

## In Love With My Evil Stepbrother Chapter 8

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#### Chapter 8

Chapter Eight My whole body freezes in shock. What the hell is going on?!

Millions of questions whizz past my mind, as he presses my neck and keep kissing me. I know I should feel shocked or mad or even disgusted, he's my brother for God's sake!

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But I still lost myself momentarily in this kiss. His lips are cold. I can even taste vodka and fresh lemon in his breathe. His eyes closed, long eyelashes touching mine, causing my heart to flutter. I've never felt anything like this with anyone before.

But before I get to react, he pushes me away again. Without looking at me, he returns to the couch and sits down, like nothing has happened.

I gulp. And suddenly realize I've been holding my breath for so long that my lungs are exploding. Everyone else is clearly in shock as well. Especially Val. Her face distorts with anger. "What the hell are you doing!" she voices out my question. Eason is surprisingly calm. Still not looking at me, he takes a sip of his drink, "You wanted to see her kiss. Now you have it."

Val's jaw drops. Even she is stunned speechless. My initial panic fades away, as a new round of humiliation and anger takes over. He makes it seems like kissing me is not big deal. That it was spur of the moment. That I am nothing. But it is a big deal. My heart is still racing, my body still shaking. I'm ashamed of myself for enjoying that kiss even a little bit and get tossed away like this. Alex tries to touch my shoulder, but I shake him off.

"Eason, you are an asshole!" I burst out, then storm out of the house. I run across the hall and press the elevator. Tears threatens to fall out, but I force them back. No, I won't cry for that bastard. Crying would mean that I let him get to me. And I won't let that happen.

I can't believe how naïve I am. To think that he is actually good to me and the only one who'd take me in when everyone else turns me down. But turns out, he is only using me to kill his time. And he has no problem tossing me away or embarrassing me once he gets bored.

I hear heavy footsteps approaching. Someone grabs my shoulder and forces me around.

“Where are you going?” Eason asks sternly. I can’t believe his nerve. “Do you really think I can still stay here? After what you did?”

He seems embarrassed for a short moment, but quickly becomes indifferent. “Why? Because I ruined your big moment with that Alex guy?”

I am done talking to him. “Fuck off Eason. I’m leaving.”

But he grabs my wrist. “You out of your mind? It’s late and dark outside. Have you not learnt

your lesson? Plus where’d you go anyway? You have nowhere to go!” His words hurt me again. Yes, he’s the beloved prince, and I’m the unwanted child. But that doesn’t give him the right to do whatever he wants to me.

I shove him aside and try to get into the elevator. But he’s way stronger than me. He tightens the grip and looks at me with complete fury, “Natalia, I was fucking saving your ass! You’d be kissing some random guy if it weren’t for me!”

My jaw tenses.

But how can I tell him? That I’d rather kiss Alex, someone I barely know, than him. At least kissing Alex won’t leave me with a messed-up mind.

“Forget it, Eason. Just leave me alone.”

His fingers loosen. I take the chance to break free and rush into the elevator. When the door closes, I see his face. It’s filled with anger and sadness. Why the hell would he feel sad anyway?

It’s indeed dark outside. I stand on the street alone and ponder for a while. The best and only option I have is to go back to my mom’s place. I’m tired of being homeless like this. Maybe I should get a place of my own, if I can afford it.

I took a cab. When I get to the townhouse and knock the door open, Mr. Ramirez appears behind

it.

“Natalia.” He seems surprised, but quickly composes himself and give me a smile, “Quick, come inside. It’s right dinner time.”

Under Mr. Ramirez’s protection, mom never gets the chance to interrogate me. But she keeps shooting suspicious glare at me during dinner, as I keep ignoring her. What the hell am I supposed to say? That Eason kissed me, and my head is so fucked up right now?

Hell no.

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I stay at their place for a few more days, never step out of the house. Boxes arrive a week later. My dad has sent all my belongings to me at once. I'm again hurt by his urgent gesture to get rid of me. 1

That day, while I'm unpacking, Mr. Ramirez knocks on my bedroom door.

"Natalia, is this a good time?"

I hurry to let him in, "Yes. Please."

"I was hoping to talk to you about your school." Mr. Ramirez sits down, "I've talked to the board of Eason's school. They are more than happy to have a great student like you. In fact, there is a school tour today. So, I figured we can both go down there, show you around a bit, and introduce you to the headmaster."

I'm so flattered. "That's so nice of you. Thank you. But if you are busy, I can go by myself..."

"Don't worry about it." He smiles at me, "I've always wanted to talk to the headmaster about

Eason's performance at school. So no trouble at all. Well, shall we?" 1

I nod and follow him out of the room.

I can't say I'm 100 percent comfortable with going to the same school with Eason. Especially after the kiss that night. And seeing his friends, I'm sure that prestigious school is filled with rich bastards like them. They would make school hell for me.

But I'm not in any place to be picky. I'm grateful for everything Mr. Ramirez has done.

The school tour is packed with people. And judging by the way they look and dress, I'd say they are either rich or respected. Surrounded by a group of this, I feel pressure and out-of-placed.

Mr. Ramirez leads me to a nice lady wearing a velvet suit and pearl necklace. "Natalia, I want you to meet Ms. Dave, your new headmaster."

She is so stunning and graceful. I almost stutter, "Nice to meet you. I'm Natalia Moore."

“Miss Moore, it’s a pleasure to meet you.” She shakes my hand, “I looked at your transcript, very impressive. This school is lucky to have you. And Mr. Ramirez, can I talk to you for a moment?”

“Of course. Natalia, why don’t you join the tour over there? I’ll meet you afterwards.”

They left. I look around and see a group of students gathered by the door. They are talking about something enthusiastically, so I quietly approach them with my head down.

But someone spots me as I come close, “Hey! Are you joining the tour with us?”

“Umm, yeah. Hi.”

“I’m Katherine.” She seems very friendly, and pretty as well. “What’s your name? We may be classmates soon.”

I introduce myself and she follows up with more questions, “Who’s your father? Maybe I’ve heard of him. We just found out our parents are in the same charity group. I mean, what’s the odds?»

I highly doubt that she’s heard of a middle-aged bartender in Miami, so I divert the subject, “I don’t think you know him. Anyway, what are you guys talking about earlier?”

“Oh! The Summer Splash Ball!” she claps her hands in excitement, “It’s like a homecoming party. We were just talking about what to wear. My wardrobe is embarrassing. So, the girls and I are going shopping this weekend. We want to check out Valentino’s Fall Collection. You should come with us!”

“Katherine’s mom works in fashion. She gives great makeover advice. Oh, and we should definitely visit that hair salon you mentioned,” says the other girl.

“Oh yeah. My stylist is the best. I’ll make appointments for us all.” Katherine turns to me again, “What you say? Come, it’d be so much fun!” These girls would be great friend with my mom. But all my life I’ve never bought anything worth more than \$100. I doubt all my savings put together are not enough to cover a single visit to those fancy salons.

I should have seen this coming when Mr. Ramirez arranged me into this private school. There’s no way I can fit in, let alone to be friends with them. I’ve already learnt my lesson with Eason.

I’m still thinking about a polite way to decline her kind offer. Katherine suddenly takes in a sharp gasp. “Oh, my, god. Check out who just walked in... I think I might just faint.” Everyone turns around. My eyes slightly widens as I saw the person Katherine’s referring to.

Eason just stepped inside the door, with Valerie's arm wrapped his. They make a wonderful couple, both so beautiful, elegant, and classy. Like they're just back from a hardcover shooting. 1

I look at them, and suddenly feel a lump in my throat. "Shut up! It's Eason Ramirez and Valerie Vale!" said another girl heatedly, "What are they doing here?" "Do you know them?" I ask Katherine.

"Are you kidding me? They are the most popular couple in the city. Everyone has heard of them. Don't tell me you have not."

I don't know how to react.

"Well, at least you know Eason's dad right? Multi-billionaire Shawn Ramirez. The guy is a legend! Can't believe we are going to the same school with his son!"

The entire room has their eyes on Eason. But he seems quite used to the fuss that he caused. One hand in his pocket, he slowly scans the crowd, as if looking for someone.

I quickly keep my head down.

But the next second, I hear Valerie's shrill voice, "Look who it is. Guess she find a way into our school anyway."