

In Love With My Evil Stepbrother Chapter 20

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Chapter 20

Chapter Twenty I end up spending the night. I've made my protest, saying that my mom would get worried and stuffs, but he just won't listen. He basically dragged me to bed and forced me to lie down.

"At least let me change first?" I give up eventually. He can be very persuasive sometimes.

He opens his closet and grabs a random t-shirt before he throws it on me. "You can wear this."

It's soft, made in better fabric than my own pajamas. I am about to take off my clothes but suddenly notice him staring closely at me. "A little privacy, perhaps?" "A bit late for that, don't you think?" he grins but turns away anyway. I pull the ruined dress down and slip through his shirt, while asking him, "so how come you don't have any feminine stuff here?" "Because I'm a man and I won't be needing those? Apparently?" Even his back is facing me, I can still tell he is rolling his eyes. My temper flares. Does he really don't know what I'm talking about or is he just playing dumb? "I mean for your girlfriend, or partners or whatever you call those girls that you date," I snap. "How come you don't have anything for them in this apartment?" "Because I don't bring them back here. And I don't do dates...you done?"

He turns back and a flicker light up in his eyes. The wicked smile on his face turns into something softer, as he reaches out to hold my hand. "Hey, you look hot in that."

"Well then I'll wear it to school tomorrow." I lie down on my back.

"Then you will make every man in school drool all over you. And I'd be dead to let that happen."

He takes up the space next to me, lying on his side facing me and closes his eyes. He is so relaxed right now, his usual aggressiveness and smugness all gone. His face seems childish even.

I study his face and can't help but wonder how we have come to this place—from childhood playdate to...well I don't know what we are right now.

But he has made it clear that he doesn't do date. So maybe we are...sex partners?
Friends with benefits?

But he can have any girls that he like. Why would he want me? Me among all girls?

This is fucked up. "If you keep staring, I can't promise what'll happen." His eyes are closed, but suddenly speak

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up.

My heart flutters and I quickly shut my eyes. I hear him let out a low chuckle and places his hand on my waist.

"Sleep tight. Little sis."

I had the worst sleep that night.

Nightmares keep coming at me. First it's my mom screaming at me, telling me to play nice with Eason because he's the heir of Ramirez family and we need him to like us. Then she locks me and Eason in the same room and when I look back, he suddenly turns into monster and shoves me out of the window. I scream and fall into a sea of flames.

My eyes flutter open, heart pounding against my chest crazily. My whole body aches, as if something extremely heavy is pressed on me for the entire night. I move a bit, then realize that heavy something is Eason's body.

He has clearly broken his promise of "keep my hands to myself" since he's practically lying on top me right now. His heavy head rests on the hollow of my neck, his arms crossed in front of my stomach, holding tightly me like a throw pillow.

He sleeps so tight. And I'm so pissed.

Quietly swearing to myself never to share a bed with him again, I break free from his iron cuddle and carefully move away. He groans vaguely in protest. I hold my breath. But luckily, he just turns around and goes back to sleep.

Lucky bastard.

I tip-toe to the living room and check my phone. Great it's only 5 in the morning, which gives me enough time to run back home, take a shower and get change before school.

I walk on eggshells on my way out. As soon as the door is closed, I flee like escaping a crime scene.

Eason's impact on me is unbelievable. I need some time alone, to think things over. And I won't be able to do that with him around.

I arrive at the townhouse at precisely 5:30. Everyone should be in their sleeps so I should be safe. I cracked the entrance door open and sneak in.

I head directly to the stairs, but someone speaks up behind me suddenly:

"Nat...babe is that you?"

That scared the shit out of me. I snap my head around and find mom standing up from the living room sofa, staring at me with her mouth open in surprise.

"Mom!" I blurt out, terrified. "What are you doing here? Why aren't you sleeping?"

"I woke up early and couldn't sleep anymore. So I went down stairs waiting for you," she walks around the sofa and moves towards me. "Shawn told me you left with Eason last night. Why didn't you come home? Where have you been?"

She studies me up and down, and gradually her look becomes suspicious.

I'm so screwed.

I know how I look. Hairs all messed up, dress ruined, the dark circles under my eyes screams weariness.

I look fresh-fucked.

How am I going to explain this?? Sure enough, she asks in a hesitate tone, "Nat, were you with...maybe a boy?"

I open my mouth and no words come of it.

She knew I left with Eason. She saw how I look. She is going to make the connection. "Yes. A boy," I manage to say that, breathing hard. "You...you don't know him." It's not the perfect excuse. But it's the only excuse I can think of right now.

"What? Really?" Her eyes light up a bit but still carry that wary look. "I thought you are new to the school and don't know anybody yet. Who's the lucky guy?" My head spinning fast. But damn, I can't think of a single name to say. "Oh!" She suddenly claps her hands together. "I know. Was that boy you went to the ball with? What's his name again-"

“Alex.”

“Yes! Was that him?” “Yes, him.” I say and then mentally slap myself. What the fuck am I thinking? But it’s too late to take that back. Mom is already elated in joy, “Oh I like that boy. He’s so polite and such a gentleman. When I heard that you went home with Eason, I thought you two didn’t get along. But turns out everything went great right?”

I mumble something vaguely and hurry escape upstairs. When I close the door behind me, I groan in frustration and rub my face.

OK, a lie with my mom. Bad, but not terrible. She may never get the chance to meet Alex again and therefore I’m safe. She’ll never find out whom I spent the night with.

And she shall never find out.

I take a quick shower, get dressed and rush downstairs, escaping the house before mom catches me again.

The entire school is still so hung up on the ball last night. The excitement will probably take another week to cool down. Many absences today in class and the background is filled with cheerful prattling, so no one has noticed my woolgathering. I check my phone under table and find several messages from Eason.

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[Where are you???

[Did you just take off???

[Natalia, you better answer me)

I snort internally. Great, Prince Eason who can’t stand being left alone for one second. I’ll have to talk to him. But only when I’m ready.

[Not now]

I text back. His message rushes instantly:

[Where are you] (History with Robinson?) [b503?]

I widen my eyes in shock, heartrate drastically increasing. What the hell is he doing? He can’t track me down to my classroom, right? He can’t be this mad

The next second, as if answering my thoughts, the classroom door flies open, abruptly interrupting the teacher's lecture and send the entire room into dead silence.

Eason is standing at the classroom door. His eyes sweep the jaw-dropping crowd and finally lands on me.

"Mr. Ramirez!" The history teacher Mr. Robinson splutters in panic. "What are you doing? This is the middle of a class! You can't just barge in here and—"

"My apology, sir." He casually nods at the teacher and steps inside. "Family emergency. Can't

wait."

He strides across the room, walking directly pass by those curious eyes, before he finally stops in front of my table. He stares down at me, taking in the horrified look on my face. A patronizing smile appears on his lips. "Nat. A word?"