

Super Mommy 100

Chapter 100

Bailey pulled Luliana away before addressing the judge on the bench. "I won't file an appeal anymore. I'll take this opportunity to clarify that I am indeed Master Gadzinski's mentee. Snowflake. The design that won first place at The Grand Fashion Show four years ago was my creation. Four years later, on this day, I designed the dress for Ms. Caridce Luther using the design concept from four years ago plus some elements of Fashion, and the result was the creation some time ago. Since both were my creations and the copyright is in my hands, it can't be judged as plagiarism legally."

The judge looked hesitant, and after a moment of silence, he cautiously said, "The court has already come to a conclusion, and there is no reason to change it. Ms. Jefferson, you can appeal to the high court to overturn our judgment."

"That won't be necessary." Bailey flatly declined, "I can explain it to the public myself. I'm truly sorry for causing a lot of trouble to the court by clarifying in such a way."

The judge gave her a meaningful look with some admiration in his eyes and smiled at her before getting up and leaving the courtroom.

Only after watching several courtroom clerks leave did Bailey turn to address the public seating area. "My apologies. I'm afraid the situation today won't develop in the way you all had expected. I have no intention to embarrass anyone, but the media has already circulated this news abroad. At present, I'm an object of universal condemnation, and this is the only way to clarify the rumors," she said with a smile.

The people below exchanged looks with each other in bafflement and bitterness.

Not long ago, they were still verbally attacking her while feeling proud of themselves, thinking that they had brought her down.

However, within a split second, she had transformed into the mysterious distinguished figure they respected and admired.

It was truly difficult for those without a certain level of psychological endurance to accept the transformation and contrast at that moment.

Victoria rushed forward and flung her arms around Bailey, exclaiming loudly, "Wow, my dear. I can't believe you're the distinguished Snowflake! I'm overwhelmed by your charisma. Let me simp for you. My, my, I never thought I would have a grandmaster-level figure as my bestie. I'm truly honored and proud."

Bailey sighed helplessly.

Why is everyone I know such drama kings and queens?

A little girl stood up from her seat, approached Bailey, and asked with a tilt of her head, "Are you truly Ms. Snowflake?"

Bailey smiled as she reached out to stroke the girl's head. "Everyone has their own identity, and so do I. However, it's not something we should use to show off. Do you understand?" she said in a soothing voice.

The young girl nodded even though she did not fully understand it. "I love design. After seeing several of your works, I was attracted by the style of your designs. I heard that someone copied your work some time ago, and I was very sad. I came to mock the plagiarist today but never thought... I was wrong. I shouldn't blindly believe in public opinion. I should've relied on my judgment," she uttered.

Bailey snatched up a pen and paper beside her, signed on it, and handed it to her.

The little girl accepted it, and a radiant smile appeared on her face when she took a look. "It's Ms. Snowflake's autograph. You weren't lying. You truly are Ms. Snowflake. You... really don't resent us for slandering and discrediting you?"

Bailey caressed the girl's head and said with a smile, "Go on. Go back to your family. I hope you can look at things more rationally after this incident."

"Thank you."

Seeing that the little girl had gotten Snowflake's autograph, many people in the audience could no longer sit still.

Those who attended the court hearing were all interested in design and naturally admired Snowflake, the distinguished figure in this industry.

Now that the person was right in front of them, it was the perfect opportunity to chat with her.

How lucky would I be to get an autograph from her?

"Ms. Snowflake, can I get your autograph? I have admired you for a long time."

"Ms. Snowflake, I'm stuck in my design process. Can you please give me some advice?"

"Ms. Snowflake, the dress you designed for Ms. Caridee some time ago, where did you get your inspiration? I've never seen such a bold and unbridled creation. You truly are a design genius."

"Ms. Snowflake..."

Jessica slumped onto the ground as she looked at the woman that was surrounded by admirers, feeling blood gurgling in her chest.

She laboriously suppressed the blood that was about to spew out of her throat.

Bailey Jefferson, you b*tch. I can't believe you nearly made me spew blood from anger. I swear I won't give up until I get my revenge.

Bailey looked coldly at the people surrounding her with a trace of contemptuous mockery in her eyes.

1/ If weren't for this Snowflake identity, I'm afraid I would've been sent to prison by the verbal attacks of this group of people who don't know right from wrong and allow rumors to sway their thoughts. / scorn their respect and admiration.

Sorry. After leaving my mentor, I don't present myself as Snowflake. If you wish to look for Snowflake, you can pay a visit to my mentor to get some pointers."

After saying that, she turned around and said to Victoria, "Let's go. It's been a long morning, and I'm hungry."

Victoria raised her eyebrows in amusement before saying to the crowd, "Be more sensible in the future. Don't keep listening to the blabbers of the media. I'll make you look foolish."

The audience were rendered speechless.

She then dragged Bailey down the stand, and when they passed the public seating area, the latter slowly stopped in her tracks.

Bailey inclined her head to look at Felicity, who was sitting gracefully and demurely in her chair, and commented with a chuckle, "I presume the design I did for Ms. Caridee some time ago wasn't to the Luther family's satisfaction, since you destroyed it yourself and hired someone else to design a new dress for Ms. Caridee. Don't ever use my design. Otherwise... I'll sue you in court for plagiarism."

"You..." Felicity turned her head and glared at her. "Are you mocking me?"

Bailey shrugged. "I wouldn't dare to. After all, I'm an employee of Luther Group. I'll get myself fired if I disrespect the chairman's wife.'

Despite having said that, she did not show much respect with her cold expression.

Felicity endured it, suppressing the anger within her as she remarked through clenched teeth, "Let's hope you can be this lucky every time. Otherwise, you will experience a catastrophic fall one day."

Bailey gave her a curt nod before walking toward the exit. "Remember not to use my design to make Ms. Caridce a dress, Mrs. Luther. If she wears a plagiarized work, the world will have much to say about it."

"You..."

Felicity stood up abruptly and was just about to argue with her when Beatrice walked over from a near distance, held her back by the arm, and whispered in her ear.

After hearing what she said, Felicity could not conceal her joy. "Really? You truly prepared,"

"Shh!" Beatrice made a shushing gesture and lowered her voice. You need not be anxious, Mrs. Luther. You'll get to watch a good show soon."