

# Suddenly There Are Three Chapter 9

## Chapter 9 A Slap In The Face

Wait, this is different from what we initially expected. We thought Mr. Luther wanted to use the media to admit that he has an illegitimate son so he can bring his illegitimate son back to the Luther family officially before marrying the child's mother. What the h\*ll is going on?

On the stage, the person in charge of the public relations department coughed and explained, "Mr. Luther has clarified the rumors personally. I believe you're smart enough to know how to write the news without needing my reminder." Silence ensued.

He added, "All right. If that's it, the conference shall end—" Before he could finish his words, an ear-splitting crackling sound reverberated in the venue.

In the next second, two little figures appeared on the screen on the stage. One was familiar to everyone, for he was the little boy Artemis had just unmerged out of the photo using his skills.

The other one was...

"Oh, isn't that Maxton? I can't believe he's with the other boy!"

"Is there something that we don't know?"

"Yeah, you might be right."

The person in charge of the public relations department cursed under his breath. Mr. Luther will never get to clear his name.

He hinted at one staff to switch off the projector.

The staff immediately typed on the keyboard furiously. Alas, nothing worked even after he hit

the ESC key, restart key, pause key, enter key, and toggled everything he could. Cold sweat started beading on his forehead.

D\*mn it. Kids nowadays are really good at causing trouble, huh? They didn't even bother sparing my feelings!

"Let me introduce myself. My name is Maxton Luther."

After hearing Maxton's words, everyone's jaw dropped in disbelief.

The Luther family's darling grandson can talk? Isn't he a mute, suffering from intellectual disability and autism? Why is he suddenly talking? Does his daddy know he can speak?

Artemis was obviously in the know. Right now, he was sitting on the couch, his expression as

dark as thunder. Staring at his son, he wanted nothing more than to stuff the little boy back

into his mommy's stomach to get a change of personality!

This brat!

In the video, Maxton finished introducing himself and turned to Zayron, who was standing

beside him. Without warning, he then added, "This is my big brother. I just got to know him a

while ago, and I'd like everyone to get to know him."

Boom!

Maxton's voice hit everyone at the conference like a bolt of lightning.

Astounded, they looked at each other in bafflement.

Mr. Luther, your son, introduced his brother to us right after you've just quelled the rumors!

What a slap in the face! Does it hurt?

"D\*mn, so he's really Mr. Luther's son!"

"Isn't it obvious? They claimed to be brothers. That's enough to prove there's something fishy going on."

"You're right. I have observed them carefully and realized they look like brothers. They

definitely share the same father.”

“Oh, Mr. Luther made a mistake. Claiming that the photo was edited by photoshop doesn’t sound that convincing anymore. If he wants to clear his name, he will have to show a paternity test.”

All microphones were pointed at the stage.

“Mr. Longman, Maxton has admitted that the little boy is his brother. Is there something that we don’t know?”

“Mr. Longman, someone spotted Mr. Luther at a residential area last night. It seemed that he went there to meet the child’s birth mother. He planned to give her money and kick them out of Hallsbay. Is this true?”

“Mr. Longman, why did Mr. Luther deny that the little boy is his son? Is he afraid that the illegitimate son will try to get the legitimate son’s inheritance if he were to return to the family?”

“Mr. Longman, is Mr. Luther trying to nip this in the bud so the brothers won’t be involved in an internal strife and become rivals in the future?”

The questions hurled at him were harsh.

Quentin Longman, the person in charge of the public relations department, couldn’t stop a layer of cold sweat from forming on his head. His experience told him that trying to explain would only make the matter worse. Silence would be the best way to refute rumors.

“Mr. Longman, as you can’t provide us with a valid reason, please call Mr. Luther so we can interview him personally.”

Before Quentin could say anything, the revolving door swung open to reveal a tall figure, who

strode in flanked by a few bodyguards.

“That’s Mr. Luther! Mr. Luther is here!”

The reporters swarmed over to the revolving door.

A frown marred Artemis’ brows as he stared at the microphones before him, his face devoid

of expression. Before the reporters could ask anything, he said, “Children love speaking

nonsense. I didn’t teach my son well, so he spoke recklessly. The boys are childhood friends,

and it’s normal for them to address each other as brothers. That alone isn’t proof that he’s my

son.”

After a pause, he added, “To dispel your doubts, I shall ask an expert from the hospital to

show you the results of our paternity test. You’ll find out the truth then. I have an urgent

meeting to host, so I’m going to take my leave now. The press conference shall end now.

Please excuse me.”

Having said that, he spun on his heels and strode toward the revolving door.

Cameras began clicking away. The reporters wanted to go after him, but dozens of

bodyguards dressed in black blocked their paths.

“Mr. Luther, will you alter the paternity test report?”

“Mr. Luther, why did you refuse to acknowledge that he’s your son?”

“Mr. Luther...”

Artemis marched out of the convention center wearing an icy expression.

Outside, he

growled, “Head to Shelbert Condominium now!”

His assistant, Dwayne Darning, immediately advised him, “Mr. Luther, you’re the talk of the

town now. Reporters are tailing you everywhere. Why don’t you stay put for now?”

Artemis stopped in his tracks and pinned Dwayne with a withering look. “Did you find out

what I asked you to investigate earlier?” he demanded.

Dwayne took two steps back and nodded. “Seven years ago, Ms. Bailey gave birth at a private hospital. The hospital has already gone bankrupt. From what I gathered, she gave birth to a stillborn baby.”

Something occurred to him as he raised his voice. “By the way, Ms. Rhonda’s date of delivery was the same day as Ms. Bailey’s. Yet, Ms. Rhonda was pregnant with your child and didn’t get kicked out of the Jefferson family. She gave birth to her child in the Jefferson residence.”

Artemis narrowed his eyes.

Both sisters had the exact date of delivery? One gave birth to a dead baby, and the other gave birth to Maxton.

As a little boy around Maxton’s age was with Bailey seven years later, it was evident that her child didn’t die back then.

He couldn’t help but wonder why the investigation results showed otherwise.

“Did you find out who she sold her body to eight years ago?”

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