



BAD BOYS
OF REDWOOD
ACADEMY



STEEP BROTHER

INTERNATIONAL BESTSELLING AUTHOR

EMILIA ROSE

STEPBROTHER

FREE FIRST FIVE CHAPTERS

EMILIA ROSE

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JACE

“Oh, yes, baby...” Nicole said, leaning her head against one of the glossy red lockers in the Redwood football team’s locker room. Dressed in a cheerleader uniform that was a size too small for her, she thrust a hand into my teammate’s thick blonde hair and tugged his face closer to her pussy. “Just like that.”

I balled my hands into fists and wondered why the fuck I was just watching my girlfriend cheat on me with the quarterback of the best high school football team in New England. She was supposed to be mine. I was the only guy who should’ve been pushing her up against the lockers like that.

Anger. Rage. Hurt. Betrayal. It all rushed through me.

I wanted to kick his ass more than anything, but I was paralyzed to the damn spot, knowing that I couldn’t touch him or else I’d be kicked off this damn team right before finishing the season. And I loved football more than I ever cared for Nicole.

Reacting like Dad did when Mom cheated on him would make me just like that fucking loser. So, I took a couple deep breaths, promised myself that I’d get him fucking back in practice, and told myself that I should’ve known better than to date a cheerleader in this shitty town.

Nicole curled her toes. “God, you’re so much better than Jace at this.”

Fuck holding back. I punched my fist right through the wall, feeling the

blood already start to drip from my knuckles. “What the fuck are you fucking doing?” I said through clenched teeth.

They both pulled away from each other, eyes wide in fear. Nicole pulled down her skirt and jumped up. “Jace!” she said, cheeks flushed. She fiddled with the ends of her sleeves. “I- I... it’s not what it looks like. I promise!”

I grabbed Carter by the throat and thrust him against the lockers, digging my fingers as deep as they would go. He might’ve been the quarterback, but he was weaker than me. I could’ve killed him with my bare hands, but I resisted as much as it hurt me.

“Jace, stop!” Nicole screamed.

Carter stared at me with that damn smirk on his face, knowing that he had the upper hand. “What’re you going to do to me, Harbor? The principal is riding on your ass, just looking for a reason to make Coach sit you for the rest of this season.”

I growled and slammed him into the lockers, released my grip, and stormed out of the locker room and toward my car. Fuck him and fuck Nicole. Neither one of them was worth it. I should’ve never fucking dated a girl like her. Girls like her were trash.

I stormed out of the building, letting the crisp fall air hit me. Rain started to drizzle overhead. We were so close to finishing this season, and I wanted to end my high school football career on a high note to spite my father.

We only had a couple more games.

“Jace, I didn’t mean for it to happen,” Nicole said, hurrying after me in all those tacky designer clothes I bought for her because she wanted them. I took longer strides toward my car to get the fuck out of here. If I didn’t leave now, I was going to punch Carter in the throat and ruin all his chances of playing college football.

I yanked open the door to my black Maserati, but Nicole stepped in front of me. “Please, Jace. It only happened a couple times. It didn’t mean anything. I promise, baby. We were both drunk that first night, and you had

to go pick up your sister. It just... happened.”

“Just fucking happened? Things like that don’t just happen.” I balled my hands into fists, just aching to hit something so fucking hard to displace all this betrayal. I should’ve never gotten into a relationship with a lying piece of shit. Everyone I opened up to broke my fucking heart.

I was done with this shit.

“Jace—”

“Get the fuck out of my face, Nicole,” I seethed.

She crossed her arms over her chest, sneering at me with those ugly red lips and acting like it was my fault she slept with one of my teammates. Fuck her. I wasn’t about to let some bratty ass, rich cheerleader talk me down.

“Move,” I said again.

Nicole gave me that sneer she always did in bed. “Make me.”

“You’re not fucking cute,” I said, talking myself down from pulling her out of the way because she’d yack off to her daddy, who was the chief of police, and get me thrown in juvie again for not doing shit.

Girls like her weren’t worth throwing my dreams away. Not many were.

“I’m going to say it one more time,” I said through clenched teeth, jaw twitching. “Get. Out. Of. My. Fucking. Way.”

The rain poured harder down around us, matting her hair and uniform to her petite body. All that makeup she wore started dripping down her face, it was almost laughable. She wouldn’t last another minute out here or she’d start melting like the Wicked Bitch she was.

Nicole flared her nostrils at me, then stormed away. “Fuck you, Harbor.”

Before she could get far, I stepped in front of her. “You tell that fucking asshole that the next time I see him, he’s going to be fucking sorry,” I said through clenched teeth and slid into my car before she could rant at me for what *she* did. I had no sympathy for a liar and definitely no sympathy for a damn cheater. She was just like Mom.

After locking the car, I punched the steering wheel hard with my bloody

fist. Fuck.

I fucking hated this shit. I couldn't wait to get out of this town.

Nicole sprinted through the rain to her car on the other side of the parking lot. I never wanted to be with that bitch anyway. Dad forced me to, holding my Mom's death and his money over my head, telling me that if I didn't get my *head on straight* and stop *acting out*, he'd take my future away.

I shouldn't have believed him, but I did because he had taken someone's future away before. And he'd do it again, especially to his football-loving, business-hating, problem son.

ALLIE

There were many people I hated in this world, and Jace Harbor was literally all of them.

Sopping wet, clothes drenched in rain water, brown hair stuck to my face, I pulled open the front door. “Why the hell didn’t you pick me up?” I screamed as soon as I stepped into the damn mansion I lived in now. Water dripped from my soaked jeans and onto the ground, creating a puddle underneath me. That man had absolutely no idea how aggravating he was.

All I asked was for a ride, since my car broke down. One simple ride. That was all.

The house was quiet, and I stormed up the stairs, tracking mud and water on the hardwood floors to his bedroom. I hated Jace, absolutely hated him. If I knew Mom had been dating his dad before they had gotten engaged, I would’ve screamed at her not to say “I do” ever.

It was the worst decision of *my* life.

Even after a year of living with them, navigating this damn house was harder than a freaking maze. Mom barely visited Dad’s grave with me anymore. Harlan tried acting like my father. But what really ticked me off was that I had to see that man whore’s face every freaking day, at school, at home, at Redwood’s football games.

After sophomore year, I promised myself never to associate myself with

him again...

But now, he was my damn stepbrother.

When I made it to Jace's room, I ripped open his closed door, not caring what kind of shit I was interrupting. "I'm going to kill you," I said through clenched teeth as I stared into a bedroom made for a king.

Jace was laid back on his grey sheets with Jenny, the science club president, between his legs, his cock all the way down her throat. When she heard me, she jumped up, covering her half-naked body with the sheets and adjusted her glasses.

To say I was surprised would be a total exaggeration.

I tapped one wet sneaker on the floor. "Leave," I said to her.

"She's staying," Jace said, not even moving from that position to hide any of his junk. It *definitely* wasn't impressive, that's what I told myself at least. I tore my eyes away from him and watched Jenny throw on her clothes and shoes. Jace growled and stood up, pulling on a pair of grey basketball shorts that still hid absolutely nothing. Jenny shuffled out of the room.

When she had pushed past me, I stepped between the doorframe to block Jace from following her out and crossed my arms over my chest, staring up into those two brown eyes. "Why didn't you pick me up?" I asked.

"I'm not in the fucking mood, Allie. Move."

"No," I said, trying to look intimidating even though I was sopping wet, 5'2", and had glasses that were covered in rain droplets and fogged up. "I just walked five miles in the pouring rain because my damn phone died, and nobody could pick me up."

He took a threatening step closer to me. "That's not my problem."

"Yes, it is!" I screamed, throwing my hands into his chest to push him away. "Harlan told me you'd pick me up."

He snatched my wrists in one of his large hands and pulled me closer to him. "I told you that I'm not in the fucking mood. Not move out of my way, before I have to move you myself... unless *you* want to finish sucking me

off.”

I blew a breath out of my nose and pushed him away again. “You’re disgusting.”

But I knew that he wasn’t kidding. Jace Harbor had a thing for nerdy girls. I learned that the hard way two years ago, and it was *never* happening again. He freaking repulsed me. Every time I looked into those brown eyes, watched him ruthlessly slam into another player during one of his football games, saw him lifting in our in-home gym, his biceps flexed and covered in a layer of sweat, I wanted to vomit.

“My backpack, my laptop, my books are all ruined because of you.”

After pausing for a moment, he cracked that infamous smirk of his that had haunted my dreams for the past two years. “I thought you liked being wet,” he said, voice terrifyingly low and husky, insinuating more. His words were slurred slightly, and I almost didn’t catch on that he had been drinking.

“I like the rain, idiot, not getting drenched in a downpour!”

“You sure liked being wet sophomore—”

I slammed my hands into his chest again, not even letting him finish. “Can you not?”

He stepped closer to me, snaking his hand around my throat and pinning me to the wall, just like he used to. All those memories came flooding back, and I had to resist the urge to shiver at the thought of everything we used to do together, in the back of his car, late nights after his games, touching me under the desks in geometry.

It was the lowest point in my life.

He leaned down slightly, his hot breath in my ear. “Listen to me, Allie.” He strummed his fingers against the side of my neck, and a rush of heat warmed all those sinful parts of me. “The next time you interrupt me when I have a girl over, it’s going to be your ass sitting in the bed with me when she leaves, finishing off what she started.”

After I gathered all my strength, I pushed him away. “You’re disgusting,”

I said in a breathy whisper, afraid that if I spoke any louder, my voice would betray me. I crossed my arms over my chest, wanting to put as much space between us as possible.

I hated living with him. It was shit like this every day.

“Why do you even have a girl over anyway?” I asked. “What happened to Nicole? Did she decide you were a shitty boyfriend and dump your annoying ass?”

That smirk disappeared from his face and was replaced with anger and hatred and a tinge of, what looked like, hurt. “Fuck you,” he said under his breath. He pushed me out into the hall and slammed the door shut.

I slapped my palm against it, still seething. “This is not over, Jace.”

And it wasn't over. *We* weren't over either.

JACE

She was a brat.

And, no, I wasn't talking about Nicole who was practicing her cheers on the track with the rest of her peppy team. Nicole was a *bitch*. She irked me, but not as much as Allie did every time she had the chance.

I stared at Allie sitting with her friend, Imani, on the bleachers during football practice. Face stuffed inside a biology textbook, she pushed those black-framed, thick-as-hell glasses up her nose and tapped the top of her black ballpoint pen against her chin.

My fingers dug into the leather football, and I clenched my jaw.

After I didn't pick her up from school last night, she told my fucking dad, who chewed my ass out and punished me by sticking me with Allie for the next two weeks while him and his trophy wife went to celebrate their one-year anniversary on a boat somewhere.

As soon as they left the house tomorrow night, I was going to put Allie's bratty ass in her place, let her know not to fuck with me again or else there'd be consequences. I didn't care how long it'd take for her to break, but it was going to happen.

"Harbor, move your ass," Coach Carol called from the sideline. "We don't have all day."

I growled through my helmet, tossed the ball back to fucking Carter, and jogged to the line, getting in my stance. All I wanted to do was hit him hard right in the fucking chest, show *him* that he might've been the quarterback but I wasn't to be fucked with again.

Carter stared at me from the other side of the line of scrimmage, standing behind his center and readying for the hike, and fucking smirked. As soon as the damn ball was hiked, I tore through the players defending him and hit him as hard as I could in the side before he could throw the ball.

He grunted as I drove him into the mud, making it hurt. His mouth guard came flying out and landed next to us. I dug my elbow into his exposed stomach and pushed myself up before Carol could catch me.

“What the fuck?” Carter asked, struggling to stand. “You still mad about Nicole?”

“You can have that bitch,” I said through clenched teeth, gripping his jersey and pushing him away because Coach was watching us with those hawk eyes of his. I walked back toward the line with Jamal. “She’s fucking garbage.”

“Like your stepsister?” Carter asked.

I turned right the fuck around to slam my fist right into his jaw, but Jamal jumped in front of me, grabbed my jersey, and pushed me back. “He’s not worth it, Jace.”

“I wonder how she’d be in bed,” Carter said, walking backward toward the line. I pushed against Jamal harder, slipping out of his grip and ready to end this fucking boy’s ass for talking shit.

Jamal and another guy from the team each grabbed one of my arms, holding me back. “Don’t be stupid. He’s just trying to rile you up so you get kicked off the team. He wants all eyes on him.”

“It’s not like you don’t wonder the same thing.” Carter smirked at me. “She’s got a fatty.”

“HARBOR!” Coach Carol shouted as they struggled to hold me back. Coach waved me over, and I cursed myself for not ending Carter right then and there. I should’ve, so he couldn’t touch anyone else.

“I’m going to kill that fucking kid,” I said through clenched teeth, shaking them off me and storming to the sidelines.

“Practice is over,” Coach said again, waving everyone off. I grabbed my shit from the sidelines, tore off my helmet, shaking the sweat off my hair.

Coach pulled me aside. “What’s going on with you today, Jace?” he asked, stuffing his clipboard under his arm and pushing his phone into his pocket.

“Nothing, sir,” I said, glaring at Carter, who disappeared into the locker room and wiping the sweat from my forehead. Sure, Coach might’ve been worried about me, but I was fine. Completely fucking fine.

“I saw you staring over at the girls,” he said, nodding to the cheerleaders. I lifted my gaze and met Allie’s eyes. One of her brows was arched as she stared at me, her book resting in her lap. I clenched my jaw, remembering how my hand felt around her throat last night. Her pulse was so fast, racing underneath my palm, as she stared up at me through those glasses of hers... God, I wanted to see her staring up at me like that through them, my cock stuff—

“Don’t let those cheerleaders distract you, son,” Coach continued.

I shook my head and tore my gaze away from her. What the fuck was I even thinking? She was my annoying-ass, bratty stepsister. Nothing more than that, and she’d never be more than that.

“Keep up your training, and you’re going to make it to big places,” Coach said, giving me a strong smile. “I see you in the NFL, playing this game for the rest of your life.”

I stared at him, pressed my lips together, and nodded, trying not to show him just how much it meant to me that someone believed I could make it, that this wasn’t all just a big waste of my time like Dad thought.

When he let me go shower, I sauntered into the locker room, knowing that Coach never thought this about anyone else on our team and maybe not even during his twenty-five years coaching football at Redwood. We had a good team, some guys made it into big colleges, but nobody made it to the NFL.

I tore off my jersey and tossed it into my locker, sweat dripping down my abdomen. “Party at my place tonight, boys,” I said, because I needed something to forget about Nicole and to get my mind off Miss Know-It-All who I’d have to deal with for the next two weeks. “Don’t be late.”

ALLIE

It was Thursday night, I had a biology test tomorrow that I needed to ace, and all I could hear was loud music blaring through the house from all the way in the living room. The stench of pot drifted through the hallways, under my door, into *my* room, driving me insane.

Imani laid on her stomach, tapping through PowerPoint slides on her computer. Since mine had broken because of the rain, I was stuck with a print-out copy of them and this 300-pound textbook.

“Jesus Christ, I’m going to kill him,” I said under my breath.

“Why don’t we stop for tonight? We’ve been at this for six hours now,” Imani said. I glanced over at her and nearly smiled. She was stunning, and I knew people said that about their best friends all the time, but it was true. Piercing green eyes against her flawless light brown skin, ugh, I was so jealous of her genes. All I got was terrible vision, thighs decorated with stretch marks, and 24/7 frizzy hair.

I frowned and slumped back in my seat, knowing that stopping was probably a good idea.

“Or, if you want, you can come to my place to study,” she said.

“No, it’s fine.” I threw my papers onto my desk. “I’ll just fail.”

Imani rolled her green eyes and shook her head, her curls bouncing all over the place. “Girl, stop. We all know that you’re going to get over a 100,

especially with all the extra credit that Barnes gives.” She pushed her laptop into her backpack. “And if you don’t, you can always ask Barnes *for* more extra credit. You’re hot enough to seduce him.”

I nearly choked. “Ew, gross. He’s like seventy.”

Imani giggled. “All I’m saying is that you don’t even have to *work* for that A+, just shake a little ass,” she said, shaking her hips for emphasis.

After gathering all her things, we walked down the hall to the living room. The music got louder the closer we got, smoke sitting heavily in the air. “I can’t wait to get out of this shitty town,” I said under my breath, staring at all of Jace’s friends who were littered and drunk in our living room.

The entire cheer squad—except Nicole—was in the living room with their tits nearly hanging out of their tops and dancing on guys that they were way too good for. I was all for being a bratty slut, but damn, some of these athletes didn’t even shower.

I shook my head and entered the room, grasping Imani’s hand. People in this town were either filthy rich like Jace and his father or dirt poor like I used to be. There was no in between. And while the rich might’ve thought that they were better than the rest of us, they hadn’t been to the poor side of town. The side where Poison hung out. They ruled the poor, did favors for the rich, ruined people’s lives, all to make a quick buck and to get the hell out of this town one day too.

“You can come back to my place for the night,” Imani offered again, tugging on the straps of her backpack.

I pushed people out of the way to get us to the front door and made eye contact with Jace’s best friend, Jamal. My gaze lingered for a moment longer than it should’ve, but I quickly pulled it away, my cheeks flushing.

“Well, I guess that’s a no.” Imani laughed. “Just be careful with him. You know how guys like him act. He’s just like your stepbrother, will break your heart too, if you let him.”

“Jace didn’t break my heart,” I said through clenched teeth. Memories of

sophomore year flooded my mind, and I shivered. I opened the front door and a couple more people stumbled into the house. It wasn't just any people, but the three notorious Poison boys.

One of them, Landon, looked Imani up and down as he passed, and Imani's cheeks flushed even more than mine had. She tucked some hair behind her ear and looked down at the ground.

"And you're telling *me* to be careful," I said, narrowing my eyes at her. "The Poison boys are no good. You should know that."

Imani tried to play it off by rolling her eyes. "I know. Don't worry about me."

After waving her off, I made eye contact with Jamal again and walked toward the kitchen to grab some water before I went back upstairs to try to study more. Jamal appeared a few moments later with a can of beer.

"You want a drink?" Jamal said, handing me an unopened can of beer.

I pushed it back. "No, thanks. I have a test tomorrow morning."

Jamal smiled at me and stepped closer, one foot between mine, his fingers brushing against my forearm. "Come on, Allie," he said, his voice deep. He leaned down closer to me. "One won't hurt."

I stared up into those dark brown eyes. "One leads to two and two leads to me having a hangover tomorrow morning and not being able to focus."

He chuckled. "You're no fun," he murmured against my ear.

Was I flirting with another football player after what happened sophomore year with Jace? Maybe. Did I choose to fool around with Jace's best friend because I wanted to spite Jace? Absolutely.

Jace stumbled into the kitchen, pushing a cheerleader off him. "Later, babe." When he saw us, he stopped and clenched his jaw. "Party is out here, Jamal," he said through clenched teeth. He grasped my upper arm and pulled me away from him. "Allie wasn't invited. She should be upstairs studying, shouldn't she?" He glared at me with those evil, sinful eyes filled with so much hatred.

“I’m finished studying,” I lied, in a matter-of-fact tone. I snatched the beer from Jamal. “But I don’t mind going back upstairs.” I glanced at Jamal. “Care to join?”

Jamal took one long look at Jace who was giving him the hardest death stare and stepped to the side. “Maybe some other time, Allie,” he said and then disappeared into the living room.

I clenched my jaw and glared at a smirking Jace. “You think you’re so fucking cool, don’t you? Why don’t you just leave me alone? What is your problem?” I asked through clenched teeth. “You’re always in my love life.”

He leaned around me to grab a beer from the counter, his body too close to mine. “I can’t be in something that doesn’t exist,” he said.

I huffed and opened my beer, taking a huge gulp of it and wanting to relax. “Says the guy who can’t keep a girlfriend,” I said, blowing out a breath.

He growled and grasped my jaw harder than he did last night, pushing me hard against the counter. “Says the girl who hasn’t had a boyfriend her entire life. You must be really lonely, spending every night alone... Haven’t been touched by a man in, what? One, two years?” He chuckled menacingly at me. “You know, if I remember correctly, I was the last person to touch that pussy of yours, wasn’t I?”

I thrust my beer at him, making it spill all over us both. “You drive everyone I like away because you’re an annoying asshole.”

“That didn’t answer my question.” He tightened his grip and stepped closer to me, his cock pressed against the side of my hip, his lips against my ear. “I am, aren’t I? There’s no harm in admitting that you try to get on my nerves every day to get it again.”

“You’re drunk,” I whispered, knowing that everything he was saying may or may not have been true. But I would never admit it. He was my stepbrother, which made everything so much more complicated.

“And you’re a brat,” he said into my ear, making me shiver. All I could

feel was the heat rushing to my core, making me feel things that I really shouldn't feel. "You know what I like to do to brats."

Someone walked into the kitchen, half-drunk off his ass, and I pushed Jace away. "I'm going to go study," I said. "Take your damn beer." I thrust the can into his hand and hurried through the kitchen and back toward my bedroom.

Study.

As if I wasn't going to lock myself in my bedroom and touch myself for the next damn hour, thinking about *Jamal*. Definitely not Jace. Not his hands running up my sides or his fingers dipping into my pussy or his raspy breath in my ear.

ALLIE

“**Y**ou’re fucking kidding me,” I said, hurrying after Mom through the spacious hallways. It was Friday night, and she broke the worst possible news to me. My day was going great. I had definitely aced that test, Jamal texted me about going out with him this weekend despite Jace breaking us up last night, and I found out that Nicole cheated on Jace.

I thought cheating was the shittiest thing someone could do, but Jace was also the most annoying prick I had met and had been tormenting me for the past two freaking years. He deserved to hurt just as bad as he hurt me.

“You’re really going to leave me with *him* for the next two weeks while you and Harlan are gone? Why didn’t you tell me this sooner, so I could’ve made plans with Imani?”

“Because, dear, me and Harlan want you and Jace to get along.” Mom stopped in the hallway with her suitcases and everything. “Oh, dear, I almost forgot my sunglasses.” She hurried back toward her bedroom, completely ignoring me.

I followed after her with my arms crossed over my chest. “Mom. Please. He’s going to party the whole time and have girls over and... ugh...” I wrinkled my nose and shivered at the thought.

“It’ll be fine, sweetheart,” Mom said, grabbing her sunglasses and

pushing past me to hurry down the hallway again. “Your stepfather told him to behave. There will be no partying, no alcohol, and certainly no girls.”

I rolled my eyes. Sure, that’s what he would say. But I bet he’d be sleeping with another one of his whores as soon as they left the house.

Harlan and Jace were standing in the living room, waiting for Mom, when we made it downstairs. Jace glanced at me when I walked in, those cruel eyes lingering on me. His arms were crossed over his chest, making his biceps bulge. His hair, though usually slicked back with grease like all frat boys’ hair, was soft today, a strand of it falling against his forehead. And his lips—that I definitely didn’t think about while *studying* last night—were curled into a smirk.

“Honey, we should get going,” Mom said to Harlan.

I pressed my lips together and pulled out my phone, typing to my best friend, Imani, that I would be staying at her house every single night for the next two weeks, because I would *not* be staying here.

Harlan grabbed Mom’s suitcase, carrying it to the door. I stood in the middle of the living room, fuming. How could they do this to me? How could they leave me with such an idiot? Did they not see how terrible Jace was for me?

Without even acknowledging all my problems with this, Mom and Harlan hopped into their car and sped down the street, leaving me alone with Jace. I was used to being alone with him for a few hours, but not two entire weeks.

“Looks like it’s just me and you,” Jace said, lips curled into a smirk.

His dark brown eyes were on me, giving me that look he had given me so many damn times before. I sucked in a breath, crossed my arms over my chest, and turned away from him. I couldn’t spend two weeks here. I’d lose more than my mind.

“Stay out of my hair, and I’ll stay out of yours,” I said to him. Then I turned on my heel and started back toward my room to gather my clothes for the next two weeks. If Imani didn’t have room for me, I’d sleep in a hotel.

Jace snatched my arm and yanked me back. “You’re not going anywhere.”

I tried to pull myself away from him, but he held me tighter. “Let me go.”

“I have plans for us.”

“I’m not doing anything with you.”

He smirked even wider. “Oh, Allie, did I say you had a choice?” He wrapped a hand around my throat and pulled me to him until my chest was pressed against his. “You fucked me over one too many times. Have just been waiting for me to lose it, haven’t you?”

I clenched my jaw. “No.” Maybe.

Something about him was screaming at me to run back to my bedroom and lock the door, because being this close to him was surely not going to turn out good. He had that same look on his face he did two years ago when he asked me to *hang out*, and I stupidly said yes.

“No?” he asked, harshly brushing his thumb against my jaw and forcing me to look up into his dark eyes. “Sounds like you need to learn some fucking respect.”

I yanked myself out of his grip and stormed to my room. “Fuck you, Harbor.”

He followed after me, his strides longer and quicker than mine. I went to slam my bedroom door in his face, when he placed a firm hand on it and pushed it back open. “Get out of my room!” I yelled, jaw clenched. I hurled my phone onto the bed and slammed my hands into his taut chest. “Get out.”

He grabbed my hands and stepped closer to me. “Maybe I should teach you some respect, some manners.”

My cheeks flushed ever so slightly because part of me wanted to know *how* he would teach me. Would he push me into my bedroom, bend me over the bed, and take me finally? Two years. Two fucking years, and this hadn’t changed between us.

“You’re gross,” I said, watching his jaw twitch.

He growled under his breath, pushed me onto my bed, and stalked toward me. My eyes widened, heart pounding against my chest. His muscles flexed hard under his shirt, his cock pressed hard against his grey sweatpants.

I hated him. I hated him. I hated him.

“Jace,” I said, voice shaking.

I hated him, but I made no move to stop him. I didn’t push him away. I didn’t scream at him to stop looking at me with those sinful brown eyes. I didn’t want him to stop. Maybe I was fucked up, but I wanted my stepbrother to finally give in after two years of torture.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Emilia Rose is an international bestselling author of steamy paranormal romance. Highly inspired by her study abroad trip to Greece in 2019, Emilia loves to include Greek and Roman mythology in her writing.

She graduated from the University of Pittsburgh with a degree in psychology and a minor in creative writing in 2020 and now writes novels as her day-job.

With over 18 million combined story views online and a growing presence on reading apps, she hopes to inspire other young novelists with her story of growth and imagination, so that they go on to write the stories that need to be told.

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