

In Love With My Evil Stepbrother Chapter 51

In Love With My Evil Stepbrother

Chapter 51

Chương 51: Bị hạ gục

Natalia's POV

Người mà tôi sợ nhất – người mà tôi nghĩ rằng tôi sẽ không bao giờ gặp lại – xuất hiện ngay trước mắt tôi.

Đó là Zack!

Tại sao anh ta lại ở đây? Anh ấy không nên ở bệnh viện sao? Tôi đã nghĩ luật sư gia đình của chúng tôi sẽ chăm sóc cho anh ta. Tại sao anh ta lại có mặt trong bữa tiệc kỷ niệm của mẹ tôi ???

Một câu cảm thán ngắn thoát ra khỏi môi tôi và tôi ngay lập tức quay người bỏ chạy. Nhưng chiếc áo dài quái đản của tôi đã giữ tôi lại, khiến tôi loạng choạng và ngã. Tôi sợ đến mức bắt đầu bò đi bằng chân và tay. Nhưng đột nhiên một bàn tay lạnh lẽo bắt lấy mắt cá chân của tôi từ phía sau.

“Ahhh,” tôi sợ hãi kêu lên, đá vào chân và cố gắng thoát ra khỏi anh ta.

“Không! Không có Natalia! Suyt... .Xin hãy nghe tôi!” anh ta xa lánh tôi và cầu xin. “Tôi xin lỗi, nhưng tôi không có ý làm hại! Làm ơn tin tôi. Tôi vô cùng xin lỗi vì những gì tôi đã làm!”

Tôi nửa sốc và nửa khiếp sợ. Anh ấy nhanh chóng buông mắt cá chân của tôi ra và dang rộng đôi tay của mình, thể hiện sự chân thành của mình.

“Tại sao bạn ở đây?” | siết chặt váy của tôi và hỏi một cách nghiêm khắc. “Em tưởng anh vẫn đang ở bệnh viện! Không phải anh bị gãy xương sườn hay sao?”

“T-tôi không bị thương nặng như cậu nghĩ, OK? Luật sư của tôi nói với tôi rằng tình trạng thương tích nặng hơn sẽ giúp ích cho trường hợp của tôi vì tôi là người vi phạm... nhưng điều đó không hiệu quả lắm. Luật sư gia đình của bạn đã thực sự tốt.”

Bụng tôi quay cuồng và tôi cảm thấy buồn nôn, “Bạn đã giả mạo báo cáo y tế của mình?”

Tôi cứ đánh giá thấp anh ta vô liêm sỉ như thế nào.

“Cứ đi đi,” tôi nói với anh ta. “Hãy rời đi ngay bây giờ và tôi sẽ không báo cáo với đội an ninh... nếu không nếu ông Ramirez và Eason biết bạn đang ở đây, họ sẽ buộc bạn phải loại bỏ.”

“Bạn nghĩ rằng tôi sợ họ ?!” anh ấy chụp và làm tôi giật mình. Tôi nhanh chóng lùi lại một bước.

“Không... xin lỗi, tôi đang có tâm trạng tồi tệ, và tôi đã mất bình tĩnh từ lúc nào,” anh lướt ngón tay qua mớ tóc rối bù của mình rồi xoa mặt. Anh ta có vẻ kiệt sức và thất vọng, “Cô không biết, Natalia ... cô không biết họ đã làm gì với tôi.”

Tôi nuốt nước bọt và cứng lại, “Dù họ đã làm gì, bạn có thể xứng đáng với điều đó.”

“Có thật không?” anh cười chua chát. “Bạn nghĩ rằng công ty của tôi đáng bị phá sản? Tôi đáng bị đuổi khỏi trường? Gia đình tôi có đáng bị cuốn hết tài sản không? Và em gái mang bầu của tôi đáng sống trên đường phố? ”

Mắt tôi mở to và tôi không nói nên lời.

Tôi biết rằng Eason đã khiến gia đình anh ấy phá sản nhưng để anh ấy phải bỏ học và em gái anh ấy vô gia cư? Có phải... nhiều không?

Tôi đang trong trạng thái xuất thần trong một giây và anh ấy nhanh chóng nắm lấy cơ hội này để nắm lấy tay tôi, “Natalia làm ơn! Làm ơn giúp tôi. Tất cả những gì tôi làm trong quá khứ đều là lỗi của tôi. Lừa dối bạn, nói những điều khó chịu với bạn, ép buộc bạn trên đường phố... tất cả là tôi. Nhưng bạn có thể vui lòng nói chuyện với Eason và đừng để họ nhốt tôi không? Nếu bị nhốt thì gia đình tôi không còn nguồn tài chính nào khác! ”

Cơn giận dữ của anh ấy làm tôi kinh ngạc. Tôi thu mình lại và tránh đôi mắt đỏ ngầu của anh ta.

Tôi thực sự cảm thấy tiếc cho anh ấy. Nhưng tôi cũng biết rằng Eason đã làm những điều đó cho tôi. Tôi không thể chọn sai ngay bây giờ và quay lại đâm anh ta.

“Bình tĩnh, được không?” Tôi cố gắng nói một số giác quan vào anh ấy. “Tôi sẽ thử nói chuyện với Eason, nhưng tôi nghi ngờ anh ấy sẽ lắng nghe tôi. Bạn chỉ cần về nhà ngay bây giờ. Bạn ở đây sẽ không thay đổi bất cứ điều gì. ”

But Zack suddenly raises his voice. “No! You will take me inside and bring him to me! I don’t believe you rich bastard. If you want to help me, do it now!”

Rich bastard? He should call himself that!

Irritation surges up in me as I frown deeply looking at him. If guests find out that I have a mad ex boyfriend coming to the party and making a scene, it'll be the end for both me and my mom. God knows how they will gossip after that.

"No, Zack. You need to go home now," I harden my tone. "I'll think about helping you out but that is it! You don't get to tell me what to do. Those days are over, and I will not take more shits from you!"

He lapses into silence, his head down.

Just when I thought he has quitted talking nonsense, he looks up to me again. His face is lit with an insane and twisted smile.

"So you won't help me, right Nat?" he takes a step closer, almost whispering. "I should have known. You are always a fake, cheap, BITCH."

A shaky cry for help almost escapes my lips, but suddenly a hard knock falls on the back of my neck, causing a sharp pain to spread over my body immediately.

The last thing I saw before falling into the darkness was the burning hatred in his eyes.

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Eason's POV

I stand by the lawn checking my phone.

The party is about to start, and she said that she would save her first dance to me. So where is she now?

An unsettling feeling appears, and I decide to call her again. But suddenly my phone is taking away from me.

"What are you doing man?" James appears, followed by Katherine. Their parents are friends to my dad, so naturally they are invited as well. This is a small town.

I snatch my phone back from him and grumble, "fuck off."

Katherine looks sideways and asks, "Where is Nat by the way? Haven't seen her since I got here."

"How would I know?" I roll my eyes. Yet the uneasy feeling in my heart intensifies.

They stay with me for a while and then are summoned back by their parents, as I keep standing by the dance floor, distracted. My eyelids keep twitching for no reasons, making me even more edgy.

“Eason.”

Someone calls me from behind. I turn around and find it’s my mom. Not now. I don’t have the energy for her now.

Yet she walks up to me and stands by my side. “Eason, the girl I want you meet is here today. So, I was hoping that you could invite her for your first dance.”

“What?” I frown. “No, forget it. I already have a dance partner.”

She raises her eyebrows. “And who is that?”

grit my teeth and stay in silence,

“Tôi không đòi hỏi nhiều. Chỉ cần một điệu nhảy và bạn sẽ làm quen với cô ấy. Cô ấy rất đáng yêu. Ai biết? Bạn có thể thực sự thích cô ấy. Cô ấy đúng hơn- ”

“Bạn sẽ không chỉ im lặng một lần!” Tôi cáu kỉnh.

Mẹ tôi dừng lại, có lẽ bị sốc. Cả đời này chưa từng có ai nói chuyện với cô ấy như vậy.

“Xin lỗi cho tôi hỏi?” Cô ấy đột nhiên nắm lấy cánh tay tôi, móng tay dài cắm sâu vào da thịt tôi. ‘Anh sẽ để ý cái lưới của mình, anh bạn trẻ. Bởi vì tất cả những gì tôi đã làm là cho bạn, và bạn nên biết ơn! Bây giờ, hãy chỉnh đốn lại bộ đồ của bạn và đi mời một cô gái phù hợp để khiêu vũ!’ ”

Tôi muốn hét lại với cô ấy. Nhưng giây tiếp theo, ban nhạc bắt đầu chơi, và tôi thấy ông bà Ramirez nhảy điệu bộ xuống sàn nhảy. Không lâu nữa, sẽ đến lượt tôi. Nhưng tôi bị mẹ đè xuống cổ họng. Và điều tồi tệ nhất là, Natalia vẫn chưa được tìm thấy.

Chương trước

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Chapter 52

Chapter 52: Kidnap

Eason’s POV

A spotlight hits me and people are turning their heads at my direction. I vaguely hear the host's voice coming from the distance, asking me to take my dance partner and join the dancefloor.

"Eason!" mom grits beside my ear, pinching my arm. "Go invite the girl now. Or you will regret it later."

She is pushing me. I know if I say yes, I will become her puppet once again, which is exactly what she wants.

I take in a deep breath and pull myself free from her grasp, taking a step back.

"Mom," I meet eyes with her. "I don't care if she's a princess or the daughter of the richest man on earth, I won't dance with her."

There is only one person I want to share my first dance with

And she is not here.

"Don't be stupid, Eason! As the Ramirez's heir, you have a responsibility to-"

I cut her off, "Mom, stop fucking control me. I am the Ramirez's heir. Not you."

Her lips part slightly in shock. She's obviously astonished by my outrageous words. But I don't give a damn. She can go nuts all she wants after the party. Right now, I have a more important thing to do.

Then, with everyone staring, I turn around and leave. I hear buzzing whispers behind me but so what? I can try to be a part of this party for her sake, but if she's not here, I might as well just drop the act.

Right now, all guests and guests are gathered at the lawn, so everywhere else is deadly silent. I dash across the hall, going upstairs and break into her room.

No, she isn't there.

A thousand crazy ideas whiz past my mind. My palms are sticky with cold sweat.

Where can she be? She is not answering my calls either. Did something bad happen?

But this place is heavily secured since we have some really important people on the guest list. So what could possibly happen to her?

I take in a deep breath and try to calm myself down. She wanted to be alone when she left me so she must have gone to somewhere quiet

I turn around and head back downstairs again. I check the kitchen first, then go to the backyard. I ask every staff that I run into.

But nothing. No one has seen her.

"Maybe Miss Moore had already left?" Our butler suggests. "I saw a few cars leaving earlier."

"No, impossible. She would have told me first," I shake my head irritably. She promised to dance with me on the party.

Or maybe...maybe she decided to break her promise. Nevertheless, she was seriously pissed when she left me because how my families had treated her.

Fuck. I silently curse them. All my relatives are a bunch of stupid fuckers.

Suddenly I hear two staffs whispering as they walk past me.

"...the delivery guy should have arrived a long time ago. Where is he?"

"No idea. His trolley was left in the parking lot. No one has seen him. How weird is that?"

Something occurs to me in a split of second.

I snap my head back and grab one of them. The man is startled when he sees me.

"C-can I help you with anything sir?" he stutters.

"Which delivery guy!" I snap, tightening my grip. "Where is he!"

The butler comes in between us and tries to calm me down, "It's nothing important. You don't need worry about that, Mr. Ramirez."

"No, just fucking listen to me!" | grit out word by word."-where did he leave his trolley?"

Natalia's POV

I gradually wake up from a painful slumber.

I feel like my skull is being cut open by a chainsaw and my neck has been scattered into a thousand pieces.

"You are awake."

A low and bleak voice rings from above my head and I snap my eyes open instantly.

This is a small and dimly lit room with almost no furniture. I'm lying on the damp floor with my hands tied up and there's a chair a few feet away from me. Someone is sitting on it right now.

It's Zack.

Suddenly, everything that happened before came back to me at once.

"Are you fucking crazy?!" I yell, struggling to sit up from the ground. "What are you doing? Are you kidnapping me? If you think this is going to get you what you want, then you are-"

He suddenly sprang out of his chair and start roaring to my face, "Shut up! SHUT UP!! You don't tell me what to do bitch! So just SHUT THE FUCK UP!!!"

I've never seen him like this before. Like a crazy beast. It scares the shit out of me.

He clenches his fists and takes a step closer to me. I quickly move back with my butt and feet, but he launches forward and grabs a hand full of my hairs before I get away.

"No! L-let go of me!" I cry out in pain.

He forces my head up and lands a hot slap on my cheek, "You wish slut!"

My vision becomes blur for a moment and something hot rushes out of my nose. It took me a second to realize that my nose is bleeding.

"Listen to me you fucking whore," he squeezes my face. "You better wish the Ramirez is willing to pay me a shit load of money to get you out of here. Otherwise, you are going down with me!"

The blood runs down into my mouth and I can't even spare a hand to wipe it. This is probably the most awkward moment in my life.

Yet I don't want to anger him further, so I soften my tone and say, "OK you can try calling Mr. Ramirez. But you better not be too greedy with the ransom. I'm only his stepdaughter."

To my surprise, a twisted, ugly smile appears on his face.

"Mr. Ramirez? Who said anything about calling the old one?" he sneers. "I called Eason Ramirez. Nevertheless, he's the one fucking you right?"

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Chapter 53

Chapter 53: Licked by Snake

It's like a bucket of ice water being poured down my head.

How can he possibly know about this?!!!

Zack narrows his eyes and studies my face. Thought I tried everything to hide my panic, the look of surprise must be pretty obvious.

A few seconds later, he lets out short sneer.

"I wasn't sure until just now," he pats my face dismissively. "You are really a cheap whore, Natalia Moore. So basically anyone can get into your pants right? As long as they pay you the right amount. You are no more than a prostitute, selling out your pussy for coins,"

My teeth are chattering. Every word that comes out is shattered. "H-how do you,"

"How do I know about this? It's so fucking obvious alright? He was very protective of you. No one could have done the same thing for his stepsister. You two were definitely fucking."

Suddenly, a cold and evil smile appears on his face.

"So, what was it like to be fucked by the Ramirez's only heir? The golden dick must really taste differently huh? You were such a prude when you are with me. Yet you threw yourself right into his arms the moment we broke up. I guess money really can make you spread your legs. You like how he filled your empty hole??"

He picks up a lock of my hairs and starts sniffing it. A weird and satisfying look takes over his face. I can't stop shivering as disgust surges up in me.

"No...! Let go of me!" I cry out, disgusted by his behavior.

“Quiet!” he roars, landing another hard slap on my face. “See, you are doing it again! Turning me away and shutting me down! Everyone keeps shutting me down! But the world seems wide open to people like him! Fuck him. Fuck you all!!”

I am so scared. He looks like a lunatic. Yet I also can't help but feel angry at the same time.

How can he blame everything on us? His own terrible personality caused all his tragedies, not us! Is he capable of anything else except blaming others??!

Fury clouds my mind. Suddenly, I spat hard in his face.

“You..!”

Although afraid, I still manage to utter these following words, “You are pathetic Zack. A pathetic loser. That's why the world keeps shutting doors on you. Because that's what it is like to be a pathetic loser!”

Bang!

He grabs my hairs and knocks my head hard against the ground. And then again, and again! My forehead starts bleeding as I scream in pain. And the next second, he grabs the hem of my dress and rips it open.

“Shut your mouth bitch,” he sneers coldly while pressing my face down to the ground. “Let's see if your hole got any tighter after being filled by the golden dick.”

“Wait-no..!”

His hand creeps into my dress, his sticky palm rubbing against my naked skin. I pant in panic, getting goosebumps all over my skin. I'd rather be skinned alive than having him touch me like this!

Chetan 63cked by Snake

“Zack! Stop-no!” I scream, “This isn't going to get you what you want!”

“No. But it makes me feel very good,” he chuckles, his thumb pressing against my core through my panties. “What does he normally do before he fucks you? Does he get you wet first?”

I feel like I'm being licked by a snake, and it makes me sick. But his breathing becomes heavier as he keeps rubbing my private areas. Now I can feel his erection pressed against my butt.

“Fuck. Your body is good as usual,” his rough breathing comes in gasps. “What will our princes think huh? Knowing that his whore is damn wet under me right now?”

I scream and struggle violently. But it’s no use. He easily controls me with one hand and takes out the phone with the other.

My face is pressed closely to the floor, with a mix of blood and dirt on my cheek. I hear him dialing, then after a few seconds, the call is answered.

“Hello Eason,” Zack cackles.

A short pause of silence. Then, a bleak and dangerous voice rings in my ears.

“...You better let her go now.”

It’s him.

It’s his voice. It’s Eason’s voice!

My vision becomes blur at once as tears threaten to fall. I miss him so much, even though we’ve just parted for a few hours.

“But we are having so much fun here Eason,” Zack snorts. “Your little girlfriend is horny. She is wet as a pond of mud right now. Wanna hear her sweet voice right now?”

He brings the phone down to my ear.

I choke up and then blurt out in a strangled voice, “Eason...”

I want him. I want him to hug me in his arms and make me safe again. Then I hear his low and hoarse coming out of the speaker, “...don’t worry babe. I’ll get you out of there.”

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Chapter 54

Chapter 54: Last Words “Great speech,” Zack sneers. “You guys done?”

Eason’s voice becomes cold again, “I’ll give you 30 seconds. State what you want.”

“Ten million USD in traveler’s checks. A car with full tank. No cops. And you must come alone!” Zacks blurts out at once. “Then you can have your little whore back.”

My heart sinks.

Oh my god. Ten million USD!!!

Even if the Ramirez can gather that much money in a short amount of time, how will I ever be able to repay them?

“How touching,” Eason says sardonically. “You talked about how your parents and sister were mistreated. But what now? You are going to abandon them and run away yourself?”

Zack’s jaw tenses and his face twists in anger.

“Do you want her back or not!” he snarls. “Because if not, I can have so much fun with her—”

“One hour,” Eason cuts him off sharply. “And send me your location now. One hour later, I want to see her safe and sound without a scratch. If you dare land a single hand on her, I promise you now, you will die miserably. I will have you skinned alive, chopped into pieces and feed to dogs. I will also make sure your families live in hell. Mark my words.”

Zack shudders. I catch a spasm of fear flitted across his face.

He swallows hard before continuing, “Deal. If you get me what you want, I have no reason to hurt her.”

After hanging up the phone, he quickly sends out our location and then turns to me, his face surly.

“Well. Let’s just wait for your prince charming to show up.”

The next hour is a living hell.

Zack keeps pacing back and forth in the room, checking his phone regularly. I can tell his on edge. Threatening a Ramirez takes a lot of courage. He’s putting everything he has at stake here.

But I’m glad that he has lost his interest in me. So I lie quietly on the floor, resting and wondering about things. Has Eason told anyone about this yet? Has mom noticed that I’m missing?

And how's her anniversary party going so far? I feel terrible that I can't be at her side when she needs me the most.

And oh god... Ten million dollars??? That's freaking insane... Will Eason be able to get that money without drawing Mr. Ramirez's attention?

And if Mr. Ramirez knows about this, is he willing to pay the ransom? I'm only his step-daughter. 1

My mind is a mess.

And yet, in spite of everything, I never doubt the fact that Eason will try everything he can to get me back. I trust him. With all my heart.

And all that's left is to wait.

I don't know how long it has been. Half an hour? Or a full hour maybe? Suddenly, Zack snaps his head towards me and growls, "he's late!"

My body tense up immediately. The frustration on his face is even more obvious, which is a bad sign.

I quickly sit up and move away from him slightly, "has it been an hour already?" "Yes! An hour and extra five minutes! He is fucking late!" Zack yells. My mind is spinning fast. I need to get him calm down first. "I know he's coming. But probably got caught up at the bank? It takes a long time to get that amount of money. So you have to have some patience..."

"But he said it himself!" Zack roars frantically. "One fucking hour! And now he is late! Why! He won't come, right Natalia? He has called the police!"

I bite my bottom lip. He doesn't seem sane right now. "He won't. He will keep his promise, I swear. Just wait a little longer and—" "No! Stop telling me what to do! Bitch!" Zack strides over and drags me up from the ground roughly. I can feel his hand trembling. He is being eaten alive by fear and desperation. "This is a mistake. A huge fucking mistake," he grunts in a crazy tone. I don't

know if he's talking to me or to himself. "What I'm I thinking? He obviously doesn't care about you. You are only a whore he's been fucking. Why did I get you? You—you are FUCKING USELESS!"

I try to speak but he slaps me again, so hard that I cough out blood. He shouts to me, "Shut up! And move!" He pushes me forward and forces me out through the door. When we are outside, I finally realize that we are at a mountain top cabinet. Judging by the view around, we are probably hundreds of miles away from the city. 1 At this very moment, I finally start to feel despair. ...Eason will never be able to make it on time.

Zack pushes me to the cliff. I take a quick peek downward and feel cold sweat trickling down my spine instantly. If I fall from here, they won't be able to find my body in full piece. Zack grabs my shoulder and forces me to stand on the edge. The wine ruffles his hair and shows his bloodshot eyes, which is now fixed on me full of hatred.

"Any last words?" he grits out,

I close my eyes in desperation. How did we come to this place? When I started dating him, he appears so normal. He even seems like a gentleman. I used to dream about our future once, like going to the same college, living in the same city and starting a family together some day. I never thought, not even for a single second, that one day I would die in his hands. How ironic.

"Is it really worth it?" I ask him with a trembling voice. "If you do this, you will become a murderer. Your life will be ruined. Stop now before it's too late!"

"No, you are wrong. *My* life had been ruined a long time ago, ever since that Ramirez bastard walked all over me."

Then his grip on my shoulder gradually loosens. "Goodbye. Natalia."

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Chapter 55

Chapter 55: Safe and Sound Is this how I am going to die? I can feel Zack's grip gradually loosen and my body is falling backwards. A terrified scream escapes my lips as my entire life suddenly fast-forwards in front of my eyes. I want to tell mom that I wish her a lifetime of happiness; I want to tell dad that I've forgiven him by now and he also deserves to be happy with his new girlfriend; I want to take a look at my friends again, Jenna, Alex, Katherine, and even Eddie...

But most importantly, I want Eason.

I want to hug him once more and let him know my feelings. I love him. And I don't care how the rest of the world sees us. I want to trade in everything I have to be with him. But...everything that I want seems like a luxury now. Yet right at this moment, the roar from the car fills the air. Zack suddenly reaches out and grabs me by the shoulder, pulling me back from the cliff. He murmurs in disbelief, "You hear that?". I fall to the ground, too terrified to utter a single word.

Cold sweats soak my dress. I place my trembling hands on the solid ground and .. clench my fingers. Only then do I realize that I just narrowly escaped death.

A black SUV appears from the bushes with its deafening engine and makes a sharp stop in front of us. I recognize this car as Eason's Benz G-300, one of his luxury collections.

The driver's door flies open, and Eason jumps out of it.

He hasn't changed out of his suit yet and appears extraordinarily out of place in this wilderness, with his black tie and wore back hairs. Yet he looks dashing handsome still. He seems like 007. I thought to myself and then quickly realize how inappropriate this thought is.

Eason slams the door shut and steps forward. His eyes fix on me as a gentle smile touches his lips. "Hey babe," he says in a low voice. "Are you alright?"

I feel my throat constricted. He's finally here. "What took you so long?" I choke in a strangled voice. "Do you know I almost—" "Enough!"

Zack suddenly grabs my hairs and drags my head back, exposing my neck. A sharp blade appears in his hands, and he is pressing it against my throat. I swallow. The blade instantly cut open a thin layer of my skin. Blood quickly trickles down my neck.

Eason's face darkens. He stares at Zack with a dangerous look on his face and threatens, "You better get that away from her now." "Shut up!" Zack's grip tightens as he snaps. "Where's those things I asked for?!" Eason calmly takes out an envelope from his pocket and waves it at Zack, "Right here."

I hold my breath involuntarily. No way...he really got the money.

Zack's body tenses immediately. I can feel his hands shaking with excitement. "Good, good! And...where is my car?"

Eason nods at his Benz G-300, "you can take this if you like."

Zack's eyes range over the shiny SUV and then come to rest on Eason again. Then, he asks with a hesitant yet greedy-filled voice, "...it is a bit high-profile, isn't it?"

Eason shrugs, "I simply took what you asked for. And this car is worth at least \$ 150 thousands dollars. But if you prefer a cheaper one—"

"No no!" Zack says quickly, breathing fast. "This will do. Now, bring the envelope and the car key to me!"

Eason narrows his eyes, "You bring Natalia to me first."

“How do I know if I can trust you!” Zack barks. “OK. How about this then: let’s trade.” Eason takes the envelop and the car key in his hands and puts both of his hands in the air. He takes a careful step towards us, and then another one.

I stare at him, my heartbeat racing. I’ve never felt this nervous in my entire life.

The gap between us gradually closes and the tension is reaching its climax.

Eventually when Eason is a few feet away from us, Zack shouts out, “This is close

enough! Now hand it over. No tricks! I warn you.” Eason nods calmly. My heart jumps to my throat when I see them trade. Eason’s left hand is reaching out to get me. Yet his fingertips barely touch my shoulder when, suddenly, I feel a hard yank at my back.

“Goodbye bitch,” I hear Zack’s voice shaking with malicious pleasure. I slip, my body falling off the cliff. Everything is happening too fast. A horrified scream freezes in my throat.

BANG!

The next second, my body hits hard against the rock wall but it stops falling. Trembling, I open my eyes and realize that I’m hanging in the middle air, a deep dark chasm below my feet.

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Someone grabs me before I fell. Tears streams down my face. I raise my head and look above. Even with a blurry vision, I still recognize his face. His face slightly twists, and veins on his forehead are pulsing. He grabs me with all his might and starts pulling me upwards. But there are many small, slippery rubbles besides the cliff so both of us drop a few inches. I scream in horror and sob, “Ju-just let go!” “What!” he cries furiously. “Are you out of your fucking mind!!” My mind is blank, but I repeat myself, “let me go. Or...or you will end up falling with me!”

He can’t pull me up with how slippery the rock is; if we stay here like this, I’ll drag him down with me. This is a dead end.

“Listen to me. You –you need to let go...I can’t take you down with me...” “Shut up!” he grits out. “If you think I can let you die, then you are fucking *wrong!*”

Tears keep falling. And I can’t even see his face clearly. If this is the end of my life, then I’m not wasting it on arguing with him.

“I-I love you,” I blurt out, sobbing uncontrollably.

He clenches his teeth, muscles on his arms bulging. “Fuck! Do you have to tell me this now???”

I shake my head, crying so hard that I can't say another word. I need to let him know this now or I'll regret this later...or maybe there isn't a "later." "Hey hey, babe. It's alright," he softens his tone. "Look at me. Everything is going to be fine. Just hang in there a few more seconds. Someone will come and help us."

He is lying. I thought. He is just saying this to calm me down. But suddenly I hear quick footsteps approaching. Then a man's voice comes down from above, "Sir! Are you alright?!" "Do I seem alright?" Eason snaps. "Pull us up now!" Finally, I am pulled up with their help. The moment my knees touch the solid ground, I bury my head in his arms and start crying out loud. "Shh, it's OK. You are safe now," he pats my shoulders gently and smiles. "I . thought you've dried up your tears long before." I look up with my watery eyes and find a few men in suit standing next to us. They seem like bodyguards. "So you brought someone?" I ask.

"Yeah, do you think I really came empty-handed? They were just waiting at a distance. The moment they saw my car leaving, they would come up right away." I'm speechless. Then I suddenly remember my speech earlier: asking him to let go and saying I love him... God I'm such an idiot! He sees me blushing and then chuckles. "It's good to know that you love me though." 2

I'm too embarrassed to say a single word.

He places his hand on the back of my head and pulls me in for a quick kiss. Then he whispers to my ear, "But just so you know...if these guys hadn't been here today, I wouldn't have let go either." My heart skips a beat. Does he mean that —

"I love you too," he says, in a solemn tone.

He has told me this before. But now I know he really means it this time. I wrap my arms around his neck and hug him with all my might. He kisses my neck and

hugs me hard too. 2

"Sir." A bodyguard comes to our side, "we might need to go. Our men have eyes on the target." Eason nods at him and helps me up. I take his hand and ask, "Target? Are you talking about Zack?"

Eason snorts, a dangerous gleam flits across his emerald green eyes. "Of course. How can I let him get away with this so easily?" he says quietly, sending a chill down my spine. "Come. Or we'll miss the show."

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