

In Love With My Evil Stepbrother Chapter 9

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Chapter Nine Katherine lets out an audible gasp. Signed, I look up and meet Eason's eyes in the air. He's looking at me coldly, expression undetectable.

Valerie lets go of him and walks towards me, as people hurry clear out a pass for her. She stands a few inches above me with her high heels. She looks down at me, lips curved into a sarcastic angle.

"This is no place for people like you. Drop out now and leave Eason alone," she mouths a threat.

I look straight into her eyes and reply, "I earned my place in here. Fair and square. You can't force me. And it's none of your business anyway."

She sneers, "how? By that pathetic transcript of yours? You got in because Eason's father pulled some strings and wrote huge check to the board. Do you have no self-esteem? Using his family like this?"

My face flashes red under her question. On some level, I know she's right. But I'm already too far deep into the war to back out right now. So I stare her back, while remain in silence.

She squints at me, and suddenly turns to Katherine and the other girls, "what were you talking about earlier?"

They have no idea what's going on and Katherine stutter, "we were talking about the homecoming party. And going shopping together..." "Superb," simpers Valerie as she gives me a nudge, "Then you must take Natalia with you. She's got nothing proper to wear. Poor girl just got kicked out by her own father. Has nowhere else to go. If it weren't for Mr. Ramirez, she'd probably live on the street right now." 1

My eyes widen in disbelief as she continues. How the fuck did she know about all this? Right, it must be Eason. How dare him!

Katherine is still confused, "I don't understand. Natalia, do you know Mr. Ramirez?" "Oh you haven't told them yet?" Valerie speaks up before I can, "She is Mr. Ramirez's stepdaughter and Eason's—"

"Val!" Eason interrupts her sharply.

Valerie stops and turns around to look at him. She suddenly seems a bit nervous, as if worried that he might snap. "What? I am just introducing her to the group," she defends.

Eason strides towards us, his lips pressed into a firm line. I glare at him, swearing to myself that nothing he does right now will make me forgive him.

But he doesn't say a word to defend me. Without even looking at me, he grabs Valerie's hand and says in a surly voice, "the tour is about to begin."

Right at this moment, a middle-aged man walks into the room and announces to us, "ok students. Gather around. Welcome to today's school tour. My name is Rob, I'm gonna be your tour guy today. We also invite two honor students to join this tour, Eason and Valerie. Shoot us any questions you have and enjoy!" Students follows his lead and moves outside. I can still feel suspicious looks coming from every direction. Thanks Valerie for ruining school before it even starts.

Rob shows us around. This school is surprisingly huge, even got its own swimming pool, racetrack, fencing hall, and a well-equipped gym. And the library is said to have hundreds of years of history with a rich collection of literature.

People have been deliberately ignoring me the whole time. Clearly, they don't want to be on the wrong side. Eason and Valerie, on the other hand, get their full attention. People have been pushing their ways in just to get closer to them. Valerie seems to enjoy this a lot, while Eason is clearly not in the mood. He keeps hands in his pocket the whole time, even appeared impatient when someone talks to him.

When Rob announces the observatory is the last stop, I let out a long sign. Thank god I can't wait for this to be over. I drag heavy steps, listlessly following the group into the building, but suddenly I feel a hard pull at the elbow, and I'm shoved into a small room.

Eason closes the door behind him, looking down at me with cold eyes. "Why are you ignoring me?" asks him abruptly. I almost burst into laughter. "Is this some kind of joke? After you kissed me without my permission and told everyone what a pathetic orphan I am, you expect us to be friends?" He doesn't flinch under my questions, instead he takes a step forward, closing the distance between us. The light in this room is dim, and I can hardly see his expression, only hear his heavy breathing.

His next question throws me off.

"You enjoyed the kiss the other day. Do you?"

My heart suddenly starts thumping wildly. Why is he asking me this? Has he found out about something? Thankfully it's dark inside, so he can't see my ears are glowing red.

"No." I said jerkily.

He lets out a chuckle, as if mocking my dishonesty. "You are a terrible liar."

He reaches out and holds my arm. When I didn't resist, his hand travels upward and finally rests on the back of my neck. His long fingers intertwine with my hair, fingertips gently rub my bare skin, causing an electric current down my spine.

Then he lowers his head. Now I can clearly see his eyes. Those beautiful emerald-green eyes are filled with so many strong and intensive emotions that it's almost intimidating.

"Nat..." he calls me, almost whispering, "I want to tell you something. I—"

I suddenly shove him hard at his chest. He's taken off guard, and staggers sideways. His back bumps into a shelf standing by the wall with a dull thud.

I pant harshly, tightening my fist till nails dig into my palm. I don't know if this is another round of his game. But I won't let him play me like this.

A few seconds later, he looks up to me again. Flames in his eyes have died out, only ice and cold now.

"I get it," says him darkly, "it's because of that Alex guy, isn't it?" I have no idea what he's saying. "Eason Ramirez, are you out of your mind?! You are my brother for god's sake! That kiss is already one huge mistake. Now we can still pretend nothing happened if you just please leave me alone!" His voice is even higher than mine, "bullshit! I've never had a fucking sister! Stop calling me your brother!"

I take in a shaky inhale, as he runs his fingers through his hairs and snaps, "fine, if you want to be the Ramirez princess, be it. Let's see how long you can last in this school."

He shot me one deathly glare and storms out, slamming the door behind him.

I drop to the ground as my legs can't hold me anymore. My head is such a fucked-up mess. Seriously, why is he acting like this? Why is he treating me like trash? His last two lines stick with me. I sit alone on the cold floor, pondering. Maybe this has something to do with his heritage? I know people have been calling my mom a gold-digger behind her back, so I keep a discrete distance with the Ramirez family, not want anything to do with their wealth.

So is it possible that, Eason is worried about me stealing his inheritance? I rub my face in frustration. How can I let him know that I have zero interest in his money? I just want to keep my head down and finish my senior year. Is that too much to ask for?

Then I hear sound of high heels approaching this room. I immediately stand up, as the door flies open with Valerie and three other girls appear behind it.

“What?” I ask sharply. Enough of Valerie and her drama!

“I saw Eason leaving this room a moment before.” Valerie steps forward with a sneer on her face, “Why can’t you just leave him alone? Or do you want to be like your mother? Marrying yourself into a wealthy family and change your pathetic loser life one thing for all?”

I want to slap her, but two girls jump at me and grab my hands and shoulder. I kick one of them at the calf, and she cries out in pain. Valerie yanks my hair backward with one hand, as she pokes her long nail into my cheek.

“Make this a lesson to you,” she smiles, eyes glittering dangerously, “if you promise to behave, I might let you survive the senior year. Deal?” Then she reaches out and takes my phone out of my pocket, “and I’ll be keeping this for you. Girls?”

The other girls push me onto the floor, follows Valerie out of the room and slams the door shut. I climb up and leap at the door, but it’s already locked from the outside.

Valerie looks back at me through window and chortles, “Oh and they say this observatory is hunted. But who knows? Maybe the spirit has a soft spot for losers. Enjoy your night.”