

## In Love With My Evil Stepbrother Chapter 21

### In Love With My Evil Stepbrother

#### Chapter 21

Chapter Twenty-One This just officially became the most awkward moment in my entire life. I bet my face is twisted with anger. But I try not to let my fury show because that's exactly what he wants to see.

"Eason," I grit out through clenched teeth. "This is HARDLY a good time." He gives me a calm smile.

"Emergency, like I said. Do you want to follow me out? Or should I stay, and we can talk here?"

I want to throw a punch at his smug face. But my rationality calls me off.

The entire classroom has wakened from their afternoon slumber, looking at us with great enthusiasm. I bet rumors about us will fly across the entire school sooner than I expected.

"Umm...Miss Ramirez?" the history teacher interrupts our staring contest.

I dart him an angry glare. "My last name is Moore, sir."

"Oh, I'm sorry Miss Moore. But if Mr. Ramirez insists that there's an emergency, maybe you should go with him. See what's happening."

He has made the judgmental call. Better sacrifice me alone than let Eason ruin the entire class. I'm left with no other options now. Infuriated, I sweep all my belongings into my backpack with one arm, knock Eason aside with my shoulder and stride towards the classroom door.

Eason follows me. He even has the audacity to greet the teacher on the way out. "Have a nice day sir."

Before the door closes behind me, I hear Mr. Robinson announces dryly. "OK OK back to class... that's none of your business..."

I march down the empty hallway with strong emotions bubbling up inside of me. When we reach the corner of staircase, I spin around to him roaring into his face:

“What the fuck! Eason Ramirez, are you fucking out of your damn mind??!” “That’s a lot of curses.” He sneers.

I am shocked by his indifference.

How can he be so calm just standing here? Does he think this is no big deal? Does he think that he can just meddle with my life however he wants?

I take in a deep breathe before asking him. “OK. So tell me, what’s the family emergency?” His eyes cast down me, cold and condescending. “You walked out on me this morning.”

“Yeah, so? How many times have you done that to a girl? Walked away after you done sleeping with them? Well here’s your payback asshole!”

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My mind is clouded by anger. I was planning to talk to him nice and calmly about how I feel and where this is going.

But he ruined it. Why does he have to be so difficult all the time!

A furious scowl takes over his face.

Suddenly he takes a step closer. His hand comes to brace on the banister besides my waist. His face is only an inch away from mine.

“Stop pretending to be the saint here Natalia,” his voice so cold that it makes the hair on my arms stand. “Who wet my fucking fingers yesterday hmm? Who cum so hard under me, grabbing my hair, begging me to fu-” His words are interrupted by my rage-filled punch. But he moves so fast that he catches my wrist in the midair and forces it back of my back. We glare at each other, both infuriated, with rough panting and chest moving up and down rapidly.

I feel so embarrassed. After the initial rush of angry, now I want to cry.

I’ve worked so hard to move pass Zack. But my life seems to be down in another shithole all over again.

Why did he have to tempt me? Why did I let myself fall?

Now he has seen through my heart, and I’ve fallen to a chess piece in his palm. My eyes become glossy. His rough breathing stops for one second, then I hear his low and hoarse voice, “...seriously?”

I blink back my tears and look away. He sighs and lets go off me. After a long awkward silence, he says: "Fine...I'm sorry. I was only trying to talk to you." I can't believe he is apologizing. But even when he says sorry, his tone is still harsh.

"Natalia. Can we just talk for a minute?" he asks.

I sniff and try to fight back waves of strong emotions. He's right. We've already come this far. Too late to backtrack or change our minds. I'll tell him how I feel, the way I've planned.

"OK."

I organize my feelings and look straight at him meeting his dark eyes.

"We can do this. I'll sleep with you. But no one should know. And you must stop messing with my life."

With that, his expression changes.

First, it's blank, like he's still processing my words. Then, it goes to shock. Wide-eyed, nostril flared shock. Then gradually his shock accelerates till everything reaches its final stage... rage.

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I've prepared myself for his reactions. But his face still intimidates me a little.

He suddenly bursts into laughter, shoulders shaking. "This what you want? To be my fuck buddy?"

My cheek flames. There's a strong disdain behind his tone.

"...yes. That's what I meant."

"And why do you think I'd agree?" He snorts, "There's like a hundred of girls in this school waiting in line to sleep with me. Each hotter than you. Each better in bed. What's so special about you?"

My chest hurts especially because of his comment on sex. He told me himself yesterday that I can make him so happy and I'm awesome. It feels like a dream now.

"Then why did you provoke me?" I try to say without trembling. "You said it yourself. That you want me. There are no other possible ways for us. We can only do this...friends with benefits."

More like stepbrothers and sisters with benefits.

I know what I propose is horrible. The wiser way to do is walk away from him right not. But my mind and body refuse to do so. I'm pathetic. Pathetically drawn to him. Maybe sleeping with him for a while will eventually wake me up from this obsession. He studies my face for a long period of time, as if he is assessing my value like a piece of cargo. It is nerve-racking. Eventually, he brings one hand to touch my face, his fingertips so cold. A cold smile comes over on his handsome face. "Sure," he says. I forget to breath for one second. "...Really?"

"Yeah why not. We'll do this the way you want it. Fuck buddy. In secret." His thumb moves across my cheek and caress my skin. "I'm tired of waiting anyway. Next time I want to fuck you, you'll lay on your back and spread your legs for me." I bite my lips and swallow back the shame. "...sure." "And remember you ask for this yourself. I'll treat you like every other girl I've fucked."

He talks as if he's given me any special treatment before.

I say sternly, "I know." His thumb moves to my bottom lip and press on it hard. My heart skips a beat when his cold eyes cast down on to my lips.

"Shall we seal the deal then?" he asks. Before I even reply, he grabs my hair forcing my head up and catches my lips hungrily.

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A surprise gasp escapes my parted lips. He takes the opportunity to slide his tongue pass my teeth and starts exploring every corner of my mouth. That's when the bell rings, loudly across the campus. Immediately after, sound of door opening, footsteps, and buzzing chattering fills the empty hallway. There are students and teachers coming towards us from every direction.

But he's still kissing me, fiercely.

I start to panic and try breaking free from his arms, but he won't let go. He even increases the grip on my waist to hold me still.

The sound of people is approaching quickly. I feel like I'm going to pass out. He'll make us get caught!

## **In Love With My Evil Stepbrother Chapter 22**

**In Love With My Evil Stepbrother**

## Chapter 22

### Chapter Twenty-Two Eason's POV

She's shivering under me, not because of pleasure of course. But for fear.

I know what she is afraid of, yet I deliberately extend her suffering at this very moment. She bites my tongue and immediately a bloody taste fills our mouths. But I don't give a fuck.

I didn't let her go till the footsteps is just around the corner.

The moment my grip loosens, she moves away from me. She glares at me with so much anger, as if I've done something horrible...well I did, but only because she has provoked me.

A group of students walk pass by. None of them notice anything wrong between us.

In their eyes, we are just standing here talking.

She finally restores her breathe and grits out in a low voice. "You...you are fucking twisted!"

I sneer internally. She probably wants to slap me for my audacity. But we're in public. Since she's too afraid about our relationship being exposed, she won't do anything at the moment.

"Save your energy to bed babe." I smile, knowing perfectly well that my words would only anger her further.

Just as I expected, her eyes burn with flames of rage.

She and her hot temper. How intriguing.

Just when I'm about to say something else to her and see if I can get another interesting reaction from her, I hear someone calling me from behind.

It's James. And a bunch of my other friends. "Hey man." He walks closer and then turns to her. "Natalia! How's it going? Didn't see you in school for the past few days."

"We are in different classes," she replies harshly.

She doesn't like James, apparently. Not only because he forced her into playing the Truth and Dare at the party before, but because she doesn't like his type.

The playboy type. My type.

She prefers someone with straight-As and works in Student Union. People who always appear so decent and nice. Like that Alex and her trash ex-boyfriend Zack.

My mind drifts to the dark side for a moment thinking about Alex.

James is still talking to Natalia. "We are going to the café. You wanna come?" "...Umm thanks. But I think I'll pass. I'm not very hungry." She says.

Of course she says no.

"You are coming." I tell her.

She darts me a sharp glare. I raise my eyebrows and look back at her.

If she wants to fight in front of everyone, it's fine by me.

After a round of staring contest, she gives up eventually. "Fine." She mumbles reluctantly.

She joins our group but picks up her speed and walks upfront, keeping her distance with us. She can be so stubborn sometimes.

James walks beside me. He nudges me in the ribs and whisper to me. "You two were kissing earlier, won't you?"

I'm still staring after Natalia. "That obvious huh?"

He snickers. "You should see the look on her face when I called you...it's way too obvious. Her face tells the whole story."

I sneer and can't help but agree with him. "Yet you won't believe what she just said to me." I go on to tell him everything about Natalia's proposal.

He almost bursts into laughter immediately after. "Fuck, for real? She said that herself? Damn ...but isn't this just the way you wanted it? Going perfectly well according to your plan."

"My plan was for her to fall in love with me. Not to fuck her in bed. That would be too easy."

"Yeah but still. You are getting close. It won't take long before she grabs your hands and begs you not to leave...especially since you've kicked that Alex guy out of the picture now. You took care of him, right?" "Yeah of course." That ex-girlfriend of his will keep him busy for a while. We walk into the café and each grabs a tray. James is still

smirking behind me as we pick our food, “fuck I can’t wait. When is the grand reveal gonna be? I can’t wait to see her smug face turns into pieces.” I reply lazily. “Have some patience. And keep your fucking voice down.” 0

I see Natalia looking back at us warily. She’s probably wondering what we are talking about.

But she’ll never guess what is waiting for her.

I leave James and walk up to her smiling. “Let’s find a table little sis.”

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### Natalia’s POV

When Eason is not being a jerk, he can be very nice I sit with him and his friends during lunch and it’s not as awkward as I thought. These people probably know I’m not a huge fan of them, so they didn’t force me to join their conversations

Surprisingly, they are talking about college applications and job interns.

I thought their lives are all about pretty girls, fancy cars, and hookups. So it shocked me a little that they actually care about their future.

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But on the second thought, these guys are born with privileges. Their parents are probably graduated from Ivy Leagues themselves, giving their children a much easier access to top universities.

It’d be lying to say that I’m not jealous at all. And it got me thinking Where am I going to go after this? Dad has ditched me. Mr. Ramirez would probably be willing to pay for my college tuition, but I can’t let him.

When I was with Zack, I’ve always wanted to come to Boston and stay in the same city with him. So I’ve been saving for my college fund, which is probably enough for a public school in Boston if I get a scholarship.

But now that I’ve broken up with the jerk, it’s probably better to find another city and start fresh. Somewhere more economic than Boston. “What are you thinking?” Eason drags me back into reality. “Umm nothing.” I say vaguely and quickly collect my stuff. “I should probably get going. See you guys later.”

I quickly stand up and leave the table. Eason says something to me on the back, but I didn’t pay attention to him.

My mind is deep in the sudden rise of anxiety about my future.

I spend my entire afternoon classes thinking about it. I used to have a clear plan about my future. About everything. But a series of incidents have completely changed my life. Now I have no plan, which is very unlike me. Plus I've just gotten myself into another trouble-my weird relationship with Eason. What the fuck am I thinking?

My life is such a mess.

When the bell rings across the campus, I drag my steps to the front gate with a heavy heart. I didn't even realize where I am going till I bump into someone.

"Alex!" I blurt out when I see the person I run into. "I'm sorry... I didn't watch my steps."

"Oh no you're all good." He stands in front me and flushes, fumbling with words. "Are you going home? Can I give you a ride?"

"No thanks. I can take the bus."

It's better to keep a distance with him after that ex-girlfriend incident. I was about to leave but he moves to stop me. There's a clear nervous on his face.

"Natalia, I was meant to talk to you about the ball and everything. Can I drive you home and we can have some time to"

His words are interrupted by a sharp horn. I snap my head around to find a flashy Porsche parked in front of the school's front gate.

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The door opens and my mom gets out of the car. "Madam you can't park here! This is the towing area." our school guard rushes forward but she waves him off casually. "I'll be quick. My daughter is right over there." Mom runs to me with everyone's eyes on her. "Hey Nat, you ready to go?...Oh my god is this Alex?" I'm beyond shock. What the hell is she doing here? Alex smiles and greets her politely. "Nice to see you again Mrs. Ramirez." "So nice to see you too! Nat has told me so much about you after-you know, the night. And thanks for taking care of her during "

That's when everything snapped back into my head. That's right. I lied to her about whom I slept with on the ball night!

And she's going to slip out my lie right in front of Alex's face!

I cut her off sharply. "What are you doing here mom?" "To pick you up for dinner. Didn't Eason tell you?" "No!" My head is spinning so fast that it makes me sick. Ok, ok stay calm. The top priority is to get her out of here as quickly as possible.

"Well let's go now. You can't park there." I say, talking fast.

"What's the hurry? I'm supposed to pick up both you and Eason...oh here he comes!"

My heart drops down to an even deeper pitch. I turn around stiffly and find Eason walking towards us from behind.

His face grows cold immediately when his gaze lands on Alex.

This can't get any worse. Even the air is getting thinner around me.

I grab my mom's purse and grit out. "Eason's here. Let's go now." There's still hope to salvage the situation. I'll just explain to Alex some other time. "Oh, darling don't be so rude. We should invite your boyfriend to dinner with us. I'd love to know more about him. What do you say Alex? Are you free for dinner tonight?"

Eason's eyes grow wide immediately.

Alex opens his mouth in shock. And I'm so screwed.

## **In Love With My Evil Stepbrother Chapter 23**

### **In Love With My Evil Stepbrother**

#### **Chapter 23**

Chapter Twenty-Three I'd never thought one day I'd be having dinner with my fake boyfriend, my stepbrother AKA my fuck buddy, and my mom. Ridiculous as it may seem, yet here we all are, sitting beside the same table at a fancy restaurant.

The waiter has taken our order and left, leaving the rest of us to suffer the awkward silence. As much as I would like to order a glass of wine and pour it down my throat, I can't. Damn legal drinking age.

Eason's face is bleak and sullen. He only spit out a few words when the waiter asked him what he would like for dinner. The rest of the time, he remains dead silent. Yet his dark eyes keep raking at Alex, not even trying to hide his disgust towards the boy. Alex, on the other hand, is in a complete trance. I thank him with all my heart that he didn't rat me out when mom called him my "boyfriend" and I feel horrible dragging him into this.

Mom is the only one at this table who's actually enjoying dinner. "Well, isn't this nice?" Her eyes trail across each of our gloomy faces. "I've always wanted to host a family dinner but was never able to find a good time. We should do this more often."

This is hardly a good time either! I want to yell at her. But instead, I can only tighten my grip on the napkin and grit out, "Mom, that's enough."

Mom shoots me a complaining look and directs her attention to Alex. "So Alex, how long have you and Nat been dating?"

"Mom!" I raise my voice, losing it a little. "What? I'm curious. You never share these things with me. Unless, Alex, if you don't want me to snoop around "

"Umm...no Mrs. Ramirez it's not that..." Alex seems embarrassed.

"Yes, let's hear it." Eason suddenly pipe in.

He dumps his napkin on the table, lean back on the chair and crosses his arms, eyes staring deeply at us. "When did it start? Where did you guys meet? Tell us Natalia. I'm so intrigued."

That asshole!

I shot him a furious glare, but he simply ignores me.

Alex seems torn. He looks at me sideways obviously asking for help. My heart churns and I begin to make random things up. "Well, we met at one of Eason's parties. We talked and found out we shared lots of interest. And we gradually started dating...and that's pretty much it."

I wrap up quickly. Hoping this hellish interrogation can be over now.

But someone clearly hasn't done with his torture yet.

Eason's lips curve up but that smile never reaches his eyes. "How nice. But didn't you guys just meet?"

"When it comes to love why does time matter?" I say and then instantly disgust by my own words.

A raging gleam passes Eason's eyes. He leans in further and his eyes fix on Alex's face. "So, when did this officially become a thing for you two?" he asks.

I begin to answer. "We"

“Why do you keep getting all questions?” he sneers.

I snap back. “What’s your fucking business??”

Mom immediately frowns and shushes me like I’m a five-years-old. “Natalia. Language!”

The situation is slipping towards a chaotic mess. Me and Eason glower at each other fiercely, as if we the next second would pick up a knife and thrust into each other’s face.

That’s when Alex finally speaks up.

“Actually, we just started dating a few days ago. After the ball. Sorry I was a bit nervous when you asked me earlier because it hasn’t been that long really.”

That seems like a proper answer. But my heart sinks.

Ah-oh. Not good.

Eason sits up more as a sarcastic smile appears on his face. “Is that so? But I was at the ball myself. Didn’t you go to the ball with someone else? And if I remember correctly, your ex

girlfriend?”

Fuck. I bite my lip and try to hide my panic. Even my mom’s face drops a little this time as she looks at us clearly confused.

“What’s going on? Nat?” She frowns.

This isn’t working. And I’m being a bitch letting Alex take the blame.

So I take in a deep breath and ready to come clean. I’ll tell her that I lied about me and Alex, And I’ll find some other excuse to cover my night with Eason.

Yet just when I’m about to do that. Alex cuts me off.

“Actually, that reminds me of something.” Alex looks straight into Eason’s eyes, his face all serious. “My ex-girlfriend Andria told me that it was you who called her and asked her to fly back. You said I didn’t have a date, which clearly wasn’t the case at all. Why did you do that, Eason?”

...What?

My mind goes completely blank. What did he just say? Eason called Andria? How did he know Andria? No, the most important question is, WHY did he call Andria?

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I snap my head around to Eason. He ignores me, yet his jaw tenses and his nostrils flare. His silence speaks for everything. I simply can't believe this. Did he go all this far just so that I couldn't go to the ball with Alex? I feel rage, but more terrified. A chill fall upon me. Oh my god. I heave sharply, chest rising and falling rapidly. I'm pulling together all my strength to not flip out right here and right now.

"Excuse me. I need to use the restroom." I say sternly and stand up abruptly, leaving the table without another word.

I cross the packed dining room hastily and into the corridor leading to the restroom. My head is spinning with so many thoughts and emotions. If that's the case, if what Alex said was true, then Eason has just become the most manipulative person I've ever known. How could he fucking do that!

I grab the lady's room door handle and suddenly hear footsteps approaching. I turn back and find it's Alex. His face worried. "Natalia." He walks closer to me. "Are you alright?" "Yes...no." I sigh deeply, frustrated. "God I'm so so sorry. For dragging you into this. And for you to see all those shit..."

"No that's fine actually," He grins. "I'm a bit surprise though. Do you want to tell me how I suddenly became your boyfriend?"

My cheek flames with shame.

"Well it's a mistake. My-my mom thought I'm seeing someone lately and she can be very persistent sometimes about getting to know every detail of my life. So when she asked me if I'm dating you, I didn't correct her. Sorry," I murmur.

God that's embarrassing.

Hope he didn't think of me as some pathetic lunatics who goes around and fantasizing strangers as my boyfriends.

But to my surprise, he suddenly burst into laughter. Then he moves closer to me his eyes casting down on my face.

"So, are you seeing anyone at the moment?" he asks in a gentle tone.

"No." I reply quickly.

That's a lie. But he doesn't need to know.

Damn my new life that's full of deceives and shames.

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“Good.” He reaches out and holds my hand, a delight gleam flickering in his eyes. “Because you know. When your mom called me your boyfriend’, I found myself loving that very much.”

My mouth forms a “O.” I’m speechless. Holy cow.

## **In Love With My Evil Stepbrother Chapter 24**

### **In Love With My Evil Stepbrother**

#### Chapter 24

Chapter 24: Fake Boyfriend I had a feeling that Alex may like me. But I don’t want to be too self-conscious about it and therefore never put much thought into this. Especially after all the drama, I thought that all the feelings he had for me must have been gone.

But he surprised me all over again. I don’t know what to say. His smile gradually fades away in my silence and after a while he asks reluctantly: “You do know what I’m talking about right?” “Yeah. Yes, I know.” I say quickly.

And then there comes the silence again.

We stand awkwardly facing each other in this dim hallway. His hands let go of mine and fall to his side. Eventually, I find my tongue again.

“Sorry Alex. But... I just broke up with someone. I don’t think I’m ready to begin another relationship yet.”

Every word comes out hard, but I need to finish it. He has always been so nice to me. He doesn’t deserve to be treated badly.

“Oh...well. I understand,” he says. There’s a touch of bitterness in his tone, which makes my heart churn.

I just turned down a very nice guy for what? For Eason? God I must be insane. He forces out a smile to me. “But we can still be friends, right? I don’t want to feel weird after all the stupid things I’ve said.” “Yeah, yeah, of course!” I nod eagerly. “I would love that very much.”

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“And after a while, when you are ready to move on, promise to put me on the top of your waiting list?” he grins.

The mood finally lights up again. And I laugh. “You know there’s only one person on that waiting list right?...You.”

“Nice. Seems like my chances are very good.”

He pauses for a second, and then carries on. “You probably don’t care about this...but I’ve broken up with Andria a long time ago. She needs to go to college in another city and I want to stay here. We ended things peacefully, no ugly drams. So it shocked me a little when she showed up at the ball.”

“Thanks for letting me know...And Eason is a crazy ass jerk.”

He laughs. “Yes, he is that. But do you have any idea why he did that? Is this some sort of the protective older brother thing?”

No. It is definitely not that. I hesitate for a while and then say to him vaguely, “Don’t mind

\*24 Fake Boyfriend

him...I’ll talk to him.”

Alex’s gaze becomes appraising as he studies my face closely. He asks me suddenly. “Natalia, who did you spend the night with on the ball night?”

I quail beneath his gaze. I think he’s on to something... I don’t know. But Eason’s hostility towards him is too obvious. He’s a very smart guy. He might sense something is off. But luckily, he doesn’t ponder on that for long and smiles. “Well I better get back out there before Eason completely ruins the dinner...see you there.” I let go of a breath I didn’t know I’m holding. “OK.” He walks away a few steps and suddenly turns back at me and grins. “And Natalia, I’d be happy to play your fake boyfriend in front of your mom, before I officially move up from that waiting list.” I don’t know how to response to that. I can only simper back stupidly. After he left, I enter the lady’s room alone. I walk to the basin and turn on the tap. The cold running water cools down my hot cheek. I so don’t want to get back out there, sitting with all those troublemakers and pretending to enjoy dinner in front of everyone. Wherever I look, there’s trouble.

I brace my hand on the desk front and study myself in the mirror. I’m a little pale but despite that my face seems alright. Yet I don’t carry that natural confidence and radiating aura like Valerie and Andria do.

So it makes me even more curious, why do Eason and Alex want to be with me anyway? With Alex I get it, we hit it off real nicely. But Eason...

He probably just enjoys seeing a mediocre girl like me lose control over him. Satisfies his ego.

A woman walks out of the stall and comes to wash her hands, waking me up from my wandering thoughts. I quickly turn off the running water and take a deep breath.

Ok, time to go back to the battlefield.

But the next second, the restroom's door flies open banging on the wall loudly. Both of us jerk around and find Eason step into the room. "Excuse me!" The woman besides me gasps out, "This is the lady's room!"

He reveals a smile to her composedly, the same expression he carries whenever he causes a scene or makes troubles.

"Yes, I'm sorry," He says calmly, stepping sideways to make way for her. "But this lady's room is temporarily closed down, for urgent maintenance." I glare at him infuriated. Last time it was family emergency, and now it's urgent maintenance. That liar!

The woman probably notices the tension between us, as she looks back at me reluctantly and whispers to me worried, "Dear. Is this young man bothering you? Do we need to call the

police?"

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"A phone call to the mental institution would suit his conditions," I smile at her dryly. "But no, we are good for now. Thank you and sorry to disturb you."

The woman nods with hesitation. She looks at Eason one more time and eventually decides to leave and gives us some space.

Eason waits for her to exit and locks the door behind him, as I narrow my eyes at him and speak up in a sarcastic tone, "there's nowhere to avoid you right? Do you know a word called 'privacy'?"

His hand comes to brace on the basin behind me and traps me in his arms. His eyes cast down on me and lets out a light chuckle. "Same question to you. Remembered how you burst into my room naked holding a condom in your hand?"

"That was a mistake! Mom told me to-"

My words are cut short by his sudden kiss. He spares one hand to hold the back of my head and lowers his head to deepen that kiss. My heart skips a beat, as a thrilling electricity runs down my spine the second he touches my lips. Instantly, I forgot what I was about to say. I forgot all my anger and frustration towards him. The only thing vivid in my head right now is him. The impact he has on me...it's unbelievable.

The kiss is quick and sweet. A short moment later, he detaches his lips inches away from me and asks in a husky voice, "what did Alex and you talk about earlier?"

I open my mouth to answer yet he suddenly catches my lips again. The tip of his tongue gently molds the shape of lips as he murmurs deeply. "You better think carefully before you answer... he came back with a smug look on his face. I hate that look."

"The same look you carried every day?" I ask, successfully earning a hard bite on my bottom lip from him. "Ouch!"

"Think twice," he threatens. I suddenly shiver since I feel his hot palm moving up from my thigh and approaching the hem of my shorts dangerously. I whine, twisting my body slightly. His touch is causing a familiar tingle in between my thighs. "So?" he presses me, fingers rubbing the sensitive skin on my inner thigh. This is torture. I gasp and say between breath. "Non-nothing. He was just checking in with me and..."

My mind is muddled. My panties is becoming wet. The next part slips out before I realize, "and he offers to play my fake boyfriend in front of my mom." A dark look flickers in his green eyes. He suddenly invades into my shorts and presses hard on my core and rubs it. A shaky moan escapes my mouth immediately.

"Well, what did you tell him?" he studies my pleasure-tortured face closely, as he carries on the moment of his fingers. "You said yes?"

I pant and grab his arms, my nails digging into his hard biceps. "Yes... no! Ahh please..."

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E T?4 Fake Boyfriend

I have no idea what I'm talking about. His fingers swirl outside of my drenched panties. I want him to insert his finger in and fill my emptiness.

“Yes or no?” he questions forcefully, seeming to enjoy the sight of my struggle. “Did you tell him how soaking wet you are when you are with me? And how you rock your butt like this? And he should just get the fuck lost?”

He suddenly thrusts a finger into my core, deep. I cry out, throwing my head to the back and overwhelmed by the sudden waves of pleasure.

“Eason...please!” I groan his name, pleading for him to continue.

“Fuck,” he curses and suddenly withdraws the finger from pussy. I clench my thighs together at the loss of his finger and the next second he picks me up from the ground and carries me inside. He kicks open a stall door and sets me on the toilet. He looks down at me with hot desire burning in his eyes. He brings up that wet finger covered with my juice and rubs it against my lips. “Spread your legs,” he says hoarsely. “As you promised.”

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## **In Love With My Evil Stepbrother Chapter 25**

### **In Love With My Evil Stepbrother**

#### **Chapter 25**

Chapter 25: Inside the Stall Spread your legs... A part of me feels shamed for everything we are doing but another part of me is elated with joy screaming wildly for him to take me right here and right now. I bite my bottom lip and gradually the later part of me wins. So, I do as he says and shakily move my legs apart. He lets out a chuckle and further closes the distance between us. The stall is tiny so there isn't much room left for me to move around. I'm trapped between his muscular chest and the cold mental behind me.

He unbuckles my short and pulls it down together with my soaking wet panty. My naked bum slightly shivers in the air but the next second his hand comes up to palm my pussy making me moan out loudly. “Watch your voice,” he whispers to me with a hint of smile. “Not so loud babe.”

I jerk and suddenly come back to my senses. This is a Michelin-starred restaurant with dressed-up customers and black-tie waiters. This is a decent and classic place. Plus my mom and Alex are only a few walls away. But here I am in the lady's room, butt naked, and mess with my stepbrother.

Shame surges in my heart. But suddenly, he thrust his middle finger into my pussy full length with his thumb pressing and rubbing my clit. The pleasure is like electricity scattering my remaining rationality.

“You actually like that do you?” he lowers his head to bite on my collarbone, feeling my body trembling because of his touch. “You like the thrill of letting me fuck you in the restroom? What other places do you have in mind? The car? On the beach?” I can’t believe his foul mouth.

But while he was saying that, a shock runs through my stomach and settles in my pussy. More juice runs out and wets his finger.

He senses the change of my body and chuckles delightfully. “Do you want me to make you come?”

I take in a sharp inhale and remain silent. I can’t say such things. So I quietly rock my butt on his finger hoping he can read my mind.

“No. Say it babe.” He is so cruel.

I’m still struggling with myself, as he suddenly pulls out his middle finger from me leaving me hung by the painful emptiness in my pussy. I groan frustrated and desperate, my butt chasing him eagerly. But his hand presses down on my thigh and stops me. “Quick say it.” He tilts his head and nibbles the sensitive skin on the back of my ear. “Say it and I’ll make you come.”

His fingertips gently circle around my folds. And the dam finally breaks.

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“Yes... I want it,” I beg in a broken voice. “Let me come...let me come for you.” “Fuck.” He hungrily captures my lips and kisses me hard and rough. The next second, he suddenly moves back slightly and lower his body, kneeling in front of me.

I look down at him panting fast. No, he can be serious about this...

He picks up one of my let and drapes it over his shoulder. His face moves dangerously close to my wide-open pussy and his hot breath spreads on my sensitive area.

I hold my breath, waiting anxiously for what’s going to happen. He looks up to me from the bottom of his long eyelashes and smiles. He is so pretty, and youthful and stimulating. My heart stops every single time looking at him.

“Sit still,” he says. Then he buries his face between my legs and sucks a mouthful of my pussy.

A sharp groan escapes my parted lips, but I quickly bite myself to stifle it. God that killing sensation!

His tongue slides back and forward from my core to my clit, then gently circling around the folds. I shiver along with the moment of his tongue and tightens my grip on his hair. The electricity courses through my body. He further lifts my body up and tilts his head up to better taste me. My foot is barely touching the ground, giving him full access to my bottom area.

His tongue slides into the lips of my pussy and pulls out. And thrust into my core again. I moan in a broken voice as the pleasure keep hitting me like waves. My entire body is consumed by hot desire as he keeps fucking me with his tongue. Vaguely, I hear the lady’s room door creaks open and someone walks in. A customer maybe, or a waitress. God is she going to find out about us? But I can’t stop right now, not in the middle of this...

Feeling my distraction, Eason suddenly gives a gentle slap on my butt. Not so hard, but enough to bring back my attention. I clamp my mouth with my own hands, listening to the approaching footsteps into the stall next to us, while Eason’s tongue keeps thrusting into my core.

The fear of getting caught, the sensation, the anxiety... I suddenly throw my head to the back and my toes curl.

I came, hard and fast on his mouth. The corner of my eyes become wet because of the intense pleasure.

He tightens his grip on my butt and thighs to stop me from falling. His teeth gently bite my clit and the sting has me cumming again. My whole body is trembling like it has been shocked by electric.

I hear water flushing, and the footsteps leaving the stall to the basin, as I ride the aftershock of my orgasm. Then finally, the door closes and we are alone again.

I pant roughly as he finally stands up from the ground and kisses me again. His body presses

close to mine and immediately I feel his swell beneath me.

“Put on your shorts,” he whispers to me. “Go out there and find an excuse to your mom and your fake boyfriend. Tell them we are leaving now.”

My mind is still clouded. "What? But what am I going to say?" "Whatever. I'm taking you home and fuck you."