

Super Mommy 49

Chapter 49

With face dour and eyes searing with rage, Clarence was positively seething.

Although he was not sure of the exact details, his assessment of the situation that played out before him was enough to clue him in with regard to what had happened.

I'm quite certain that this stupid woman had attempted to set up Bailey, only to ultimately fail at her insidious endeavor. Not only that, but she also ended up dragging our otur daughter into it.

In spite of being in the know, it was not convenient for him to call her out at that time.

As the adage went, one should not wash one's dirty linens in public. Just imagine what outsiders would think of the Jefferson family?

Would it not cause the public image and reputation they had so painstakingly built to fall apart overnight?

The crux of the matter was, should the Luther family discover the deplorable conduct of his wife and younger daughter in their attempt to drug his clder daughter, never mind Rhonda that bore Artemis a son, they would never accept her into their faunily even if she could give them a dozen or even a hundred offspring

"You lot. Get the hell in there, and block off access to the bedroom," he hollered gruffly at the housekeepers who were scurrying all over.

Following that, the whole situation got even more bonkers.

As the guests outside were quite fixated on remaining dignified in their conduct, there was not enough impetus from them to get involved.

That, however, was a different case for the members of the press. Doggedly determined to nail an explosive scope, they came Swarming toward the loft with cameras and microphones in hand. How could those disorganized housekeepers of the Jefferson residence get to stand in their way?

"It's over. We're completely screwed this timc." the mumbling Beatrice became unsteady on her feet and on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

Clarence discreetly shot her a look. "Don't just stand there. Do you really want to see your daughter's reputation in shambles? Hurry in there and try to get this situation under control," he Snarled.

Barely able to get herself together, Beatrice managed to muster up enough strength to work in tandemn with Clarence, Paring a path through the mass of reporters, they burrowed their way into the room

The space within was well-lit as someone had turned on all the hanging crystal lamps.

None of the reporters who had surged in carlier made any effort to impede them. Conversely, all of the former were preoccupied furiously snapping away with their cancras with their eyes aglow with exhilaration

What a rush. It's going to be the catch of the season. If this piece of juicy news were published, it would definitely become the hottest crpose of the year. precisely because the woman in volved was young Marton Luther's biological mother, and the man on top of her, the boy's grandunde.Rumble in the loft... Lonely future lady proprietess of Luther Group and the granduncle of her in-larus are caught in a passionale tryst at her father's birthday barquet.

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The headline was scandalous enough in itself that it would surely take the entire world by storm within the first two hours of its dissemination.

**Well, what are you waiting for? Do you really want to watch him violate Ronni? Hurry up and get him off of her."

Having Beatrice scream into his cars spurred Clarence into action. He scrambled over. grabbed the old man who was encroaching over his daughter, and hauled the former onto the floor,

Incensed at having his bit of fun thwarted, Laurence lashed out at Clarence with his foot.

Then came a mortifying cry.

Clutching at the crouch of his pants, Clarence staggered backward with his scalp drenched in perspiration,

A sense of doom hung over him amidst fear that he could have gotten emasculated.

The people inside the room started exchanging looks with each other

Good god, this horny man is an absolute monster, taking advantage of the host's daughter inside of their home and even getting rough with the woman's father. The folks from the Luther family are truly preposterous!

Dashing out of the restroom with a bucket of water, the middle-aged butler then dumped its content onto the unconscious Rhonda.

The shock of the cold was finally able to rouse Rhonda to her senses.

Post a brief bout of grogginess, her pupils shrunk as she glared at the scene before her in abject disbelief.

"Ahhh!" she covered her own body and let out a blood-curdling shriek.

Now, it all came back to her.

She had remembered everything

Initially, she had planned to sci Bailey up in order to ruin the latter's reputation. Now, it would seem that for all her troubles, she was instead treated to a taste of her own medicine.

"Get away from me, you shameless old man. Get out of my face, you disgusting piece of filth!"

Having not been doused by the water, Laurence remained out of it and his attention was wholly on Rhonda's luscious body. No matter how she struggled, he persisted in pinning her down by the wrist and acting wanionly.

"Help me, Mom. Help me!"

Beatrice blanked out. She stood rooted to the spot as though her feet were made of lead.

"Out of the way."

A stern voice emanated from outside the door. Following that, a group of well-trained bodyguards flooded in to open up a path.

Ken walked up to the bed and removed his own top which he used to cover up Rhonda's exposed shamefulness.

Truth be told, he had no pity for the woman. He merely did not want her sorry appearance to offend Artemis eyes.

As Artemis hated seeing women's bodies, he reckoned that he would surely get an carful if the former were to lay eyes on that woman who was in the bufl.

After he walked in, Artemis did not cast a glance in Rhonda's direction. Instead, he stretched out a hand to seize Laurence around the wrist. It was not certain how much strength he put behind it. but he had yanked the old man off the bed straight up.

In the second that followed, he swung a hard fist right smack into his uncle's midriff.

It was evident from the resounding thud that echoed all around how much power had been exerted.

Laurence puked out a mouthful of filth seemingly at almost the same instant that the punch hammered into his abdomen.

The excruciating pain that ensued was finally sufficient to sober him up.

With the greasily bloated and crinkly face of his scrunched up, he went jelly in the knees and sat slumping upon the floor at the very moment he spotted Artemis' suave poker face.

"M-Mr. Artemis."

The Luther family had a house rule. All descendants of the extended family must greet the head of the family reverentially as a measure of respect.

Artemis brows perked up, and his lips curled into a smirk. The frostiness was palpable in his eyes.

He thought that the old fella should count his blessings that it was not Bailey that he was forcing hinwell on, as he would not have hesitated to castrate the latter if that been the case.

There was never any doubt that he was capable of battering to death anyone who dared taint the woman that he would not even lay a linger on himself

“Good. It seems like you’re sober now. Uncle Laurence, kindly explain yourself to the representatives from the many mech outlets that are present here. If the Luther Group’s reputation were to be ruined at your hands, then we can dispense with convening a family meeting. You could jolly well just up and leave.”

With eyes widened, Laurence stared at him in disbelief. “A-Are you going to kick me out of the family?”

Artemis regarded him askance with ambiguity, and it was his roguish smile, in particular, that caused Laurence’s heart to sink.

“Y-You can’t do this to me. Even your father dared not boot me out of the family, so how dare you?”

“Three minutes. You have three minutes to count for our own behavior. If you cannot do that, I’d have these reporters report that you bedded Max’s biological mother. Do you think that the elders in the family would be able to tolerate that

Laurence’s body shook like leaves in a stor

No! I cannot allow the word of what transpord’ here topght to spread orld surely be ousted from the Luthers.

Right now, only Artemis could save human those reporters would not dare publish without restraint if the former did not allow it