

In Love With My Evil Stepbrother Chapter 68

Chapter 68: Meeting Again Even Eason being here would be less of a surprise for me. Mr. Ramirez needs to talk to me? But about what? What could possibly bring him from the east coast to the west? I swallow hard and step aside, whispering under my breath, “Please come in.”

Mr. Ramirez makes his way through the door and then nods at Liam, who still seems very confused at the moment.

“Umm Nat? Who is this again? Liam asks me with a frown.

Right at this moment, dad and Hallie follow us out of the dining room. Dad freezes the moment he lays eyes on Mr. Ramirez-of course he recognizes his ex-wife’s current husband.

“Sorry for intruding,” Mr. Ramirez says calmly, his eyes glancing around the room. “I just need a moment with Natalia.”

“What? Why?” Dad takes an instinctive step forward and snaps. “Did-did something happen to Alicia?”

“Oh no, it’s nothing like that. Nothing urgent. I really just need 5 minutes alone with Natalia,” Mr. Ramirez says.

I’m slightly relieved hearing that mom is ok, but it makes me even more curious about what he is going to say to me.

Eventually Hallie breaks the silence, “Nat dear, maybe you can use the laundry room? It’s just around the corner... Liam do you mind—”

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“Yeah sure. Follow me please,” Liam immediately nods.

He leads us to the small laundry room down the hall and opens the door for us. Before I follow Mr. Ramirez inside, he stops, me grabbing my arm and quickly whispers to my ear, “I’m

right outside, OK?”

I know he is worried, which is really sweet. So I smile at him gratefully and close the door behind me.

Then we are finally alone, in this dark little room with a musty smell hanging in the air. I'm still weighing my words, but Mr. Ramirez simply goes straight to the point:

"You and Eason were together."

And just like that, like a huge iron hammer smashing right into my face, my entire world crumbles down at once. A thousand emotions surge through me, and the most obvious one is guilt.

This is the man who protected me, fed and sheltered me, brought me into his family and treated me like his daughter. I still remembered that he drove me to school himself on the first day of school, just to make sure that I wasn't overwhelmed by anxiety.

LI

But how did I repay him? I slept with his son.

"Is it true?"

I hear him asking me again.

There's a lump in my throat, making it impossible for me to say a full word. So I can only choke and nod, my eyes filled with tears of shame.

I don't know how he found out about this...but the least I can do now is stay honest and own up to my own fault.

ILIST

I hear him sigh deeply in the dark and says lowly, "Natalia, I'm really sorry."

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I burst into tears almost instantly.

"No! No please don't say sorry...I-I should be the one to apologize," I cry and stutter under my breath, my body trembling from head to toe. "I let you down and I-I don't know what I was thinking...I'm so ashamed of myself..." He takes a quick step forward and gently pats my shoulder, like what he did on the first day of my school to cheer me up. I hear his deep and soft voice in the dark saying, "Don't feel bad about yourself. If it's anyone's fault, it's Eason's, not yours. You two are young kids, and kids like you make mistakes. We just need to fix those mistakes."

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LI

Then he hands me a handkerchief and waits me to calm down a bit before continuing, "The day you left Boston, Eason confessed everything to me. He was still trying to come to Miami to get you, but I locked him up and took his phone away."

Oh, so that's why I haven't heard from Eason at all, no phone call, no messages. I was slightly shocked by his unusual calmness, but now I see the reason.

"Thank you Sir," I murmur, wiping the corner of my eyes with his handkerchief. "And that's working, right? As long as we are kept apart like this, he will forget about me eventually."

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LLLL

I say this while trying to ignore the obvious pain in my heart.

Yet to my surprise, Mr. Ramirez shakes his head heavily, "It works fine at first. But Eason kept trying to escape and got into a few fights with the bodyguard. A week ago, he got badly injured during the fight and fell from the third floor."

I clamp my mouth shut to stop a gasp.

Oh my god Eason....he is crazy! "And that's not the worst," Mr. Ramirez adds. "He refused to work with the doctor not let anyone treat his injuries, unless I agree to let him out of the apartment."

Suddenly, I understand why Mr. Ramirez came this far to talk to me.

"He—" I struggle for air and say through my gritted teeth. "He is on this way to here, right?"

"...I'm afraid so. Yes."

I suddenly feel my head really light and the whole world start spinning around me. I'm not ready to face him. I worked really hard to put him behind me just a little bit and seeing him again will set everything back to square one.

"Natalia! Are you OK?"

Mr. Ramirez quickly holds me before I drop to the ground. I cling to his arm and take a deep breath, closing my eyes for a moment.

"If you feel that this is too hard, I can—"

"No I'm fine," I interrupt him with a low voice. "Maybe we need a closure."

“OK, if you are sure about this. He will be here in the next few

days, so be ready. My men will stay close nearby. If he overreacts, they will take him away by force.” I nod stiffly. My mind remains a blank. “Let’s go back out there. I’m sure your family is getting worried.”

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He opens the laundry room’s door and lets me go out first. Liam is right outside, leaning against the wall and waiting for him. He stands straight the moment he sees me walking out.

“Are you crying?” he asks with a frown, shooting a glare at Mr. Ramirez. “Did something happen?”

“No it’s alright,” I shake my head. “Mr. Ramirez is leaving. Oh, and your handkerchief.”

I want to return the handkerchief to him but it is covered with stains right now. So my hand hangs awkwardly in the air.

“You can keep it,” Mr. Ramirez gives me a faint smile. “Don’t miss your mom. She will be fine. And if you need any school paperwork done in Boston, you can always call me.”

LLLLL

I get it. He is asking me not to come back to Boston anytime soon.

“Thank you,” I murmur.

Mr. Ramirez bids us goodbye and heads to the front gate. Before he exits the door, he suddenly turns around to me and says, “Natalia, always remember what’s right and what’s wrong. Don’t let him get to you again.”

He is right. I can’t afford to go through that painful heartbreak again.

After Mr. Ramirez left, my family immediately gathers around. I can tell they are worried. “What does he want?” dad growls. “Dragged you into the little room and made you cry like this...I shouldn’t have allowed him.”

After my previous emotional outburst, I just feel so exhausted right now. Letting out a huge sigh, I wave dismissively at my dad, “Don’t blame Mr. Ramirez. I’m fine.”

"Then what were you crying for?!" I ignore dad and turn to Liam, "Does our date still count?" It takes him a second to realize what I'm talking about, and then he quickly nods, "Of course."

Dad is about to say something else, but Hallie stops him, "GO have some fun you two."

She pushes him back to the dining room, giving us an opening to escape from his interrogation.

Liam hails a cab and takes me to a local bar. He apparently knows the bartender and manages to get us a table despite the crowd.

"Here you go," he sets two cups of beers and some snacks down. "Hope you drink beer."

"Yes that's fine," I groan frustrated, "Wait, I should buy you that drink."

He chuckles lightly, "You can take the next round."

I raise my glass and take a few big sips. The sudden rush of alcohol clouds my mind and makes the rest of the world slightly out of focused, which is just what I need right now.

I wish I can just stay drunk for the next few days so that I don't need to face Eason again.

"Hey," I hear Liam asking me across the table. "Mind if I ask you a question?"

I hiccup and shrug, "I knew these drinks aren't free. Go ahead."

"So...is Eason your stepfather's son?" he asks.

Well, apparently, he has been ears-dropping.

"Yes," I pour another mouth full of beer down my throat and add. "He is my stepbrother just like you."

He hesitates for a second and then falters, "So...so you two have been—"

LL

"You've heard everything, don't you," I smile bitterly. "Go ahead and judge me. Yes, I slept with my stepbrother."

"No! Why would I judge you? You guys aren't related," he pauses and stares at me, his eyes brimming with eagerness. "Just like us."

My heart skips a beat as I quickly look elsewhere to avoid his hot gaze. Luckily, he doesn't say anything else and stands up offering his hand to me, "You want to dance?"

I place my hand in his palm and smiles, "Why not." Right now, I just need to put all my worries and troubles behind me.

He leads me into the dancefloor and holds my waist. He is really tall, so his hot breath sprays right behind the sensitive area behind my ears. I flinch a bit and slightly tilt my head, which would seem like that I'm hugging him back.

"Natalia?" Liam's low and hoarse rings above my head, "So I was thinking,"

Suddenly, the rest of his words is interrupted by a huge crackling noise outside the dancefloor.

Everyone jumps and turns their heads to look, including me and Liam. I hear a few gasps of shock outside the crowd and then everyone starts scuttling out of the way.

I can't believe my eyes.

It's Eason, standing by the edge of the dancefloor with a broken half glass bottle in his hand.

His hair is messy, and his face covered by bruises and scratches. His left hand is still in a cast.

He seems terrible.

We lock eyes with each other across the room, my eyes full of panic and his eyes bloodshot.

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Then the next second, he suddenly raises the sharp glass and starts striding towards us!

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In Love With My Evil Stepbrother Chapter 69

Chapter 69: Short-lived Summerlove "NO !!!"

I let out a sharp scream and make a lunge forward, stepping in between him and Liam. Eason stops abruptly in his track, his grip on the bottle tightening, his chest rising and falling rapidly. "What the fuck are you doing!" I yell to him, making sure Liam is safe behind my back "Drop your bottle now! Or I'm calling the police."

His eyes become redder, as if the next second his eyes will cry blood.

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“That’s the first thing you say after so long?” he asks with a trembling voice, which is filled with sadness and rage. “Do you have any idea what kind of life I’ve lived ever since you left?!” I was sad at first. But now hearing him say these, anger starts to build up in my heart again. I grit my teeth taking a firm step forward and snatch the bottle from him. He quivers for a bit but doesn’t resist. I smash the bottle to the ground making a huge noise. “What kind of life you’ve lived? Do you have ANY IDEA what kind of life I have lived?!” I growl, unable to control my temper anymore. “I cried myself into sleep! I escaped Boston like a criminal just to run away from you! My life was like hell after finding out what you have been up to! So shut the fuck up and stop making me the fault one!!”

Eason’s body quivers and his back slightly bends down. His lips press into a firuline, and after a while, he says in a low voice, “Let me talk to you Natalia.” I avoid his gaze, “I’m done talking to you.” “Please,” he moves closer with a pleading look in his eyes. “We can’t end this way. Let me explain, please.”

Liam holds my shoulder and stretches out an arm to stop him, “Hey I don’t think she wants to

talk.”

Eason snaps his head around toward Liam and grits out, “This is our FUCKING business, W110 the hell are you?!”

Liam’s grip on my shoulder tightens, “I’m her brother.”

“Bullshit, she is the only child! You...” he tails off and then suddenly realizes something.” ... You are her father’s girlfriend’s son.” Liam lets out a cold sneer and pulls me behind him.

I really don’t think provoking Eason is a good idea right now, but Liam already takes a step forward and says:

“You are right. So I’m also her stepbrother, the same as you. She is safe and happy here and has moved on from her past in Boston. You better get the hell out of here now and leave her alone—”

Before he can finish the last word, Eason suddenly throws a punch at his face, knocking him hard to the ground. The crowd gasps and disperse. Then the two starts attacking each other fiercely on the floor.

“Stop!!” I scream, trying to pull them apart but fail. “That’s fucking enough!!”

The security man in the bar quickly approaches us. But before he arrives, a few men in black suits suddenly appear from the crowd and separate the two forcefully. I recognize them as Eason’s bodyguards.

They stand there both panting roughly and still glare each other. I have no doubt that if those bodyguards release them, they will lunge at each other again, like a pair of beasts.

The security of the bar finally arrives at the scene and snaps, “What the hell is going on here!”

One of the bodyguard turns to Eason, “Mr. Ramirez, should I clear the room?” Before Eason answers, Liam lets out a cold sneer, “Oh so that’s what you do? Have your sather’s hatchet men follow you around and pay your way off? Is this how you treated Nat?” Eason’s face turns pale, his body slightly shaking, maybe because their right has further injured his broken arm.

But my sympathy for hiin has run out. “Liam,” I say slowly. “I should talk to him.”

“...Are you sure about this?”

“Yes,” I nod. “He won’t leave unless we have a talk.” I know Eason too well.

Liam sighs and wipes the corner of his ripped mouth, “Fine. But I won’t let you do this alone.”

Eason shakes off his bodyguards and growls, “What’s your fucking business in this!” I shout him a furious glare and snap, “I need someone to be there, because I have to be sure you won’t take me by force and ship me back to Boston! I have very little trust and patience in you so don’t test my bottom line!”

A dark and gloomy look appears on his face. After a short silence, Eason turns around and leads to the door.

I gesture Liam to follow.

Moments later, we finally stand on the street alone, with his bodyguard guarding him in the distance and Liam behind my back, like a dealing scene in the gangster movie, which is so damn hilarious in some ways.

I cross my arms and look at Eason in the eyes, “So what do you want?” A painful look flashes across his eyes before he begins lowly. “You didn’t give me a chance to explain.”

"Now is your chance. Say it." Despite my total disappointment in him, I am indeed curious. Why on earth did he do these things to me?

I am fine with him dumping me, but does he have to play me like a sucking toy?! And that video he made...God, my stomach swirls with disgust just thinking about it!

He pauses for a long time as if it's hard for him to say it.

"Before I say this...you have to know that I've regretted everything a long time ago. I drop the plan eventually because I'm really in love with you. 11- if you hadn't found out about it, we would be so happy together right now-" "Enough with the bullshit!" I snap. "Just tell me why you played me!!" "Because you did the same to me!!" lie burst out. I can't believe my ears. What the fuck did he say? I played him? Did he lose his mind? I suddenly bend down with my shoulders rocking with laughter, because it's so unbelievably ridiculous and crazy.

"Oh my god Eason. If you want to be a jerk, at least be an honest one. Don't blame everything on me! I dare to say this: when I loved you, I loved you with my full heart. I had no shame nor regret! How can you accuse me of doing the same to you!"

"But you did! Three years ago!" his frantic roar echoes in the empty street. "I fell in love with you three years ago and it's the first time I ever loved someone like that! I brought you a flower and a letter, asking you to meet me at a restaurant called the Secret Garden. I wanted to ask you to be my girlfriend and stay in Boston."

"Impossible! I never received anything from you!" I cry out,

"Now who's the liar?" he lets out a sarcastic and bitter laugh. Then he takes out his phone and quickly scrolls down the screen, then turns his phone screen to me. "See for yourself. I still have the text message you sent me three years ago."

I take his phone with a shaking hand.

(Natalia: Got your flower and letter. See you @ Secret Garden, 7:00pm.)

My mind is a blank. I double check the date and the sender. It's true. This message was sent out from my phone three years ago.

Yet I swear to God. I have absolutely no memory of this.

But then I suddenly remember what Jenna had told me, 'The missing flower and letter from my room.

"And then," Eason continues with a trembling voice. "At 7:00 pm in the restaurant, a waiter came in with a huge plastic bag. He opened the bag and poured everything on my head...it's my flower cut to a million pieces. He then took out a letter and started reading

it in front of me and everyone else in the restaurant. I could still remember some of it...you said I was a spoiled, troubled fuckboy who doesn't deserve to be with a good girl like you. You hated me. And I should just rot in hell and be as far away from you as I could."

"NO!!" I scream and take a step back. "You are wrong. I didn't know any of these flowers, letter, and restaurant and I certainly didn't do those things...someone did, but not me."

Eason stares at me looking dazed, and then gradually, his confusion is replaced by panic and shock

"No...no you are lying," he shakes his head and murmurs. "Am I Eason? You know me. If I hate you, I will look you straight in the eyes and tell you. I

would never stage a drama like that! And after we met again, you have a thousand chances to confront me and clear this misunderstanding but NO! You chose to revenge me behind my back, for something I didn't even do in the first place!!" His face becomes even grayer, almost like a dying person. His body shakes violently as if the next second he will collapse to the ground.

This is fucked up. Everything is so fucked up!

And I've heard enough of his bullshit.

I struggle to push back my tears and turn around to leave. But quick footsteps approach me from behind and Eason grabs me by the elbow and stops me.

His bright green eyes are brimming with hope, as if all of a sudden, he has found out the way to keep me. "Don't you want to find out who did this to us?" he asks eagerly, almost begging. Because this is none of our fault! It's just a huge misunderstanding. After we clear this, we can still be

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I shake his hand off harshly and stare at him in disbelief.

"My god Eason, you-you really have no sympathy in your heart."

At this point, I'm already tired of being angry with him. I just find him and this whole thing very ridiculous and amusing.

"This is not a misunderstanding. Deep down in your heart, you knew long before that I didn't do those things. But you still chose to play me like a puppet, simply because you enjoy the pleasure of ruining someone's life. This is who you are. Even if we find out

who did it, it still won't change the nature of you. Whoever wrote that letter is right about one thing you are a troubled soul who doesn't deserve happiness."

I shoot him one last glare that's enough to freeze him on the spot. "I'm done loving you Eason," I say to him lastly. "Just go and give me my normal life back." I manage to take a trembling step further and Liam catches me in time. He holds my hand and quickly escorts me away from the scene and into his car.

Before the car drive away, I look through the window and find Eason dropped to his knees and buried his face into his hands.

"Are you alright?" Liam asks beside me.

I force myself to look away and bite down my lip till a copper taste fills my mouth, "Yeah...just go. Quick"

"What if he comes back to you again later?"

"He won't. His father won't let him. Plus, he is too proud and too much of a fuckboy to look back."

I lean back to the chair and close my eyes feeling exhausted. "He'll forget me before he even realizes," I say slowly. I don't believe he has any deep and lasting feelings for me. Everything he did back there was simply part of his huge ego. He just wasn't used to being rejected.

But regardless, this is probably my strongest moment. Walking away from him and putting an end to my short-lived summer love.

In Love With My Evil Stepbrother Chapter 70

Chapter 70: Three Years Later

THREE YEARS LATER.

I rush down the street, knocking a few shoulders along the way and stepping into one icy mud pond. The cold winter air is like a blade cutting through my lungs. After making a sharp turn at the corner, I finally see the bus station.

A bus has just arrived.

"Wait...Please wait a second!!" I yell to the driver

But he only gives me a cold and indifferent look before closing the door and driving away from the station.

“...Fuck!”

I bend down taking a time to catch my breath and then check the time.

It's already 16:37

Now I have exactly 23 minutes to make it across the town and arrive at the restaurant I work in, which is impossible, which means I'm so screwed. Today is not the day to be late, because I've made a plan to talk to my manager about making an early withdraw of my salary. My rent is due in a few days and the incredibly high living expense in New York is sucking me dry. I have a student loan to cover my tuition, but I still have to work my ass off to pay for that loan.

I'm now working at a fancy restaurant as a waitress. Not exactly a decent job, but it's good money. Also, when people get tipsy, they tend to be very generous with the tips. I was a little concerned about the money when I got admitted into NYU three years ago. But Liam talked me into it.

“It's a great opportunity,” he said. “You will get the money thing figured out. Worst scenario if you don't, I'll help you with it.”

With a little help from his side, I've managed to make ends meet for the past three years. As long as I get that early withdraw today, I'll be fine. Ten minutes later, I finally push myself into the overly crowded bus and leave for my job.

On the way, I start to work on my speech to the manager, who is a complete and total cheapskate. I better have some good reasons prepared for her to give me the money.

But suddenly my phone buzzes, interrupting my thoughts. I take it out and find it's my mom.

Sigh internally, I answer her call, though I've already known the reason she called. “Hi mom.”

“Nat sweetheart! Have you put some thoughts into what we talked about last week?”

“Yes, mom. I've not changed my mind. The answer is still no.” “What?” she cries out. “You are not coming back for Christmas, AGAIN? Boston is only a few hours' drive away! Let me hear your reasons!”

Well, my reason is pretty simple,

It's Eason.

The boy who played and screwed me three years ago. My dear stepbrother. It's been 3 years already. We haven't seen or spoken to each other for the past 3 years. Since our last encounter in Miami, he has completely disappeared from my life. No call, 110 messages, and I've blocked all his socials. Mom tried to invite me back to Boston for

Thanksgiving, Christmas and even spring break, but I've said no to them all just to avoid him.

It almost killed me the last time I walked away from him. We've stayed away from each other long enough already, and things better stay this way in the future.

"Mom," I hold my phone trying to make something up. "I'm too busy. School, work, everything."

"But it's been three years darling, and you are always busy. You ran back to Miami without a word, and I haven't seen you since. Why Nat? Did I-do I do something wrong?"

Her last few words came out trembling and it makes my heart twitch. She didn't do anything wrong. It's all my fault.

"Nal?"

I shake off those bitter feelings and say, "mom it's not you. And if you really want to know why...I and Eason had a little of a quarrel when I left. I didn't really want to run into him."

I try to keep a casual tone, hoping she won't get suspicious. Mom's voice suddenly cheers up. "Oh! But you don't need to worry about Eason. He's not in Boston,

"What? Where is he?"

I blurt out and instantly regret it.

Fuck Why do I care?

I have no idea what he's been up to nowadays. Mom mentioned him a few times over the phone. It seems that he was admitted into Harvard and started to work in Mr. Ramirez's company.

But besides that, he is like a total stranger to me now. "He is in New York darling," mom says.

...What?

I almost choke on my own saliva, "He is in NY? Same as I am?"

“Yeah. He is visiting his girlfriend in NY. He’ll probably stay there a bit longer and help Shawti inspect his company. So you won’t see him at home this Christmas.”

“Oh,

My mind went blank for a second.

– Eason has a girlfriend.

Of course, he has moved on. What else do I expect? It’s been 3 years already and he is always very popular among girls.

But a secret spot in my heart, I still feel pain. Probably because I’m still alone and single but he has already had someone. I guess the villain always wins. “Nat? Are you still there? Promise me you will think about it OK?” “Sure mom... Wait it’s my stop! Talk to you later! I quickly hang up the phone and jump off the bus When I finally dash into the changing room, it’s already half past seven. “You are late!”

My manager, Lori, shrieks at me with her hands on her hips. She seems displeased.

“Sorry,” I mumble as I quickly slip into my white shirt and black pants. “My landlord showed up at my door and I got caught up-” “Bla Bla Bla Bla! Do I seem interested in your lame excuse?” Lori barks. “Get dressed and move your ass out there!”

She is not in a good mood, which is not a good sign for me. I hesitate a second when she turns her back at me and decide to go for it.

Screw it. What’s the worst thing that could happen? “Lori? I was wondering if I could make an early” “Oh my god you are still talking!” she squeaks and dumps my apron on my face. “Get moving! NOW!!”

...Fine. Maybe later then.

I quickly fasten my apron and get back to work. The restaurant is unbelievably busy today. I didn’t dare to stop for even a single second or people would start to make complaints.

And I’ve not been my best sell either today. My mind was so caught up in my financial crisis that I didn’t really pay any attention to what I was doing most of the time. So while I was serving wine to a young lady, I accidentally spilled a bit on her dress. “Ahh –!” she lets out a loud cry, jumping up from her seat immediately. “Watch it!!” I’m snapped back to reality instantly. Oh god, there’s a liuge taint on her white dress, which I know won’t come off easily just by looking at it.

– What was I thinking!! I’m so screwed.

"I-I am so so sorry," I grab a napkin before bending down and trying to clean it. Please let me-

She dodges my hand like avoiding a plague and yells, "Take away your filthy hands!! You'll only smudge it. This is Chanel and I'm on a date! You ruined everything!" Now her roaring is drowning out the gentle music in the background. Customers are turning, their heads back to stare. I feel my cheeks burning with embarrassment right now.

I've not made any huge mistakes like this before. What got into my head today?? "I'm deeply sorry," I can only bow apologetically again. "Is there anything I could do Miss? We have a blanket for you to cover up the stain if you want..." "Then why are you still standing there!" she stomps the floor. "Go! Hurry! My boyfriend is going to be here any second!" I rush back to the kitchen and find that blanket I was talking about. On the way back I ran into Lori, whose pouchy face is purpling with rage. "You stupid girl!" she screams. "I heard everything! You better pray for that customer's forgiveness, or you will be paying for her dress yourself!" I suddenly feel hard to breathe.

Paying for her dress myself? That's a Chanel for god's sake! I remember that once Eason bought me a Chanel dress and it costed him thousands of dollars. I'm still hoping to get that early withdrawal to pay for my rent, so where am I supposed to get the extra money? But now, I have no choice but to go back out there and face that customer's wrath.

Taking a deep breath, I slowly move towards her table, gripping that blanket in my hands.

When I'm a few steps away, I suddenly find that her date has arrived. It's a young man dressed in black suit with his back facing me. Though I can't see his face, I can still tell that he is very tall and handsome.

Hope her hot date won't give me a hard time as she did.

"Excuse me, here is the blanket you asked for." I approach carefully, handing her the blanket. The couple turn their heads to me simultaneously and now I finally get to see the young man clearly. He has a beautiful face, perfect eyebrows, roman nose, half-domed cheekbones, and emerald, green eyes. Everything about him radiates upper-class grace and vigor of youth. He is about 20 years old but seems very sophisticated. I stand there in shock staring at him, as is a thunder has struck on me. ...Eason.