

Super Mommy 101

Chapter 101

On the top floor at Luther Group. Artemis was sitting at his arched desk in his office, watching the live stream of the nal.

The dust had settled. When his suspicions were confirmed, Artemis lifted the corners of his lips into a sinister smile.

He knew that his judgment regarding Bailey was correct that woman had a shocking identity.

Snowflake. The Climate Designer: Disciple of Master Gadzinski. The smile on Artemis' face grew wider. Interesting. I wonder if she has any other secrets. Bang!

The door of his office suddenly swung open, and Dwayne rushed inside, hugging a laptop to his chest.

"What the *ck. Mr. Luther, Bailey is Snowflake! She is Snowflake! Snowflake! What. The. F*ck."

Seeing the shock on Dwayne's face, Artemis rubbed his chin and raised an eyebrow at him with a half-smile. "Is it so strange that she's Snowflake? Did anyone say she can't be Snowflake?"

Dwayne fell silent.

Halting instantly in his tracks, he narrowed his eyes at Artemis.

For a few silent seconds, he stared at Artemis' expression. All of a sudden, he started stomping his foot on the ground. "You f*cking knew! You knew her identity, and you didn't tell me? How could you treat me like this?"

Artemis merely smirked mockingly in response. "Why are you blaming me? You're the one with no brains. You have no one to blame but yourself. She has already made it so obvious. Do you expect me to explain it to you, like how I would explain a math equation to a child?"

That got Dwayne stumped.

Such a venomous tongue of his.

"Oh, right. I forgot to tell you something Old Mr. Chivers and Simon have returned, but they asked to land their private jet on the private mansion in the suburbs, and then they disappeared. Should we send our teams to search for them?" Dwayne suggested.

"No." Artemis replied casually. "It's right, they're probably at the court. Go get the car ready. We're going to the court to pick up... Old Mr. Chivers."

Dwayne rolled his eyes. Just admit that you want to see Bailey. Why use the old man as an excuse?

"Okay."

At the Chivers residence, Edmund and his parents were watching the live stream in the living room.

When the judge announced that the work was plagiarized, all three of them did not look happy.

Yoel buffed. "There's nothing else to defend now, is there? Even the judge has decided that she plagiarized, which means she—"

Before he could finish his sentence. Juliana's appearance shut him up.

Having found out that Bailey was Snowflake, all three of them jumped up from the couch in shock

Edmund heaved out a sigh of relief before turning to face Yoel. "Don't just look at the surface of an incident. Appearances can be deceiving. You taught me this principle, remember. Father? Please keep your promise, and stop stopping me from dating Bay."

Yoel opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but was at a loss for words. In the end, he could only cross his arms and stormed upstairs with a huff.

With a smile, Gwendolyn urged Edmund, "The trial is ending soon. Quick, go to the courthouse and bring Bay here for a meal. Your grandpa might be coming back today. He must meet her."

Needless to say, Edmund did not object. He immediately reached for the coat on the chair and put it on as he walked to the door, all the while not forgetting to respond. "Thanks, Mom. I'll bring your daughter-in-law back now."

At the sight of Edmund's hurried silhouette, Gwendolyn could not help but laugh. "Look at you. Forgetting your mother now that you got yourself a wife. I've sure wasted my love on you," she teased.

A huge crowd surrounded Bailey as she walked out of the court.

As she stood on top of the stairs, she looked at the multitude that had gathered outside. They had been waiting eagerly for her to exit the building.

Seeing the grand scenario, she felt an impending headache coming up.

The public must have known her identity by then. Otherwise, there wouldn't be so many people crowding the exit of the courthouse.

On top of that, she could see more and more people rushing forward from the streets afar.

Victoria reached out and wrapped her arm around Bailey's with a smile. "Let's go. You'll have to face the crowd sooner or later as long as you live in this city. You can't just stay at home forever, can you?"

Bailey rubbed her temples in an attempt to clear her chaotic thoughts. "This is why I don't want to reveal my identity. There's bound to be a lot of drama. It's so much better living a quiet life as a nobody"

Smiling, Victoria pulled her down the steps. "Nevertheless, your identity has been revealed. There's nothing you can say that could change this reality. Instead of being frustrated by it, why not enjoy the glory of being a big shot?"

Just then, Juliana walked over and held onto Bailey's other arm, "Exactly. With your skills, Master, you definitely are worthy of being called a big shot." A huge grin stretched across her cheeks.

"One hour ago. everyone was still scolding you. It doesn't seem like a bad idea to have them grovel at your feet right now."

The noise of the crowd grew louder as they walked. Once they reached the base of the steep huge group of reporters rushed forward.

“Ms. Jefferson, are you really Ms. Snowflake?”

“Ms. Jefferson, are you really Old Mr. Gadzinski’s disciple?”

“Ms. Jefferson, were you really the dark horse who had won the glorious title of “The Ultimate Designer in the Grand Fashion Show four years ago?”

“Ms. Jefferson...”

Bailey waved her hand, stopping the series of questions that she was bombarded with before turning to look at Juliana and gesturing for her to deal with the crowd.

Nodding, Juliana turned to the crowd of reporters and smiled. “So sorry for the misunderstanding, everyone. To be honest, even I didn’t know my master is Bailey Jefferson.” Juliana took out a certificate and a trophy from her bag, “This is the certificate and trophy that my master won four years ago. Back then, something came up on that day so she couldn’t attend the award-giving ceremony. Both of these were passed to me by the host instead. Today, I shall officially return them to my master in front of all of you.”

With that, she passed the trophy and certificate in her hand to Bailey in a respectful manner.

Bailey tossed Juliana a look before reaching out to take the two objects. With the trophy and the certificate in her hands, Bailey waved them in front of the reporters with a half-smile. “Any more questions? Would you like to invite the team from The Grand Fashion Show to verify the authenticity of this trophy and this certificate?”

“You’re funny, Ms. Jefferson. With Ms. Stone as a witness, it has to be real.”

“That’s right. You’re her master. How could she have mistaken her own master?”

“To have such exceptional skills and achievements at your age, you are such an inspiration!”

The crowd continued to compliment Bailey.

Ding!Ding!Ding!

All of a sudden, the sound of notifications filled the area.

The phones of multiple reporters began to ring in their pockets.

When they took out their phones to check the incoming message, they were stunned.

A weird look flashed across everyone’s eyes as they glanced up at Bailey before peering at their phones again.

Bailey narrowed her eyes slightly. She could tell something was amiss.

She knew that someone would try to sabotage her, but she did not expect them to strike so soon.

-Oh My Gosh I received an anonymous message. It's a paternity test. The test report shows that Mr. Chivers is not the father of Bailey's son."

"I received that too! What on earth? Can somebody explain to me what is going on?"

*Could it be that Bailey talked the test report in order to disguise an illegitimate child as a member of the Chivers family because she wants to be a part of the Chivers family?"

"Does that mean the paternity test report that was shown a few days ago was not a real one but a fake by Bailey?"

In the next second, all microphones were pointed at Bailey.

One of the reporters showed Bailey the phone in his hand and asked, "Ms. Jefferson, is this paternity test legit? Is your son a Chivers or is he not?"