

Love Until Death Do Us Part

Chapter 8

Newman scoffed, thinking he wasn't the same guy he was five years ago, all bristly and prickly. But standing in front of Athena, that icy, fierce streak in his bones just spilled out again.

Being bossed around like a servant was no fun, and Athena could totally feel that the dude had turned into a full-on deep freeze machine

Getting Newman to whip up some **soup** was **just** the first step in her plan to make him her errand boy. She was hell-bent on paying back tenfold the misery he once inflicted on her.

Baring his teeth, Newman grunted an agreement, "Alright, just you wait!"

He dipped **into** the hot springs first to check on Payne. The mist swirled around Payne's cute, rosy cheeks, fluttering his long, brush-like lashes. He cracked open his eyes, focusing his gaze and whispered, "Daddy?"

Newman took Payne's little arm, thumb gently pressing into his palm to keep his fingers from cramping up from all the stiffness. He told Kent, That Athena agreed to let us crash at Mystic Ridge Villa.

Kent was over the moon. Sure enough, there was nothing Newman couldn't handle! If he couldn't win Athena over the first time, he'd just have to try a second time!

Kent jubilantly told Payne, "There's hope! Mr. Bradshaw's pulled you back from death's door again

Kent sang Newman's praises, "Mr. Bradshaw, you are the man! No one can say no to what **you** ask for!"

That bossy, brash Athena who stormed in earlier had, after a couple words with Newman, willingly handed over Mystic Ridge Villa!

Without lingering, Newman stepped out of the hot springs and instructed Kent, "Give Payne another half-hour soak."

Kent nodded, "Sure thing" only to hear Newman, once out of the water, asking the villa's security, "Where's the kitchen?"

Was Newman actually going to cook for Payne himself? Feeling for the guy's fatigue, Kent said, "Mr. Bradshaw, let the help cook instead."

Newman's voice was chilly as ever, "I'm off to cook for Ms. Dempsey."

Kent was like,"

"777"

When Newman walked into the dining room with the food, Athena was already sitting at the table, laptop on one side, phone in hand, busily chatting with her assistant.

Newman came over and set the plate in front of her. The aroma wafted up, and Athena involuntarily swallowed, hanging up the phone. She eyed the lunch Newman had served up.

He'd whipped up a seafood pasta dish using kitchen staples – the broth rich, with seaweed, shrimp, pickled bamboo shoots, and veggies.

Athena picked up her fork, speared some pasta, and took a bite. If the help hadn't told her, with video evidence to **boot**, that Newman had actually been cooking, she wouldn't have believed the pasta came from his hand!

"Not bad, Newman, Athena mused, a bit amazed. Five years back, Newman was pampered, his fingers not soiled by cold water, let alone kitchen work.

Whenever she cooked, he'd nitpick, calling her food terrible even as he forced her to keep cooking for him.

Truth be told, Newman had a knack **for** cooking, way more than her. To deal with the mess Newman had stirred up at Mystic Ridge, she had skipped breakfast to rush over.

Now, munching on her pasta, Athena asked, "How long you planning on staying at Mystic Ridge Villa?"

"After spring hits Everglade City, I'll take the kid back to Everglade City."

Athena looked up at him, "So you'll be here for four months?"

Newman nodded. Everglade City's winter was hellishly cold for Payne, while Stardale City's winter had no snow and temperatures hovered around 7 or 8 degrees Celsius—a perfect place to pass the winter.

Athena tapped her keyboard, "Fine, then you'll be my servant for four months!"

She hit the Enter key, and the printer beside churned out a document. She directed him, "Go sign that contract."

Newman picked up the contract and saw, in bold at the top – Indenture. He sneered inwardly, as if anyone dared to get him to sign such an overbearing contract!

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Athena, gobbling down her seafood pasta, handed him her pen with one hand, “Sign it already. This indenture’s good for four months. I just don’t want you bailing after a few days and going back on your word, hence the contract.”

Newman skimmed the pages at lightning speed. If he chickened out and didn’t serve his four months, not only would Athena make the contract public for laughs at his expense, she’d also haul it to the Bradshaw family demanding a hefty compensation.

He’d never been taken advantage of before, but this time was a first! Newman uncapped the pen and signed the contract. Only for **four** months, for Payne’s sake, he did it!

He handed the contract back to Athena. Glaring with his frosty, narrowed eyes, he watched Athena wolf down her pasta. “You don’t like shrimp?” As Athena’s servant, naturally, he had to check if his employer had any seafood allergies.

“I just like to save the best for last.”

Newman’s handsome face turned icy.

Once upon a time, there was this silly girl who always saved the best for last, even slipping the juiciest shrimp into Newman’s bowl, saying, “Load up on shrimp, Newman. It’s good for ya.” The Bradshaw family never lacked for gourmet treats, yet this girl would always save the goodies for him.

Athena took the contract from Newman and zoned out for a second when she saw his signature, the last time she saw it was on their divorce papers. Grabbing a pen, Athena signed her name on the contract without hesitation.

Just then, her phone rang; it was a call from the Dempsey family’s servant.

“Ms. Dempsey, we’ve got trouble! That Zoey from Everglade City. he’s rocked up at the villa!”

“What!”

The servant was all frantic on the phone, “Word from the Dempsey villa is Zoey made a special visit to Mr. Simon Dempsey to show he’s dead serious about marrying into the Dempsey family”

“Tsk!” She snorted in annoyance, her tone icy as she told the servant, “Got it. I’ll head over to there shortly to set things straight with Zoey face-to-face.”

After hanging up, Newman, cool and poised as ever, began, “Ms. Dempsey, a marriage alliance between the Bradshaw family and the Dempsey family would be a powerhouse partnership, beneficial for both sides. By effectively offering Zoey as a hostage, I am showing the greatest commitment and assurance the Bradshaw family can provide to you”

Athena, with her picturesque **brows** and a face the size of a palm, delicate features blooming with beauty, curled her lips and said.

“The marriage alliance isn’t even settled, and you barge into Mystic Ridge Villa, rough up the guards, and send Zoey to the Dempsey villa to prove his **dedication** to my grandpa, all to placate our family. Newman, you slap us in the face and then give us a candy. You’re quite a piece of work!”

“Sneaking into the hotel to tempt me, then storming into the bar to force Zoey to break off the engagement, and now pushing me to sign myself away, Ms. Dempsey, you’re quite the piece of work too!”

Athena raised the corners of her mouth, an air of indifference on her exquisite face. Done with the chit-chat, she secured

Newman’s indenture and instructed

“Come with me to the Dempsey villa. You need to make it clear to my grandpa that our families won’t be uniting, and take Zoey away from there!”