

In Love With My Evil Stepbrother Chapter 7

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Chapter Seven When I finally clean myself up and step out of the room, the party has already started. Loud music is on, and a couple guys have laid out the bar section with bottles of vodka and beers.

They are heavy drinkers given by their age. I'm not against party. Back in Miami, I often have small and intimate gathering with my friends. We would grab couples of cold beers and head to the beach, enjoy the evening sea air. We talk, we drink, and we dance. We always have a blast.

I sigh at my sudden nostalgic feeling. I miss Miami, and it's easy and relaxing vibe. Boston is a busy and bustling city. It suits people like Eason, not me. We are indeed from two totally different worlds. I push through the crowd and try to find Eason. I want to talk to him about me staying here, which seems like a terrible idea now. Judging by the speed people pour alcohol down their throats, I better find him soon. I walk pass by two girls smoking joints and try not judge them. Then I finally spot Eason, sitting on the couch, with that blonde girl on his lap. She is giggling about something and then leans in to kiss him. He casually lays back on the couch and lets her groping all over him. I can still tell he's quite used to their intimacy. I pause as I feel an unpleasant swirl in my stomach. Is that his girlfriend? Why didn't he say anything about her? But on the second thought, why would he? I'm only his hick stepsister, whom he is ashamed of in front of his friends. I take in a shaky inhale and look away. I can't stand watching them making out. And I hate that blonde girl already. 1

"Hey."

I turn around and see a boy holding two red cups behind me. I recognize him as the guy who offered to help me earlier. "You ok?" he smiles at me and offers me a drink, "here." "No thanks." I force a smile back, "I don't feel like drinking."

"Me neither. It's not wine. Just water."

I look at him suspiciously and take a sip. It really is water, "You know if you don't feel like drinking, you probably shouldn't come here." Crap, I don't want to sound like a bitch. But I'm in a bad mood and it just slips out.

But the boy doesn't seem to mind. He laughs, "well I've already regretted it. But I'm glad to have one sober person to talk to."

He is nice and charming. I instantly grow fond of him.

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“Natalia.” I offer my hand, “Eason’s stepsister. So, you are a friend of him?” “Alex,” He shakes my hand, “and no. I’m not his friend. Someone else brought me here.” I sense a subtle subtext between his words. He notices it too and smiles, “don’t get me wrong, everyone wants to be friend with Eason Ramirez. He is very popular. But I work in the student union and paly the school team...we are just different and therefor never get the chance to be acquainted.”

I know he is just being cryptic about it. He is a straight-A top student. And naturally a guy like him wouldn’t want to be friend with a rich brat like Eason. “So what sport do you play?” I ask.

(Windsurf.”

“No kidding!” I gasp in surprise, “I windsurf myself! I’m on the school team too!” His eyes slightly widen as well. “Really? So which school are you in? How come I never seen you in any of the practice or competitions before?” “I go to school in Miami. But I heard Boston has the best team. I really hope I can see you guys train someday,”

Someone suddenly cuts me off before I can finish. “Natalia! Alex! Come and join us!”

We both turn around and see that redhead boy named James waving at us. The rest of the group is also looking at us, Eason included. His hand is still wrapped around that blonde girl’s wrist, but his eyes are on me. His lips press into a firm line.

“That’s James.” Alex whispers to me.

James comes over and pushes us to the coach. “Come, come, don’t be loners. We are playing Truth and Dare. And you two are joining us.” I almost roll my eyes. Truth and Dare? Are they still in kindergarten? “No, I don’t think I want

to

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That blonde cuts me off. “But you must. It’s the rule. Every newbie must play.”

I hate her even more. “Rule? According to whom?” Her voice is shrill and annoying. “According to the houseowner, of course. Right sweetie?” She rubs her body against Eason’s chest and rests her head on his shoulder. Eason doesn’t say a word. I take his silence for assent.

Anger boils up inside me as I snap, "If the houseowner has to force it on me, I might as well leave."

An awkward silence builds up in the room. Now everyone in the group can see the tension between me and Eason. But most of them don't care about the reason, they are just gloating over my presumptuous challenge towards Eason and his date.

Eason eyes me and slightly arches his lips into a sarcastic angle, "let her be. She's too busy talking to her new friend about school project, interns, and scores. It's not easy to find someone equally nerdy in a party."

I widen my eyes. He's going after Alex now? What's the problem with him! "You know what?" I sit back, "I will play. Let's see what's so fun about this juvenile game." James laughs, "Not juvenile. Not the way we play it."

And I soon find out what he meant.

Half an hour later, it's been 6 rounds. One girl was dared to take off her top and jumped into the pool; a boy was dared to unhook another girl's bra with his teeth, and I'm pretty sure they didn't know each other before the party. Does everything have to be sexual for these people? 1 After James drinks up 6 shots in a roll and spin the bottle again, the bottle stops pointing at me.

My heart sinks a bit, knowing my luck for tonight has ended. I gulp and look at James, hoping he can see the will in my eyes and go gentle on me. But he grins at me and declares, "Nat, I dare you to kiss Alex." I groan, "seriously? Can't you think of anything new?" Normally I wouldn't mind the kiss since it's only a game anyway. But knowing Eason is watching has made me uncomfortable. I slightly squint at his direction, and there he is, glaring upon me with fury. "This is stupid," Eason says through gritted teeth. His angry face is such a pleasant view. I shrug, "it's your stupid game." I exchange a look with Alex. He smiles and leans in to kiss me. It's more like a tap on the lips than a real kiss. I really appreciate him being a gentleman. When he pulls away from me, he even gently rubs his thumb against the corner of my mouth. The group let out a cheerful applaud. Only Eason's face is tightened and dark, but I feel good to irritate him.

"It's your turn to spin," James reminds me. I spin and the bottle points to a slim girl. I don't know her, so I give her the easiest dare and ask her to take a shot.

She finishes her shot and spin the bottle again. This time it points to Alex.

"Alex. I dare you to lay Natalia on the floor and make out to her for 2 minutes."

I almost choke on my drink.

What's wrong with her?! I just cut her a slack and now she's giving me a hard time? I look up and catch her exchanging a smug look with the blonde girl named Val on

Eason's lap. Mean girl and her minions. No wonder. "No seriously. This is too much." Alex says, "I can do something else."

"This is your dare. It's settled."

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Before Alex can say something else, Eason speaks up fiercely, "It is stupid. We already saw them kiss. What's so exciting about that?" Val giggles, "what's the big deal? They are both single and they seem to enjoy the kiss earlier." "The big deal is...well I know her and she's not the same with us. Give her something easier to do and leave her be."

My chest hurts. This is the reason? Not defending me or protecting me, he thinks I'm not cool

enough to play their stupid game? Does he really think so high of himself? "It's fine with me," said me glowering, while standing up from the coach. Eason pushes Val away and stands up as well. We glare each other across the table and he snaps, "are you losing your mind?" I look at him defiantly, "why? Isn't this how your group plays the game?" I grab Alex's wrist and drags him up. I know it's stupid acting like this just to trigger his anger, and I should probably apologize to Alex later, but now I just want to see him mad. Alex clears his throat. With everyone staring, he puts his hand on my waist and pulls me closer. Before kissing me, he lowers his head and gently nudges the tip of my nose with his. Involuntarily, I hold my breath and close my eyes, waiting for his kiss to fall on me. Suddenly, I feel a hard pull on my elbow, causing me to stagger back a few steps. With sharp gasps and screams from the group, I'm dragged into another person's arms. I'm too shock to react, as Eason holds the back of my neck and presses his lips on mine.