

Super Mommy and Her Triplets

Chapter 51

Bailey leaned back on a tree trunk and rested with her eyes closed. She was relying wholly on sheer willpower to withstand the frenetic energy that was coursing through her consciousness.

Though it felt somewhat uncomfortable while they were inside the house, it was not unmanageable. But in no way was it anything close to what she was experiencing there and then, so much so that even the caress of the cold wind on her skin was ineffective at cooling her off.

Da*n it. Is the after-effect that strong?

Right now, she felt absolutely terrible and desperately needed some release. Oh, no. I am

feeling horny... "Let's cut the crap and find a way to get a ride out of here first."

Zayron went close to his mother but dared not touch her.

With Bailey looking like the ravenous she-wolf she was at present, he was afraid that

she would... Ahem!

"I've already called a cab. The driver told me that he'd be here in twenty, so hang in

there, Bailey." That yielded no answer from her.

Then, a rustle of footsteps that sounded quite harried was heard coming from

the bushes. Sticking his head out, Maxton was overjoyed when he saw his

father approach.

"My old man's here, idiot, so hurry up and let him send Bay to the hospital."

Zayron shot him a look and replied between gritted teeth, "Should we hand her over to that creep, I think our mommy would be devoured before she reaches the hospital."

Maxton was stumped.

In his hurriedness, Artemis had worked up a profuse sweat on his forehead

en route there. When he approached, his suave face sank at the sight of

the condition Bailey was in. "How did it get so bad?"

This doesn't look like she is under the influence of any ordinary drug. Considering her delicate disposition, she's completely lost her usual aloofness and is completely out of control. I fear that her life might be in danger if she should go without getting some reprieve soon. What a potent medicinal effect!

"Step aside."

Reaching out, he parted the two boys who were flanking her so that he could lower his upper body to pick her up.

In response, Zayron immediately locked up his arm with his own and regarded him with defiant eyes.

Enunciating word for word, he said, "I can hand her over to your care, but would you be able to assure that you would not touch her? You should know well the secret hidden within that paternity test, Mr. Jefferson. She could very well be your brother..."

Coming to that point, he paused abruptly and pursed his lips, "Whatever the case, before we figure this out, you are not to touch her. More importantly, you are not to sully her. If you aren't able to guarantee that, then you're only taking her away today over my dead body."

Looking sideways at that stubborn little face, those exquisite features did remind Artemis of Simon.

This kid's looks do share certain resemblances to Simon. It's no wonder that it only takes minor photo editing work to make them look uncannily alike.

Being siblings with Simon, he and the former shared some similarities in looks. If the boy was Simon's offspring, then it should be not surprising if he also resembled his father's older brother.

Uncle... Yet, another bothersome identity!

"I'm taking her to Justin's infirmary. If you trust me enough, then hand her to me. If not... you have to hand her to me anyway. This is because the average doctor won't be able to fix what's inside her system. That is, unless, you find her a man."

Pursing his lips, Zayron understood well his mother's condition. Certainly, he did not, in his own esteem, think that that villainous man was trying to cow him.

"All right. I'm handing her over. But if you touch her, I'd never let you hear the end of it."

With that, he took a couple of steps in retreat with a grim expression upon his dainty face. "Take her away. I've called a cab and will be leaving together with Maxton in a bit."

Leaning in, Artemis swept up the woman who was leaning against the tree trunk. Then, he strode toward the lot at which the car was parked.

"I want. I want it..."

The soft moans from the woman in his arms got Artemis' emotions all topsy-turvy.

Maxton gulped and reached out to nudge at Zayron's arm. "Hey, idiot, are you really sure you want that wily old fox to take our mommy away? They look like they're in a precarious position to me. I fear that something might go wrong."

Zayron shot a vicious look back at him and seethed between his teeth. "If your dad beds my mommy, I'd be the first to castrate you myself."

Uh...

Maxton reflexively reached down and covered his own crouch, and all the while, his heart was thumping

away ferociously. Don't mess around, Artemis. Your family's lineage may very well come to an

inglorious end.

After Artemis placed Bailey inside the car, he ordered the driver to take the car over to the private mansion by the sea.

Once the car started up, he held Bailey with one hand while he fished for the phone inside of his pocket with the other. He pulled up Justin's number and dialed it.

"You have half an hour. I don't care whether you are researching a new drug or fooling around with some random woman, I expect to see you when I arrive at my mansion."

He then hung up without waiting for a reply.

It was an hour's journey from where they were to Justin's infirmary, but a mere twenty minutes to his mansion.

Judging from the state this woman is in, I don't think she would be able to last another hour. Taking her to the mansion in the quickest time possible and plunging her into a bath of ice water would be the best way to help her simmer down.

"Stop it." His eyes steadily darkened while he reached over to restrain the hands that were

clawing at him. How could a woman who had lost all sensibility possibly be receptive to his

words?

It was almost as though her right hand immediately closed in the second he seized her left.

Tangling back and forth, the clash between the fires of her lust and the coolness of his restraint was pulsating.

Artemis endured it and regarded her with a taut face and gnashing teeth. "Woman, do not doubt my intentions for I would have gladly taken you right now if I could. So, you'd better behave yourself. Otherwise, I'll make you regret getting what you asked for."

The woman in his arms who was completely unhinged was not inclined to heed his warnings. Not only were her fingers active, but her entire body was also contorting like a snake. Twisting and arcing, she came across as extremely alluring.

"F*ck," Artemis could not help but cuss.

That was really putting his patience and willpower to the test. Before that woman, the self-control that he took such pride in had gone to the dogs.

"Goddammit. Quit squirming, or I'd kill you."

The more he fumed, the more his male hormones raged. It became a sort of accelerant when taken in through the wayward woman's nostrils.

The veins on Artemis's forehead pulsed, and the nerves throughout his body tensed up, placing him in peril of losing his grip at any given moment.

Let rationality be da*ned. Given the circumstances, the thing that he had always taken pride in seemed more like a nuisance than anything else.

Had he not been repressing himself to the fullest extent possible, perhaps he might have already pounced upon her.

A cautionary voice was, however, constantly within earshot with a helpful reminder whenever such a notion roused in him.

I must not lay a finger on her nor could I stain her. She is Simon's woman—the mother to my nephew and my future sister-in-law. It'd be embarrassing as heck to meet with my brother in the future if I were to make any inappropriate advances on her, or worse, make it impossible for us to maintain our familial ties anymore. A sister-in-law is strictly off-limits!

"Give it to me..."

That being said, there was only so much reason and self-restraint that could do against the relentless temptation she was putting forth.

Just before his willpower was to break, he grabbed a bottle of water from the back of the car. Uncapping it, he then raised it high to douse its contents upon her head.