

In Love With My Evil Stepbrother Chapter 3

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Holy f—

I clamp my hands over my mouth to stop the screaming. Gasp and sharp inhales coming from every corner of the restaurant.

Zack is beyond shock. He freezes, as water dripping down his hair and forehead. He slowly looks up and seems still can't believe what has just happened.

Eason is probably the only person not freaking out. He calmly places the glass back and smiles at Zack. "It suits you."

"Are you FUCKING insane?" Zack shouts. He points at Eason and then directs at me, "Who the fuck is this guy, Natalia? What's the matter with—"

Eason grips his wrist before he can finish. Eason's expression darkens, almost scary to look at. Inch by inch, he pushes down Zack's hand.

"Don't point at her, ever again." He states, word by word.

I'm still in trance. Everything happened too fast. How did Eason know I'm here? And why is he standing up for me? He was such a jerk this morning. What changed?

Zack cringes. He's about the same size as Eason, but apparently he is afraid to fight him.

"Waiter!" Zack snaps his head at the waiter rushing towards us. "This man just attacked me! I want to call police!"

My heart suddenly drops. I can't believe how shameless he can be. But he's going to get everyone into trouble.

"Zack!" I hiss, "There's no need for that."

Eason snorts. "It's ok. Let him tell on us."

The waiter approaches us. Yet surprisingly, he turns to Eason and me first and slightly bows. "Can I help you with anything, Mr. Ramirez?"

...Mr. Ramirez?

Right, how can I forget? If Zack is a patronizing rich bastard, then Eason is ten times what he is.

My heartrate is back to normal. Now I want to laugh so bad. Zack's fossilized face is amusing to be looked at.

Eason holds me in his arm and nods at the waiter. "Yes. You heard the man. There has been some shouting and attacking. Better call the police before things escalate."

I stop my laughter. "Wait Eason...let him go."

As pleasant as it is to see Zack go down to hell, I can't bare spending another second with him. I've had enough fun. That should be enough.

"You sure?" Eason looks at me. He seems so normal right now, like a protective big brother.

I nod.

"Whatever Miss Moore prefers then."

It's strange to hear him call me "Miss Moore." But I don't hate the ring of it.

Zack glowers at us and quickly storms out of the restaurant.

I want to thank Eason for everything, but before I could do that, he turns back at me and gives me a small snort of laughter. "So that's your Prince Charming huh?"

I frown. I don't like his sarcastic tone, but I'm still grateful for what he just did.

"I already broke up with him. Anyway, thanks for everything."

Yet Eason ignores my gratitude. Both hands in his pocket, he looks down at me and seems more condescending than ever.

"Sure you did." He chuckles, "You love the hypocrite type. As long as they write huge checks to animal shelter and pretend to care about global warming, you'd let them do anything. No matter how much of a jerk he really is."

My jaw drops. What's with all the mood swing?! One minute he's this loving and protective big brother, and the next minute he just turns into this malicious monster.

He must be on drugs.

“Are you seriously judging my love life?” I snap, “Oh I’m sure Mr. Playboy must have a lot to say about this. Because he has so many condoms in his closet and has to sleep with almost every woman he ever set eyes on!”

Eason’s green eyes burn with flame of fury. He shouts back, “I won’t sleep with you! That’s for sure!”

My mouth falls open. What did he just say?

Eason seems to be shocked by his own words as well. His ears are red, but he continues to glower at me, not flinching away. Our fight has caused almost everyone in the restaurant to put down their food and enjoy the scene.

The waiter tries to break our tension. “Mr. Ramirez, do you want to use our balcony?”

“Yeah go to your fancy balcony!” I yell at him, “I’m out of here.”

I rush out of the restaurant.

It’s a huge mistake coming down here. No, it’s a huge mistake coming down to Boston. I should have listened to dad and Jenna on this.

Mom is home when I get back. She’s surprise to see my lunch plan end so quick. “So soon? Did you have a good time?”

“No. It’s awful.” I sit on the couch, frustrated. “Eason is an asshole.”

“What happened?” mom moves closer to me and pours me a cup of hot tea, “I thought you and Eason were getting along.”

Mom has the charisma of making people open up to her. Before I realize, I have already told her everything.

“Oh Nat, I’m sorry about your boyfriend.” She gently rubs my shoulder.

“Ex, boyfriend.” I correct her.

“Yes, sorry.” She smiles, “And about Eason...well I’m sure he meant well. He’s just not good at expressing his feelings. Despite his pride and everything, I think he really likes you.”

“He maybe, three years ago. But not anymore.” I murmur, “Now he hates me.” And I have no idea why.

Mom seems to disagree. “Well maybe you don’t know the whole story. I still remember when you left three years ago, Eason went through quiet a hard time.”

I look up to her, confused.

“That’s when he moved out.” Mom signs, “He got into a huge fight with Shawn. They rarely talk to each other since. He’s become quite...well how should I put it...gloomy.”

Eason and gloomy? I highly doubt that. “Mom, this is far-fetching. I think he’s just upset because you and Mr. Ramirez were getting married. I have nothing to do with this.”

“No. I don’t think he cares that much about our marriage.” Mom smiles wanly, “But can you try to be friend with Eason? It’s already hard enough to have two people ignoring each other under this roof.”

“Mom.” I try to remind her, “I’m not staying. In fact, I’m leaving today.”

There’s nothing worth sticking around for. It’s already bad enough to get dumped by my boyfriend, I don’t need to stay here and admire my mom’s happy remarried life. Plus, it’d be too awkward now to stay in Eason’s bedroom.

I rush upstairs to pack my bag, despite mom calling my name behind me. I ignore her and dial dad’s number.

He picks up on the first ring, “Nat, everything alright?”

“Yeah. Just want you to know I’m coming home today. Can you pick me up at the airport later?”

He sounds surprised, “Today? But Nat...I thought you were going to stay a bit longer.”

“Well, if you can’t come, I can take the shuttle. No worries.”

His voice tenses up even more, “It’s not that...I thought that—I mean why don’t you stay at your mom’s place, for a while longer?”

My body becomes stiff. I can sense a trace of nervous and embarrassment in his tone.

“Dad...” I gulp, “Are you asking me not to come home?”