

Super Mommy 22

Chapter 22

Stephen's eyebrows furrowed as he asked her with a perplexed expression, "Huh? You're good at designing gowns, aren't you? Why did you say it was a little difficult?"

Well, it's like this...

Bailey explained the whole situation to him.

She then added, "I know a few designers who are good at designing princess gowns. How about I recommend them to you and you can go to them?"

Stephen seemed quite troubled after hearing what she said. After moments of silence, he sighed and spoke. "You were introduced by a person in charge of the Archulean division. If you are incompetent, doesn't that prove to Mr. Luther that the person in charge has bad judgment? Mr. Luther won't let useless people work for him. If the person in charge of the division is dismissed because of you, won't you feel bad about it?"

Bailey was rendered speechless.

She felt like she was stuck between a rock and a hard place.

"By the way. Ms. Saunders of the HR department is your friend, right? She also recommended you to me, and Mr. Luther knows about this. If you decline, I'm afraid that Ms. Saunders will not be able to save herself too."

Bailey was once again speechless.

Dang, he even pulled Vicky into this. Looks like I have no choice but to design this gown.

"Is there really no room for discussion? If you don't mind me screwing things up. I can do it. It doesn't take much effort for me to design a gown, after all."

Stephen pondered silently for a while before saying, "Why don't you go and see Mr. Luther and see what he has to say? If he agrees for you to forfeit, then it will be fine. However, if he disagrees. then I'm afraid you would have to bite the bullet."

Bailey held her forehead as she felt an impending headache. Heaving a sigh, she replied. "Fine. Please help me make an appointment with Mr. Luther, and I'll ask him for his opinion."

"Okay. Wait for me here. I'll go out and call Mr. Luther to ask him if he wants to see you."

"Okay."

Bailey felt quite troubled.

She had just refused the man's invitation in the morning, and not even a few hours later, she was eager to see him. I hope that arrogant man won't think I'm playing hard to get.

Meanwhile, in the CEO's office, the atmosphere in the room was strange. The wide space was so quiet that one could even hear a pin drop.

Artemis was leaning on his swivel chair, quietly staring at the woman standing in the center of his office.

“Didn’t I tell you that you are not allowed to enter the company? Did you not heed my words?”

Rhonda stood there while holding a thermos, and her thin body was shaking like a leaf. Teary eyed, she looked at him and choked out, “A-Artemis, this is the soup your mother made for you. I’m just sending it here on her behalf.”

Artemis looked at her expressionlessly. He then pointed at the door of the office and ordered coldly, “Get out. Don’t let me repeat myself for the third time.”

“Artemis, 1-”

As soon as she spoke, the landline in the room suddenly rang.

Artemis retracted his gaze from Rhonda, stretched out his hand, and put the phone next to his ear.

“What is it?”

“Mr. Luther, the designer who will be designing the gown for Ms. Caridee wants to see you. Are you available now?”

“Where is she now?”

“She’s in my office.”

“Ask her to come and see me in ten minutes.”

After he finished speaking, he instantly hung up the phone before looking at Rhonda again through narrowed eyes. “What do you want me to do to make you leave?”

Rhonda approached the desk nervously and put the thermos in front of the man. She said timidly, “I asked the assistant when I came in. You haven’t had lunch yet. I’ll leave after you finish this soup.”

Artemis was speechless.

He stared at her for a few seconds and suddenly put on a smile. “Fine. I’ll drink it.”

Artemis then reached out and unscrewed the lid of the thermos. Subsequently, he scooped the soup with the spoon inside and drank it sip by sip.

After swallowing the eighth sip, he suddenly raised his eyebrows, and his face immediately turned gloomy.

He slammed the spoon in his hand on the marble floor, and sharp clanging sounds reverberated in the room.

What a familiar sensation... It’s the exact same feeling as when I was drugged seven years ago.

“Did you drug the soup?” He squeezed the question out through clenched teeth.

Rhonda was too stunned to react.

Drug? What drug! I didn’t drug the soup.

Veins popped out on Artemis forehead as he said coldly, "Get lost."

Rhonda's complexion instantly turned pale. Initially, she was still in a daze, but after seeing the grimace on the man's flushed face, she immediately understood what was going on.

Lust and desire devoured the man little by little, Keeping himself in check using strong willpower, he bellowed at Rhonda once again, "Get out!"

Rhonda pursed her lips, feeling the urge to flee.

However, as she watched him struggle to remain clear-headed, a glimmer of hope flashed in her eyes.

Opportunity seldom knocked twice, so this was a great chance for her to seduce him.

She was adamant that a drugged man would not be able to remain calm and refuse her embrace.

With that thought in mind, Rhonda mustered her courage and walked past the desk, stopping right before the man. She then reached out to hug him, rubbing her soft chest against his back as she spoke feebly, "Artemis, I didn't drug your soup. But, I can be your antidote."

After saying that, she ignored the coldness that was emanating from his body and began to unbutton his shirt one by one.

Artemis tried to keep himself under control, but in the end, he lost it and turned to kick her away from him.

Rhonda was caught off guard and staggered a few steps back. Losing her balance, she fell onto the floor.

"A-Artemis, how could you do this to me? You were so enthusiastic seven years ago and left so many marks on my body. It was my first time that night and it hurt so much that I took a bite on your shoulder, leaving my mark on your body. How could you treat me like this now?"

The veins on Artemis' forehead bulged, as the mere mention of the absurd incident that night seven years ago infuriated him to no end.

He was so enraged that he almost wanted to murder Simon, and that was exactly why the latter had been hiding abroad for so many years, too afraid to return home,

"Shut up. I haven't even settled the score with you for drugging the soup, and now you have the audacity to seduce me? You're getting bolder by the second, huh?"

Rhonda struggled to get up from the ground. Her heart clenched when she saw the countless beads of sweat that covered Artemis' forehead and the agonizing expression he was wearing

She threw herself toward him and hugged him again. "You will die if this carries on, Artemis. I'll make you feel better, okay? I'll make the pain go away."

Artemis was rendered speechless.

Veins were popping all over his body as his muscular build trembled uncontrollably. Despite that, he didn't have the slightest desire of getting intimate with her.

He still has no interest in touching me under such circumstances. Does that mean he doesn't have any feelings for me?

"Artemis..."