

## Super Mommy 17

### Chapter 17

"They're evil capitalists!" the girl spat.

Zayron curled his lips into a half smile and said, "It's fine. I believe in your charm. Weren't you nominated for the Best Child Actor Award? According to the traditions, your boss will come to meet you himself, so take the opportunity to win his heart over, okay! I'm confident of you."

The girl pouted, knowing that she was not going to be able to win over that old sly fox Artemis.

"Daddy Eddy, my brother's losing his mind again!"

Edmund gave her a small smile. "Deal with him when you're back. I'll back you up."

"Hehe! You're the best."

Just then, the kitchen door opened, and Bailey came out with two plates of dishes. When she saw the "father-and-son duo on a video call, she smiled and asked, "Is that girl clone enjoying herself outside? Tell her to come home earlier so that she won't miss the day to visit her granny's grave."

"Right. I can go home with the excuse of visiting Granny's grave. Thanks, Mommy. I'll go and fill in the application for leave now."

The corner of Bailey's lips twitched as she fell speechless. She told herself continuously that she should not be fooled by the girl's angelic smile, for the girl was more like the devil.

"The dishes are ready. Are you guys not coming to the table?"

Closing the laptop, Edmund lifted Zayron into his arms. "I've been waiting for you to say that. Smelling that aroma had been nothing but torment. I wished I could pick up the plates and shove everything down my throat."

Again, Bailey was at a loss for words.

Meanwhile, sounds of sobbing were reverberating in the huge living room of the Jefferson residence.

"All right, all right. Don't cry anymore. It's just a momentary loss. I refuse to believe that bitch Bailey would be lucky enough to escape all the time. We still have a long way to go, so we'll eventually find a chance to get her without her getting a chance to recover from it."

The one who spoke was Rhonda's mother, Beatrice Wenlock. She was in a traditional gown with a sleeveless jacket, looking like the stereotypical wealthy wife. The woman was already in her fifties, but as she had maintained her looks well, she only seemed to be in her forties.

Sobbing in her arms, Rhonda stammered, "I-I can't wait any longer. Mom, I don't have much time anymore. That bastard child Maxton is so clingy to Bailey. I have a feeling that the truth will soon reveal itself. If that b\*tch Bailey ends up marrying into the Chivers family, it'll be easier to be the queen than to get rid of her. If the people find out about what happened seven years ago, what awaits me will be a tragic end!"

As Beatrice patted her daughter's back, she consoled, "I know it's a dire situation right now, but we don't have a clear view of what's going on. For now, we'll have to find out who the father of her child is. Acting rashly will only make things worse."

"I don't care, Mom, you have to find a way to get rid of her from Hallsbay!"

At that. Beatrice furrowed her brows and mulled over her words. Something must have popped into her head, for a glint flashed past her eyes. "I have an idea. It'll be your father's fifty-fifth birthday in a week. On that day, all the prominent figures in Hallsbay will be attending the celebration. We'll invite Bailey to the event as well, and we'll -"

A vicious glint appeared in Rhonda's eyes as well as she interrupted, "We'll find a way to ruin her reputation and make everyone disgusted with her. I refuse to believe that she'll remain in Hallsbay after getting shunned by everyone!"

"It'll be even better if we get nude photos of her. We'll publish it. I doubt the Chiverses would be able to tolerate that and allow their son to marry her after that."

Letting out a cackle, Rhonda continued with a menacing look, "Nude photos aren't good enough We'll broadcast it live-we'll let all the guests see how she is in bed. I want to shove her into hell this time, and I want to make sure she'll never crawl out of it. Still, will she actually agree to come to the Jefferson residence?"

A sncer appeared on Beatrice's face. "Don't worry. I have a way to make sure she'll come."

In the meantime, Artemis was lazily leaning against the tall window in Luther Group's highest floor office. He had a glass of iced wine in his hand, and the dark red liquid was gently rippling in the glass, Glittering sunlight filtered in through the window and cast a faint glow on the man.

Luther Group's headquarters was a tall building that seemed to reach the clouds. It was also a landmark in Hallsbay. From his spot, he could see half of the vibrant city.

It was lonely at the top. Artemis had taken over Luther Group at the age of twenty, and after eight years of training and stumbling his way through the corporate world, he had become a well known business owner,

The countless assets were nothing but lifeless numbers. Even he himself had no idea how much he truly owned.

Sometimes, he would find himself lost as he stood by the window and stared at the outside world. He could not find a reason to live, and he always felt that there was a hole in his heart that could never be filled by riches and power.

Right then, someone knocked on the office door, and he slowly returned to reality. "Tilting his head back to down the wine, he uttered, "Come in."

The door opened, and his assistant, Dwayne, entered with a stack of files.

"Mr. Luther, I have a few urgent documents that I need your signature for."

Artemis slowly turned around. Then, his gaze landed on the files as he remarked Natly. "Put them on the table. Have you found out the details about the kids' food poisoning incident?"

Dwayne inclined his head. "Mr. Zayron ordered a set of fried chicken on Nimble Noms, and they had gotten food poisoning after eating that store's chicken. I've already asked the staff of relevant departments to do a test on the remnant chicken meat, and they've informed me that the food was spoiled. Moreover, they also told me that they've found traces of a potent drug that speeds up heart deterioration in the meat."

"Get to the point."

Hearing that, Dwayne pursed his lips. Okay, I am a little too wordy.

"After receiving the report for the test, I immediately sent my men to take over the fried chicken store. Then I looked in-depth into the background of the business owner, but I couldn't find any motives for them to do it. Therefore, I assume that the owner of the fried chicken store wasn't the

one who did it. After interrogating him, I found out that he usually purchases the ingredients for his fried chicken from the black market. However, he doesn't know who the supplier is."

Artemis narrowed his eyes as a dangerous glint flashed in them. "So that means you didn't find out where the toxin was from."

Rubbing his nose, Dwayne flashed him an awkward smile. "It's too much of a rush. Why don't you give me a few more days, and I promise I'll find out who poisoned him?"

"A week." Artemis walked around the curved desk and sat down on the office chair. "You have a week. If you still can't find out who poisoned him, be ready to forfeit your position to someone else. There are plenty of capable, intelligent people waiting to replace you in the CEO's assistant's office."

At his words, Dwayne turned silent.

He then chuckled bitterly as he walked over to the office desk before pulling out the uppermost papers from the stack of files. Just as he was about to hand it to the other man, a leave application form fell out from between the two files.