

Love Until Death Do Us Part

Chapter 24

At Belinda's birthday bash, the place **was** buzzing with excitement until, out of nowhere, the towering champagne tower came crashing down, sparking screams left and right as guests scattered like roaches when the lights come on.

Newman was like a knight in shining armor, escorting Athena away from the flying glass and the champagne waterfall.

Poor guy, he took the brunt of it, getting showered with glass shards.

His shades slid down his nose just a tad as a piece of glass nicked him on the cheekbone, drawing a line of blood.

With an expression colder than a winter in Siberia, Newman's grip on Athena's shoulder tightened.

Before she knew it, Athena was swept off her feet, literally, being carried d by Newman. Realizing situation, she felt utterly absurd!

Soon enough, Newman got her to safety.

When she was back on her feet, she saw Newman's face stiffen.

He averted his eyes, avoiding her gaze.

He cursed under his breath, "Damn! Why was he getting all worked up?"

Was he actually worried about her getting hurt?

the ridiculousness of the

Before he could even process it, his instincts had kicked in, putting himself in harm's way to protect her.

"**You're** bleeding." Athena pointed out as she caught sight of the stark red blood trickling down his face.

The cuts on his face somehow made him look even more rugged and wildly handsome.

The warmth of Newman's embrace left a shiver down Athena's spine, making her want to busy herself with something, anything, to ignore the sensation.

“It’s nothing,” he responded, his voice as hard **as** ice.

“Athena, are you okay?” Leonard rushed over, his eyes quickly shifting to Newman,

Leonard had been close to Athena, his fingers almost brushing her shoulder. But then, t his guy swooped in and whisked her away. Athena shook her head at Leonard, her eye s catching sight of Nancy sprawled on the floor, pelted by a barrage of glass.

Nancy, pinned down, was **wailing** for dear life.

to pull Nancy out from

The crowd was losing their minds, and Belinda, scared out of her wits, was barking orde rs at the waitstaff to pul the glassy mess.

Athena’s gaze returned to Newman, who looked like a porcupine with glass shards stick ing out of his back.

Not just his back, his pants were littered with glass, some pieces even piercing through t he fabric into his calves.

He was dressed in black and soaked in champagne. It was hard to tell if he was bleedin g.

Tll get Leonard to lend you some clean clothes, then I’ll drive you to the hospital,” she of fered.

Newman frowned slightly and shrugged off his blazer, I don’t do hand–me–downs.”

Leonard chimed in, I have a brand–new suit in my hotel room.”““

It was common to have a few extra outfits on hand for events like this, just in case.

Newman dismissed the offer coldly, “I don’t need it.”

Leonard’s eyes darkened. This bodyguard didn’t seem to give a damn about anyone, no t even accepting a fresh, expensive suit

Athena asked, “How are you going to get to the hospital without clean clothes?”

“I’ll buy new ones, Newman cut in sharply.

Outside the hotel were all the big luxury brands, but to everyone else, Newman was just another bodyguard

In front of Leonard, Athena had no choice but to say to Newman, “Come on, Ill take you shopping for new clothes,”

Newman knew Athena was just trying to save face, but he followed her out anyway, leaving Leonard behind, deep in thought as he watched them leave.

Athena led Newman into a luxury store picked o

l out a

a suit of

off the cuff, and told the clerk Newman's size.

The man in shades, smelling of blood and alcohol, raised an eyebrow.

How on earth did Athena know his size like the back of her hand?

The clerk ushered them into the VIP room. Athena dismissed the clerk and closed the door. "I'll get the glass out of your leg, then you can take your pants off."

Athena muttered to herself, wondering how she ended up serving this dude.

But remembering how he got hurt protecting her, she swallowed her pride.

Crouched behind him, she began removing the glass from his pants and leg.

Newman could feel her fingers moving up his leg, even brushing the inside.

He clicked his tongue against his teeth.

As her hand moved higher, Newman felt a nerve in his forehead twitch.

"Athena! What are you touching?"

Athena knew exactly what that tone meant!

She scoffed **and** shot back, "Newman, aren't you a bit too sensitive?"

She plucked a tiny piece of glass from his pants and checked meticulously for any remaining shards.

Newman was regulating his breathing when Athena said, "I grabbed some alcohol wipes and medicine from the car. Put on some shorts, and I'll spray some on the cuts on the back of your thigh."

Her breath was warm on his leg, causing goosebumps under the fabric.

He was convinced she was flirting with him, his voice growing colder, "Give me the medicine. I'll do it myself."

-Athena rolled her eyes at him.

As Newman turned around, Athena was getting up and her head smacked right into his belt buckle.

“Ow!” The impact brought darkness to her eyes and a string of curses from Newman.

When she came to, Newman had snatched up the new clothes and first-aid kit **and** strode into the fitting room.

Rubbing her forehead, Athena waited outside, until from the fitting room, his voice came, “Pants are too small, get me a larger size.”

Without thinking, Athena blurted out, “Are you putting on a few pounds?”

Through the curtain, she could practically feel his anger boiling over.

“Ms. Dempsey, if you hadn’t been all touchy-feely on my thigh just now, I could’ve totally rocked those medium-sized pants!” Newman was clearly grinding his teeth with annoyance.

Athena played the innocent card, standing up to ask the salesperson to fetch a larger pair of pants.

After a bit, Newman stepped out of the fitting room.

Athena turned to the man with a fresh scratch marking his cheekbone. She felt compelled to say what needed to be said, “Thanks for having my back back there.”

She had asked Newman to be her bodyguard, but really, it was just a ploy to mess with him. Athena didn’t actually bank on him stepping up **as a** legit protector when push came to shove.

The man, with a face as cold and impassive as ever, wrapped a long amethyst bracelet around his wrist three times, “If you truly want to repay me for saving your skin, then give me Adonis’s contact info.”