

# Love Until Death Do Us Part Chapter 1

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### Chapter 1

“Newman, you gotta fulfill **your** duty as Yvonne’s husband!”

Cornelia had the door locked from the outside, with a dozen of servants holding it shut.

Newman was sweating buckets, pounding on the door fiercely with his fists..

“Newman, I’m all cleaned up.”

Yvonne, wrapped in a towel, walked out of the bathroom. Newman turned to see her round face covered in horrifying purple scars. The man’s handsome face was twisted with resentment.

Yvonne was a name Newman gave her. She was ugly and dim-witted, couldn’t remember her own name, and after Granny Comelia took her in, some bigwig said she was astrologically compatible with Newman, The old lady didn’t waste a second and decided to marry her off to Newman for good luck.

At that time, Newman was knocking on death’s door, but lo and behold, he actually woke up when Yvonne was sent to the bridal chamber!

Over

the past three months, Newman’s health had improved, but they still hadn’t consummated the marriage.

Looking at Yvonne’s face, Newman found it hard to make a move.

Cornelia had fed him some nourishment to strengthen his energy, and now, burning up, this was it – Yvonne was finally going to get her wish and become his woman!

“Turn off the lights, get in bed, and face away from me.”

“Okay.”

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Yvonne obediently turned off the lights and fumbled her **way** towards him, her bath scent filling the air as she approached.

Newman tossed her onto the bed, without a shred of tenderness.

Now she had what she wanted. The master bedroom was suffocatingly dark, and Yvonne's pained whimpers could **be** heard.

The man on top of her immediately covered her mouth, “Shut it! Do you want to turn me off?”

Yvonne was icy cold and shaking violently. Afterwards, the man had no intention of sticking around. He went into the bathroom, and only when he came out did he turn on the light.

Yvonne got dressed and got off the bed, Newman didn't like having her in the master bedroom. Her legs trembled as she forced herself to leave. Suddenly Yvonne's legs gave out, and she collapsed to the floor.

“Your legs are broken?” The man didn't bother to help her up. He walked past Yvonne and pulled out a stack of papers from the nightstand and drawer.

“Come here and sign this.”

“Newman, my stomach really hurts.”

Was it food poisoning? Her stomach felt sour and bloated.

“I said come here!” The man might look good, but his temper was fierce, “If you can't stand, crawl!”

The light revealed Yvonne's ghastly face and her plump figure, which was covered in the marks of rough handling.

She staggered and crawled over to Newman. The words "Divorce Agreement" glared up at her from the papers.

Yvonne was simple-minded, she couldn't read, "What's this?"

Newman just shoved a fancy pen into her hand. He bent down, the scent of his fresh shower and the strong musk of his hormones enveloping Yvonne

"Right here, write your name. I taught you how to do it before.

He braced himself on the nightstand, almost as if he was embracing her.

Yvonne saw Newman's name on the paper; he had taught her to write her name before they got their marriage license. She also recognized his. And so, she wrote her name next to Newman's once again.

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The signed divorce agreement went back in the drawer, and he warned her, "Don't tell anyone about signing this. It's our little

secret.

Yvonne's face lit up with joy thinking they had a special little secret just between them. She nodded vigorously at the man, naively asking, "names together mean we're husband and wife, right? That we'll have kids and grow old together?"

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The look in the man's eye was pure mockery as he cracked a sexy smirk, "You're such a fool!"

Eight months later, Cornelia passed away.

“I want to see Granny, I need to see her!?”

Yvonne, heavily pregnant, was stopped by the servants at the staircase.

“Ms. Bradshaw, you’re pregnant. Going to the wake could offend Granny’s spirit!”

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servant, stopping her from attending the funeral, also said, “Ms. Bradshaw, you should go back to your room and pack. Mr. Newman Bradshaw has arranged for you to go to Maple Villa for the delivery”

Yvonne asked blankly. “Is Newman coming with me?”

The servant scoffed in disdain, “Are you kidding? Ms. Abbott is back, and she’s pregnant too! Now that Mrs. Cornelia Bradshaw’s gone, nobody can stop Mr. Newman Bradshaw from marrying Ms. Abbott. So you and your kid should just hit the road!”

Yvonne puffed up her cheeks, defiant, “I’m Newman’s wife. He won’t marry someone else!”

The servant was amused by her words, “The person Mr. Newman Bradshaw has been pining for is only Yolanda Abbott! Such a fool, you’ve been nothing but a cheap stand-in from the get-go. A freak like you doesn’t deserve to have Mr. Newman Bradshaw’s baby!”

“That’s nonsense! I’m going to find Newman and he’ll tell you himself how much he’s looking forward to our baby being born!”

Eyes red with emotion, Yvonne, belly and all, made it to the front door. She saw Newman helping another woman inside.

When Newman saw Yvonne, his brow furrowed, “Why hasn’t she been shipped off yet?”

The butler Kent bowed, replying, “We’re **still** packing Ms. Bradshaw’s things.”

“Do it now, get her out of here!”

With Newman’s chilly command, Kent and the bodyguards approached Yvonne.

“Ms. Bradshaw, Mr. Newman Bradshaw has arranged for your stay at Maple Villa for the delivery. Please come with me to the car.” Yvonne shook her head, and hopefully asked, “Newman, will you **be** there with me?”

Before she could finish, a bodyguard clamped a hand over her mouth. Yvonne tried to reach Newman but was dragged further away by the bodyguards.

Yolanda asked Newman with a puzzled look, “Who was that just now?”

Newman, with his dashing looks, didn’t show a **flicker** of emotion. His voice was as detached as could be. “Just a fool, that’s all.”

Yvonne was shoved into the limo. She pounded on the window, she watched as the Bradshaw villa got farther and farther **away**.

Granny **said** that once she had the baby she and Newman would be a real family, never to be separated again.

Newman wouldn’t ditch her. Once the kid was born, she was sure she’d be back by Newman’s side.

The black Maybach wound its way up the mountain road, with Yvonne feeling horribly carsick. Suddenly, the car broke through the guardrail and plunged down the slope!

Instinctively. Yvonne curled up to protect her belly. “Boom!” A loud crash, and the car flipped over on the mountainside.

Yvonne nearly passed out cold. She opened her **eyes**, a trickle of blood mixed with sweat, streaming down her forehead and into her eyes.

In an instant, countless memories flashed through her mind like a slideshow

She remembered everything! She was Athena Dempsey, the cherished daughter of the wealthy Dempsey family of Stardale City!

If it weren't **for** some lowlife's dirty trick, she wouldn't have lost all her memories

She fell head over heels for Newman, and Cornelia had her marry Newman – then a vegetable -for luck

She was pregnant with Newman's child and was over the moon waiting for the baby's arrival. But she had been fooled by Newman into signing a divorce agreement.

From the get-go, she was just a stand-in. Now that his beloved woman was back, she was supposed to step aside and disappear from this world, along with her child!

She crawled out of the twisted car wreck, the driver in the front **seat** already crushed beyond recognition

It started to snow, the flakes blanketing her, amniotic fluid gushing down her legs. Then she spotted a cracked phone not far off.

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She reached out with her hand covered in blood and glass shards, grabbed the phone, and called someone she knew by heart.

Seconds later, in the Sunrise Building of Stardale City, in the CEO's office, Timothy picked up the call.

"Hello?"