

In Love With My Evil Stepbrother Chapter 2

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I leap at the bed sheet and cover my body with it.

The man is apparently shocked as well. His hand still rests on the doorknob, taking in the sight that he's seeing.

"Who the hell are you!" I snap, "Don't you know how to knock??"

The man is tall and shockingly good-looking. His brown hair is in natural curls, which suits his pretty face. His eyes widen with surprise and then gradually squints. His lip suddenly curls into a smile and holds up his arm as he leans against the door.

I can't believe he just stares. How rude!

"Can you not look??"

The smile on his lip deepens into a sarcastic angel. "Can you get out of my room?"

His room?

I look at him blankly for two seconds and suddenly take in a sharp inhale.

"Oh my god...Eason?"

He sure has changed a lot. Taller, prettier, looking more like a man. I even catch a glimpse of a tattoo on the side of his neck.

We spent one summer three years ago when my parents got divorced. It was such a great time. I was so sad when I had to leave for Miami to live with my dad. So I asked him to call or visit. But he never did. I tried to call him, but he rarely answered. We gradually grew apart.

This is the first time we speak to each other in almost three years.

"Um..." I'm a little overwhelmed. I want to give him a reunion hug and suddenly realize I'm still naked, "Eason. I'm so happy to see you. But can you close the door for me? I'm kinda in the middle of—"

He casually nods and closes the door.

Behind him.

I widen my eyes as he strides over and approaches me. I take a few steps back. He pushes. When my bare buns touch the wallpaper, I suddenly realize now I'm trapped between the wall and him.

He's so close, chest almost touching my shoulders. He lowers his eyeline and gaze gradually fixes on me. I must be going insane right now. But he just felt so different. Not like Eason at all. Like some stranger with an amazing smell of mint and oak.

This stranger makes my pulse quicken.

"Eason..." I stutter.

I remember he has emerald green eyes. But now his pupil is completely black, so dark that it's like an abyss luring me in. I should look away, but I can't.

Then he sneers and takes a step back.

"So, I saw you invite yourself into my closet without my permission?"

My thought is still on his eyes. "What—no. It's a mistake. My backpack is in your closet, and I was trying to get my—"

"Then why are you in my room?" He cuts me off, "Why do you even come back?"

I feel bewildered and hurt. "I'm sorry but mom said you don't live here and I'm just here for one night. So, I thought it's fine."

But somehow, he seems even more angry.

"One night?" he says with a nasty tone, "so you just love to show up, ruin everyone's plan and disappear again, right? Like you are the princess and the sun orbits around you!"

My jaw drops. But before I could react, he turns his heels and storms out of the room.

What the fuck was that?

Where is that sweet and charming Eason, who would give me the brightest smile whenever he sees me? Has he been using drugs and messed up his mind?

I quickly get dressed. Before leaving the room, I still decide to clean the mess on the floor. My cheeks burn when I thought of these condoms belong to Eason.

I rush downstairs and catch mom coming out of the kitchen. "Morning Nat. Do you want to have some breakfast?"

"Where is Eason?" I ask. I want to talk to him about what just happened.

But my mom seems even more surprised. "He's back?"

Then I hear the engine sound from the garage. I run to the window and just in time to catch a sport car disappears around the street corner.

Mom comes to my side. "Did you bump into him? My god...hope he's not mad with you staying in his room."

He can be mad. But he doesn't have to be such a jerk. I thought to myself.

"Ok, enough of him." Mom holds my hand, "What do you say we go out for brunch? Then we can go shopping and have our nails and hair done. When was the last time we shop together?"

Shopping with mom is horrible. The last time I went out with her, she looted the entire mall without a blink. The sales assistant at Hermès has to temporarily close the store just for us. I was half-scared that Mr. Ramirez would blame her lavish spending. But the man only complimented mom's taste when he got home.

Then I gradually realize, "lavish" doesn't exist in Ramirez's dictionary. The wealth that this family possesses exceeds my imagination.

Now my mom seems so overly excited. I hate to break it to her. "Mom, I'm leaving today."

I've got no reason to stay. Turns out my boyfriend is a cheating pig. And the heir of this townhouse apparently doesn't like me in his territory.

"No! Don't leave, not so soon, ok?" mom begs. I'm surprised to find tears welled up in her eyes. "Stay for another couple of days. Your semester won't begin in at least a month. What's the hurry? Let's go out for brunch and you can tell me what brings you back this time."

I remain silent. I push back the urge of asking her if she wants me to stay so bad, then why did she leave me and my dad in the first place?

But I don't want to be so cruel to her.

"Mom..."

Before I can finish, my phone buzzes.

I take it out and is surprised to find it's Zack.

[Nat. Can we meet up? At least let me explain.]

That shameless bastard has the face to come back to me.

I sneer at his text. Wondering what else he has got to say. Maybe he deserves another slap from me.

[Ok. But not at your place.]

He texts me an address.

"Mom, I need to go...somewhere." I tell her, "Maybe we can have dinner together?"

"Sure!" mom's face lights up. "You need a car? Or I can drive you myself."

I don't need her to spoil me with my stepfather's money, so I take the bus. An hour later, I find myself in Boston's most bustling and extravagant mall, and I suddenly realize Zack's plan.

Whenever we fight, he'd take me to a fancy restaurant where waiters wear black ties and pulls out the chair for you. I lost my temper once in a restaurant like these, and must have the most awkward conversation with the manager. So, I try my best to hold the anger in that kind of environment.

Zack knows my weakness and he use it against me whenever he needs my forgiveness.

If I never caught him cheating, it'd probably take longer for me to realize he's such a condescending, manipulative jerk.

I lift my head, puff out my chest, and march into the restaurant.

The waiter leads me to our table. Zack's already sitting there. His face expression all normal, not a shred of guilt in him.

He stands up to greet me, but I ignore him. He passes me a menu. "You must be hungry. Let's order first."

"No." I say, sternly, "If you got nothing to say, I'm leaving."

He pulses for a second and lets out a heavy sign. He crosses his fingers together and places them on the table, trying to look sincere.

“Nat, last night was a mistake.” He says, “It’s just a one-time thing, it never happened before I swear. I’m so so sorry. I just—I just really miss you and when you’re not around, it’s hard for me.”

“You miss me so much that you have to fuck another woman?” I ask.

He frowns upon my words. “No! Look, I was drunk alright? I’d never do this with a sound mind.”

Trying to blame the alcohol? I can sense fury building inside of my body. “Just say what you want.”

“I want you.” He reaches out and tries to grab my hand, “I don’t want us to break up because I made a stupid mistake. But could you please move to Boston? Your mom and stepfather live here anyway. Long distant is too hard, and everything will be alright once we are together.”

I laugh. Maybe a little too loud. People turn around and look at us.

“Don’t blame distance and the wine. You cheated on me because you want to mess with other women. Even if I move back, you’d still cheat. Nothing will ever change.”

I know this. Because this is how my parents got divorced.

Zack seems offended. “Oh, so you’re the saint now? Maybe I sleep with others because my girlfriend can’t satisfy me. Ever think of that?”

What did he just say?

I jump up from my seat, chair scratches the hardwood floor making a screeching noise. Now everyone in the restaurant is staring. I glower at Zack, breath quickening, just when I’m about to shout back, he stands up as well.

“Natalia.” He warns, “Be civil. Don’t forget where we are at.”

I can feel people’s staring. And quiet whispering all around the room. I’m totally causing a scene.

Then I hear footsteps approaching me from behind. I wince in fear that it might be the manager, but suddenly I’m pulled into a muscled chest and immersed in that wonderful smell of mint and oak once again.

I look up and find Eason standing by my side. He is dressed in a casual white t-shirt and jeans, but he still gives off an aura of supercity. I can sense all the ladies in the restaurant are quietly checking on him.

“Hey there.” He reveals a friendly smile and offers his hand, “Natalia’s boyfriend, right? I don’t think we’ve met. Eason Ramirez. Nat’s brother.”

Zack is confused but he leans in anyway to shake hand with Eason.

The next second, Eason’s hand drops. He casually grabs the water on the table and spills the entire glass right onto Zack’s face.