

Love Until Death Do Us Part

Chapter 13

A sleek black Cayenne rolled up to the Sunrise Building, and the driver's side door swung open as Newman hopped out.

He popped open a black umbrella and turned to yank open the backseat door. Athena emerged from the car, a dazzling beauty under the daylight, simply out of this world.

She caught a glimpse of a silver Bentley parked not too far **away**. The rain blurred her view of the license plate, so she didn't give it another thought.

Newman, sheltering her with the umbrella, escorted her to the entrance of Sunrise Building.

*No need

to play elevator buddy today. It's your first day on the job as my man Friday, Newman—knock yourself out!"

With a wave, Athena left Newman watching her sashay away, her steps light and carefree.

Newman, stone-faced, climbed back into the sedan. He logged into the app Athena had told him about, which even had the grocery spots picked out for him.

He set the GPS for the New Market, which, despite its name, was the most upscale import market in Stardale City. Meanwhile, in the silver Bentley at the foot of the Sunrise Building, a young man in the backseat ordered, "Follow that car."

The driver promptly responded with a "Yes, sir!"

The vendors at the New Market, Stardale City's swankiest market, were used to butlers from rich families and the occasional celebrity shopper, but a butler as dashing as Newman? That was a first.

When Newman was picking out imported beef at a meat stall, vendors from the fruit and seafood sections couldn't help but gawk from a distance.

As he headed towards the seafood area, stall owners practically sprinted back to their spots.

“He’s coming! The hottie is coming!

Newman got some ribs chopped up and sauced, complete with ginger and scallions on the side.

He bought beef, and the vendor sliced it thin for him.

Shrimp?

The vendor peeled and deveined them, and when Newman mentioned he was making shrimp balls, the guy minced the shrimp for him, practically ready to shape the balls himself.

Carrots and bell peppers? Chopped. When it came to fruit, Newman was charged for a pound even though he got a pound **and a half**

Exiting the market, Newman stuffed the trunk with over twenty bags of groceries.

With all the variety, he didn’t notice the box of contraceptives slipping out of his pocket.

Back in the driver’s seat, Newman **uploaded** photos and receipts to the butler app.

Athena glanced at her phone **and** saw that everything Newman had bought was practically ready to cook—no prep needed, straight into the pot!

Had Newman’s minions done the prep work?

And was there a massive sale at the market today? The shopping bill was cheaper than what other servants had spent in the past.

“Looks like you got extra fruit and veggies?” she texted.

Newman replied, “The extras were freebies from the vendors,”

Athena **was** puzzled.

“And what’s with all the semi-prepared fish **and** meat?”

Newman texted, “The friendly vendors did a little extra work.”

Athena was floored! She remembered taking Kevin grocery shopping, and after a chat with the vendor, he got a box of cherries on the house.

Looks like, indeed, you can live off your looks—Newman’s mug was a hit with everyone at the Market!

“Not only are you a domestic god, Newman, but **you’re** also a champ at pinching pennies! If you’d joined the Dempsey family sooner, you’d have saved us a bundle.”

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Newman thought, “Was that even a compliment?”

He asked Athena, “Got a lot of enemies in Stardale City, do you?”

Athena hit back with three question marks, “Me? The high and mighty princess of Stardale City? Who’d dare make an enemy of

me?”

Newman didn’t reply to her message, just mounted his phone on the holder and stepped on the gas.

As the black Cayenne pulled out of the parking lot, three other cars that had been waiting in various spots started up and tailed Newman.

Newman scoffed dismissively, put on a Bluetooth earpiece, and contacted his people, “Check out the three guys buzzing around behind me, will **ya?**”

The black Cayenne entered Mystic Ridge Villa, and one of the following cars stopped.

Another car made a U–turn.

The third car kept on Newman’s tail right into the estate!

Only a Dempsey family car could get into the villa like that.

Meanwhile, Kevin, at a kindergarten, received a picture on his phone watch from his underlings

“Mr. Kevin, take a gander. This fell out of Newman’s pocket.”

The photo showed the grape–flavored contraceptives.

“Are these grape candies?” Kevin sent a voice message.

The one using the Dempsey family car to tail Athena’s regular black Cayenne was Kevin himself!

After the Bradshaw family head barged into Mystic Ridge Villa that morning. Kevin knew Athena was dealing with it and was worried about her safety, so he had people follow her to keep her safe.

His underling clarified, “It’s a weapon to kill the little ones!”

Kevin gasped, “Newman’s out to get me?”

As Kevin totally y misunderstood, the underling hurriedly corrected, “No, no, it’s for unborn kids!”

Kevin’s face turned even grimmer

Then, the underling in the driver’s seat snapped a photo of Newman getting out of the car.

“Mr. Kevin, this is Newman.”

Shocked, Kevin’s eyes bulged. He’d seen this guy before!

Well, the dude who looked a bit like Kevin was some kind of psycho who’s into offing unborn children?

“What’s this ‘m’ on the box supposed to mean?” Kevin wasn’t great with words on it, but he had the 26 letters of the alphabet

down.

“That’s probably the **size** that Newman uses a lot.”

Kevin was a bit lost. His subordinate seemed suddenly embarrassed to talk about it.

He commanded with authority, “Keep a close eye on this freak, Devil! If you catch wind of him trying to use that weapon on a kid, you better let me know ASAP. We can’t let more kids get hurt!”

His subordinate thought **that** the order Kevin had given was a tough one to swallow.