Eason unconsciously, but then I find him averting his eyes, intentionally avoiding eye contact with me. I immediately sense betrayal. And then it hits me. He was waiting for this moment all along