

Suddenly There Are Three Chapter 4

Chapter 4 Ask The Dog To Open The Door

Zayron closely compared his picture and Artemis'.

We do look alike, but too bad. My dad is a bald man over sixty. He's far from being a handsome and wealthy man. I'd smile even in my sleep if I had a dad like Mr. Luther.

Creak. The door opened, and Bailey came in with a plate of fruits.

The boy quickly closed his laptop. I still have a lot to do. I can't let her find out.

"Ha! Do you really think I don't know what you're doing? I bet you're checking girls out again.

I can't believe you're so nasty at such a young age," she teased.

"Why would I need to do that? I have a cute sister," he replied, rolling his eyes.

Bailey put the plate on the table, asking, "Where is she now, by the way?

She is still on tour,

right? When is she coming back?"

"Why should she be back?" the boy asked, looking at his mother.

"Your granny's death anniversary is in two weeks. I've not brought you guys to see her before,

so I just thought that you guys should visit her since we're back."

"I see. I'll text her tomorrow. By the way, Mommy, are you not bringing us to the Larson

family? I know it's weird to have a sixty-year-old dad, but I can at least get some money from him."

“He’s not your biological father. I hacked the blood bank’s system three years ago and compared his DNA with yours, so you should just give up on the thought of extorting money from him.”

The kid pouted and muttered, “Well, my dad must still be somewhere out there. There’s no way I don’t have a father. I’ll look for him once I’m done dealing with that Luther villain.

Finding my father won’t be a problem for me. I’m so smart, anyway.”

Two days had passed when Artemis went into Maxton’s room with a somber face.

An exasperated smirk broke out on his face when he saw the weak and hungry boy lying in bed.

“Are you still alive? I’m bringing you to that woman if you are,” Artemis offered.

He had run a background check done on Bailey, and as he expected, she was the eldest daughter of the Jefferson family, Bailey Jefferson, also Rhonda’s half-sister from another mother.

Eight years ago, she sold herself to a man over his fifties for five million.

After that, news about her having a stillbirth was made public, and she went abroad since she could no longer stay in Hallsbay.

Artemis tried to ignore Maxton in the past two days, for he did not want his son to have

anything to do with a woman like that, but that kid proved to be more obstinate than he had imagined.

If Artemis let him be, Maxton would starve himself to death.

Since the Luther family still needed an heir, and Artemis was not interested in any women, the

father figured he should compromise and let Maxton have his way in the end.

When Maxton heard that Artemis had relented, he struggled to get up from his bed despite his dizziness.

“Let’s go,” he whispered.

Artemis went closer to hold the frail boy, scolding, “I can’t believe you’re giving your mother

the cold shoulder and asking for your aunt instead. You’re so dumb.”

Downstairs, Rhonda was alarmed when she saw Artemis carrying Maxton toward the door

across the living room. She darted over and blocked right in front of them.

“Where are you bringing Max, Artemis?” she questioned.

“I’m bringing him to Bailey,” he replied coldly without looking at her.

“No.” Rhonda reached out, wanting to snatch the boy away.

I can’t believe what I heard. Did Artemis say he wanted to bring the boy to Bailey? What does

he want? She’s his sister-in-law!

“Move,” Artemis demanded curtly.

Rhonda gritted her teeth and faked a shaky voice. “I’m Max’s mother. How could you bring

him to another woman? Artemis, do you want your son to take her as his mother?”

Artemis drilled his sharp gaze into Rhonda. “Do you not see how weak Max is? No mother

would want to see her child in this state. You’ve done nothing for him over the past two days.

I bet you can’t wait to see him die of hunger.”

Rhonda stumbled backward when she met Artemis’ gaze. It was true that she secretly hoped

that Maxton would starve himself to death, but the outcome was disappointing because not

only did he not die, but he also managed to have things his way in the end.

D*mn it! I can’t believe this vermin is still alive.

“No. That’s not what I meant. I’m also worried about Max. I was just making him some

oatmeal in the kitchen just now. Give me half a day, and I’ll make sure he eats something,”

Rhonda insisted.

Artemis looked at her apathetically without answering.

Rhonda thought he bought her persuasion when Artemis did not move an inch, so she

continued, “My sister sold herself to an old man for five million and even got pregnant. Her

reputation is tarnished. I don’t want Max anywhere close to her.”

A glint of disgust shone in Artemis’ eyes. Although he did not approve of Bailey’s behavior, he

was more appalled by how a sister could slander her sibling.

It’s time I consider finding someone else to raise Max. I don’t want my son to grow up with a

mother like this.

“Daddy, you won’t see me again if you leave me to her. She can’t wait to starve me to death,”

Maxton said.

“Get lost,” Artemis instructed Rhonda.

Rhonda had no choice but to step aside. She did not have the guts to fight Artemis, so she

could only watch them leave right under her nose.

Her fists clenched tightly beside her body.

Bailey Jefferson, we still have a long way to go. I’ll see to it that I kill you.

Meanwhile, Bailey was in the kitchen when the doorbell rang.

“Go get the door, Zayron!”

“Go get the door, Hado!” Zayron shouted from the study the next instant.

The dog rubbed its nose and walked to the living room to open the door unwillingly.

Artemis was dumbstruck when the door opened to a dog hanging on the handle, panting.

His face slowly fell when he registered what was happening.

I can’t with this woman. Did she just ask a dog to open the door?

When he snapped back to his senses, he turned and walked away without a second thought,

but the boy in his arms spoke.

“I swear I won’t eat anything if you bring me home now.”

The veins on Artemis’ forehead bulged in agitation, but in the end, he still turned around and

threw the kid on the couch before leaving the house.

“I dare you to stay in this tiny place for the rest of your life. Don’t ever return to the Luther

family!” he raged and slammed the door behind him.

Maxton did not even bother looking at Artemis. Instead, he looked over to the kitchen in

anticipation.

Bailey jumped when she saw a boy in her house.

“What in the world? Where did you come from?” she exclaimed, holding some dishes.

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