

In Love With My Evil Stepbrother Chapter 26

In Love With My Evil Stepbrother

Chapter 26

Chapter 26: A Wild Night When we get back out there, the waiter has already brought up our main courses. Mom and Alex are chatting enthusiastically when we take our seats, "Nat darling. What took you so long?" Mom turns around and asks. I take a sip of my ice water and murmur, "...nothing."

Eason took away my soaked panty and I'm going commando down here. The rough fabric of my shorts keeps rubbing harshly against my sensitive area as I sit here. I feel weird and uncomfortable, as if I'm having a fever. The ice water didn't have much effect on my heat either.

Alex notices the awkward expression on my face. He leans into me and whispers in a voice that only the two of us can hear, "are you ok? He didn't give you a hard time, did he?"

Before I can say anything, Eason suddenly clears his throat, a little too deliberate I must say. I look up at him and find him glaring at me with a clear warning in his eyes.

Meeting my gaze, he raises his eyebrow at me and tilts his head. I know he's reminding me of what I should do next.

"Don't worry, I'm fine," I say and slightly move away from Alex. "In fact, I think...umm, Eason and I should get going now."

Mom and Alex are startled by that. "What?" Mom almost drops her knife and fork as she looks at us with wide eyes. "But you haven't even touched your food yet! What's the hurry? You better give me a good reason!"

A good reason is precisely what I don't have right now.

I clench my teeth and shot an angry glare at Eason, hoping he would at least help me out here. But that bastard just sits there with his arms folded in front of his chest, smiling calmly, as if it's none of his business.

I hate him so much sometimes.

"Natalia?" Alex frowns. "Tell us. What's the matter?"

I bite my bottom lips as my mind spinning fast. I could tell them that I don't feel very well all of a sudden, but it's too risky. I know my mom too well. She'll get all worked up by her worries.

So I go for option number two in a split second.

"We-we have homework to do. It's urgent," I say.

As soon as I said that, Eason makes a funny noise, but he quickly puts his fist to his mouth and turns it into a fake cough. Yet his face is twitching, and I can tell he's trying everything he can to stop himself from bursting into laughs right now.

I mentally slap myself. That's a lame excuse, even for me.

Mom is bewildered as she asks blankly, "urgent homework? What's so urgent that you can't

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even finish dinner?"

I'm speechless. Fortunately, Eason comes to my rescue this time. "It's our group project. And it's due tomorrow." He seems so solemn. "We've completely forgotten it but it's not too late to start. But you will have to excuse us. Looks like we can't stay for dinner."

He stands up and walks to me, pulling out my chair and motions me to leave the table. This is all happening too fast. When I pick up my backpack, Mom and Alex are still in a trance. I don't have the courage to take a second at them. So I simply mumble a quick "goodbye" and walk away with Eason.

We walk across the room hastily. Exit the front door and come down the stairs. Eason gives his ticket to the valet. And as we are standing there silently waiting for the car to be pulled over, he suddenly bursts into laughter.

"Fuck... Natalia, are you out of your fucking mind?"

His shoulders are shaking as he roars with laughter, "I get it...you are a nerd. But urgent homework? Seriously?"

My check is flaming red because of anger. Well, also because I feel so stupid of myself.

“Oh haha I’m a terrible liar, hilarious.” I said dryly. “But if you are such a master of deception, why didn’t you say anything? Now it’s great. I bet mom and Alex are on to something...and keep your voice down! You are laughing too loud!”

I keep turning around nervously, afraid that mom and Alex would follow us out and notice how intimate we are.

Eason takes my hand and gently squeezes it in his palm. His eyes rest on me with a faint smile of amusement.

“Calm down. No one is looking.” He says in a soft tone. “And you only lied for a good cause, if it makes you feel any better.” I roll my eyes and snort. “Do you not know what a good cause is?” He lowers his head and plants a soft kiss on my ear as he whispers, “a good cause for me, at least.”

His voice is hoarse and sexy, suddenly reminding me of why we are standing here and what we are doing next.

My body becomes stiff again as that internal heat returns.

The valet pulls over our car just in time and we get in the car in silence. No one speaks up. The entire drive home we keep our mouth shut, no teasing words, no cursing, no fighting over with one another.

There’s a tension hanging in the air. It’s intense and sexual. I wait anxiously. My heart rate gradually quickens as my palms become sweaty.

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He drives us home to the penthouse.

As soon as we enter the private elevator and the door closes, he grabs my arm and pushes me to the side roughly, capturing my lips hungrily. My back hits the wall, causing the elevator to sway dangerously as it goes up. “The CCTV...” I remind him between my shaky breath. I don’t want to give the security guard a free porn He mumbles a curse but keeps kissing me. His hand travels up from my waist to my back, pressing my body firmly to his chest. I can feel how much he wants me and that turns me on even more.

The elevator finally reaches the top floor as he basically drags me out and forces me on the wall again. Now that we are finally alone, he pulls my shirt over my head, unhooks my bra in one move, and palms my chest eagerly.

I groan out feeling his hand touches my nipple. It sends thrilling electricity down through my body till it settles in my pussy.

My mind screams at me asking for more, more of him. So I raise my head to return his hot kiss, while my hand moves down from his biceps, to his rock hard abs and finally settles on his jeans. His muscle flexes along the way, and I'm so glad that I have this impact on his body.

I unbuckle his jeans with my shaky hands. He pants roughly and presses his lips on my forehead, urging me, "...go on babe. Take it. Grab my dick." I do as he asks, slipping my hand into his boxer and take a handful of his cock. It's so huge and hot. I can feel it's slightly twitching in my hand.

I want to give him more. So I start moving my hand up and down.

"Oh fuck..." He grits out, throwing his head to the back and closes his eyes. A vein on his forehead starts to pulse. The way he looks right now...it's so unbelievably hot and sexy. I stare at him closely, not wanting to miss a single second of it. I want it to be etched on the back of my mind if possible. I love this so much...I love him...

Wait.

I'm instantly startled by my fleeting thought. What was I thinking? No, that's impossible. I must be out of my mind right now. Suddenly I feel a sting on my lips, snapping me back to reality. He sucks my lips harshly as if he's punishing me for my moments of distraction. "Seriously? You have the time to think something else?" he groans, clearly displeased.

Then the next second, he picks me up from the floor and throws me over on his shoulder. I squeal and try to kick him with my legs. He laughs and walks through the living room, straight into his bedroom and throws me on the bed.

My back hits the mattress hard. Before I manage to get up, he quickly removes all our clothes and tosses them on the floor, then presses his body on to me again, overwhelming me with

more kisses.

My body is weak as water under him, as if I'm melting away. I run my hand through his muscular contour, feeling every inch of his smooth skin. We are so intimately close right now.

Suddenly, I cry out. He inserts a finger straight into me and starts thrusting. My pussy was already wet when he fingered me in the lady's room. Now as a stronger wave of pleasure hits me again, I almost came right on the spot.

But he pulls out his finger right before that, leaving my body hangs in the middle of an orgasm. That's torture! I glare at him with glossy eyes, a silent condemnation.

He chuckles deeply. "I'll make you come. Just not yet." He reaches over to the nightstand and grabs a foil packet from the drawer. He rips it open with his teeth and puts on the condom. I clamp my thighs together, waiting anxiously. Then he spreads my legs again and guides his cock to the entrance of my pussy. My heart almost stops from beating as I can feel my juice wetting the head of his cock. "Nat..." he murmurs my name, his deep green eyes glazing with desire and some other emotions I can't read. Then he surges all the way into me, filling every inch of me. I groan out in a mixture of pain and pleasure. He's too big for me. I feel I'm being stretched by him. He stays still for a minute, eyes hungrily casting down on my face, gauging my reaction. Then he slightly pulls away and slides back into me again. His throbbing cock fills every inch of me, making me shiver in pleasure. Unconsciously, I want to run away from this mind blowing sensation, but he stops me with an iron grip on my legs. "Fuck...you are so fucking tight." He groans in a strained voice.

His hand moves up to grab my hair forcing my head up to kiss me, as he gradually picks up the speed fucking me. My pussy clenches onto his huge cock eagerly. He mons out and buries his head to the hollow of my neck. "Oh fuck Natalia."

He keeps thrusting into me relentlessly, moving his hips faster and faster. My back bucks off the bed, giving him more access into my core. My toes and fingers all curled up, grabbing the sheet beneath me.

"Fuck babe you are so wet and warm," he pants roughly, rocking his hips against mine. "Oh fuck...yeah don't stop." I moan grabbing his arms, nails digging into his flesh. The watery sound of him banging me fills the silence. He keeps fucking me so hard and wild, throwing me over one edge after another.

I scream out when I come for the first time. But while I am riding my orgasm, he pounds into me again and brings me directly to the second wave of orgasm. It's so overwhelming and mind

-blowing

It feels like eternity being filled by him over and over again. And eventually, he suddenly pulls me up from bed slightly and pressed my upper body to his chest. Then with one hard thrust into my core, he pants my name and I feel his cock twitch inside of me. He cums in me as well. We both collapse to bed, feeling the aftershock. His cock is still inside of me. I close my eyes

and pant roughly with my chest rising and falling fast.

Then I feel his fingertip touching my temple, gently tugging a lock of sweaty hairs to my back. A soft kiss lands on my forehead. My heart flutters. Suddenly a wave of strong emotions surges up in me. I clamp my eyes shut, too afraid to find out what those feelings are.

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Chapter 27

Chapter 27: Sex Talk I wake up in his arms the next morning. The minute I open my eyes, memories from last night instantly come back to me. That's it. I've slept with Eason, with my stepbrother. I carefully turn around to look at him. He's still sleeping soundly. No matter how much of a jerk he is by day, he seems so cute and peaceful right now. The summer sunshine pours in through curtains and onto his beautiful face, giving the whole room an amber glow. I study his perfect, straight, angular figure. Seriously, I can do this all day, staying in his arms and looking at his sleeping face...

Wait.

I jerk up a bit, scared by that fleeting thought just like I did yesterday. My movement disturbed him in his slumber, as he murmurs something vaguely and turns around releasing me from his arms.

I fight back the temptation to crawl back to his cuddle and get out of bed quietly.

I turn on my phone and quickly text my mom, letting her know that I got caught up my "urgent homework" so didn't come back last night. Then I go into the kitchen and brew some coffee.

My mind drifts away while waiting for the coffee to get ready.

Well, before last night, I thought sleeping with him would help me get over with my obsession and move on to the next phase. I only want him sexually. That's it. Period. But last night didn't do a good job killing my wayward thoughts. Instead, it opens a door to something else.

My own inner voice starts playing in my ears.

... I love this so much... I love him...

I jump to my feet immediately, panic as hell. No, no way. That can't be it. We barely know each other right now. Plus, he's such a manipulative, forceful, difficult, and overwhelming guy. Why would I fall in love with him?

That's just sex talk. My hormone talking. I take a deep breath and bury my flaming face into my palms. That's right. No need to overthink this. I'll just keep some distances with him after last night. "What are you thinking?"

I'm startled and turn around to find him walking out of the bedroom. He yawns and walks closer to me, hairs messy in an incredibly sexy way. No one can look this good in the morning, except him.

"What are you doing babe?" he asks in a hoarse and sleep voice. His arms come around my waist and hold me from the back. He rests his chin on my shoulder, gently rubbing his head

against my neck. The intimacy makes my heart leap. "Umm...nothing," I say quickly, breaking free from him. "Coffee?" "Yeah, I can have some," he leans on the counter. His eyes fix on me. A faint trace of smile lightens his face.

I avoid his gaze and quickly pour him a coffee. But when I hand him the mug, he doesn't take it. Instead, he grabs me by my wrist and pulls me right into his firm chest. "Why don't you look at me?" he asks while nibbling on the side of my neck.

That's so itchy. I giggle and try to avoid him. But he tightens his arms and holds me closer, lowering his head to capture my lips. I almost drown myself in that kiss. The atmosphere is just right. The lazy summer morning, the freshly brewed coffee, the warm sunshine filling up the living room, the perfect boyfriend...everything is perfect. Except he isn't actually my boyfriend. His hand comes up to my waist and caress my naked skin. His breathe becomes rougher. And I can feel him swell against me. But my mind suddenly clears up, like waking up from a dream too good to be true. And I quickly push him to the side and move further away from him. He is caught off guard. He staggers back and looks at me with parted lips and frowning brows, deeply confused.

"Nat?" he asks. "What's the matter."

I can't look at him. If I do, I'll lose all courage. So I doge his gaze and quickly walk towards the living room, grabbing my bag. "I think I should go," I say. That enrages him. He strides across the room and grabs my shoulder forcing me to face him. That gentle smile on his lips is gone. Anger flashes through his green eyes.

"What's your fucking problem Natalia?" he grits out.

I cower under his furious gaze. I know what I am doing right now is horrible. But it's the only way to remain clear-headed.

"I just need to get home...mom may get worried."

"I'll call her," he snaps.

"No!" I say quickly. "You shouldn't. That's it. I'm leaving." He narrows his eyes and studies my face. Just when I thought he was going to lose it and go completely mad, his hands suddenly drop to his sides. He takes a step back as a cold sneer comes over his face.

"Fine. Get lost," he shrugs. "I should kick you out of here the moment I'm done fucking you. That's why we are together right? It's only sex and nothing else."

His words make my chest hurt. I take in a deep breath and look away, trying to blink back the tears in my eyes. "Yeah, that's right," I say.

He snorts and walks to the side picking up his phone. His voice becomes impatient. "Then why are you still standing here? Valerie is meeting me here. You don't want to bump into her."

He's probably just saying that to make me mad. But that works surprisingly well. As I flee his apartment, tears have run down my face.

I blew the whole thing. Things were going so nice and dreamy between us, and now all is gone.

But if I let myself hover over him, I'll destroy myself in the end.

Ever since that night, I never hear from Eason again. No calls, no texts. I bump into him a few times in school, but he just walks right pass me.

Valerie is back again, following him everywhere he goes. Whenever our eyes met, she would stare at me with a smug look as if she has won some stupid contest.

As far as I know, Eason is just playing her the same way he played me. I think Valerie knows that as well, but she doesn't care. That's why she could stay by Eason's side.

I hope I could have that kind of consciousness. But I can't let myself go down that deep.

Fortunately, my life in school has finally become better. Eason invited me to sit with him once in the café, and that successfully got me off the target list. No one would deliberately pick on me anymore. They just go back to ignoring me. But that's all I ever need anyway. A boring yet peaceful senior. I spend so much time with Katherine, Alex, and Edie recently. The four of us basically become a group. Now that I have finally caught up with schoolwork and managed to make some friends, my life is finally back to normal again. I would think about that wild night with Eason from time to time. But other than that, we never cross again. I can't let myself to go down that road again and I think his pride forbids him to contact me anymore.

TWO WEEKS LATER

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Days fly back quickly. When we are finally done with midterms, Katherine proposes us to all go on a short vacation.

“Beach house?” I ask with a frown. We are in the café waiting in line to get our food. Alex and Eddie are right behind us. She seems very enthusiastic about it. “Yes, it’s my uncle’s beach house. Not far away from here actually, just an hour drive away. We can leave after school on Friday and get back Sunday night. Isn’t it nice? I’m so exhausted by the exams. We can use a little rest.”

I keep my mouth shut. To be honest, I’m not so crazy about that idea. My original plan for the weekend is job hunting. Now that I’ve finally caught up with schoolwork, I can start saving for

my college fund again. I can’t keep spending the Ramirez’s money anymore. We all find a table and sit down. Alex knows about my job-hunting plan, so he keeps quiet. But Edie jumps right on board immediately. “Sounds great! I’m in.” Katherine turns to me and Alex, “What about you two?” I bite on my sandwich in silence. My hesitation is obvious. Her face drops immediately as she grabs my hand and begs, “come on, we studied so hard for the past few days. Let’s go. You can’t let me and Edie go alone.” A regretful look flashes by Edie’s face but he quickly disguises it. He probably has a huge crush on Katherine. But she is way out of his league, so he doesn’t dare to make a move on her yet.

“Yeah, come with us,” Edie agrees. “It’d be our first trip together.”

I sign, “But Alex already got me an interview. It’s on Saturday.” 1 “I could talk to them and have that rescheduled,” Alex shrugs. “It’s a job in local coffee shop. Not running for president.” Looking at their eager faces, I finally give in. “OK fine.” Katherine cheers clapping her hands together. “Awesome!! Friday night, beach house it is!” I can’t help but smile with her. Her enthusiasm is contagious. But suddenly the next second, someone appears from Alex’s back and jumps into the conversation, “What beach house?” I look up and find it’s James. My heart sinks a little. James is both friend with Alex and Eason, so sometimes he would sit with us during lunch. During random conversations, Eason’s name would pop up unavoidably, causing my heart to flutter every single time.

“You are all going to the beach house this week?” he asks.

“Yeah,” Katherine says briskly. “You wanna come?”

I wanted to stop her, but her invitation was already out. She’s probably just being nice, but I really don’t want to hear Eason’s name over and over again during the trip.

Fortunately, James shakes his head with a regretful smile. "Oh I can't. I already had plan. Well, you guys enjoy yourself." After that, he picks up his tray and leaves our table quickly walking away. Katherine pouts looking at his back. "Why is he in such a hurry?" "Kat," I lower my voice. "Why did you tell him we are going to the beach house?"

"He already heard us talking about it. Plus, it's not a secret anyway. Why? What's the matter?" She seems confused. I bite my bottom lips and say nothing, trying to dislodge the stupid feeling of uneasiness. Even if James knows, it doesn't mean that he would tell Eason about it. It's only my paranoia.

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Chapter 28

Chapter 28: Beach House

Eason's POV

The annoying noise wakes me up from my sleep. I groan opening my eyes. It takes me a few seconds to realize that the persistent noise is coming from my phone. I grab it and take the call, saying in a raspy sleep filled voice. "This better be urgent." "Hey man. Having fun last night?" James chuckles. I slowly sit up from my messy bed, rubbing my forehead and letting memories from last night gradually come back to me. We were having a wild party. I remember taking tequila shots and having some random girls slipping their tongues down my mouth. I look around and find only myself on the bed. She probably took off after the party "I'm hanging up," I snap. "No no no wait! You don't want to miss this," James raises his voice. "It's about Natalia."

I was reaching over for the glass of water on my nightstand. And suddenly my hand pauses. Her name is like a wake-up call to my hangover. My mind clears up immediately. "What about her?" I ask and immediately regret it. "No forget it. I don't want to know." "You sure? What about your epic plan of winning her heart and body? You're giving that up?"

I drag my steps going into the living room while pinching the middle of my brows. "I fucked her once. That's it. She's too difficult to be dealt with. Not worthy of my time."

I still remember the look on her face the morning after we slept together. It's like she had already regretted the whole thing. That look pisses me off every time I think of it.

James bursts into laughter on the other end of the phone.

“Really? You guys slept already? And she dumped you immediately after? Fuck. Sorry man but I’ve got to ask...did you do something wrong?” “Are you fucking crazy?” I snap. “Go fuck yourself. I’m hanging up now.” I’m pulling the phone away from my ear, but his voice rushes out from the speaker, “She is going to the beach house with Alex!” My heart skips a beat.

She fucking what??

Before I realize, I’m back on the phone again. “What the fuck did you say?” “I’m telling you man. You are losing this one. I heard them talking about it during lunch break. It’s true. She’s going to the beach house with Alex during this weekend.” I clench the phone with rage burns up in me like flames. Alex? She’s going out with Alex? Traveling together is a huge step and she’s ready to take that step in just two weeks?

...Has she become his girlfriend already?

I curse and give the dumpster a hard kick, running my fingers through my hairs. Fucking Alex with his smug face and straightened shirt. I know she loves his type. Even her mother loves his type. The straight-A, president of the student union type.

A million of dark ideas surge up in me. I close my eyes for a second and let myself calm down. When I open my eyes again, I ask James, “where is this beach house?” James gives me an address and laughs. “So you are back on board again?” “Yeah.”

I wanted to let her go. It’s a stupid game anyway. But she picked the wrong guy. I’m not losing her to that fucking Alex. “Now we are talking! So what’s your plan then?” “My original plan,” I sit down on the sofa with elbows resting on my knees. “My dad and that woman are celebrating their third anniversary in less two months. On the anniversary night, here comes the grand reveal.” 1 “Ouch that hurts! You are getting back at her big times! To be fair though, she doesn’t deserve all these you know?” A surge of irritation passes through me. I don’t like to be reminded about what happened between me and her three years ago. But I hated it even more when she came back this time pretending nothing has happened. In my opinion, she deserves this. Every single bit. “Which side are you on?”

James chuckles, “You have to ask? Two months is a tight schedule. Are you certain that she can fall in love with you in such a short time?”

I lapse into silence. When it comes to her, nothing is for certain.

“I have an idea,” James announces eagerly. “If you play it right, she’ll be back in your arms at the end of this weekend.”

Natalia’s POV

On Friday night, we drove to Katherine's beach house as planned. Alex is in charge of the wheel as I sit next to him upfront. Katherine and Edie take up the back seat. They are having a huge debate over a film I've never heard of. I lean on the seat looking at the scenery outside the window. Dusk is approaching. As we drive down the coastal highway, streaks of light fall on the cliffs and the sea. The evening sky is filled with gold-and-red-tinted clouds of sunset. It's a breathtaking view.

Suddenly the window is rolled down, letting the warm summer breeze to gush in. I look around and find Alex smiling at me. He then turns on the radio. A country music is on the play.

I love how thoughtful he is. So I lay back on my seat and close my eyes, quietly enjoying the wind and the music.

Maybe this trip isn't a bad idea at all.

We arrive at our destination a little pass by 7p.m.

There's a row of villas by the coast and Katherine's uncle's beach house is one of them. Each house has its own private beach. It's the perfect place for a little getaway.

When Alex pulls over in front of the beach house, Katherine leans over and asks, "my uncle has called the butler to clean up the house. But do you guys want to grab something to eat first? I checked the weather report and it's going to rain tonight. I hate to come out again later in the middle of the rain."

"Yeah sure," I take out my phone. "Let me see if there's an open restaurant nearby." I'm on my phone when suddenly a bright flashlight pierces through the dark night and shines directly onto our faces. It's so glaringly bright! The car coming towards us definitely has its high beam on. We all cover our eyes as Edie murmurs in the back. "What a jerk." I peek through my fingers and catch sight of a sport car hurtling towards us. I'm not familiar with fancy cars but I know it's a BMW M8. I'm only able to recognize it because Eason has the same car. Suddenly panic seizes my heart as if I've foreseen what's coming towards me. The M8 makes a sharp stop right next to us. The passenger door flies open, and James jumps out of the car. He bends down and greets us cheerfully, "hey guys!" All of us are shocked beyond words. I stiffly turn around my head and look pass the car window. Through the opening door, I see Eason sitting in the driver's seat, his hand still resting on the wheel. Gradually, he looks up and locks eyes with me. Those beautiful green eyes are so dark right now that they almost appear pitch black. I take in a quick inhale involuntarily. The look on his face sends a chill down my spine.

In Love With My Evil Stepbrother Chapter 29

In Love With My Evil Stepbrother

Chapter 29

Chapter 29: Beer Pong “What are you doing here?” I blurt out.

Katherine sticks her head out and seems very excited, “Hey you guys made it!”

Made it?

I shot her an angry glare. She is perfectly aware of the tense situation between me and Eason, even though I haven't given her all the details. As my friend, shouldn't she respect my decision and not invite them over without checking with me first?

I'm probably overthinking this. But still, I taste a sense of betrayal.

James leans on our car and grins at us, “Katherine told us about your plan. So I figured, why not join you guys and make it into a party?”

I snap, “didn't you and Eason have other plans?”

He doesn't even blush as he replies with a wide smile. “Change of plan. We figured this would be more fun. Unless Natalia...are you shutting the door on us?”

Obviously, I am.

“There may not be enough rooms for you guys,” said I sternly. “In fact—” Katherine begins but I manage to shut her up with my angry glare. The atmosphere becomes a little awkward among us. Right at this moment, Eason speaks up. “In fact, dad also owns a beach house and it's just down this street. So if you don't have enough rooms, me and James will sleep over there.”

Oh how convenient is that!

My perfect weekend is completely ruined so I stop holding my anger and ask him sarcastically, “Oh really? So if we decided to fly to England for the weekend, do you also happen to own a house there?”

Eason slowly raises an eyebrow at me and sneers, “As the matter of fact, yes. But you won't be able to know that since...you are NEW to the family.”

We scowl each other in silence. If eyes could kill, we would both have gone to hell hand by hand.

Eventually, Alex breaks the awkward silence and says, “OK. Let's get inside first. It's getting late and the rain is coming.”

We were planning on visiting a restaurant. But at this point, everyone has lost their appetite. So while the boys are helping us with our luggage, I simply order pizza. The beach house is beautiful, decorated in Mediterranean style with its arched windows, exposed beams, and hardwood floor.

But I'm not in the mood for room tour. As they are talking in the living room, I quietly grab a bottle of beer and wander over to the terrace.

The terrace has an open view of the sea. But since it's already late and the storm is approaching, the sea view isn't really pleasant at this moment.

As I pop open my can of beer, I hear footsteps behind me. I turn around and find it's Katherine.

"Hey," she walks up to me and studies my face. "Are you mad?" I am caught off guard by her blunt question. After a short pause, I speak up sternly, "You think?"

"I figured you would be mad. But James said he really wanted to come, and I couldn't say no to him-"

"He told you he was coming?" I cut her off. "When?"

"Umm...in the car? While we were driving here?" she smiles nervously at me. "I was meant to tell you. Really! But I saw you were having a really good time with Alex, and I just couldn't find the right time. I'm sorry, Nat, really." I don't know what to say. I was really pissed at her. But she's being so honest with me right now and it seems petty to keep holding a grudge against her. Plus, she doesn't know the complicated history between me and Eason so I can't fully blame her for inviting them.

"Fine," I sign eventually. "Next time just let me know first, ok?"

"Of course!" She promises and then gently nudges me. "And hey, you are doing great with Alex. So just forget about Eason for now and focus on your thing with Alex."

"Sure," I smile absently. "Let's get inside. It's going to rain."

The pizza arrives an hour later. After we feed ourselves, James enthusiastically propose that we should play Beer Pong.

Katherine is immediately on board and Eddie follows right after her. Alex takes a look at me first and shakes his head hesitantly, "I'm not sure..."

"Oh come on! It's raining outside so we can't really go swimming in the sea right now. We also can't sit around and do nothing while waiting for the storm to pass. So you guys are playing. I'm not taking no for answer." He basically drags us to the table and starts laying out cups and pouring beers. I'm very cautious about these wine games because

that's how they got me to kiss Alex the last time. So while they are busy with the cups, I lean towards Alex and whisper to him, "Are you good at this game?"

"I won't call myself a pro, but I'm not bad either," he grins at me. "Relax. I got your back." There are precisely six of us. So we are divided into two groups. Me, Alex and Eddie, versus Eason, James and Katherine. "OK!" James eagerly announces. "First up, Eason." He hands the ball to Eason.

Eason takes the ball. His eyes fall upon me as an evil smile lurks on his face. "Taking shots is boring. The loser has to do something else for punishment." Bad memories from the past floods back to me as I quickly protest, "I'm not doing Dares!"

"Sure," he casually shrugs. "You can do Truths."

Before I can say no, he raises his hand and throws the ball. He doesn't even have to aim-and the ball falls directly into the cup in front of me. "Wow! Drink up, Nat!" James claps cheerfully. "And one question from Eason." The evil smile on Eason's lips grows wider. "OK, I'll start with an easy one... Nat, when was the last time you had sex?"

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I'm clenching my fist so hard that my nails are digging into my flesh. But I've managed to keep my face straight and look directly into his eyes while answering, "...A year ago." "Is that so?" Eason raises his brows and sneers. "You know you have to be honest right? It's called Truths for a reason." I ignore him and drink up the beer in my cup. It's my turn to throw again. I aim carefully at my target and, luckily, the ball falls right into Eason's cup. "OK my turn." I stand up straight as a smile of revenge plays around my lips. "Eason. When was the last time someone slept with you and never called you back?"

The easy smile on his face disappears. He narrows his eyes at me and his nostrils flare. "No that's impossible," Katherine seems to find my question amusing. "Who would do that to Eason?"

"In fact, someone just did that to me a few days ago," Eason picks up his cup and drinks up the beer. "But she's a bitch. So I'm not bothered by it at all."

I want to slap him so much. The game goes back and forth for a few rounds, and we manage to reach a tie. Eventually, Eason takes over the ball again. And not surprisingly at all, he throws the ball to me again. "OK Nat," he raises his eyes and looks at me. "Have you ever let someone fuck you in the restroom?"

My heart stops at that. Everyone around the table is also shocked beyond words. This question is so offensive, explicit, and vicious. One dares not to think about the implicated meaning behind it...and I hope with all my heart that none of them would overthink this. "Eason, w-why are you..." Katherine moves uncomfortably on her spot. "I

don't think this is ok. You are her brother nevertheless." "Oh I don't think she thinks of me as her brother," Eason snorts. "Do you? Natalia?"

I throw my cup on the ground and walk away. I can't look at him anymore. One more look, I'll

Pong

definitely lose it.

As I storm out of the living room, Alex catches me up from behind and grabs my elbow. "Hey Nat, wait up. Are you ok?"

I'm forced around to face him. He seems genuinely concerned about me. I take in a deep breath and look at him, suddenly finding my eyes become glossy. "I-..." I trail off. I want to tell someone about everything so bad, but I can't. The frustration is killing me. Alex is startled. This is the first time he sees me get all teared up. "Hey, hey...it's ok. Comes here," he pulls me into his arms and gently pats my back. I bury my head in his chest, sobbing uncontrollably.

Alex strokes my hairs and comforts me. He was about to ask me something when another person appears from behind him.

It's Eason.

The devil who had caused all my misfortune. He glances at us calmly and heads toward the door. Alex turns around and asks, "are you leaving?"

"I'm going for a swim," Eason shrugs and walks right pass us. I can't believe my ears. There's a fucking storm outside! "Are you losing your fucking mind?!" I can't help but yell at him, my voice high and squeaky." It's raining like hell out there!" Eason pauses for a moment by the door. He turns his head halfway back, but he still doesn't look at me directly. Eventually, he simply lifts the corner of his lips into a cold smile. "Why do you care?" he asks sarcastically and then leaves through the door.

In Love With My Evil Stepbrother Chapter 30

In Love With My Evil Stepbrother

Chapter 30

Chapter 30: Love Confession The rain finally starts to fall, pattering against the window. The view outside is pitch black, with thunder and bright lightning looming within heavy cloud. I stand beside the glass door anxiously, staring into the darkness. No sane

person would go swimming under this weather, unless he has a death wish. So Eason is crazy. Then why should I care so much about a crazy person?

The rest of the group starts to play poker to kill the time. Their cheerful laughter only makes me more distracted. Eventually when James wins another round of the game and starts to shout out loudly about his victory, I can't take it anymore and walk up to him.

"Aren't you worried about him?" I ask sternly.

"Who?" James says absently as he shuffles the cards.

"Eason! He went swimming and it's fucking raining!" I snap, "Aren't you worried that something might happen to him? Aren't you guys like close friends?" My tone is a bit too harsh. The rest of the group snaps their heads up to look at me, all startled by my reaction. After a short pause, Eddie speaks up, "Nat, the guy knows what he is doing. Plus, he was such an asshole to your earlier. So just leave him be." "Yeah, Nat. Don't worry about him," Katherine nods. "He wouldn't go swimming under this weather. He's probably back to his own house already."

I take in a deep breath and say nothing. Their comforts only build up the anxiety in my heart. James finishes shuffling and starts dealing the cards. He takes a quick glance at me and snickers, "I mean if you are so worried about him. Just call him. Or you can sit down with us and play poker. That'll take your mind off him." At this point, I don't even know if I'm more worried about Eason or I'm more pissed about how indifferent James appears to his friend's safety.

"Forget it," I growl, "I'm going to bed." I stride across the living room and head upstairs. After I enter my own room, I quickly close the door and take out my phone.

Yet my finger pauses at the dialing button.

Should I call him?

If he is already back at his own house and is currently lying on his bed safe and sound like Katherine said, calling him will only make me look like an idiot. I can already imagine his sarcastic tone when he picks up the call.

But...

I take one more look at the storm outside and dial his number.

He can't laugh at me all he wants. But my consciousness won't allow me to take that risk.

The dial tone goes busy for a long time.

He's not picking up the phone.

With each passing second, my heart sinks deeper. Is he mad at me and deliberately ignoring my call?

I end the call and start texting him:

(Where are you?)

[You are not actually swimming, are you?]

[Just let me know you are ok!!!)

After that, I toss the phone aside and bury my face in my palms. I seem pathetic, begging him to answer me like this. Even though he has just humiliated me in front of my friends.

I'm so screwed.

Thunder roars down the sky with deafening booms. After ten painful minutes, I check my phone and still nothing.

No calls. No texts. Nothing.

Then my imagination goes wild. I can picture how he is struggling in water, fighting against the angry waves but gradually losing his strength. Then he starts to choke, drowning...

That it.

I jump up, rushing out of the door and dashing downstairs. The guys are still playing poker. They are all shocked to see me like this.

I ignore them and run towards the door, as Katherine yelling behind me, "Natalia! Where are you going!"

"Go find him!" I yell back and open the entrance door.

I'm immediately welcomed with the pouring rain. The storm is even larger than I thought. The wind is running wild with heavy raindrops, whipping against me and instantly soaking my whole body. But I wipe my face and run in to the storm anyway.

There's not a single person on the beach. I stagger across the wet land and start to call his name at the top of my lungs, "Eason! Where are you! Eason!!"

But my voice is muffled by the roaring storm and thunder.

I try to see through the sheeting rain and gaze towards the sea. But except for the tempestuous waves, I got nothing. No sign of him.

I wander around in the darkness, desperately. Water is streaming down my face. And I don't know if it's rain or my tears. I've never felt so helpless in my whole life. If something happens to him...

I'm so regretful. About everything I've done and every word I've said.

I should have told him how I felt after our first night. He might laugh at me or even despise me, but at least I let him know my true feelings. But now-now I may never have the chance.

My body shivers in the rain and I've completely lost my way. I'm on the edge of losing my mind, when suddenly I hear a faint voice calling my name in the distance.

I snap my head around, afraid that it's only my mishearing.

But no. Although my vision is blurred, I still catch sight of someone running towards me across the darkness and rain, calling my name.

It's him.

Suddenly I start to run, racing down the waterlogged, loose sand and towards him. My heart is doing a drum-roll against my ribs. I lose my balance when I'm closer to him, but he catches me in time and drags me to his arms.

We hold each other tight, as if clutching on to a lost treasure. His hand presses my head to his chest firmly and I can hear his heartbeat. It's as wild as mine.

"W-why! Why didn't you call me back!" I gradually find my voice and it's shaking as hell. "I was so-so worried! You fucking bastard!"

I'm crying as I yell. I try to break free from him, but he won't let me go. His grip is so hard that it's almost hurting me.

"I'm sorry Nat...I'm sorry. Really. I walked home and didn't check my phone. I didn't know you would come out and look for me..."

"What do you expect me to do?" I roar on to his face, "Let you fucking die?!"

I'm so furious and start to beat him with my fists. He takes hit and drags me into his arms again.

His voice is so muffled in the rain but I still hear him asking me clearly, “Nat, why did you come out and find me?”

“I told you. I was worried that—” “No,” he slightly pulls away from me, looking closely at me. His green eyes are so incredibly bright even in the darkness. “I meant, why were you so worried? The only person who would go this far to find me in the storm is my mom. And that’s because she is my mom. So why did you-why were you...” He pauses and gulps, as if the following words are hard to come out. But after a short silence, he manages to open his mouth again, “Nat, do you love me?”

I’m speechless. My mind is completely blank.

His iron grip on my arms tightens, as he says urgently, “love is probably too strong. Do you like me? Do you have feelings for me in a non-brother-and-sister way?”

I can’t stop my body from shivering. I don’t know if it’s because of the rain or his question.

I think of my feelings before, how worried and regretful I was. I regretted that I didn’t let him know my feeling when I had the chance.

And now, here’s my chance.

“You said it yourself...” I slowly begin, word by word. “That I never see you as my brother.”

“You are right about that.”

His eyes light up immediately and his smile grows wider. He brings up his hand to palm my face as he says in a hoarse tone, “I will take that as a yes.” Then he lowers his head to kiss me, eagerly and passionately in the rain.