

## In Love With My Evil Stepbrother Chapter 46

### In Love With My Evil Stepbrother

#### Chapter 46

#### Chapter 46: Paying the Debt Natalia's POV

"Me? Your date?" I frown. "What about Valerie?"

"What about her?"

"You brought her shopping for evening gowns the other day. So I thought you were taking her to the party," I snort. "She stood you up, didn't she? And that's why you are coming back to me now because I'm your backup." "You are unbelievable," he sighs. He runs his fingers through his hairs as a spasm of frustration flits across his face. "Stop piecing everything together in your mind!" he growls, lowering his eyelids to avoid my gaze. "I took her shopping, but we didn't go shopping for evening gowns. If you don't want to come with me to the party, I might as well go alone." That's when I notice a pink tinge appears on his cheek and his ears are turning red. Is he embarrassed for being so honest? He almost never shares his real thoughts and true feelings with me, and this is actually the first time. Oh god I love the honest Eason way much more than the manipulative jerk he used to be. 1

This is the chance in a lifetime! I'm not letting it slide away so I deliberately tease on him," Well that's just too bad. I already asked Alex to come with me." "You what?" he lowers his voice dangerously, raging flames dancing in his eyes. "You heard me," I curve up the corner of my lips. "I asked him the day you took Valerie shopping. We are already on a break, so I figured why not ask Alex—" In the blink of an eye, he strides over, grab my chin and lowers his head. The next second, he presses his lips against mine roughly. I inhale sharply, and he takes the chance to slide his tongue into my mouth, kissing me passionately and wildly. And I didn't forget that we are standing right outside of the coffee house. His mom could be looking at us from above right now and anyone could see us kissing.

"What-what the hell!" I struggle against his iron grip and huff under his lips. "Let go of me!"

It's been a while since we last kissed. And I can't deny that I crave for him. I want to be back into his arms so much. But my rationality is screaming at me,

We are on a break!

I bite his lip. He hisses and finally lets go. But his fingers linger around my cheek, caressing my skin as he whispers, "God I miss you so much."

I'm almost seduced by his hoarse voice and deep green eyes.

"Are you crazy? Anyone could have seen us just now!"

"So what? You need to get used to it," he shrugs.

My heart almost stops beating. Wh-what does he mean?

As if he can read through my mind, he takes my hands again and says in a low voice, "Yeah that's what I meant. We can't stay like this forever. So I was thinking — if you are OK with this

— We can tell your mom and my dad about us after graduation."

I think I'm living in a dream. My body is shaking, and my will power is gradually shattered by his sweet words.

"What do you think?" he murmurs besides my ears.

I try fighting back waves of strong emotions and say breathing hard, "...what about Valerie?"

"For a thousand times, she isn't my girlfriend. And," he pauses before carrying on. "-I never slept with her again ever since you were back."

I bite down my lips to stop myself from smiling. "So, all those acts such as taking her shopping and parading her around the campus...you were just trying to get me jealous right?"

A suspicious blush appears on his cheek and his tone becomes grouchy, "Are you coming to the party with me or not?" I laugh briefly and then fall into silence, taking a moment to think it over. Eventually under his nervous gaze, I speak up smiling, "I'll save my first dance for you."

His face lights up immediately.

"But that doesn't mean we are back together!" I say hastily. "I still need time to think everything over and make the right decision...hope you can understand."

"Yeah of course," he lands a soft kiss on the back of my hand. "A dance is good enough for me

now."

Eason's POV

She waves at me and goes back to the coffee house again. The moment she disappears behind those doors, the smile on my lips vanishes immediately.

I snort internally, turning back and walking towards my car.

I never doubted that I can get her back. She was mad at me for sure, because I pushed too hard. But she also couldn't reject me. I can see the love and passions hidden deeply in her beautiful almond-shaped eyes.

The way she looks at me...it makes me feel so weird and my chest would constrict thinking about her.

One more month. I tell myself. As soon as the anniversary party is over and the revenge is served, I'll dump her. I don't ever need endure those weird feelings anymore.

I can go back to being my old self. Because this new self with her feels so fucking strange.

When I'm back at my car, my phone buzz and it's Valerie.

[I've found the perfect necklace for the party! Really matches your cufflinks!!]

(You wanna come over and see it?)

Right. I still need to deal with her. I stare down at the phone screen, fingers typing on the keyboard: [Change of plan. I'm not taking you to the party.] (WTF????) She's pissed. Obviously. (But it'll be over soon. Trust me.)

I hit "send" and toss the phone aside. I don't care much about what Valerie thinks. I also don't care about the girl mom just set me up with. Actually, I don't care about any girls in this world.

I've become this heartless, cold blooded, manipulative monster all because of her. And she's paying for her own debt.

## **In Love With My Evil Stepbrother Chapter 47**

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

Chapter 47

Chapter 47: Cleaning Lady

Time really flies by. Without even knowing it, we are only a few days away from the anniversary party.

The party will be held at a lakeside country house. Mom is in hysterics, getting herself all worked up about everything looming on the horizon. She moved to the country house two weeks ago to make sure everything goes perfect.

And three days before the party, she called me nonstop asking for help. I have no choice but to take a few days off from school and come to her side.

Eason volunteers to drive me there. He picks me up at school in a red convertible, which is absolutely conspicuous in the school parking lot. People are actually turning their heads to look when I open the door and hop inside.

“How many luxury cars do you own?” I ask him when he exits the parking lot.

His hands are on the wheels, eyes straight ahead, as a playful grin appears on his lips. “Do you really want to know? Or are you just being ironic?”

“I was being ironic, but I am also curious now,” I giggle. “Let me guess...10?”

“10?” he laughs out loud, “That’s the top number you can guess?”

I bite my bottom lip, feeling a little embarrassed. I’ve always known that he is rich but exactly how much money he possesses is beyond my imagination.

“Stop making fun of me!” | groan, “Just tell me.”

“Fine,” he smiles and taps his index finger rhythmically on the wheel. “So in Boston I have 5 cars, but I usually only drive M8 and Maserati. And in New York, I think there are 3-4? I’ve lost count. Let me think... there are a couple more in L.A. I order a new Lamborghini last year and they just shipped to my house in L.A. a few days ago. We can fly down there and give it a test run one day. And that’s how many I have in the U.S.-”

“OK, OK!” | interrupt him before he goes too far. “That’s enough. I got the idea...God, why do you need so many cars? You only drive a few normally. It’s such a waste.”

“A waste? To be honest, only people with no money worry about practicability. I have more money than I can ever splurge in a lifetime, so I simply buy what I like.”

I lapse into silence. He’s right. We have different mindsets and I’ll never be able to understand his life.

“Hey,” he takes a look at me. “You are not mad at me, aren’t you?”

“No. It’s just-” | pause before saying, “We are so different, you know? Do you really think there will be a future ahead of us?”

He takes his hand off the wheel and reaches over, taking my palm. “I know what you are worrying about. But let’s just focus on the present. The rest will come into play when the time comes.”

I smile back at him, trying my best to shake off those dark feelings at the back of my mind.

When we get off the freeway, he opens the top and lets the summer wind breeze in. The weather is so

good. We even catch a glimpse of the stunning sunset. On the way, he stops the car once to get me a mint chocolate chips ice-cream. It tastes so great and my mood couldn’t be better.

When we arrive at the country house, it has already passed 7. The car drives through the big iron gate and into the English landscape garden, which is so huge and clearly under careful maintenance.

We finally stop at the front door, behind the fountain. A maid comes to greet us and takes our luggage when mom appears behind the doors and rushes downstairs.

“God! You are finally here!” she waves her hands in frustration. “You should’ve arrived this afternoon. I have so many works for you.”

“Umm..I let her drag me into the hall and ask. “You have like a million maids and servants here. What do you need me for?”

“I need you to be in charge, OK?” Mom grabs my shoulders and forces me to face her. “The construction in the backyard is still not finished. Maybe you can oversee that? Wait, you haven’t seen the drawing yet. No, you can’t do that. Let me think, let me think...go meet those florists! You can help them with all the décor.”

“Mom, calm down.” Her eyes are all bloodshot, so I know that she hasn’t rested properly. “Everything will be fine. You have everything under control. Why are you so worried?”

Mom takes a tremendous breath. “Yes, yes. You are right. I need to calm down. Nat, why don’t you come with me and meet with the-”

Before she can finish, a couple appears around the corner. I am surprised to find that it’s Mr. Ramirez and Eason’s mom, Caroline Griswold.

She has her arm wrapped around Mr. Ramirez and is whispering something into his ear. They appear very intimate-so intimate that they look more like a couple than him and my mom.

Mom's face grows cold as soon as she sees them. And I immediately realize where her hysteria comes from.

"Alicia," Mr. Ramirez smiles at my mom. "Caroline was just telling me that the backyard looks wonderful."

"Thank you," mom says dryly. "I was just asking Natalia to help."

Caroline Griswold raises her sharp eyebrows at me. She is absolutely stunning today, but her smile seems very condescending and arrogant, "Are you looking for something to do Natalia? In that case, maybe you can help the cleaning lady. It sure takes a lot of time to get my room ready."

## **In Love With My Evil Stepbrother Chapter 48**

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

#### Chapter 48

#### Chapter 48: Secret Kiss

The despise behind her tone is so obvious that I clench my fist immediately.

The look on mom's face couldn't be uglier. She glares at Caroline and grits out, "I have other plans for my daughter

"Everything else seems perfect, except for my room," that vicious old crone smiles. "Shawn and I just finished a long discussion about our upcoming business plan. I'm quite exhausted. I'd really appreciate it if your daughter can help the cleaning lady get the room ready."

She is so evil and manipulative! Just like her son in some ways.

I feel sad for my mom. I know she hates the woman, but she also can't defy her because of her power and status. I have a gut feeling that Caroline will destroy anniversary party that mom has been planning for so

long.

I take in a long breath and make up my mind. Mom has done everything she could to protect me, and now it's my turn to do the same for her.

"Fine," I say, looking at Caroline. "Where is your room? I'll see what I can-"

Right at this moment, someone interrupts me by placing a hand on my shoulder from behind. I jerk back and find it's Eason.

"I'll help you with the cleaning," he gives me a reassuring smile. "Don't worry."

Caroline frowns, "Eason you don't need to do that."

"Why not?" Eason shrugs. "I've got nothing else to do. If you want to boss someone around, why not count me in."

I almost laugh out loud. Only Eason can stand up to her like this. And it makes my heart swell. I love that he becomes super protective when someone else gives me a hard time.

"Come." Eason says to me, gently holding my shoulder and leading me away.

We march out of the hall without looking back. When we turn the corner eventually, we look at each other

and burst into laughter simultaneously.

"Oh my god I'm literally shaking!" I laugh, gasping for breath. "You should've seen the look on your mom's face...I mean, aren't you afraid of her?"

"She is terrifying. But I've managed to survive my childhood with her, so I know how to handle her," he pats my arm. "You don't need to be afraid."

"I'm not afraid. It's just..." I sigh, raking fingers through my hairs. "How do you think she'll react when we finally tell her about-you know-about us?"

I'm trembling already thinking about the day she finds out about us. She'll never approve it for sure. I can only pray that she won't hire assassins to have me killed in my sleep.

"At first, it'll be hard. But she'll learn to accept it gradually. It's my life after all, not hers. Plus..." he looks at me, a playful gleam in his eyes. "...Does it mean that we are back together already?"

I'm stunned, my cheek starting to flush.

I keep telling myself that we are still on a break, and I still need time to think everything through. But it is so damn hard to think straight when he is around.

He is just so...toxic and irresistible.

My mind is always clouded when he is by my side.

"-" | gulp before whispering. "-sorry but I need more time."

.

"OK. I understand. But..." his fingers intertwine with mine. The place he touches me feels burning with fire. "... Can you give me an answer before the anniversary? I miss you so much. It's killing me every single second just looking at you but can't kiss you."

God this is torture. How can I say no to him with his emerald, green eyes fixing on me like this? His face is so beautifully youthful, and it makes my heart flutter every time our eyes meet.

"I can't give you an answer now. But-" I pause, biting my lip.

"But?" he moves closer, his breath quickening and his voice hoarse.

"But maybe...one kiss?" Before I can even finish the last word, he lowers his head and catches my lips hungrily. I feel myself drowning in his passion immediately. His hands come up and holds my waist, as his tongue rummages my mouth.

Soft moans escape his lips as we kiss. The touching lips has the same effect on him as it does on me.

We are both deep into the kiss, when suddenly footsteps and talking approach us from behind. We quickly jerk apart and try to act normal, as a group of staffs walk by us. Luckily, nobody notices anything.

| quietly let out a breath that I've been holding. That was close.

"I miss you," he says in a low voice, staring at my plump lips. "Natalia I fucking miss you so much."

"I know..." I murmur. "I wish we don't have to hide like this anymore."

I really look forward to the day when we finally come clean to our family. I'll take all the blame and accusation, and all bitter sarcasms from Caroline if needed. Just to be with him in public.

I think I'm willing to take that...as long as he's willing to do the same for me.



“Hey, let’s get to your mom’s room. She must be freaking out right now,” I say.

We go to the guest room and work with the cleaning lady to get everything ready. Seriously, the room seems spotless before we got there. I should have known that old crone was just being picky.

And the rest of the time, mom has me occupied with all kinds of works, double-checking the wine list, tasting deserts, going through the playlist with the band...I’m so busy that I didn’t even notice that Eason was gone.

Eventually, mom notices how exhausted I am and send me back to my room.

As soon as I get into the room, I throw myself onto the bed. God, this is crazy. I hope this party can be over asap. I’m so drained.

I don’t have the energy to wash up and just slowly drift into sleep, when suddenly I hear a gentle knock on my window.

## **In Love With My Evil Stepbrother Chapter 49**

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

Chapter 49

Chapter 49: Midnight Firework

Natalia’s POV

The sound is so annoying that it stops me from falling asleep.

“What the fuck?” I groan, jumping off bed and heading towards the window.

Then the next second, before I grab the handle, a bright and flashy beam of light shots up in front of my window

It’s a firework!

I’m so amazed by the view in front of me that I freeze up on the spot. Those starry sparks explode into a thousand glamorous particles of light, like rainfall of diamond and gems, and completely light up the velvet summer night.

Moments later, the show finally stops. I immediately rush forward and shove the window open. Looking down, I find Eason standing on the ground, holding a few firework sticks, grinning at me.

This is probably the scene every girl has been dreaming for, a hot boy waiting in front of the window, lighting the firework.

And on top of everything, Eason himself is every girl's dream.

"What-what are you doing here? Where did you get this?" I ask, breathing fast.

"I brought it from your mom's party," he laughs. "You like it?"

"From my mom's party? Oh my god she'll kill you."

"Relax. Are you allergic to romantic stuff?" he rolls his eyes. "These are the extras."

I can't stop myself from smiling. Him, the summer night, the firework...even if this is just a short summer fling, it has to be the best I've ever have.

"So," he raises his head and looks at me. "Can I come up there?"

I hold my breath involuntarily. "...Why?"

"Relax. I won't push you," he spreads his hands. "I know you need time to think. I just want to spend the night with you...lying on the bed by your side."

God. Can anyone say no to him?

Before I even realize, I've already blurted out, "Come, but be quiet."

His smile grows wider and disappears from my view.

Moments later, I hear a gentle knock on my door. Feeling my heartbeat accelerating, I immediately rush to the door and get it. The door opens up and I'm greeted by his face and a bunch of red roses.

"You-" I feel my cheek flaming, "You brought these from my mom too?"

"No. Hand-picked by me from the garden today," he bows and hand me the bouquet. "Can't go on a date without flowers, right?"

I bury my face in the roses and smell the flower, the corner of my lips curving up. He can be so thoughtful and sweet when he wants to.

"I love it," I say earnestly, "Come in, quick."

2009 Mr M

work

I let him in and close the door behind him.

He said he wanted to sleep with me and nothing else, and that's exactly what he does. We lie on the bed face to face, with my head resting on his arms. He pats me gently, humming a soft song. Sleepiness finds me again quickly

Before I fall asleep completely, I feel a soft kiss land on my forehead.

Eason's POV

I kiss her on the forehead and look at her face closely. Very soon, her breathing becomes even. And I know she has fallen asleep.

Very carefully, I withdraw my arm and grab my phone. I turn on the camera, aiming at her face, and snap a few shots quickly.

I have an album of these: photos and videos of her being with me, screenshots of her texts to me... everything

If everything goes as planned, the day after tomorrow at the dinner reception, instead of seeing a VCR of warm blessings from friends and relatives, all customers will see these.  
1

And they will know the gold-digger's daughter has seduced the only heir to the Ramirez family. 3

Their reputation will be destroyed. She will be ashamed. And she will taste the same kind of bitterness that she left me with three years ago. 1

I imagine her face at that moment once again. I should feel triumph and excitement. But surprisingly, an unsettling and frantic feeling grips my heart.

I tighten my hug immediately, holding her closely to my chest. She mumbles something in her sleep and buries her face into the hollow my neck.

No. I can't let her soften me up..

I shake off those uneasy feelings and roll to the side. Her hands try to find me unconsciously, but I avoid her. She curls up by herself eventually and goes back to sleep again. Soon everything will be over. And she won't be able to influence me anymore.

## In Love With My Evil Stepbrother Chapter 50

### In Love With My Evil Stepbrother

#### Chapter 50

#### Chapter 50: Awkwardness

And we finally get to the day of the anniversary party.

If this party dragged on any longer, mom would die out of anxiety, and she would take every single one of us down to hell with her.

On that day, she forces me out of bed at 6 o'clock sharp and pins me down in the makeup chair. Before I even realize, there are already three people doing my hair, face, and nails at the same time.

"Mom!" I protest. "This is your big day. Just leave me be."

"Oh honey, but I want you to look great as well...Apply more contour to her nose." She instructs the stylist, while wearing a super expensive facial mask which costs like 100 USD per piece.

Luckily, my makeover is done a little past noon. Just when I thought I was finally able to grab a bite, mom told me that I should stay famished, to better fit the evening gown.

"Are you crazy?" I snap. My temper becomes worse because of hunger. "I'm not going on a hunger strike just because of a stupid fucking gown!"

"Language!" Mom dodges the stylist's brush and yells at my direction. "Is this how you want to behave in front of all other guests?!"

But I've already stormed out of the room before she could finish.

I rush down the hall and almost bump into someone around the corner. Looking up, I find it's Eason.

"Hey," his eyes light up immediately the moment he sees me. Then he smiles, "What's with the long face?"

"Mom forces me do a fasting before the party. She's completely out of her mind."

Eason bursts into laughter, "You don't need that. But I thought this could happen so...here, I brought you a sandwich."

"Wow thanks!" I take it and gobble down as fast I can. The burning feeling in my stomach finally eases up.

His eyes trail across my face as I eat. Then he brings up his hand and caress my cheek. "You look absolutely stunning today."

I'm wearing that silver gown that he got me, which is tailored to my own size. The cut hugs my body perfectly. And the diamond necklace serves as a finishing touch, completing my look.

The way he looks at me makes me blush.

"Thank you. You look nice too," I murmur.

He does look nice. Today he's wearing a very formal three-piece black suit, with his hairs wore back. He looks handsome and sophisticated today.

"So, shall we?" he offers his arm to me. "Dad asked me to find you. We are supposed to be at the front gate, greeting all the guests."

I take his arm and head downstairs with a heavy heart. "You sure I need to be there? Some of the Ramirez relatives are not very fond of me."

He pats my arm, "Don't worry. I'll be there for you."

All preparation works are finished at this point and the entire garden looks wonderful. A thousand small lanterns hang from the tree, glowing like stars and fireflies even in the daylight. Some long tables are situated on the lawn, with centerpieces of white lilies and roses. Clusters of flowers decorate the dance

floor and patio Eason and I walk across the lawn and arrive at the front gate. The driveway is already parked with cars and a few servants are busy directing the traffic. We join Mr. Ramirez, who is standing right at the gate and talking to people.

"Eason!" a middle-aged man who seems to be Mr. Ramirez's business partner greets Eason with a hug. "Haven't seen you in a while. What've you been up to?" :

"Uncle George, long time no see." Eason gives him a polite smile. "School works keep me occupied. But I definitely want to visit your firm again sometimes, if that's not too much trouble."

“Oh god no, you are welcomed at any time. You are graduating next year, right? Do you want to do an internship at my firm? Or are you taking over your father’s company already?”

Mr. Ramirez pats Eason’s shoulder, ‘We haven’t discussed that yet. But I’m sure Eason will appreciate the opportunity.’

I don’t know a thing about what they are talking about and just stand there awkwardly. Luckily, the man notices me and asks, “And who’s this attractive young lady? I heard your mom is setting you up with someone. Is this”

Eason quickly cuts him off, “Uncle George, please meet my sister, Natalia. And Natalia, this is George Hannigan, the owner of the biggest law firm in NY.”

“Sister?” Mr. Hannigan frowns, “When did you...Oh.”

I become even more embarrassed seeing his smile fades away right after he realized who I am.

“Nice to meet you, Mr. Hannigan,” I nod at him.

“Um-hun. Right.” The man answers dryly and turns to Mr. Ramirez immediately. “So, I’ll see you later.”

He leaves and Mr. Ramirez goes to greet another group of people. I sigh, feeling more out-of-placed than ever.

“Isn’t this nice?” Eason whispers beside my ears. “He thought you are my girlfriend. People really think that we are a great couple.”

I snort gloomily, “Stop fooling yourself. He thought I was the golden girl you are supposed to date. That’s why he said that.”

“Hey, you are you, alright? Don’t let those shallow minded people ruin your good mood.”

I shake my head and lapse into silence.

The situation only gets worse when the Ramirez relatives arrive. Someone of them just completely ignore me. Their eyes never land on me the entire time even though Eason tries to introduce me to them. A woman even throws her coat at me and asks me to check it for her.

There’s this old lady-I think she’s Eason’s cousin’s grandma-and she starts talking about Eason’s marriage partner nonstop. Even Eason can’t get her to shut up.

“...I heard that she’s a wonderful lady. Well-educated, beautiful, and she comes from a great family. This is a match made in heaven. You should definitely meet her sooner and stop wasting your time on those cheap missies,”

“I know what to do with my life,” Eason has to increase his voice even more. “The resting area is over there.”

I feel that there’s a lump at my throat. After the only lady, I turn to Eason, “I’m heading out for some air.”

“Wait!” Eason grabs my hand. “We got more guests coming,”

“And why do they need me, Eason? Most of them don’t care about my existence at all. They want me to be gone. I’m not staying here and make a fool of myself any longer.” I snap and hurry away immediately.

The garden and the house are full of people. I wander all the way around to the Staff’s Exit and finally find a quiet place to be alone.

I finally get a taste of how it feels like to be a billionaire’s second wife. Being overlooked, despised, undervalued... this must be mom’s daily life. And if I continue my relationship with Eason, sooner or later this will be my life.

Is it truly worth it?

I don’t have an answer now. So I just keep sitting there with an absent mind. The time travels by fast and later I hear music coming from the garden.

The party is going to start.

I take in a deep breath and pull myself together. I’ll think about these later. Right now, my mom needs me.

I stand up from the bench and start heading towards the garden. I didn’t watch where I was going and suddenly I bump into a staff with a trolley.

“Oh I’m sorry,” I quickly apologize.

But when the staff raises his head and meet eyes with me, I freeze on the spot. Cold shiver instantly runs down my spine. “How-what are you doing here?!” I cry out.

[Previous Chapter](#)