

## Love Until Death Do Us Part

### Chapter 3

Outside Rainbow Bar, Athena got out of her car and was heading towards the entrance when **she** caught some shifty movement in the alley.

In the narrow alley next to the bar, a bunch of lowlifes had cornered a little boy. The kid **was** cute as a button, with chubby cheeks pale as a steamed rice bun..

Dressed in a simple white shirt and black dress pants, with handmade leather shoes that shone bright, he **reeked** of money. When the little boy had been snooping around the bar, those lowlifes zeroed in on him.

**Payne** Bradshaw's brow furrowed slightly, the stench coming off these guys was suffocating. He couldn't help but cough twice, his pale face as white as a sheet, with deep red blood vessels spidering through his lips like he'd coughed up blood.

"I don't have any cash on me. How about you kidnap me and call my daddy for a ransom?" Payne's childish voice rang out, his sickly cheeks contrasting with the brightness in his round eyes.

One of the men, "Call your mom to come alone and drop off the cash!"

"I don't have a mommy."

No sooner had Payne spoken than the clack of high heels on the concrete echoed through the alley.

Athena walked in to find her son Kevin surrounded by the lowlifes. She rolled up her sleeves, revealing her alabaster wrists.

"Kevin, stand behind Mommy so you don't get splattered with blood."

Athena picked up a steel pipe from the ground, weighed it in her hand, feeling its grip. She was just itching to let out her pent-up frustration and anger these guys were in for it!

The alley filled with the sound of the pipe meeting flesh, and the shrieks that followed were pig-slaughter painful!

Payne's mouth formed an "o", his eyes sparkling with the shine of **stars**. He'd sneaked out and stumbled upon a fairy!

In no time, the shouting stopped, and Athena emerged from the alley, striding out with Payne cradled in one arm.

Held

in Athena's arms, Payne felt like he was floating on cloud nine. He lifted his tender little head, and her radiant, stunning face loomed larger in his view.

She **was** like a cool and kick-ass fairy godmother, drop-dead gorgeous! Payne couldn't help but rest his cheek against her shoulder.

Her scent filled his nostrils, and he murmured dreamily, "Mommy."

"Mr. Bradshaw got beaten up; oh boy, this is big trouble!"

Athena, holding her kid, walked towards the parking lot and overheard people just out of the bar gossiping

"Which Mr. Bradshaw?"

"Zoey Bradshaw from the Bradshaw family in Everglade City. He was in the bar drinking , and got his head bashed in by a five-year-old kid! It was a frightful scene."

Athena's step faltered. Zoey was in the bar? She needed to find him and call off their absurd marriage. She opened the car door, put Payne in the back seat.

"Kevin, wait here for Mommy and don't run off again, okay?"

"You got it

it wrong.

Payne started to speak, but Athena **had** already shut the door and was walking away Payne pressed his face to the window and saw a familiar black Maybach parked nearby.

Kent was manhandling a kid in a hold, flanked by **bodyguards** as they left the bar

"Let me go! Let go!"

The kid in Kent's grasp was the spitting image of Payne! They were both dressed in similar white shirts and black pants, but this kid's demeanor was nothing like Payne's.

"Mr. Newman Bradshaw is waiting in the car; please stop fussing!"

Kent pleaded with the boy, struggling to understand why the usually frail kid suddenly had the energy like a monkey

Kent got distracted, and the boy wriggled free, darting away as quick as a bunny, vanishing right in front of him.

"Mr. Payne Bradshaw!" Kent **called** out in panic

Newman stepped out of his car, looking dashing in his suit, his hazel eyes cold as ice. He strode after the child, and at the next **car**, he collided with a kid.

“Oof Payne fell on his butt, and the next second, Newman had him by the collar, lifting him up with one hand.

Payne looked up into the man’s icy, intimidating face, instinctively feeling fear.

“Daddy”

Newman tossed Payne into the back seat like a kitten, standing by the car door with an indifferent tone, “You’ve grown bold, haven’t you? Beating up Zoey and then running off!”

Payne was confused, “I didn’t.”

His denial was taken by Newman as a lie. “You’re going to reflect on yourself once **back** home, no dinner until you realize you’re wrong!”

With his back to Newman, Payne felt guilty because of the escape in the first place, and now faced with the punishment, he pouted his rosy lips. Although he felt it was unfair, he didn’t argue.

Newman had planned to whisk Payne away without a care for Zoey’s condition. But he’d seen that woman, the one he’d once been intimate with, enter the bar.

Who was she taking orders from to get close to him? Newman closed the car door, instructing Kent to take Payne home while he headed towards the bar.

Payne sat in the **car**, gazing longingly through the window at Athena’s crimson sports car. The stunning fairy had mistaken him for someone else. He wondered if she’d get worried or anxious when she returned to find her car empty.

What Payne didn’t know was that inside the crimson sports car sat a boy who looked just like him, watching Newman’s retreating figure.

Kevin breathed a sigh of relief as Newman entered the bar. Lucky for him, he’d darted in to his mom’s ride in the nick of time

What puzzled him was that mommy wasn’t in the car, and for some reason, the door was left wide open. But having shaken off the goons on his tail, Kevin sprawled out on his seat, chilling and waiting for his mother to show up

In the bar, Athena pushed open the door of the private room. Zoey was slumped on the couch, clutching a bloodstained towel to

his noggin.

Just a hot minute ago, he was boozing it up and living large with some buddies. After getting an earful about Athena's badass rep, he blurted out, "Once I get that chick hitched to me. I'll pass her around to you guys for kicks." No sooner had the words left his mouth than he got walloped.

The one who gave him the shiner and a bloody souvenir was none other than the little homegrown tyrant he should never have messed with.

Hearing someone barge in, Zoey didn't bother looking up, grumbling irritably, "Get me to a hospital, stat! I'm bleeding out over

here!"

A sweet, crystal-clear female voice chimed in, "How about I send you straight to heaven instead?"

Zoey's head shot up, and there they were a pair of ivory, impeccably sculpted legs in his line of sight,

He gulped, letting his gaze wander upward

The woman was rocking a black face mask, hiding most of her mug, leaving only a pair of almond-shaped, shimmering peepers visible. But with those long lashes and the sultry look in her eyes. Zoey was already floored by her beauty

Zoey figured she must be one of the bar's employees. His eyes lit up. "Do all the knock-out staff here come with such a kick?"

Chapter 4