

# Super Mommy and Her Triplets

## Chapter 52

The water that gushed from Bailey's head instantly woke her up, bringing her to her senses.

Looking stunned, she wiped away the water on her face and turned her attention to the handsome man.

Upon gazing into his deep, dark eyes, a vortex of anger swirled inside her, and she exploded. "You jerk, b\*stard, lecher, shameless idiot..."

Bailey raised her arms and slapped his cheek ferociously.

The sound was so loud that it echoed in the tiny space inside the car.

The woman hopped up from his thigh and knocked against the car ceiling before Artemis could grab her arm. Bailey massaged her head to get rid of the buzzing sound while hugging her chest with her arms.

She shot daggers at the man and asked, "What are you trying to do to me?"

Artemis blanched at her words. It was as if he was about to explode. F\*ck! No one has slapped me like how this da\*n woman did!

The man clenched his teeth and said, "You're safe."

He crossed his arms, leaned against the seat, and shut his eyes, pretending that she was invisible. Bailey frowned. She was able to think in the right mind once she regained her composure.

After glancing at the water bottle and her wet gown, she finally understood what had happened. He must have rescued me, but I'd mistaken him for being a pervert.

She could not help but feel a pang of guilt for what she did to Artemis. "Err, I'm sorry. I got a little agitated just now. Do you want to slap me back, so we can call it quits? I won't tell anyone I've slapped you before, so don't worry."

Bailey's suggestion rendered the man speechless.

He opened his eyes and looked up at the woman with a scowl. I don't want to slap you. I want to sleep with you. I just want to sleep with you, you hear me?

"It's not the time to put your guard down yet. Listen carefully—what they had used on you is not the usual drug. The drug might trigger an even more intense reaction if you don't purge it out of your system. Do you think you can handle that?"

There was a baffling look on Artemis' face when he lowered his eyes to look at the water bottle near his ankle.

Bailey pressed her lips. Was I overly affectionate just now? I must have gone overboard. Otherwise, a well-mannered man like him wouldn't have poured a bottle of water over my head.

"So where are we going now?"

Artemis glanced at her before answering indifferently, "My mansion."

"Hell, no!" Bailey stormed her feet. But before she could stand up, she fell back on the seat as the buzzing sound in her head started ringing again.

"Take me to the hospital will do, Mr. Luther. I don't want to disturb you in your mansion."

Artemis leaned forward, inched closer, and responded ambivalently, "You seem to be quite afraid of me. Can I know why? Are you worried that Edmund might misunderstand us? Or are you afraid that I know your other identity, Spook?"

Bailey stayed calm and ignored his last remark, but deep in her heart, she was thunderstruck. He must have found out something about me. Otherwise, he wouldn't have mentioned Spook all of a sudden.

"Edmund is trying to pursue me, and yes, I have feelings for him. Since you guys are cousins, I think it's best we maintain a distance from each other. Please stay away from me, Mr. Luther. Otherwise, I might have difficulty explaining our relationship to Edmund."

Artemis narrowed his eyes, stared at her for a few minutes, and said nonchalantly, "You seem to dodge my question on purpose. You've only answered my first few questions but not the last one. So tell me, what's your relationship with Spook? Spook stole three billion from me. I'll have to settle this score with that person."

Bailey's eyes darted from side to side. She could only think of a way to distract him from the topic.

She began to narrow her eyes, stared blankly into the distance, curled her body, and started trembling. Artemis cursed as he thought the drug in her body was acting up again.

"Hang in there. We'll be arriving at my mansion in another five minutes. Once we reach, you can soak yourself in the cold water. I'll call Justin, but he can only be here in another fifteen minutes. Not every doctor can purge the toxins out of your system because the drug is too powerful. I'm not a jerk and will not do anything to you. You just relax and cooperate with me. In short, stop fighting against me."

About four to five minutes later, the toxins in her body started acting up without her realizing it. When she was on the verge of having a breakdown, the car drove into a private mansion.

When the car parked right in front of the entrance, she opened the door and asked in a shivering voice, "W-Where is the bathroom?"

Even though the foyer was dimly-lit, Artemis could still notice the blush on Bailey's face. He could also tell she was in great misery.

"Upstairs—the room on the left."

She dashed into the house without hesitation.

Bailey stumbled a few times but managed to make her way to the bathroom in the master bedroom upstairs. She did not even pay attention to the sophisticated and luxurious design of the mansion.

After turning on the faucet, she got into the bathtub with her gown on. The cold water that filled the tub eventually dissipated the heat from her body.

She had never been in such a wretched state in the last seven years. Beatrice Wenlock and Rhonda Jefferson. You played with fire, and I'll make you pay the price!

Bailey knew Artemis could keep tonight's incident a secret.

Artemis would prevent the scandal from going viral because he would do anything to safeguard his son's reputation.

Bailey was not a pushover. She would never let Rhonda off so easily. That was why she did something to the surveillance camera in that room and retrieved a part of the footage before leaving the attic.

The scandal would go viral on the next day.

She would not expose Laurence but would release all of Rhonda's lewd photos to the public.

Bailey wanted Beatrice and Rhonda to get a taste of their own medicine. They might be proud of what they had done tonight, thinking that no one knows they are the culprit. But tomorrow morning, they'll get the feel of falling from heaven and diving straight to hell.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

Bailey heard the knock on the door.

She pulled herself together and stared at the room with caution. "What is it?"

A deep, magnetic voice emerged from behind the door. "I have something for you. Can I come in?"