

In Love With My Evil Stepbrother Chapter 17

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Chapter 17

Chapter Seventeen When we step out of the curtain, he keeps chuckling quietly behind me. I shot him a deathly glare and he quickly pushes down the corner of his lips but still can't hide his smugness.

"Seriously?" I roll my eyes. He's acting like a juvenile boy getting excited over sex with women. He shrugs. "What?"

"You must have fucked a thousand girls in public places. Stop acting like that." I point out. OK that sounds a little gross and is probably an exaggeration, but I've seen him with girls. His gloating smile fades away a bit as he frowns at me. "What do you think of me? A breeding horse?"

Well not so much as a breeding horse. But definitely a fuck boy. He clenches his teeth apparently irritated by my judgment. A soothing waltz melody starts playing in the background, so he offers his hand to me. "Dance with me for this next song and I'll forgive your foul mouth."

I pause. His hand hangs in the middle air for a few seconds before he snaps grumpily. "What

now?"

"Who did you come to this ball with in the first place?" I ask. "No one." He replies dryly. I find that hard to believe. He must have come with someone, Valerie most possibly. Then this leads to my other deeper worries: what's us?

I've come to realize that Eason does want me, but definitely not as his girlfriend. The way he behaves has proven that.

So just his sex partner. Someone he sleeps with when he gets bored. After all, what tops up the sensation than getting in bed with your stepsister? Yet before I figure out my thoughts, he suddenly grabs me by my wrist and pulls me into his arms with one strong pull. I didn't even get a chance to protest, and he's led me into the dance floor.

He's an excellent dancer with smooth moves and fine gesture. I'm grateful that I've taken one or two dance lessons before so I can keep up with him now.

But spinning with him is still awkward. Especially since people have been staring at us intensely whenever a couple passes by our side. I know what they are thinking. Stepbrother and sister? Most popular guy and the school freak? Either way it's weird.

"Eason." I keep my voice low so by-passers can't hear me. "You haven't answered my question."

"God, you have a way to ruin everything," He hisses. "I said. I came with no one."

"Didn't you invite Valerie?"

"No." His patience seems to be running out.

"But why?" I persist stupidly.

"Because-" He grits out. "- I wanted to come to this stupid ball with you and maybe fucks you a bit behind the curtain or in the restroom! You happy with that?!"

He raises his voice a little too high, so I hurry to shush him. "Keep your voice down!!"

He lets out a scornful sneer and averts his face sideways to avoid eye-contact with me. But we are only a fist-wide away so he can't get any further anyway.

I follow his dance move rigidly while processing everything quickly in mind.

So like my mom said, he did want to come to the ball with me.

But why didn't he say anything? Why does he have to be so complicated and self contradictory all the time?

There's no way I can figure out what he actually wants. Even if I ask, he never gives me an honest and straightforward answer anyway.

Just when I'm still in the trance, suddenly hurried footsteps approach us from behind and then the next second I'm pulled away from Eason's arms by a strong force.

Long nails dig into my flesh. I spin my head to find Valerie glaring down at me infuriated. Her face is twisted with anger as she barks at us:

"What the hell are you doing?!"

I shake off her iron grip and roll my eyes at Eason. "You want to take this one?" Honestly, I don't know what Eason is doing either.

Eason raises his brows slightly his face indifferent. "What's the matter?"

"You asking me? You are my date for god's sake! Where were you a minute ago and why are you suddenly dancing with this pathetic little sl—"

"Fuck you Valerie" I clench my fist, ready to hit her in the face if she carries on

She widens her eyes in shock and is about to raise her hand, but Eason pulls me behind him.

"Valerie that's enough," His voice cold with a trace of impatience. "I never asked you to the ball, did I? Even if I did what's wrong with dancing with my sister? Stop this mad show right now because you don't own me."

"You are taking her side??"

Eason only lets out a sneer not even bothered to answer

A flicker of panic mixed with devastation passes through her face. I'm surprised to see tears start to well up in her eyes. "Go to hell. Both of you!"

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She staggers back a few steps then quickly turns around and storms away. And with that, the entire dance floor finally resumes to its earlier moment-people have been so busy checking us that they've forgotten to dance. Eason tilts his head and smiles at me. "Well. Shall we finish the song?"

He doesn't seem to be affected by that at all. It's a superpower really, to break someone's heart without a blink and to have everyone's attention on him and not even bothered by that. "Nah I'll pass."

I free myself from him and walk pass the crowd carefully dodging people's curious look. He catches up and walks with me side by side. "You leaving? So soon?"

"It's been a long night." And a lot has happened. I need to clear my head and think about where this is going Before he gets a chance to say anything, we run into Mr. Ramirez by the front gate. He is on his way out.

"Are you kids leaving already?" he seems to be surprised by our early departure as well.

"Yeah. Nat is beat." Eason replies.

"Oh." Mr. Ramirez's eyes trail across our faces and that look has gotten me on my edge. "Well if you are leaving, you are welcome to ride in my car." "No that's fine actually," says Eason quickly. "I'll drive Nat home."

Without doubts, Mr. Ramirez nods and says good night to us.

After he leaves, I let out a long sign with relief. The man can't possibly know anything. But it's still nerve-racking facing them, since me and Eason were fooling around and getting into each other's pants a moment ago.

I hear a chuckle and turn around to see Eason grinning at me.

"Nervous?" he asks.

"You are not?" he and his thick nerve amaze me. "Anyway, we should go home."

He raises his brow at me. "Sure. But we are going to my place."

"What? No way! I'm not going to your-" He drags me into his arms with one pull. His dark eyes cast down on my face with a look so intensive and hot that it makes my heart starts pumping wildly. He threads his long fingers through my hairs gently rubbing the bare skin on the back of my neck and whispers into my ear: "I was serious about you returning that favor. And it's gonna be tonight."