

Love Until Death Do Us Part

Chapter 17

Kevin got tossed into the kids' room by Kent, and as soon as Kent hit the road, Kevin started tearing the place apart, on the hunt **for** something to take Devil down with.

After a good rummage, he found zilch- not even a toy in sight!

Kevin got his mitts on a fancy purple brush, gave it a twirl, and chucked the pricey thing aside like it was nothing.

Next, he grabbed a color palette, wondering if he could clock Devil with it. Only, it dirtied his hands the moment he touched it, and he dropped it like a hot potato

Boom! Outta nowhere, the skies **opened** up and a downpour started, with lightning splitting the heavens like a camera flash, turning the room blinding white.

Kevin, not scared of much, was petrified of thunder. The moment it boomed, he was all teary-eyed, just itching for a cuddle.

Knock, knock, knock.

Newman said, "Come in."

The door swung open, and the guy sitting on the bed looked up to see a kid clutching a pillow, wobbling into the room.

"It's thundering, I'm scared!"

Newman set his scripture down, his brows knitting together.

"Payne, it's just thunder."

"Payne? What?" Kevin cocked his head. He'd planned on getting close to this dude and then delivering the knockout blow, but was this Devil mistaking him for someone else?

Boom!

Thunder cracked, and Kevin jumped, scrambling onto Newman's bed like a spry monkey

Newman was taken aback, arching an eyebrow, "Payne, what are you doing?"

After Kevin clambered onto the bed, he checked the nightstand and drawers for any of Devil's murder weapons. Only when he was sure there wasn't the kid-killing weapon in sight did he breathe easy.

"It's thunderrrr! I need someone with me!"

Newman's gaze was deep as he eyed the kid hiding by his side.

Other than when Payne **was** still in swaddling clothes and hadn't made it through the danger period, Newman had kept a vigil day and night. Once Payne got better, Newman hadn't shared a bed with his son since.

But now, Payne had unexpectedly stormed into Newman's room and even climbed onto his bed, leaving Newman baffled.

Kaboom!

Purple lightning lit up the bedroom, and Kevin let out a shriek, diving into Newman's arms.

He found the man's embrace so warm, he didn't wanna let go.

Kevin looked up, his big round puppy-dog eyes blinking.

"Uh, why do we kinda look alike?"

Kevin realized this guy must've mistaken him for someone else, but he was also mighty curious about him.

Newman snorted lightly. Was his son turning into a goofball?

But feeling his son's reliance, Newman didn't mind one bit.

"I'm your dad! Who else would you look like?"

Kevin's eyes went wide as saucers; he nestled into the man's chest, mumbling.

His real dad's ashes were long scattered by mom. This guy was definitely not his pops!

But it seemed like he got mistaken for the son of a nutjob Devil.

Thunder roared like a flood from the edge of the sky, and Kevin, lying on Newman's chest, got so comfy he started nodding off.

His voice went all soft and mushy. "Can you tell me a story?"

"What kind?" Newman shot back.

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“Tell me about when Sadako climbs out of the TV.

Newman was speechless.

Who in the world had been feeding Payne such junk stories?

Newman picked up the scripture hook from his lap. “How about I read you some scripture?”

Kevin thought, “What the heck was scripture?”

The next second. Kevin heard Newman chanting in Sanskrit. The words floated out, and **Kevin** started squirming like a demon about to get busted, struggling to break free.

Kevin thought, “Oh my gosh! That’s gotta be Devil’s curse!”

Devil was casting a spell on him! That chant was way more effective than mom’s “The Ring” bedtime story.

Before long, Kevin’s eyes clamped shut, **and** he was out like a light.

Kevin slept in like there was no tomorrow, a real bed hog. On school days, Athena would just haul him into the bathroom, toothbrush ready.

Now, here he was, snoozing in Newman’s bed, while Kent peeked in a few times, nothing but fondness on his face.

The little boy was sleeping so soundly in Newman’s bed, how could he disturb that?

And this was rough on Anna, who had come to Mystic Ridge Villa bright and early to check on Payne’s cold spell.

Newman was in his study, on a conference call with the directors of the Bradshaw Group through his computer.

Anna stood outside in the courtyard, getting roasted by the sun, with nobody inviting her in.

It was only

only after Newman wrapped up his meeting that he stepped out of the study, and his people finally ushered Anna inside

the villa.

“Mr. Gellar heard Mr. Payne’s cold flared up again, so last night he specifically asked me to come and check Mr. Payne’s pulse for peace of mind.” Anna said in her sweet voice, dressed in a women’s business suit, her hair pulled back into a neat ponytail.

Newman, living in Mystic Ridge Villa with Payne, surely needed a top-notch family doctor by his kid’s side.

Anna tried to keep her excitement at bay, eager to be closer to Newman. She was determined to stay close to Newman under the guise of being a family doctor.

Newman instructed Kent, “Bring Payne **here.**”

As Kent left, Anna couldn’t help but sneak a peek at Newman.

Just casually s

sitting on the sofa, the man radiated an intimidating chill.

He was dressed in a black shirt. With his pale neck just peeking out, he looked particularly austere.

Newman was glancing at his phone, checking the household chore list Athena had sent him the night before.

His brows furrowed, a vein throbbing at his temple.

But through Anna’s eyes, his contemplative look was captivating and handsome. She gazed dreamily, her eyes lingering on his chiseled profile.

Then Kent came back, leading a yawning Kevin.

Anna turned her head and the moment she laid eyes on Kevin, she froze for a sec

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