

Suddenly There Are Three Chapter 2

Chapter 2 Breathing

That person looks small, so they must be a child. They are not moving, though.

“I’ll hang up first. We’ll talk at home,” Bailey said briefly.

After ending the call, she hurried over to the corner not far from where she was.

As she drew closer, she could see that the figure she saw from earlier was indeed a child

about six to seven years of age.

After a brief moment of hesitation, she touched the boy rolled up in a ball with her foot, and

she asked lowly, “Hey, are you still breathing?”

The kid still did not move an inch, so Bailey was about to leave.

I should just mind my own business next time. Why did I even get involved with this child?

People might actually think I kidnapped him or something.

“Mommy...” A weak voice sounded from behind just as Bailey walked away.

She froze at that voice. It reminded her of her child, who died prematurely.

Because of what she went through, Bailey found it hard to ignore any child around that age

range.

“Get up. I’ll bring you with me,” she said again.

When she saw that the boy did not respond again, she sighed and went over to get him, but

she was shocked the moment she felt how warm his body was.

He’s running a high fever! What are his parents thinking? It’s irresponsible of them to just

leave a kid in a dark corner all on his own!

“You’re lucky to have met me. Otherwise, you’d get brain damage at this rate.”

After speaking, Bailey carried the boy and ran toward the exit.

On that same afternoon, news about Maxton, the child of the Luther family, going missing

came under the media's spotlight, taking the whole upper-class society by storm.

Everyone was aghast, for no one in Hallsbay would have the guts to touch the boy.

Maxton was the apple of the eye of the family. He was way more important than all the

children in the elite circle combined, so his missing wreaked havoc in the entire circle.

Meanwhile, Bailey was on the fifth floor of a hospital when she saw the missing notice about

the child on the TV. She glanced over at the boy on the hospital bed and rubbed her

forehead in annoyance.

Look at the mess you've just gotten yourself into, Bailey Jefferson. You should really stop

being a busybody.

Earlier, Artemis had hunted her down across the airport, but just as she thought that was the

end of the episode, the child she saved turned out to be that man's son.

So, this boy is indeed someone important. His dad's wealth can rival a nation's, and this child

will inherit everything from the Luther Group. In essence, he's born with a silver spoon. How I

wish my own son could be that lucky.

Bailey felt frustrated thinking about how unfair life was.

"Mommy..." the boy beside her suddenly muttered.

Bailey looked over and smiled at him in resignation. "You'd better not call me 'mommy.' I

can't imagine the consequences if anyone hears that. At most, I can be your aunt."

The boy blinked his eyes and flashed her an innocent smile. "Mommy..." he called again.

Suddenly, the ward door was flung open, and a tall man rushed in under the escort of a few bodyguards in black.

Him again?

Half a year ago, Bailey had hacked an account of a bank in Spaunia and looted three billion worth of money.

Since then, that man had traveled around the world just to get her.

What a tiring life!

“Are you the one who saved my son?” the man standing in front asked with an enchantingly magnetic and deep voice.

From his voice, one might think he was loving and gentle, yet the truth was that he was easily one of the most dangerous men globally.

With a vast business empire and significant influence, he topped the pyramid of success in the world, so it went without saying that he had everything within his control in Hallsbay.

“Yes, it’s me. You don’t have to thank me, though. His condition is stable now, so I’ll get going.”

With that said, Bailey took up her sling bag from the bed and turned to leave.

When the boy saw this, he grabbed her arm and looked at her with puppy eyes. “Stay with me, please.”

Artemis was taken aback by what Maxton did. The whole world knew that his child was diagnosed with severe autism and did not speak a word. In fact, that boy had never once acted that desperately, even when he was with Artemis.

Bailey smiled and patted the boy on his head. “Your parents are here. They will take care of you,” she coaxed.

“I don’t have a mommy!” the boy suddenly cried out in agitation, his grip tightening around her arm.

What? I thought Rhonda was his mother.

Although Bailey had spent most of her time abroad, she still kept abreast of current affairs, including news about international multimillionaires. Hence, it went without saying that she

knew a thing or two about Artemis’ family.

She even knew that Rhonda tricked Artemis into bed just to get pregnant so she could earn a ticket into the Luther family.

Bailey’s heart pained as she thought about that shameless woman.

She’s partially at fault for Granny’s death. I wouldn’t have gone into labor prematurely if it

were not for her. My eldest son would still be alive then!

When Bailey recalled Maxton’s relationship with Rhonda, her heart chilled, and she pushed

the boy’s hand away. “Whether you have a mother or not has nothing to do with me,” she

replied coldly.

The boy panicked upon hearing that. He rolled off the bed and clung to Bailey’s leg on the ground, sobbing.

Bailey glanced over at Artemis, who had been watching in silence all the while. “Mr. Luther,

are you having fun watching your son calling someone else his mother?

Aren’t you afraid that

your wife might get angry?”

Before Artemis could answer, the door was swung open again, and a slender woman came running in.

“Max, my child! Are you okay? Why are you on the floor? Get up! You’re sick!”

The woman darted over, pushing Bailey aside.

Bailey did not even have to look at the woman to know who she was. What a small world. I should've expected to meet her. After all, that boy is her son.

But what happened next shocked Bailey.

The boy she believed to be Rhonda's son shot up from the floor and headbutted Rhonda in the belly, pushing her away for a good two to three meters.

"Go away. I don't want to see you," the boy snapped.

"Max! I'm your mother! What has gotten into—argh!"

Rhonda's sentence broke into a shriek when the boy bit her on her arm.

Maxton bit her so hard that her arm started bleeding, and Rhonda scowled at him with hatred

in her eyes.

Imbecile! I will make you pay for what you did and for being so ungrateful!

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