

Love Until Death Do Us Part

agreed, "Sure! I'll go dig some up online!" Why had his boss suddenly turned into a domestic god? Kent was freaked out!

Chapter 15

Come evening, the kindergarten let out, and the roadside **by** the school was bustling **wit** h cars parked all over and a stream of people.

"Hey Kevin, **your** mom's here to pick you up."

The teacher called out, and the little tyke in the black baseball cap broke ranks from the line of kiddos.

He made a dash for it with his backpack, its contents rustling as he ran.

Kevin sprinted towards that black beast of a motorcycle parked at the curb.

"Mommy!"

Today, Athena came to fetch him after school, and boy, was Kevin stoked.

Usually, it was either the driver or the Dempsey family's housekeeper who picked Kevin up. Recently, Athena's usual driver quitted, and her assistant had been taking the wheel.

Kevin planted his hands on the motorcycle and with a neat vault, he was perched right i n front of Athena.

Healed his arms to catch the helmet she passed to him.

"From today on, we'll be crashing at Mystic Ridge Villa at night. Whenever I'm not worki ng late, I'll be riding the motorcycle here to pick you up."

While saying this, Athena was strapping the safety belt on Kevin.

Five years ago, Athena gave birth in a frozen wasteland.

Though they both survived, they were left with lingering health issues, so when winter c omes, they head to Mystic Ridge Villa for a little R&R.

But the thought of Newman moving into Mystic Ridge Villa with his son got Athena feeling uneasy. She had to protect her kid; she couldn't let Newman get a go od look at the child's face.

Luckily, Mystic Ridge Villa was huge. They stayed in villas on opposite ends—might not even cross paths on the estate,

“Heavens, Mystic Ridge? Isn’t that where the kiddie—killing Devil hangs out?”

“Hmm?” Athena, wearing her black helmet, with only her shimmering almond eyes visible, blinked at Kevin.

The stuff coming out of Kevin’s mouth was so fantastical that Athena thought he was rambling about some cartoon plot.

Kevin gulped. If Athena knew that the Devil who preyed on kids was holed up in Mystic Ridge, she’d be the first to boot that Devil right off the planet!

Every time he saw Athena skipping breakfast to rush off to work, Kevin’s heart ached for her.

He’ll take on that Devil himself! No need to worry Athena with news of a baddie in Mystic Ridge.

He planned to knock the Devil out cold, drag him to his mom, nabbing the Devil’s noggin!

With his helmet on, Athena couldn’t see the boy’s **face** and missed his hesitant expression.

“Mommy, did my arsenal make it to the villa?”

Athena thought for a moment. “All the toys you usually play with—Linda’s taken care of them.”

“Did my space saber get there?”

“I think so.”

“What about my mace? Is it at Mystic Ridge?”

“Should be”

“And

I my machine gun? Don’t forget a whole box of ammo needs to make it to the villa!”

Athena leaned forward, her hands in black gloves gripping the handlebars.

“Kevin, we’re going to Mystic Ridge to chill and heal up

Kevin earnestly told her,

“Mommy, even on a health retreat, we can’t let our guard down! I’ve got to keep training hard, perfecting my martial arts!! aim to be a real man who can stand on his own two feet one day!”

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Her son was clearly looking out for her, and Athena felt **touched**

“**Once** we get to Mystic **Ridge** Villa, hit **up** the toy room. If there’s any weapon you want that **didn’t** make it from **home**, I’ll send **the** staff to fetch it for you.”

Kevin nodded vigorously in his helmet, then something else popped into his head. “Mommy, **did** you make sure Gege was sent to Mystic Ridge?”

Gege was Kevin’s comfort toy, a name he’d picked himself.

At home, he could sleep without it, but in a new place, even with Athena by his side, Kevin **needed** to clutch Gege to fall asleep peacefully

“It’s there. Tonight, you can snooze with Gege.

Athena steered the motorcycle around, catching a glimpse **of** a silver Bentley parked by the road.

She suddenly remembered—the silver Bentley belonged to the Bishop family.

Before she left the office, her assistant had mentioned Leonard was back.

Thinking of that Bishop family lad, she pouted, her helmet masking all her emotions.

The motorcycle roared beneath her like a wild beast, carrying the mother and son off into the distance!

At Mystic Ridge, Newman stepped out of the central kitchen, drawn by the roar of the motorcycle

He turned, following the sound, and saw the sleek bike tearing through the distance, kicking up dust.

The black motorcycle zoomed past, and Newman squinted his eyes. Was he seeing things?

That bike looked almost identical to the ‘Assassin’, the champion motorcycle from seven years back!

But then again, years had passed, and it was common for people to mimic the Assassin’s design and modify their bikes. Plus, that engine sounded different from the Assassin’s

Still, Newman found it odd—who **was** riding a motorcycle inside Mystic Ridge Villa?

Newman, with a thermos in hand, returned to the Cozy Retreat where he and Payne were staying temporarily. While cooking for Athena, he had also whipped up a meal for his own son.

Payne sat at the table, quietly eating his dinner.

Newman whipped out his phone for a quick peek and, yep. Yolanda's contact info had been wiped from his device.

He shot a look at Payne. "Did you go and delete Yolanda's number **from** my phone again?"

"She's a pain in the neck!" Payne said earnestly.

Newman replied with a cool tone, "I get that you're not Yolanda's biggest fan, but Louis is still your bro."

"Louis **is** NOT my brother!" Payne shot back, raising his voice.

He lifted his head, his eyes ablaze with anger, his face a billboard of defiance.

The Bradshaw household was down to just two kids, Payne and Louis, but they were like oil and water.

Newman stressed, "I want you to treat Louis like your little bro."

"Does that mean Yolanda's gonna be my mommy?"

When Payne asked this, Newman furrowed his brow without thinking. "No, she won't."

"So, am I gonna get a new mommy someday?" Payne pressed on, clearly with his own agenda.

The wrinkles on Newman's forehead deepened, "You've got one mom, and I'm not in the market for **a** new one."

"But... I kinda want a mommy... Payne mumbled.

Newman was taken aback, not expecting Payne to harbor such thoughts.

"Who do you want to be your mommy?"

Payne opened his mouth, thought for a moment, then let his little head droop in disappointment.

“He’d only met ‘Belle’ once and had no clue if he’d ever see her again.

“**That** woman’s like a fairy, she can’t become part of our family! Payne sighed deeply

Newman’s face turned chilly

illy **Was** his son underestimating his charm?

Chapter 15

What’s wrong with fairies? It’s just that he, as a father, hadn’t even thought about changing his marital status from widowed to remarried.

“I’m not interested in marrying a fairy”

Newman tapped the table with his finger and instructed Payne, Finish your dinner, take your medicine, and then soak in the hot spring for half an hour.”

In the hot spring area, Payne clambered out of the water, arms and legs working in unison.

After the soak, his little cheeks were rosy, like they were brushed with a tint of peach.

Payne slipped into his bathrobe just in time to hear a familiar roar from outside.

“Kevin!”

Payne froze. That was the voice of the Belle!

He spun around and scampered off.

Athena was outside hollering, “Kevin, I’m giving you ten more minutes, you have to finish your homework tonight before you hit the hay!”

Her words trailed off as she saw a little head poke out from the door of another hot spring room.

Chapter 16