

In Love With My Evil Stepbrother Chapter 56

In Love With My Evil Stepbrother

Chapter 56

Chapter 56:

Car Crash I hurry and follow him while asking, "What show? What are you talking about?"

"You will see," he wraps his arm around my shoulder and walk me to the side.

"Are we going to walk?"

He lets out a short chuckle, "No of course not. How do you think I managed to get here in such a short time?"

Then I hear a loud clattering sound coming from above. I snap my head up and see a helicopter fast approaching. It eventually lands in the open space in front of us, causing a gust of strong wind.

A real chopper! I've only seen one before on TV!

"This is so cool!" I shout to his ears as he picks me up and helps me onboard. "But how much is this going to cost!"

"A lot cheaper than you think!" he shouts back. "It doesn't cost anything if you own it!"

I gasp in shock. So buying fancy cars isn't his most luxury hobby then. This is.

He places me on the passenger seat and fastens my seatbelt. I widen my eyes when I see him switch seats with the pilot and start checking the dashboard.

"Wait!" I raise my voice and try to shout above the noise. "Are you flying this?"

He tosses me a headphone and tabs his ears, indicating me to put it on. I do as he said. The headphone is sound-proofed and the next second I hear his musical voice ringing in my ears.

"No faith in me?" he asks with a smile.

I subconsciously shake my head but then quickly nod again.

I am terrified of flying. I can never sleep on flights. The smallest turbulence makes me jump in my seat. I know people say that airplane is the safest

transportation, but it scares the shit out of me anyway. A faint smile appears on his lips as he places his hand on the joystick and pulls the helicopter off ground. I hold my breath and hold on tightly to my seatbelt, watching the mountain hill gets smaller as we liftoff.

To my surprise, it's a lot smoother than I thought.

He's a great pilot.

I finally ease up a bit when we reach the cruise altitude, "how long have you been flying?"

"A couple of years," he says. "I used to fly to LA for weekends till my dad told me to stop because it's not very green. I can do a few stunts for you, like quick diving or reeling—" "No!!" I almost scream. "Don't!"

Then I hear his low chuckles coming out of the headphones. Turning around, I see a playful grin touches his lips and finally realize that he's just joking.

"Well, probably not today then," he promises. We hover in the midair for another 10 minutes before he points out the window, "Look."

I follow his finger and look down, and then see a familiar black SUV speeding downhill.

It's Zack.

"Now it's time for him to face some consequences," Eason's voice deepens. "What should we do with him babe?"

Anger surges up in me when I think of everything Zack did. I clench my fists and grit out, "Can we stop him? And bring him back to the police? He won't get away with it this time!"

Eason raises an eyebrow, "take him to the police? That could take months or even years before he actually pays for what he did."

I'm stunned. I don't quite understand what he is implying. Then I hear him ask me, "You want him dead?"

...what?

I can't believe my ears.

Surely I want Zack to take account for his sins but I've never thought of having him dead!

And why is Eason asking me this?

I look at Eason, frightened, and then quickly take a glance at those bodyguards sitting in the back.

"Don't mind them. They can't hear us," Eason says calmly. "You can speak up your mind."

I answer him hesitantly, "I hate him of course. I did wish for him to go to hell when he held a knife against my neck. But—"

"No but. That's all I need to know." Eason turns at me giving me a faint smile, which is so beautiful but it also makes the hairs on my arms stand.

Suddenly I have a very bad feeling about what's going to happen. Yet before I get to say anything, Eason does a hand gesture to one of the bodyguards at the back, who nods and then whispers to his own speakers. "What are you doing?" I start to panic. "What is he doing?"

Eason takes my hand, "It's OK...look down there."

I cast down my gaze and find Zack's car again. That black SUV is about to make a huge U-turn.

But the next second, instead of turning around, the car goes straight over the rail and shoots right off the cliff!

"Ahh

I scream out loud, horrified, my hands covering my mouth. Then dense smoke rises into the air from where the car dropped. There seems to be an explosion.

Eason squeezes my hand gently and chuckles, "There."

I feel hard to breath.

Did he-did Eason just kill Zack?

"...Was it you?" I finally manage to force out these words. "Not me. Not you. No one is involved," Eason shrugs indifferently. He is weirdly clam, like nothing significant has happened. "His car break failed and lost control. Bad luck, that's all. But if he hadn't kidnaped you, none of these would have happened."

He's so calm. How can he be so fucking calm? It's a life for god's sake!

I suddenly feel the world zooming out from me. The air is getting thinner, and my vision becomes blurry. I vaguely hear Eason shouting my name, but I am unable to respond.

Then I spiral down a deeper darkness.

I don't know how long I've slept. But I didn't sleep well. My dreams were filled with horrified screams, explosions and loud crashing sound.

Then gradually, I hear someone calling me. I fight the slumber and open my heavy eyelids.

A bright, ginger head appears in my sight. "Oh my god!" cries the girl. "Finally! You're awake!" I blink several times to be sure and then ask in a rough voice, "...Jenna?" I can't believe my eyes. But it's really her, my best friend back in Miami, standing in front of my bed right now.

"Don't move just yet. Let me help you." She grabs a pillow and shoves it behind my back to help me sit up. I rub my head looking around and find that I'm in the hospital. "God...what happened?" I murmur lowly. "Why are you here?" "Your mom called me, and I caught the nearest flight. And I could ask the same thing Nat! What happened? You had a panic attack and a sever loss of blood. Your mom was THIS close to going crazy." She puts her fingers really close together. I sit there with a messed-up mind, trying to process everything. Moments later I ask slowly, "Where is Eason?" Jenna frowns, "Your stepbrother? He's outside with your mom and stepdad, talking to a lawyer. He said that you were in his helicopter and suddenly had a panic attack and then just fainted. But wasn't yesterday your mom's anniversary party? What were you guys doing in a helicopter?" So he didn't tell him the whole story, which is good because it keeps us clean.

I quiver in fear thinking of what Eason did to Zack. It's such a heavy secret that I cannot bear. Jenna studies my face, "Wait...you're not telling me the truth. What really happened?"

"...Nothing But I'm so so happy to see you, Jenna." I lie to her, almost instantly. I can't tell her that Eason just killed someone for me. That would drive her crazy.

Lying to my best friend makes me sad.

Yet a flicker of doubt appears in her eyes. "That's a lie."

Shit. She can be very intuitive sometimes. "God, you never lie to me. This is bad, isn't it?" she asks heavily. "And it must

have something to do with your stepbrother Eason, right?"

My heart skips a beat. “Why do you say so?”

She shakes her head with a frown, “I have a very bad feeling about him. I don’t care how handsome and rich he is. He just doesn’t seem like a nice guy. He always gives me chills...And didn’t he have a huge crush on you three years ago? Such a creep.”

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Chapter 57

Chapter 57: Three Years Ago

Natalia’s POV

“What? Where did this come from?”

I almost laugh out loud.

That is the most ridiculous I’ve ever heard. I’m literally shaking with laughter.

Before I moved to Miami for good, Jenna flied here once and stayed with me for a week to help me pack. She met Eason a few times that summer. 1

But it was such a long time ago! And they didn’t even speak to each other. So something is definitely wrong with her memory.

“You got it wrong. We were friends, but nothing more. In fact, I saw him dated at least 4 girls that summer. I even had dinners with his girlfriend! Do you still think he had a crush on me?”

Jenna frown, shaking her head in perplexity. “No, I’m pretty sure about it. He used to stare at you in a funny way, like he was ready to take you as his personal prisoner any minute.”

“Ewww, gross!” I shiver in disgust. “You are totally fantasizing things. He was probably just sick of me following him around.”

“No! I know it for sure because-”

“Because?”

“One day you were out with your dad and I was waiting for you in your room. He came knocking on your door, with a bouquet and a letter in his hands. When I told him that you weren’t here, he asked me to give the flower and the letter to you. He didn’t seem like his usual self that day. He was shy and stuttered a lot. It was kind of cute though. But he seems like a total asshole now.”

I’m stunned.

I have absolutely no memory of this.

“Wait. Wait, wait, wait. Back up,” I hold up my hand and stop her. “When was this exactly? And where did you leave the flower and letter?”

“On your desk! I didn’t stay till you get back, so I just put them on your desk. Oh, and that was like a week before we left for Miami.”

I think hard for a moment and suddenly remember that day.

I went to school with my dad to get my paperwork done. When we got home, we even bumped into Mr. Ramirez, Ms. Griswold and Eason on the doorstep. They were heading out for a charity event. Mom was upset about Mr. Ramirez going out with his ex-wife, so I ordered pizza and stayed with her.

Me and mom talked for a long time that night, about her marriage and her new life. So I remember that day vividly.

But I have zero memory of the flower and letter.

“Wait...” Jenna gasps. “Don’t tell me you never get his flower and letter.”

“Well, I didn’t! Are you sure you left it on my desk?”

“Of course! Where else would I put it? It was sitting on your desk when I left your room. I swear.”

But I didn’t get it. For sure.

If both of us are telling the truth and none of us suffer from memory loss, then there’s only one explanation

“Someone took it before you came back,” Jenna murmurs.

A shiver travels down my spine immediately.

So Eason did give me a flower and letter three years ago. But hat’s the letter about? What was he trying to tell me?

And most importantly, who came into my room and took those things without me knowing?

“So who was in your home that day?” Jenna asks.

“Well...” I try hard to think back. “There was me and my mom of course. Mr. Ramirez and Ms. Griswold was also there before I got home. And there were a few maids. So I guess 5-6 people?”

I don’t think any of the maids would take my stuff away without my permission.

That left me with three people, Mr. Ramirez, Ms. Griswold and my mom.

And Eason, if he came back and retrieved those things himself.

“I bet it’s that old hag!” Jenna cries, waving her fists furiously in the air. “How could she”

Yet before she finishes, the door suddenly opens. We snap our head back and find Eason standing by the door with a tray of food.

His eyes light up immediately when he sees me.

“Thank god you are awake,” he strides over and kisses me on my forehead. “Your mom would skin me alive if anything happened to you. She is venting it all on my dad right now.”

Jenna suddenly cried out in surprise, pointing a finger at us and yells, “What the hell? You-are you guys—”

“Shh. No one knows about it yet!” I shush her. “I’ll tell you in a minute.”

She pouts and mutters some complaints. When Eason turns around to fix my food, she mouths me: Ask him!

I gulp, suddenly feeling a little nervous.

“So Eason...?”

“Yeah.”

“Three years ago, and you’ve probably already forgotten about it...but before I left, you went into my room and gave me some flowers? And a letter? Do you remember?”

A silence fills the room.

I hold my breath waiting anxiously for his reply, and so does Jenna. Yet Eason doesn't say anything for a long time. He slowly pours a carton of milk into the glass and turns at me, his lips curving up a little.

"Did I?" he asks in a light tone. "I forgot."

Jenna is such a hot temper, and she cries out immediately, "No way! How could you forget? It's a week before she left and—"

"No. Doesn't ring a bell. Sorry," he shrugs and hands me the milk.

Jenna wants to say something, but I stop her with a look.

It's odd. Something happened but Eason doesn't want to talk about it. If he decides to keep his mouth shut, there's nothing we can do to force out the truth. Plus, I have some trust issues with him. I'd rather find out the truth myself than ask for his side of the story.

He watches me drink the milk and says, "I'll go see if they are done talking with the lawyer. Your mom will interrogate you later. Don't let it slip."

Oh shoot! I almost forgot. There's still that business with Zack! So did he die? Did they know I was kidnapped? What should I say to mom!

I want to ask him to stay so we can work on our story together. But Eason has already turned around and left, like running away from a crime scene.

Jenna stares at his back and snorts, "That dude just gets weirder and weirder. You know what? I'll help you find it out. Maybe he's planning on something super evil and wicked and you didn't know about it. We'll unmask the villain's veil together."

I sign, "Eason got a tight mouth. If he doesn't want to tell, you can't get it out of him."

"From him, probably not. But he has friends, right? Maybe we can poke around and see if his friends know anything?"

That's not a very bad idea actually.

"He does have a very close friend James," I say thoughtfully. "I'll introduce you guys later."

Eason's POV

I let them know that Nat is awake and head out myself. I need some air.

I'm a little fidgety, probably because too much has happened in the past two days. So I sit on the bench outside for a long time before taking out my phone and call James.

He picks up on the first ring. "Hey man! Everything OK? You all disappeared right after the dance. What happened?! All guests are still talking about it. Rumors are flying everywhere! And what about your revenge plan on Nata?"

I interrupt his ranting, "We'll forget about the plan and put it behind us now."

"...What?" he sounds shocked.

I take in a deep breath and clear my mind. Her face appears in my head again, which suddenly makes me feel more determined about my decision.

"She was kidnapped by her ex-boyfriend Zack. And I went to save her," I say in a low voice.

"What?! Fuck why did he—"

"And I realized that I would do anything for her just to keep her safe. So no one can hurt her, and that includes me."

I prepare myself before continuing.

"... I think I'm in love with her."

The moment I say that, all the frustration and anxiousness in my heart vanish like magic.

Yes, I love her.

I have been loving her for a very long, long time. Can't lie to myself anymore.

I set a huge trap for her but it's me who end up fallen.

James is too shocked to say anything for a long time. But he eventually sighs, "I'd be lying if I said I never thought of this. So...abort the plan?"

"Yeah. And keep your mouth shut about everything. She even mentioned three years ago today. I don't know why, probably to test me or something. But I swept it under the rug. So just don't go near that subject," I warn him.

"OK, OK, chill. I won't say anything if you don't. So what now? Just happily ever after?"

I can't help but smile, picturing my future with her.

“Yeah, I guess so. We’ll still have to face my dad and her mom, and my mom of course. But basically...happily ever after. Yes.”

We’ll be the happiest couple on earth if she doesn’t know what I planned.

So she can never find out about it. Absolutely not.

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Chapter 58

Chapter 58: Back To the House Mom breaks down in fresh tears again when she sees me. I can’t get her to stop crying. Eventually, Mr. Ramirez comes forward and try to soothe her. But mom immediately turns against him, “What do you mean everything is OK?”

This is my only daughter! And your son took her out and injured her on our anniversary party!”

I sit awkwardly on the bed twisting fingers in anxiety and don’t know what to say. I hate that mom is accusing Eason of my injury. She didn’t know that Eason did everything he could to save my ass. But nor can I tell her the truth now...since a man’s life was involved.

Amidst the silence, Ms. Griswold speaks up in an expressionless voice, “My son has nothing to do with this.”

Mom’s face turns an ugly purple. She jumps up like a furious hen trying to project her baby chicks and points a finger at Ms. Griswold, “How dare you! It’s him who took her out and we haven’t even heard a single word of explanation from him yet! How can you be so sure that he’s not involved?”

Ms. Griswold gives her a short, derisive smile, “Why don’t you ask your daughter? She’s right here and I bet she can tell a more credible story than Eason.”

Mom snaps her head at me and asks harshly, “Nat? Tell her the truth. It’s Eason, isn’t it! What was he trying to do to you?”

Three pairs of eyes fix on me at the same time and the pressure is crushing me down.

Should I say it? Should I tell them the truth? I open my mouth slightly and suddenly notice that Mr. Ramirez slightly shakes his head at me. I immediately swallow back everything I was about to say.

“What?” mom notices my hesitation and snaps. “What were you trying to say?” Mr. Ramirez places her hand on my mom’s shoulder and says, “Let’s give her a break. Natalia has had a long day.”

Mom sighs deeply and lapses into silence. But I can tell that she’s disappointed. From her perspective, she is probably thinking that I’m ganging up with Eason to keep her in the dark.

“Mom, I’ll be fine,” I take a quick look at Ms. Griswold and turn to mom again.” You should just focus on your anniversary for now. Didn’t you book a trip with Mr. Ramirez earlier? Go on that trip and enjoy yourself, OK?”

I was trying to remind her that the last thing she needs to do is to keep fighting with Mr. Ramirez, especially since Ms. Griswold is back into the picture now. But mom clearly doesn’t get my hint. She gives me a gloomy look and whispers, “...just worry about yourself for now.” Then she turns around and leaves the room with Mr. Ramirez and Ms. Griswold.

I fall back to my bed and let out a long sigh.

I want to tell her the truth, but I also want to protect Eason. There seems to be no way to achieve both at the same time. I’m so torn.

After a while, Eason is back again. He seems to be in a much better mood now. “Where have you been?” I ask. “Out making a phone call,” he sits beside my bed and holds my hands. “Has your trial finished?”

“For now, yes. But how can you leave me alone to face this?” I complaint. “I don’t know what to tell them. Do they know about...Zack?” I lower my voice at the mention of Zack’s name, afraid that I might disturb a ghost.

Eason notices the look on my face and laughs, “Don’t worry. He’s not dead...well, not yet.”

“No?”

“No. He’s in a deep coma right now. He hurt his spine in the car crash, and they say he’ll probably never wake up again.” I don’t know if I should be glad or worried. The good thing is that Zack will probably never be able tell our secret to anyone; but if the police find out that Eason is behind this, Eason will definitely go to jail. “Does anyone know?” I ask urgently. “Does Mr. Ramirez know?” “Dad didn’t ask me directly, but I think he knows,” he studies my face. “You are not feeling sorry for that bastard, are you?”

Because it could have been you, if I didn't stop him. He was going to kill you." "I know...but, I just think that you didn't need to get your hands dirty." Eason smiles. He takes my hand in his palm and gently squeezes it, "We get our

hands dirty, and we are not ashamed of it. It's like a family motto. You should get use to this if you are to be part of this family." My heart skips a beat, "I thought I'm already part of this family."

"No... I was talking about a smaller kind of family. The family that belongs to you and me," he clears his throat and his cheeks become pink.

I giggle and lean in to hug him. I feel so happy right now. I doubt there is anything in the world that can ruin my happiness. "Hey," I rest my head on his chest and whisper. "I have a close friend, Jenna. I want to introduce her to you and James. That's fine with him, is it?" "Of course. There's no way he'd say no to meeting a girl," he kisses me on the forehead.

I check out of the hospital a few days later and go back to school. Life has gone back to normal again. But mom and Mr. Ramirez seem to be having a silent war with each other, while Ms. Griswold decides to stay a bit longer in the city. "Why on earth is she staying?" I complaint to Eason. "Sorry I know she's your mom, but I just can't help but wonder why?" "Don't worry. She won't stay long. She's just here to talk business with dad's company." "I know, but..." I shake my head, feeling even more anxious. "Mom cancelled their anniversary trip to Barbuda. And they are barely talking these days. I'm just worried that..."

"That dad will come back to my mom?" Eason laughs out loud. He seems to find this idea very amusing. "Don't worry. My mother is a total control freak. Dad won't come back to her in a million years." His words sound very reassuring, but I still can't dispel the heavy cloud in my heart.

"You know what?" Eason whispers to my ears. "Why don't we go back to the country house again this weekend?" "What? No! I don't want to set foot into that dreadful place ever again in my whole life!" I quiver in fear and can't stop thinking about Zack and the kidnap at the mention of that house.

"Hey, don't blame the house. You just need some happy memories to replace the sad ones," he suggests. "And we can bring Jenna and James. The four of us can have the entire house to our own."

Speaking of which, things have developed rapidly between Jenna and James. I introduced them a week ago and they are practically unseparated now. I do want to have a good talk with Jenna about what happened for the past week.

“Well... I guess so. Yeah?” I nod and agree.

So on that weekend, the four of us drive back to the country house again.

The house and garden remains exactly the same as the day of the party, with all the decoration, flowers and lights. I was a bit curious why they haven't taken down everything yet. But it's not my place to question that either.

James and Eason go into the room to settle our luggage, while I take the time to show Jenna around and have a private talk with her.

“Wow, what kind of a family are you marrying into?” she gasps while admiring the house.

“A difficult one, I guess? And don't say the word 'marry' just yet, it creeps me out,” I lower my voice and ask her. “So what's the deal between you and James? You are not using yourself to lure him out, aren't you?” She rolls her eyes and snorts, “That dude is so plain and simple. A little cleavage and he is ready to wag his tail like a puppy dog. I can get him to come running towards me with a whistle.”

I let out a hearty laugh. This is what I love about her, so energetic and charming and full of girl's power. “So, did you find anything?” I ask. “Not yet. But he stutters and sweats a lot when I ask him about you guys. Something hideous is buried really deep. But don't worry. We'll dig it out.” I have no doubt of that, of course.

We are all a bit wore out after the house tour, so we head back to our room to rest. I take a good afternoon nap and when I wake up, it's already 7:00 p.m.

I sit up at once and grab my phone.

No calls. No texts.

Where is everyone?!

I go out of my room and run into a maid on the way, “Excuse me. Have you seen Eason and my friends?”

“Mr. Ramirez is expecting you in the garden,” she smiles.

In the garden? But's dinner time and I'm starving. I try calling them again but none of them answer. What's the matter with everybody! I rush downstairs and into the garden. It's dark already. I can't hardly see a thing without the lights..

“Eason!” I raise my voice and shout his name. “Where are you? Stop this game and just come out!”

And the next second, the entire garden lights up. A thousand small lanterns are glowing on the tree and among the flowers, making the whole garden like a fairyland. A trio starts playing and I immediately recognize it's a song I've heard on mom's anniversary party.

...What the

I'm so shocked that I literally freeze.

And then I see Eason, who is standing on the other side of the garden and wearing the same suit that he wore on that day of the party. With the music playing in the background, he makes his way to me with an easy grace. When he eventually stops in front of me, he puts out a hand to me. "Miss Moore, may I have the honor?" he smiles.

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Chapter 59

Chapter 59: First Dance "What-why...what's all this?!"

He holds his hand in the midair waiting for me as his smile grows wider, "What does it look like? It's a surprise."

"Yeah I can see that. But why?"

"Well... remember that dance you promised me?"

I pause for a moment, and then suddenly remember that we did talk about it once before the anniversary party. I said I would save my first dance for him. Yet then so many things happened and that plan got completely ruined.

I didn't know he'd still remember this.

A sudden wave of strong emotions flushes through my heart that makes me want to hug and kiss him.

Taking in a deep breath, I place my hand in his palm.

"That'd be my honor," I say in a slightly shaking voice.

He pulls me into his arms and leads me into the dancefloor. A beautiful music is playing in the background, and we dance to it. I'm not a very good dancer, but gladly my partner knows his moves very well. He holds me tightly by the waist and waltz me through the dance floor. It's like flying above clouds.

This is probably a juvenile thing to say but...I feel like a princess living in dreamland, which is made possible by him.

"Are you happy?" he whispers beside my ears. I rest my head on his chest and murmur, "Yes. And I don't think I can be any happier. Though I do hope that you could give me a notice and let me dress for the this."

"You don't need to dress up to be perfect. Plus, no one is looking," he smiles.

He is right. This is even better than a dance in the real party. We couldn't kiss and hold each other in the real party, not with everyone staring. But we can do whatever we please now since we have the entire house to ourselves.

I place my hand on the back of his neck and pulls his head down, standing on tiptoes to kiss him. He returns my kiss with a greater passion, making me melt in

his arms. I close my eyes and let myself drown in this moment of wonderfulness. And then I suddenly realize something.

"Wait," I slightly move away from his lips and gasp. "Is this why they haven't taken down all the decoration yet?"

He raises his eyebrow, "don't know why you are asking this...but yes. I asked the butler and maids to keep everything as it was. And I invited the trio back to play for us."

"All these...just to give me a surprise?"

"A surprise, yes. But more like a promise," he takes both of my hands to his lips and kisses them, before continuing in a solemn voice. "I intend to keep all of my promises to you, no matter how huge or small the matter is."

I'm so stunned. And I feel my eyes become misty.

I haven't felt so cherished and special for a very long time, not since mom and dad got divorced and went on separate ways. It has always seemed that I was the extra one in people's life and this feeling just got stronger and stronger after I got kicked out by dad and moved to Boston this time.

But Eason changed this. He lets me know that there is still one person in the world that will spare no effort in making me safe and happy.

I once thought that he would totally ruin my life. But as it turns out, the wicked playboy really does have a gentle soul. "Hey," he leans over and touches his forehead to mine. "I did all these to make you happy. Not to make you cry." I quickly wipe the corner of my eyes and laugh, "these are happy tears. I promise."

Then I pause for a moment, before asking him in a low voice, "How much longer are they going to play?" His eyes darken, as if he has already understood my hint. "They can stop any moment."

"Well then..." I giggle, then blow a gentle breath into his ears, "can you tell them to stop and thank them all for coming, then take me into the room and fuck me!"

He takes in a sharp inhale, then suddenly picks me up off the ground and throws me over his shoulders. I cry out laughing, while he carries me out of the garden,

into the house rushing upstairs. We got lucky and didn't run into anyone on the way. We kiss each other like animals, holding each other and stumbling into the room. He kicks the door shut and presses me against the wall, then rips both my jeans and panties off. I am already soaking wet. And I'm so hot and eager for him. I slightly part my legs when his finger touches my folds, "...fuck me. Please!"

He curses and thrusts his long finger all the way into my pussy, rough and hard. I let out a long pleasurable cry, my whole body shaking. We haven't had sex in a while. So he almost made me come with one finger.

He rubs my clit and starts fucking me with his hand. I cling to his shoulder shaking, otherwise I'd definitely fall to the ground with this intense pleasure. I feel my juice dripping down with the movement of his hand. "Fuck, you are so tight!" he groans, taking my ass in his hand and squeezes it. "Are you ready for me?" "Yes!" I beg, rocking my butt. "I want you. Fuck me with your dick." "Fuck!" he curses, pulling out his finger and gives a gentle slap to my ass. I clench my legs and feel the sudden emptiness in my body without his finger. Yet the next second, he pumps into my core hard and fast without mercy.

"Ahh!" I scream out loud, my body coursing with electricity. He is so huge, and he is fucking me so rough and hard. There is a bit of pain, but pleasure mostly.

The mixed sensation is tearing me up.

He grabs the back of my neck and forces me to look into his eyes, as he keeps thrusting deep into me, "This is going to be rough OK babe?"

My nails dig into his hard muscles as I moan, "Yes fuck me hard please."

I love it when he goes rough. And I know he'd never hurt me.

“Fuck! You are so damn wet. And always so ready!”

He slaps my butt again, this time a little harder. I can't help but clench my pussy at the prickling feeling of his slap. Oh god this feels so good.

He starts fucking me deeper and harder. Suddenly, as if he feels that this isn't enough, he pulls out his dick and throws me onto the bed, then plunges back into me again.

He hits my g-spot and I come, quick and hard. I start trembling and screaming under his body. The orgasm is too strong that I'm afraid it'll eat me up. But he doesn't stop for me; instead he picks up the speed and fucks me harder

while I ride my aftershock. And that makes me come again almost immediately. God this is insane. I don't know I can be this eager and horny in my entire life. Only he has the magic of making me crazy. We indulge ourselves in this overwhelming sex. When he finally comes and lies down beside me, I am so exhausted yet happy that I feel my chest is going to explode. Then my eyelids become heavy, but he gives me a gentle nudge before I fall asleep, “Hey babe. There's something I want to give you.”

I struggle to open my eyes again, “sure what is it?”

He gets up from bed and picks up his pants on the ground. Then under my gaze, he fetches a small, velvet box out of his pocket.

“What the hell??” I jump up and cry out, all my sleepiness disappeared at once. “Wait, wait relax. I put it in the box because it's nicer this way,” he gestures me to calm down. “It's less terrifying than it seems...at least I hope it does.”

He takes a deep breath and hands me the box. There is a strange awkwardness on his face which is so unusual.

“Open it, will you?” he asks. I take the box in my hands. It feels like it weighs a thousand pounds. I don't know what's inside the box but I bet it matters greatly.

With a hammering heart, I slowly open the box holding my breath. I've thought of neckless, earrings, a piece of jewelry maybe, but... I didn't expect to see this at all. 1 It's a key.

In Love With My Evil Stepbrother Chapter 60

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Chapter 60:

A Huge Step A key. But a key to what? Suddenly, an absurd idea flashes across my mind as I gasp, "You are not asking me to move in with you, are you?!!" He gulps and sits up straighter. I haven't seen him this nervous before.

"Yeah, that's what I'm doing," he smiles awkwardly. "But honestly, this isn't the reaction I was looking for."

I sit there still, my mind completely blank.

He is asking me to move in with him? But we are only 18! And, of course, he isn't like normal students since he has his own house and everything, but regardless, we are still too young to make such huge commitment! I am the only one to think that moving-in is a huge, huge step for a couple? Amidst the silence, he leans over and grabs my hands, "OK now you are scaring me a little. You make it seem like that I'm holding a gun to your head and

forcing you to jump off a cliff." I force out a smile, "been there before."

"Just tell me your real thoughts. It wouldn't be the first time you rejected me, and I think I can take the hit," he says in a playful tone.

His attitude eases me up a bit. I take a deep breath and try to organize my thoughts, "well... I just think we are moving a bit too fast. We just started dating not so long ago and there are so many issues between us, like our parents, school, college...Are you sure now is a good time?"

And there is another reason. I haven't figured out what happened three years ago with that letter that went missing for no reason. I find it hard to open up to him with this between us.

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"OK, I hear what you are saying. But I still think you should move in with me," he says.

"Really?" I raise an eyebrow.

"Just answer me this: have you ever thought of our future before?"

I'm stunned for a moment.

Of course, I have thought of our future, so many times that I've actually lost count. I fantasize about us going to the same college, getting a nice little

apartment off campus, working in the same city after graduation and, eventually, committing a lifetime of happiness to each other.

But I've also been through so many heartbreaks at this point that I dare not think too deep into all these anymore.

And now he is asking me this...

"Yes."

I gather all my courage and answer him in a low voice, "Yes I've thought of it before, so many times. But I don't see how that relates to what we are facing now."

"It does," he cups my cheek with both of his hands and touches the tip of my nose with his. "Because I want our future to be tomorrow, not years later. I don't want to wait another 2 to 3 years to have you in my life. I want your face to be the first thing I see every morning when I open my eyes, starting today." I find it hard to keep the corner of my lips down, "you sound very forceful." He smiles with me, "So is it working then?" It is working, probably a little too well. God why is it so hard for me to resist him? "Say something nicer," I murmur. "I'll probably say yes." His breathing becomes fast, and he says, "I love you Nat. And I think we are destined to be together. If that's the case, I don't want us to waste another single

day."

My heart swells. His words touch the softest place in my soul. And I have to admit that I want everything he just said. Under his intense and anxious gaze, I slowly nod my head.

"Fuck! Is that a yes?" he gasps with a hoarse voice. "I-wait, let me do this the right way."

He jumps off bed and slips into his shirt and jeans as quickly as possible. Then he takes the velvet box in his hand, getting down on one knee beside the bed.

"Oh dear god," I cover my face with my hands, my shoulders shaking with laughter. "Please get up! I'm begging you—" Yet he carries on anyway, in a playful yet solemn way, "Natalia Moore, would you do me the honor—"

I hold my breath involuntarily, staring deep into his beautiful green eyes. "—of moving in with me?" he finishes.

This seems very ridiculous, with him getting down like this and me sitting on bed naked. But I still feel a lump at my throat that makes me want to sob and cry. He looks at me, waiting for my answer anxiously.

“...Yes.” I choke and nod several times.

The brightest smile appears on his face immediately. He jumps up and pulls me in for a long and deep kiss. I kiss back as hard as I can. At that moment, I’m so happy that I feel my chest is going to explode.

I get up the next morning feeling like a new person. I feel really good about this moving forward thing, especially since we’ve been through a lot together already. I run into Jenna and James at breakfast. These two are also hitting it off really well. When Jenna stands up to get another cup of coffee, I follow her out and tell her what happened last night. “Wow really? Moving in together already?” she seems very surprised. “Are you sure about this?”

“I think so, yeah,” I nod. “Unless you’ve found something that can prove me wrong?”

Jenna shrugs, “Unfortunately no. But I’m positive that something is out there... you know what? I’ll check James’s phone sometimes without him knowing.” “What? That’s a bit too far, isn’t it?”

“Relax. I’ll dump him anyway when he becomes useless,” Jenna laughs and pats my shoulder. “You just focus on dating the prince charming for now.”

After breakfast, Jenna and I start wandering about in the garden, until James interrupts us saying that he wants to take Jenna out for a little ride. I want them to have more alone time, so I set her free and turn back looking for Eason.

I find him talking to the butler in the dining room. I walk closer and catch the last few words of their conversation.

“...yes, you can take down all decorations today. Is there anything else?” Eason asks.

“Yes sir,” the butler says. “You made a video and asked me to play it at the anniversary party. But sadly, we never got to that part. Shall I delete it, or do you want the copy back?”

A video? He made a video for mom and Mr. Ramirez?

Aww, that’s really sweet! Yet Eason quickly replies, “Just delete it. The whole thing.” “Hold on a second, Eason. You made that for them, right? I think they would love to see it!”

“No, I don’t think so. Don’t mind that.”

There’s a fleeting panic in his eyes which confuses me. Is he afraid of me seeing that video? Did he say something sweet and embarrassing? I’m even more curious now.

“But at least you can show it to me-”

“No!” he snaps, his tone harsher than I expected. “Just drop it and let’s go.” Then he shoots the butler an angry glare, as if he’s blaming the poor man for mentioning it. Before I get to say anything again, he drags me away. Yet I keep thinking about it for the rest of the day. Eventually, I decide to go around him and acquire a copy myself. If he said something nice in the video, I will show it to mom and that’ll probably ease up their relationship. So later I find a chance and go to that butler again asking for the video.

He seems very hesitant when he hears my request, “But Mr. Ramirez clearly said that...”

“And I’m his sister, right? You saw how close we are. Plus, if that’s something you can show to the entire crowd at the party, I should also be allowed to see it. Right?”

He pauses a little and eventually agrees. But he says that he doesn’t have the video right now. Later when he gets back to his office, he will send me an email with the copy I thank him in a light mood. I really look forward to what Eason said in that video.