

## **Addicted To His Deep Love novel by Vency**

### **Chapter 1 The Stepmother's Plot**

Darkness fell.

The two Rivera sisters were about to get married at the same time.

Wearing a white lace dress, Natalie Rivera looked at her reflection in the mirror. Her makeup was delicate and her eyes shone with happiness.

Today, she was going to marry Rowley O'Brien.

They had been in love for a year now and were finally tying the knot.

"Natalie, you're so lucky. You're marrying into the O'Brien family, an aristocratic family in Bloridge."

Wearing the exact same wedding dress, Alisha Rivera walked in and spoke in a voice dripping with sarcasm.

Seeing how beautiful her sister looked, Alisha was green with envy. How she wished she could scratch Natalie's pretty face!

Natalie's expression hardened. "I also want to congratulate you, Alisha. You're going to be Jarvis Braxton's fourth wife soon. By the way, I heard that he was seriously injured in a car accident recently and that he couldn't walk and was dying in a couple of years. If you marry him, you'll be a widow soon."

"Natalie Rivera!"

Alisha was so angry that her face turned purple. At the thought that she was going to marry a disabled man while Natalie was going to marry into the O'Brien family, she clenched her fists fiercely.

"Natalie, you don't know what the future holds for us. Do you really think that you'll be Mrs. O'Brien forever?"

"Natalie, Alisha, you're here!" Carrying two cups of coffee in her hands, Flora Rivera strode in with a smile. "Have some caffeine in your system first. The grooms' cars are still on the way."

The hypocritical smile on her stepmother's face made Natalie frown. They had lived under the same roof for over a decade. How could she not know what kind of person Flora was?

Natalie took solace in the fact that she would be moving out of the house soon and wouldn't have to see Flora and her daughter anymore, so she took the cup of coffee, albeit hesitantly.

"Thanks." Natalie only took a sip.

"You're welcome, dear." Seeing that Natalie drank some, Flora breathed a sigh of relief. "Although you're not my biological daughter, I've always treated you as my own. I'm sad that you're going to be leaving us."

Flora's eyes welled up with tears as she spoke.

Natalie resisted the urge to roll her eyes. No wonder this woman had won the title of the Best Actress; she truly was talented in acting.

When Natalie was eight years old, her mother passed away. In less than a month, her father brought Flora and Alisha home. Alisha was only one month younger than Natalie.

Only then did Natalie realize that her father had long since betrayed her mother.

"Ma'am, the O'Brien family's car is here," a servant knocked on the door and updated Flora.

"Oh!" Flora grinned. She winked at the servant and ordered, "Elva, take Natalie to the car."

Hearing this, Natalie stood up but suddenly felt a little dizzy. Her vision was blurred, so she could only let the servant lead the way.

A black car was parked at the gate. The servant, Elva, put Natalie in the back seat.

From the balcony, Flora watched as the car pulled away. Her smile deepened.

"Mom, are you sure this is going to work? What if Natalie finds out that something's wrong?" Alisha asked, fidgeting with her dress anxiously.

"Don't worry, my dear. I've taken care of everything. She will take your place and marry into the Braxton family."

It turned out that the black car belonged to the Braxton family, not the O'Brien family.

Alisha was unconvinced. "But how will I deceive Rowley tonight?"

Flora reminded Alisha cautiously, "As long as you have sex with Rowley tonight, the O'Brien family won't be able to do anything about it. Remember, don't let them see your face."

"Okay, Mom." Then, Alisha's expression darkened, her eyes filled with jealousy and hatred. "Mom, I have to make Natalie's life a living hell. Then she'll know the consequences of stealing my man."

Flora sneered coldly. "I doubt that Natalie will survive tonight. Do you know what happened to Jarvis' ex-wives? They all disappeared mysteriously."

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Sitting in the back seat of the car, Natalie still felt extremely dizzy. Her body temperature kept rising, and her cheeks were burning red.

She thought about the coffee Flora had given her and had a sinking feeling.

Only then did she realize that she had fallen right into Flora's trap.

Flora must've spiked her coffee with a drug.

Looking out the window, Natalie noticed that they weren't headed in the direction of the O'Brien family's residence. She immediately became vigilant and panicked.

"Stop the car! Stop the car right now!" Natalie shouted at the driver anxiously. "Who are you? Where are you taking me?"

Hearing this, the driver looked at her in the rearview mirror with visible confusion. "Miss Rivera, I'm the Braxton family's driver. I was sent to pick up Mr. Braxton's bride."

"What? The Braxton family?"

It suddenly dawned on Natalie.

Flora's plan was to make her replace Alisha and marry Jarvis!

"Stop the car now! I'm going to marry into the O'Brien family! You've made a mistake!"

She didn't want to marry into the Braxton family. She refused to let Flora and Alisha succeed.

But the drug's effect on her body made her feel extremely uncomfortable. Clearly, Flora not only wanted her to marry into the Braxton family but also wanted to destroy her life completely.

"Stop the car now!" Natalie tried her best to stay sober and shouted in a low voice.

"Miss Rivera, we're almost there. What are you doing?"

The driver was shocked when Natalie suddenly opened the door and jumped out of the car.

She rolled on the ground several times before coming to a complete stop. The severe pain sobered her up immediately.

"Miss Rivera, please get back in the car!"

Seeing that the driver pulled over and jumped out to chase after her, Natalie gritted her teeth and limped away, enduring the searing pain.

The pain was what was keeping her mind clear.

Natalie was anxious. She knew the dire consequences if she was caught.

"Miss Rivera, please don't run! Come back with me!"

Hearing the driver's shouts from behind her, Natalie ran even faster. She was so anxious that she almost cried out loud. She didn't want to marry Jarvis.

It was late at night, enveloping the land in darkness. Natalie could tell that the driver was quickly closing the gap between them. Worse yet, the dizziness in her head was almost unbearable.

Natalie was so overcome with desperation that she didn't know where to run. Suddenly, she saw a black car parked not far away. A man in a casual suit was leaning against it, busy talking on the phone.

Just as the man was about to get in the car and leave, Natalie limped over with the last of her strength. She begged, "Help me, please. Help me..."

Stunned, the man looked at Natalie with his deep-set eyes.

At this time, the man on the other end of the line was shouting anxiously, "Your bride is about to arrive. Why aren't you here yet?"

"Shut up!" Without giving the caller a chance to retaliate, the man hung up the phone expressionlessly.

At the same time, the driver ran over. Natalie didn't have the time to think. She opened the door and got in the car. She pressed her palms together and pleaded, "Please help me! I'm begging you!"

The driver approached the car. "Miss Rivera, please come out of the car. We're running very late."

The driver was shocked when he saw the man's face clearly.

Before he could say anything more, the man cast a cold glance at the driver and barked, "Fuck off!"