

## Love Until Death Do Us Part

### Chapter 6

Flashes of yesterday's utter chaos zipped through Newman's mind, casting an even darker shadow over his already gloomy expression.

For five years, he hadn't touched a single woman. Yesterday, the side effects of long-term use of Scorpion hit him hard.

Newman thought **he** could power through it with his iron will, just like always. But then this woman barged in outta nowhere, and as he went to restrain the Intruder, the moment he touched her, his reason got gobbled up by primal instinct.

He thought the silly girl had come back, so he pinned this woman down and let loose, venting his fury. When he came to his senses, seeing the woman's face, he realized he'd screwed up big time.

And now, he was hit with the stark realization of the crazy mess he'd made! The woman from yesterday was none other than Ms. Dempsey, the soon-to-be **Zoey's** fiancée!

Athena flashed a grin at the guy, bright and brazen, "Newman, they say 'For better or for worse. Is seeing me today **a shocker or a treat?**'"

Kent had his face buried in his hands. Man, this scene was just too darn cringey to watch!

With a frosty face, Newman called out, "Kent."

Kent stepped forward, ready for orders, "Get down and support Payne."

Kent hurried into the hot spring, gently cradling Payne's head from beneath the water.

Meanwhile, Newman turned and got out of the spring.

Droplets fell like rain, splattering on the ground. His soaked black trousers clung to his muscular thighs, and his white shirt, thin as cling film, outlined every contour of his muscles.

The allure of a wet man hit Athena full on, and yet she just slightly moved her tongue. Since he had bathed him, wiped his body, and even when Newman was weak, she'd helped him to the loo, unzipping his fly.

So now, watching this hunk emerge from the bath, she was **as** calm as still water.

Newman wrapped a black towel around himself. Only then did he look up, his gaze steady and calm, meeting Athena's eyes.

"Ms. Dempsey, I barged into Mystic Ridge Villa because my son fell ill and urgently needed the healing waters of Mystic Ridge's springs. His condition was severe, no time for delays. I'll compensate tenfold for the medical expenses of Mystic Ridge's bodyguards."

Even with their skin-to-skin encounter, Newman treated her **as** a stranger. But Athena was struck by another piece of his story. ["Your son?"

It felt like a sledgehammer to her chest. Five years earlier, Athena had given birth in the freezing wilderness. After the first child was **born**, she'd slipped in and out of consciousness with ongoing contractions.

When the Dempsey family arrived, they **found** her first child lifeless. They only took unconscious Athena and Kevin, who was born a few hours later, still barely holding onto life.

When Athena came to, she asked the Dempsey folks a couple of times about her twins – why was there only one child?

Under her pressure, Timothy finally spilled the truth they'd hoped to hide forever. Her first child had frozen to death in the open wilderness!

To spare Athena the trauma of seeing her dead child's body, they left it behind in the snow. A month later, Athena's health slightly improved, and Kevin was out of danger, no longer needing an incubator.

Holding Kevin, she trekked back to Everglade City, to the valley where her accident happened. Nothing was left. The wrecked car had been scrapped, and layers of snow hid the grim aftermath of the accident.

Standing in the cold wind, she heard fireworks. Asking the local guide about it, she learned it was Yolanda's birthday. Yolanda had returned home and moved into the Bradshaw family mansion they were celebrating for her.

Snowflakes pelted Athena's face, and her tears fell freely. And now, she gave a dazed sigh. "You have a son"

Surely, a child Newman cherished this much must be his and Yolanda's. While their child had frozen to death in the snow, never to be found again!

Newman furrowed his brow slightly, "My son's business is none of your concern, Ms. Dempsey name your price – me use Mystic Ridge Spring?"

-how much to let

1/2

15.11

chapter b

“You’re asking me to name a price again?” Athena’s laugh was laced with sarcasm, “What’s the deal, Newman? Get **addicted** to going whoring?”

Remembering how he’d devoured her like a ravenous beast yesterday, Athena shivered involuntarily.

Her gaze drifted past Newman, where the old butler Kent was carefully holding a child, its condition unknown to her.

Athena caught a glimpse of the back of the child’s head, her almond-shaped eyes narrowed.

She suddenly stepped forward. Newman blocked her view, not letting this woman get any closer to his son.

“Ms. Dempsey, let’s talk outside.

With a snort, Athena hid the mockery in her eyes. Newman sure treasured his and Yolanda’s child.

Athena turned and walked out.

Outside the hot spring house, the cold wind of Mystic Ridge hit them. Newman watched Athena’s retreating figure, her slender, graceful silhouette wrapped in a black woolen dress.

The sensation of gripping her slender waist yesterday returned to his fingertips, and Newman’s handsome eyebrows knitted together.

“Mystic Ridge Spring has always been a Dempsey-only party, Newman. Pack your bags and hit the road, would you?”

The biting wind tugged at her dark locks as Athena spun around, her voice sharp and distant when she addressed Newman.

But Newman was like, “Zoey’s gonna marry into the Dempsey family soon, so how about you cut us some slack, Ms. Dempsey? Let my boy use the Dempsey hot springs for these few days.”

“You’re still pushing for Zoey to marry into the Dempsey family?” Athena’s eyes were wide as saucers, incredulously asking the man, “What now, you’re trying to set Zoey **up** with David and his darling daughter?”

Newman’s tone was cool as a cucumber, “Zoey’s family don’t hold the reins; the Bradshaws are eyeing you, the big boss of the Dempsey Group, Ms. Dempsey!”

Athena’s head was buzzing. She’d seriously underestimated how cold-blooded Newman could be.

“After getting involved with me, you’re orchestrating a marriage between your nephew and me?! Has your conscience been eaten by a dog. Newman?”

Athena’s voice quivered in the icy wind. She closed in on Newman, standing her ground, ready to go toe-to-toe with him.

The man’s brooding face exuded an aura that said “keep your distance“, clearly not thrilled with Athena being so close.

“What, Ms. Dempsey, you want me to put a ring on it?”

Newman’s icy gaze lingered on Athena’s eyes for a few extra seconds. He suddenly realized, this woman’s eyes, they were so much **like** that silly girl’s; even the look in them was similar.