

In Love With My Evil Stepbrother Chapter 11

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Chapter Eleven His one hand presses me to the mirror, while the other pulls me impossibly close to his body. His lips mold with mine, taking away every shaky breaths that escaped my mouth. And as if it wasn't enough, he sucks my bottom lips and bites it, quietly urging me to open my mouth and let him in.

My mind is cloudy. All sense is lost. So I shakily part my lips, as he immediately snakes his tongue in and tangles with mine.

A sign of pleasure leaves my lips as I find myself melting away in his arms. He groans and travels his hand upwards, longer fingers playing with those thin stripes on my back, causing me to shudder under his touch. The thin layer of clothing becomes nothing, I feel as though I'm naked and my panties felt dam.

"Eason..." I gasp and tilt my head to escape from the kiss, trying to call back some senses to us. But he refused to listen. His hot lips trace my cheek, my neck and down to the upper part of my chest. I cry out as he suddenly bites on my collar bones and suck it hard. I try to push him, but he caught my hands.

"Don't push me away Natalia," he murmurs into my ear, and my sanity leaves me again. My eyes flutter shut as I can hear my inner voice calling for more, longing for his touch. What should I do? He's toxic and impossible to say no to. Then I feel his lips back on mine again. He brings his hand down to lift up my gown and moves his hand dangerously close to my inner thigh. Inch away, his fingers will touch my drenched panties and my core...

"No!" I break free from his arms and take a few staggering steps back. My body ache at the loss of his warmth, but I manage to fight back the temptation.

His breathing is rough, still recovering from the passion. He straightens up his back and looks at me, expression unreadable. "This is wrong." I don't know if I'm telling him or myself, "We are brother and sister, even not by blood. None of that should happen!"

But he simply sneers at my statement.

"Say that all you want, little sis." He walks closer and says in a low voice, "You still want me." I take a sharp intake of breath. But without saying anything else, he walks pass by me and leaves the fitting room.

I quickly take off the gown and put back my own clothes. Thank god those delicate fabric didn't get creased. When I pull open the drape, I'm just in time to see Eason hand the sales lady his credit card.

"What do you think you are doing?" I snap.

"Paying for your dress." He says in a casual manner, "Last time I check, looting is still illegal."

I'm pissed. Is it really so hard for him to check in with me first? I've also made up my mind to

show him that I want nothing to do with the Ramirez's money. Now he just made it even harder to do that.

The sales lady comes forward with a smile, "Miss, we'll have this custom made to your size and have it delivered to you by next Monday. This dress suits you well. You and your boyfriend have excellent taste."

Eason's lips curve up at the corner, but before he can say anything, I turn to her and say, "this is my brother." A strange and weird expression comes over her face. Maybe she's overheard the sound we made in the fitting room. But I don't really give a damn. I look at Eason, whose smile has faded away and became anger.

"Let's go," he stands up and heads out of the store, without looking at me.

The drive back home is filled with awkward silence. None of us is in the mood to talk. When we finally walk into the house, mom and Mr. Ramirez are sitting beside the table, ready for dinner. "You guys are back!" mom stands up to greet us, "Found anything good?" I come to sit with her and mumble a "yes."

"Are you staying for dinner?" asks Mr. Ramirez to Eason. He shrugs and pulls out the chair facing me, "sure why not."

I shift nervously in my seat. For some obvious reasons, I've become more and more guilty of staying in the same room with him, especially in front of my mom and Mr. Ramirez. The dinner is delicious. But I didn't enjoy it a bit. I gobble up my meal, avoiding any eye contact with Eason, even though I know he's been looking at me. When I finish my last bite, I wipe my mouth and excuse myself immediately

"What's the hurry darling? We still have desert." Mom looks up at me, "Wait a second, you got some red marks on your neck Did you get sting by a Eason clears his throat and stands up as well, "I'm finished as well. Mrs. Ramirez, the dinner is very nice, thank you."

It's probably the first time he behaves so nicely to mom. Her face blushes with joy, "it's nothing my dear. Drive home safely."

I try to keep my face calm leaving the dining room, but rage is still burning inside of me. Damn Eason and his audacity! I can't imagine the consequence of mom finding out about what happened.

I pick up my pace heading to the stairs, but he grabs my hand from behind. "Nat, wait a second."

"What!" I turn back and snap at him.

The light is off in the hallway, so I can't see his face clearly. But his bright green eyes are still twinkling in the darkness. The next second, a small box is shoved into my palm. "See you in school," says him whispering, "oh and next time, I'll be careful with the marks."

I want to punch him in the face, but he already takes a quick step back. Smiling at me, he turns around and leaves through the front door. I go back to my room and finally open the box he gave me. The glamorous light from the diamond immediately fills my eyes. It's the necklace I tried on in the store. Even now, I can still recall the feeling when he put it on my neck.

So many complexed feelings swirl inside of me, as I stare at his overly expensive gift.

What should I do with him? I've tried hard to stay rational, but my morals and sanity are slipping away. Maybe the next time I see him, I'll be lured into his trap.