

# **STEPBROTHER'S PUNISHES ME EVERYNIGHT -**

## **Chapter 5 #####CHAPTER 5**

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MIA'S POV

Finally, I was starting over at a new school. The prospect of leaving the old one, together with all of the terrible memories, made me feel relieved and excited. A new location meant an opportunity to redefine oneself. I couldn't wait to try something new, and maybe better.

As I strolled down the hall, I noticed that the door to my stepbrother Xavier's room had a glass window that provided a clear view inside. My curiosity got the best of me, and I slowed down, peeping in without thinking.

"Whoa..." The word spilled out before I could stop it. Xavier had just emerged from the shower, a towel loosely wrapped around his waist. His damp hair clung to his brow, as beads of water ran down his muscular shoulders and chiseled chest. The sight of his well-defined abs and V-shaped waist made my heart race. How does someone look so good?

"Stop staring, Mia," I said to myself, pulling my gaze away. But no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't avoid it. My attention shifted back to him. He resembled a Greek god, his muscles carved to perfection. I bit my lip and felt the heat rise in my cheeks. You shouldn't be staring at your stepbrother like way.

Just as I was about to leave, he went for the towel and removed it to dry himself. My eyes widened as I took in the sight of his entirely naked body, my gaze shamefully moving down to his long, hard—"Oh no," I exclaimed, stumbling backward and losing my equilibrium. "Ah!" My back struck the wall with a jarring bang. "Ouch!" I gasped, grasping my head, embarrassed and in pain. What exactly was wrong with me?

I returned my attention to his chamber, and to my astonishment, Xavier had turned around. His eyes latched on mine, and his face was a mix of disbelief and wrath. My heart fell. Please let this become a nightmare.

He hastily grabbed the towel and wrapped it around his waist again, his jaw tightening. "Are you serious right now?" he growled, racing to the door. I stopped, too ashamed to move, my thoughts racing from what I had just done.

Before I could respond, he reached the glass door and jerked the curtain closed with a sudden, angry tug. I remained there, petrified, as his black glare ripped through me one more time. He's furious. Of course he is. You simply ogled your stepbrother like a creep.

"Get it together, Mia," I said under my breath, forcing myself to move. "You have already made a fool of yourself. "Don't make things worse."

Just then, my stepfather's voice rang out from downstairs. "Mia, are you okay?"

"I—I'm fine!" I called back, my voice trembling. No, I am not fine. I just seen my stepbrother naked. I cringed, felt the embarrassment rush over me in waves. What had I been thinking?

I looked back at the door, half expecting Xavier to rush out and yell at me, but the curtain remained firmly closed. I need to get out of here.

I sprinted down the hall, my pulse beating as I climbed the stairs two at a time. When I got to the bottom, Lord Atwood was waiting, his expression full with concern.

"Are you sure you're alright?" he said, his gaze drawn to mine.

"Yes, just clumsy this morning," I forced a smile as my cheeks burned. "I, um, bumped into the wall."

"Be careful," he said gently. "Remember, if you need anything, you can always come to me."

"Thanks, Dad," I said, lowering my head. If only you knew what had transpired. I had never felt so ashamed in my life.

I walked toward the door, attempting to shake the picture of Xavier's enraged expression. How am I meant to confront him again? The question echoed in my mind, making my stomach turn. I'd have to see him again, and just the thought made me want to burrow under a rock.

"Just forget it," I told myself firmly as I stepped outdoors. The cool air touched my face, relaxing me slightly. "You have a new school to worry about. Concentrate on that."

But no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't get rid of the image of his body or the angry expression on his face. Great job, Mia. Day one, and you've already made things awkward.

I took a big breath and squared my shoulders. Perhaps he'll forget about it, I reasoned, though I knew this was doubtful. "Just avoid him," I told myself, with a forlorn hope in my voice. "Avoid him and everything will be fine."

I was in the midst of my thoughts, trying to muster the strength to walk through those school doors, when Diego's words snapped me back into reality.

"Mia, I've asked Rolex to drop you off at your old school today," he remarked calmly but firmly.

I gazed at him, my heart dropping slightly. "But... I thought I was going to a new school?" My voice was barely above a whisper. The prospect of facing my old school and tormentors filled me with fear.

Diego nodded, detecting my hesitancy. "You will eventually. For the time being, however, you will return to your former school. It's close to Rolex's clinic, so you may continue your studies there while we straighten things out.

My face was emptied of blood. "My old school?" I repeated, my voice trembling. I could still see the faces of people who had made my life miserable, and hear their mocking laughter. The notion of going back made my stomach turn.

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