

In Love With My Evil Stepbrother Chapter 65

In Love With My Evil Stepbrother

Chapter 65

Read In Love With My Evil Stepbrother Chapter 65 – Runaway

Natalia's POV

I open my mouth, but no words come out of it except a shaky s*b.

He seems to realize something. The next second, his anxious voice comes out of the speaker again, "Nat whatever you heard, don't make any rush decisions! Please come back to me and let me explain! Just-please, please don't go."

He is begging me. I've never heard of him begging to anyone before.

But he deserves this.

I take in a deep breath as tears blur my vision. Then I ask him between gritted teeth, "...is it true?"

He growls lowly, "God what have you heard! I can explain everything,"

"Just f**king answer my question!" Thall -cry and half-scream. "Just do this for me ...just stop lying to me for this one time!! Is it...is it true?"

He lapses into silence. I hold the phone and press it tightly against my ear. I can hear his restrained and shallow breathing on the other side of the phone, and it makes my heart tremble.

I can't help but hope that he would deny it. And everything is just a bad dream. So that I can still go back to him and we can still be happily ever after.

But then, I hear him say in a low voice, "...yes."

I let out a desperate cry as tears pour down my cheek.

"But I can explain! I've regretted it a long

I hung up the phone before he can finish and toss it aside. Despair and agony fill, my heart. I didn't know a heartbreak can be this painful. I've never experienced this before, not even with Zack.

I guess it's the first time I ever loved someone this deeply. But now, my so called "true love" just turned in to a bl***dy betrayal.

"Hey," Jenna places her hand on my shoulder. "I know there's nothing I can say right now that will make you feel better. But you are strong, and you will move pass this. You just need a little time."

I bury my face into my palms crying and nod. At least now I have her by my side.

Nearly an hour later, we arrive at the airport. Jenna takes me to the counter and buys us the next flight to Miami, which departures 2 hours later.

Then we check in, pass security check and arrive at the waiting lounge. The entire process feels like a dream to me. Did I really just break up with Eason? Am I really going back to Miami? I feel like that I am sleep walking.

"Here," Jenna hands me a bottle of water and sits down beside me. "Are you hungry? Do you want something to eat?"

I shake my head. I don't think I'll ever have the appetite to eat anything ever again.

"I think maybe I should call my mom...or my dad. I must let him know that I'm coming home," I murmur.

"Yeah. But didn't your dad have a new girlfriend or something?"

F***k. I totally forgot. Dad is dating someone right now and he probably doesn't want me home. Well then, I just became homeless, AGAIN.

"Don't worry. You can stay with me if your home gets crowded. But still, you should call him."

I nod and take out my phone. There're 36 missing calls and tons of unread messages. All from Eason.

I don't want to read them. But the next second, two new messages pops up on my screen:

(Eason: I'm sorry.)

(Eason: Please don't leave me.)

Tears threaten to fall again. If he is sorry, why didn't he say anything sooner? Is he really sorry? Or is this another scheme

just to trick me back?

I can't tell anymore.

"Oh f**k," Jenna suddenly curses.

I look up but she presses my head down and puts her baseball hat on my head.

"Keep your head down," she hisses. "I think I saw Eason's bodyguards just now."

What? My whole-body tenses up immediately.

He is here already?! How is that even possible!

I let my hair down to cover my face. I don't dare looking up but from a peripheral look I can see men in black suits approaching us quickly. They are searching the crowd. One of them even comes to the check-in counter, I bet he is

asking the staff if we are on the passenger list.

"Oh god this is even worse than I expected," Jenna groans. "He won't give up. We have to go."

She drags me up and starts heading toward the opposite direction. We quickly blend into the crowd so no one notices us.

I take a look at my phone. 30 minutes left before departure.

"What do we do?" I try to keep up with her. "Should we hide in the bathroom for now?"

"No," she shakes her head decisively. "They will wait at the gate. We can't go back anymore."

"So..."

"We'll get out of the airport and take the

shuttle to the nearest city. Then take the flight again."

...What?

I suddenly feel so exhausted. Right now, all I want to do is to lay down in bed and cry the hell out of it. My head hurts so much and my legs are heavy. There's no way I can manage that long journey.

"Jenna..."

I stop and meet her surprised gaze, " maybe you should just go. I—I'm so tired. I don't think he will do anything to me anyway,"

"What?!" she cries out furiously. "How can you still be so f**king stupid?! That lunatic locked me up and basically forced me to sign the agreement! He will f**king

do the same to you! Plus I signed the nondisclosure but I still chose to tell you everything. Are you going to run back to him after everything I've done? Then you , are just weak and pathetic, and you probably deserve to be treated like this!!"

I burst into fresh tears again. My god she is right. I even loathe myself right now. I guess everything I've been through today really took a shake on my spirit.

Jenna presses her lips and looks at me worried. Under her gaze, I quickly wipe the corner of my eyes and say to her, " Just slap me if I ever want to back down again."

Smile appears on her face again, "There is my girl."

We rush out of the terminal and hail a cab to the shuttle station. That hundreds dollars flight ticket just went to drain but I guess that's the price I have to pay to get away from Eason.

Before we get into the cab, Jenna suddenly stops me, "Wait. Take out the SIM card from your phone."

I don't understand why but I do as she says. She throws the little card on the ground and stomps hard on it a few times.

"Why do you think he can get here so quickly?" she opens the door for me and whispers. "I'm not saying that he can definitely track your phone...but let's just stay on the safe side."

I shut the door and tell the driver our destination. As the car slowly drive away from the terminal, I suddenly catch a glimpse of a familiar figure.

It's him.

He just got out of his black Maserati and met with his bodyguards. I still remember the car. It's the exact car that he drove to save me from Zack. He was such a knight back then.

But then my knight betrayed me.

I lean closer to the window and stare at him, trying to remember every detail of his face. I see him talking to his bodyguards, rushing into the building and disappearing from my sight.

He has no idea that the girl he is looking for is sitting in a car behind him and driving away.

I love him. But I also can't forgive him....Bye, Eason.

Eason's POV

"What the F##K did you say??" I roar to my bodyguard. People passing by are turning their heads and giving me strange looks, but I don't give a f**k.

The 7-feet-tall man shivers in front me. He gulps and after a few seconds he finally answers in a low and humble voice, "It's true sir...Miss Moore and her friend never boarded that flight."

"Then search the f***king airport! They are still here!"

"We doubt it sir. We searched the entire airport already, so we couldn't have missed them. So the only explanation is that they were here before but they are gone now."

The air is suddenly getting thin around me, making me hard to breathe. I close my eyes and ask myself to calm down. But

the thought of losing her is driving me crazy.

I tracked her phone. She was there before without doubt. But now her location isn't moving anymore and her phone is turned off.

Did she see me? Is it why she left?

Her heartlessness is tearing my heart apart. Nat has a gentle soul. But she can be very cruel to people who betrayed her.

I can blame no one else but myself.

"I don't care," I murmur." Search the airport. Search every goddamn transportation station. Turn the city over if you need to. I have to find her...I have to."

If she leaves, she will never come back again. This will be like three years ago,

but way worse. I can't afford to lose her again.

I clench my fist and turn around to leave. The bodyguard follows closely behind me.

"Sir, Mr. Ramirez is asking questions. I think he has noticed the-unusual activity."

"Make something up! I'll explain to him later."

He takes a long stride and blocks my way. From his face, I can tell that he is in fear. But he still looks down and says, "I'm afraid I can't Sir. He asked me to bring you home."

I narrow my eyes dangerously at him," Careful. Always remember who you work for."

A short silence.

"I work for the Ramirez family Sir," he replies.

And the head of the Ramirez family is still my dad. Not me.

Rage, despair, powerlessness, sadness...a thousand emotions are building inside of me. I want to throw a punch at him but I know I can't. It'll make things even more difficult.

"Fine. Take me to my father then," I say coldly walking pass him. "And after that, you are fired."

I've always wanted to confess my relationship with Natalia to my father. I wanted to choose the perfect occasion and do it right. But I guess I don't get to choose now.

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Chapter 66

Read In Love With My Evil Stepbrother Chapter 66 – Another Stepbrother

Eason's POV

I march into dad's study. He is already there waiting for me.

I used to dread this place. Whenever I made a mistake as a boy, he would ask the butler to bring me in here and sit me down for a long lecture. He had to make sure I knew that I wasn't good enough to be the Ramirez's heir.

But now that I'm old enough, I've learnt not to give a sh*t about how he thinks of me.

"Sit," my father nods at me as I take my seat in front of me across the table. "Your security team reported some unusual activities to me today. I think I have to ask you the reason."

I lean back on the chair and raise my eyebrows at him, "My bodyguard snitched behind my back? How unprofessional."

A faint smile appears on his lips, "You can fire him if you like. But the new guy will still report to me. I can assure you that."

My face tightens out of my control. I know that's a warning. He is telling me that I still don't have any real controls over the family.

"So? The reason?"

I snort, "I was looking for someone at the airport."

"Whom?"

I slightly narrow my eyes, giving him a challenging look, "As the head of the family, I thought you had already known."

He stares back at me, the look in his eyes very dark and cold. Other people would start shivering in fear under this gaze, but not me.

"Natalia," he says eventually. That's a statement, not a question.

I make a funny noise with my nose.

He slowly rises from his seat, now looking down at me, "You got an apartment off campus not long ago. Was that for yourself? Or was it for someone else."

I sigh, "Beating around the bush is very unlike you dad. Just cut to the chase."

"...Were you two seeing each other?"

I sit still for a moment and then suddenly burst into laughter, “That’s a very conservative way of saying. But yeah I guess you can say that. We were seeing each other, kissing each other, f**king each other’s brain out and sneaking around behind your—”.

A hot slap landed on my face before I can finish. God it f**king hurts. The old man still got it. But I feel more liberated than angry or ashamed. I enraged him on purpose. I need to get the lingering steam out of my system.

“It’s been a long time since I last hit you. Because I thought you’ve outgrown that. But apparently, I was wrong,” I hear my father’s rage-filled voice. “That slap was for me, for Natalia and for her mother. You’ve disappointed me, you’ve disrespected her mother and you have messed with the wrong girl!” And that got me.

“Who said she is the wrong girl!” I jump out of my seat and roar. “I love her, and she loves me! We are perfect together. What’s your place to call her the wrong girl?!”

“She loves you? Then why is she running away from you right now?”

F**k.

Anger almost made me forget that he is my father. I just want to punch him in the face right now.

Then he says sternly, “I know you are a troubled kid, Eason. But I didn’t expect you to be this outrageous. Now I need you to back down from this now and I will take everything from here. I forbid you to see her again.”

I’m so infuriated that I want to smack things now.

“Why the f**k are you stopping me dad?! You like Nat! Why can’t you just be f**king supportive for once! Like a real father!!”

“Supportive? Are you even listening to yourself? I like Natalia as my stepdaughter. I didn’t bring her into this family for you to screw her! You are brother and sister for god’s sake! Just think about the scandal and rumors if this breaks out. I can see that you have absolutely no family honor!” Oh here it is. The family honor.

I let out a low chuckle, but it is filled with sarcasm, “Yes father, you are a very honorable man. So that’s why you married mom for her wealth and title and let her into your loveless marriage. You turned her into this control freak and call that family honor.”

My father’s face darkens. I know I’ve hit his soft spot.

“I’m not going down your path,” I stand up facing him. “Nat is the one. You can try and stop us, but it won’t work.”

This is the first time I leave the room before he dismisses me. I guess my respect for him has run out at this point.

“It won’t work,” I hear my father announces coldly behind me. “I won’t let you ruin your life and her life like this.”

Natalia’s POV

As soon as we step out of the airport, I’m immediately welcomed by the dense and dripping humidity of Miami, which is so drastically different from the crisp and dry weather in Boston.

I stand still in the evening wind for a moment, taking in a deep breath of the fresh air that smells like sea, and suddenly feel at home.

Everything happened in Boston feels like a dream now.

“Come!” Jenna waves at me. “I got us an Uber. We will make a stop at your home first. If things don’t go well, you can come and stay with me.”

“Jenna…” I look at her and feel my heart full of gratitude. “There’s no way I can thank you enough.”

“You can save it then,” she gives me a playful smile. “If I run into a heartless b*stard in the future, you will be responsible of getting rid of him for me.”

She checks plate number and walks to our car, which turns out to be a black and shiny Benz. It surprised me a little when I saw it. This car is not exactly a luxury one but it’s not cheap either. So it seems that even rich people have to get out and make a living. Jenna bends down and taps the car window. It slowly rolls down and reveals the driver’s face.

It’s a young man in his early 20s, dressed in tie and suit. And most importantly, he’s got a super handsome face that can easily attract any girl’s attention, “Umm…can I help you?” he slightly frowns and asks. Even his voice is beautiful.

Jenna blushes suspiciously, “Uber? Can you open the trunk for us? We got luggage.”

A flicker of doubt passes through his eyes. But then his eyes settle on me and the look of suspicious on his face quickly vanishes, “Are you going to 388 Logan’s Drive?”

That’s my dad’s location. I nod.

A charming smile appears on his face almost instantly, "Of course. Let me help you with your luggage."

He gets off the car and opens the trunk for us. I can smell a pleasant scent of male cologne when he stands next to me. Suddenly for no reasons at all, my cheek turns pink.

When he is not looking, Jenna secretly gives a tack at my sleeve and mouths me: Hot!

I let out a rather stupid giggle at her comment.

When the car drives smoothly out of the airport, our handsome driver slightly adjust the rearview mirror and asks, "So, what brings you ladies to Miami?"

"We live here, actually. We just came back from a rather horrible and exhausted trip."

"Oh? Where did you go?"

Then Jenna goes on to complain the weather and everything about Boston. My mind starts to wander about while they are talking. I can't help but think about Eason and all the mess I left behind.

What's he doing right now? Is he still trying to call and text me?

Is he still mad? Or has he moved on already? Maybe not yet but he will eventually. I know I shouldn't but I still feel the urge to cry just thinking that this may be the end for us.

Suddenly Jenna's cry whips me back to reality, "Wait! Stop the car!"

I jerk my head in her direction, "What?"

She seems horrified, waving her phone at me, "We got on the wrong car! This isn't our car! Our car is still at the airport!!"

What the f**k?!

Suddenly a cold shiver runs down my back, as all those horrible news I've read before resurface in my mind: Serial Killer disguised as Uber driver abducts young women and brutally murders them in the wild.

"Who the hell are you!" Jenna yells at our driver and smacks the back of his seat. " Stop the car right now or I'm calling the police!"

“Wait, wait, calm down for a second,” our driver takes a look at us through the rearview mirror. “We are going 80 miles an hour so I can’t really stop the car right now. And Natalia, do you really not recognize me?”

I’m stunned. How did he know my name? Do I really know him?

“Liam Brown. Rings any bell?”

I frown and search my memories. But no, no clue at all.

“Well then I guess your dad didn’t tell you about me,” he shrugs.

“My dad? Are you a friend of his?”

“Mr. Moore showed me a picture of you,

Natalia. So that’s how I recognized you at the airport,” there is a hint of smile in his voice. “We haven’t officially met yet, but my mom is dating your father.”

Me and Jenna exchange a look of shock.

Wait, if his mom is dating my dad, then that makes him my “Sorry to frighten you earlier,” he slightly turns his head back and gives me a charming smile. “But I guess that makes me your stepbrother in a way.”

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Chapter 67

Read In Love With My Evil Stepbrother Chapter 67 – Liam

Fate really is playing me like a puppet.

I just got rid of one stepbrother only a day ago and it throws another one right back at me.

But I guess...the new one seems much better than the old one.

Embarrassed, I quickly apologize for making a big fuss earlier. But Liam doesn’t seem to mind that at all, “I should be the one to say sorry. I thought your dad had already told you about me and I just couldn’t resist the temptation to see the surprise on your face.”

I let out an awkward laugh, "I didn't know dad's girlfriend-I mean your mom-has a son."

"Really? You dad didn't mention a word about me? I thought he was so fond of me. Well, that hurts," he clenches his chest and pretends to be shot in the heart. "Ouch."

Jenna has a big stupid grin on her face. She turns to me and mouths me again: HOT!

I sigh internally. My other stepbrother is also very hot, but we all know how that turned out.

"So why were you in the airport?" Jenna asks him. "You weren't there to pick us up no?"

"Not really. I work in a Chicago law firm and just got a few days off from work. So I flied back home to visit my mom and Mr. Moore and then run into you guys at the airport...what are the odds?"

"Very rare," I murmur.

Eventually, we arrive at our home. I sit in the car, looking through the window at the house I had spent three years in, and suddenly feel a bit nervous.

This used to be my home. But then dad kicked me out for another woman, Liam's mom to be precise. Although Liam seems nice, I wonder what his mom is like. Out of nowhere, I am suddenly reminded of Eason's mom and a cold shiver runs down my spine.

Hope Liam's mom is better than that old crow.

The car door files open while I was lost in my thoughts. Looking up, I find Liam holding the door for me, a hint of smile in his eyes.

"Ready?" he asks.

I try to keep my spirit up and jump out of the car, heading towards the front gate.

The house seems to be under good maintenance while I was gone. The lawn is freshly mowed, the broken fence is fixed, a bunch of yellow tulips are blooming in the garden... I know my father's laid-back personality, so he couldn't be the one who had done those works.

Liam knocks on the door, "Mr. Moore! Mom! Look who is back!"

A few moments later, the front door flies open, and a middle-aged woman appears behind it. She is about my height, slightly plump and really kindly looking. She seems one of those people who would give free hugs on the street to strangers.

“On Liam!” she hugs her son tightly in the arms, though he is, much taller than she is.
“So nice to have you back! How’s your flight?”

Liam breaks free from her and moves aside for her to see me,”

Mom, look who is back.”

I hold my breath involuntarily and put on a nervous smile. Locking eyes with her, I stutter, “Ni-nice to meet you—”

Umm what should I call her? Mrs. Brown? No what’s her last name again?

But before I finish, she lets out a short, excited gasp and rushes towards me. The next second, I am in her arms already, with a sweet smell of honey and butter around me.

“Natalia! When did you come back? Oh god so nice to see you dear!” she pats my back warmly as if she had known me for a very long time. “Tom! Tom! Get out there! Your daughter is back!!”

I’m a bit overwhelmed by her enthusiasm. Liam skillfully rescues me from her arms and whispers to me smiling, “my mom is a hugger. Get use to that.”

Just then I hear a rushed footstep approaching...and a tall figure appears at the doorstep.

It’s my dad.

I’ve been secretly holding a grudge against me for kicking me out. But seeing him like this right now, all the grievance, agony and painful sufferings surge up in my chest at once. I feel my eyes become watery.

Now I just want to run to him and cry in his arms like a three-years old.

He is also looking at me, his lips slightly trembling.

“...dad...” I break the silence, sobbing.

“Oh Nat,” he strides over and pulls me in. He smells like paint and cigar as usual, which calms me down almost immediately.

And with that, all my nervous feelings are gone. I know he still wants me home, no matter what he said in the past.

Then we finally come into the living room. The kind woman sits me on the sofa and turns to his

son, "Liam can you help me with the tea in the kitchen for a second?"

"Of course."

"I'll come too!" Jenna jumps up.

I give her a grateful look, "Thank you." I know she is giving my father and I some privacy to talk.

"It's Hallie dear," she smiles back. "We'll be right back."

They leave the room.

When we are finally alone, dad clears his throat before saying, "so ...things didn't go well in Boston?"

I was pushed aside, bullied, played, and kidnapped. I fell madly in love and then had my heart torn into pieces.

"...yeah, not so well," I answer lowly.

My dad lets out long sigh and rubs his hairs. He isn't a very chatty man, the very opposite of my mom. So after a short silence, he says gruffly, "You can stay here. Hallie is a decent woman. You will like her."

"Really?" I sneer bitterly. "Who asked me to make room for you and her? Oh wait, it's you."

Dad presses his lips into a thin line, a clear guilt on his face. He shifts a bit in his seat, as if he is trying to move closer to me, but eventually gives up on the thought.

"Hallie and I just started dating and...and your mom really wanted you in Boston. But regardless, that was very selfish. I'm sorry Nat," he sighs.

If he hadn't insisted on me staying

in Boston, I guess none of those things would have happened between me and Eason. But the damage has been done already. It's about time to move on.

"Is my old room still available?" I force out a smile.

His eyes light up immediately, "Always. Always available."

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So I settle in, with my dad, Hallie and Liam. A few weeks have passed since then and I find my wounds slowly healing up.

Mom called me, of course. She went all hysterical hearing that

I've flied back to Miami without telling her. But she eventually gave in after realizing that I wouldn't be coming back to Boston anytime soon.

So I escaped my nightmare successfully, at least for now. Although from time to time, Eason's face would still haunt me in my dreams.

And another upside is that I can finally get the chance to focus on my college application. To my

surprise, Liam turns out to be a great help during that process. He finds time to fly back every weekend recently and helped me polish several of my essays.

Today is my last due day. After submitting everything needed for the application, I feel very relieved for the first time in a long time.

"Mind if I come in?" Liam knocks on the door with a plate of fresh baked cookies in hand. "Mom

insisted you be the first one to taste her secret recipe."

"Yummy!" I grab one and stuff it in my mouth. "So, are you free tonight?")

"Yes. But why?" he sits down beside me.

"I was wondering if you want to grab a drink after dinner? Thanks to you, my dear mentor, my applications went really well. At least let me buy you a drink?"

He lets out a low chuckle, "wait how old are you again?"

"You can flash the bartender your ID card and I'll dazzle him with my cash. How does that sound?"

He bursts into laughter, "That sounds lovely. Settles then, it's a date"

I flush, and my heart rate inexplicably increases.

Liam is a very charming person. Being around him is like being around a big brother. He can always make me feel comfortable and protected.

And probably because of my history with my other stepbrother, I can't stop overthinking things when Liam becomes flirty.

“Come downstairs,” Liam stands up without noticing the flush on my face and pats my shoulder. “Mom made a feast to celebrate.”

I follow him to the kitchen and find the dining table packed with delicious foods. Hallie even made a cake with pink frosting and two huge words on top: College Student!

I stutter and blush tomato red seeing these, “Y-you shouldn’t bother...thank you, I meant. But I haven’t got admitted into any schools yet.”

“YET,” Hallie hugs me tightly. “I’m sure you will.”

Everyone sits down beside table. Dad is in such a high spirit, so he pops open a bottle of good wine and pours himself a full glass. The food, the drink, and family’s company...my heart is swelled with happiness.

“I’d like to raise a toast,” Liam picks up his glass and smiles looking at me. “To Natalia, and a bright future ahead of her.”

His dark black eyes flash in the warm evening light, making it impossible for me to look away. I

find myself lost in his gaze for a short moment.

“To Natalia!” Hallie and my dad echo.

I blush and raise my glass as well. But before it touches my lip, suddenly a knock comes from the front gate.

“I’ll get it,” Liam sits down his wine and stands up.

Suddenly, a rush of panic seizes my heart for no reason. So I follow Liam to the door and watch him open it.

A face appears behind it.

It’s the last person I expected to see.

“Can I help you?” Liam frowns looking at the man in front of him.

“Yes,” the man looks over Liam and his gaze lands on me. “Hope I’ve not disturbed your dinner plan. But I need to talk to you, Natalia.” It’s Mr. Ramirez.