

Super Mommy 40

Chapter 40

Ignoring Jessica, Bailey maintained her smile as she asked Stephen curiously. "Is the dog barking again? Mr. Chandler. I'm sure you can hear it now."

"You..."

Overwhelmed by rage, Jessica raised her hand in an attempt to slap Bailey.

At that moment, piercing glint flashed across Bailey's eyes.

Giving in doesn't mean fear, and I have had enough of this woman.

After Jessica's repeated provocations, the good-natured Bailey had run out of her patience.

Just before Jessica's palm struck her, Bailey caught the approaching hand in mid-air.

Even though Bailey wasn't using much strength to restrain Jessica, her inherent athleticism was enough to stop the latter.

"Ouch, it hurts! It hurts. My wrist... It's going to break."

Letting out a snigger, Bailey tightened her grip. "Let me remind you to stay out of my way and stop messing around with me. Do you hear me? I'm not your mother and not under any obligation to tolerate your rudeness. Going forward, you had better behave instead of trying to slap someone as you wish."

At the sound of Bailey's words, Jessica was filled with so much indignance that her heavily made up face began to contort.

"You despicable woman, who do you think you are? You sold your dignity for five million and even bore an illegitimate child, so who are you to criticize my actions? 1--"

Slap!

The next moment, Jessica instinctively held onto her burning cheek with her free hand as she stared at Bailey in disbelief.

"You... How dare you hit me. You b*tch. What gives you the right to do that?"

Bailey snorted in laughter before rebutting, "The right? I hit you just because I can. Ms. Tanner, have you learned your lesson now? Whenever you want to hit someone, you have to catch them by surprise."

* You..." Jessica stared daggers at Bailey as if the burning rage in her eyes could incinerate the latter into ash.

"Have you not learned anything yet? In that case, let me show you again." With her brows raised, Bailey lashed out again with the back of her hand when Jessica wasn't looking.

Slap!

Having been struck twice, Jessica had red palm prints on both sides of her cheeks. They were a testament to how much force Bailey had employed.

“Bailey, I’m going to kill you.”

Then, she began to struggle vehemently,

However, Bailey gave her hand a forceful pull.

“Ah!”

Amidst a piercing scream echoing through the office, Jessica lost her balance and crashed onto the ground.

Raising her right leg slightly, Bailey used her sharp heels to hold up Jessica’s chin.

The next second, Jessica’s red lips made intimate contact with the bottom of Bailey’s shoes.

“Oh, Ms. Tanner, that’s awfully gracious of you to lick my shoes in gratitude after I showed you how to slap someone twice.”

“You...”

Sprawled on the floor, Jessica angrily hammered her fist on the ground before cursing. “Bailey. one of these days, I’ll tear you apart with my bare hands.”

Bailey cocked her brow in amusement before strutting out the door.

“I’ll be waiting... for the day you completely transform into a mad batch.”

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Stumped. Jessica could faintly taste the stench of blood in her throat, as if she had burst a vessel inside,

Then, she tried desperately to suppress the blood that had pooled in her mouth from being thrown out.

I hate her / really hate her” What right does this despicable woman have to throw her weight around like that?

Rubbing his forehead, Stephen reached out his hand to pull Jessica back to her feet,

“Didn’t I tell you that Ms. Jefferson isn’t to be trifled with, as she’s not the kind of lady who can be bullied? When you refused to listen, you end up disgracing yourself. What’s the point in all this? If you resent her, shouldn’t you outdo her with your capabilities? Why do you need to get into an altercation?”

“Stephen...” Jessica, tears welling up in her eyes, asked in a pitiful tone, “How can a filthy and uncultured wench like her qualify to design a gown for Ms. Caridee’s coming-of-age ceremony?”

Raising his brows, Stephen cracked an indiscernible smile. “In that case, why don’t you take your case to Mr. Luther? Perhaps he might listen to you and send her back to the Archulea branch.”

Howh.” Jessica sniggered. “Wouldn’t that be letting her off too lightly I want her reputation to be destroyed so that she will never stop foot in the fashion design industry again. How dare she come and compete with me? I’ll make sure to teach her a lesson she’ll never forget.”

Sighing inwardly, Stephen shook his head in resignation as disappointment glistened in his eyes.

It's good to have some pride, but one always needs to back one's ego up with real ability. It's obvious that Jessica is no match for Bailey. In fact, both of them can't even be mentioned in the same breath. And yet, Jessica insists on letting her ego run wild with her superiority complex. Sooner or later, she will be put in her place.

In the afternoon, Maxton returned to the Luther residence,

In the living room, Felicity picked up her grandson and peppered him with kisses.

Subsequently, she complained, "You are really heartless, aren't you? Even though I have raised you, you left me behind without saying a word. And now, you're not even willing to come home. Is that woman really that wonderful?"

Maxton tried to struggle free from her arms. Upon succeeding, he retreated two meters away and retorted, "You're not a child. There's no way you can empathize with what a child takes delight in. With regard to whether Bay is a wonderful person or not, all that matters is that I know the truth. Besides, she's not someone who's desperate for everyone's approval."

Despite ranting on with a joking tone, Felicity still felt a sense of gratitude toward Bailey.

If it wasn't for the latter, her precious grandson wouldn't be talking, let alone speaking with such eloquence.

All these years, she had engaged the best specialists throughout the world to cure his autism. Unfortunately, her efforts saw little success.

However, after meeting Bailey for less than a month, Maxton began to speak like a normal person. Therefore, it was undeniable that Bailey deserved all credit for healing Maxton.

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"Come on, Grandma Stop nagging me. Now that I can speak so fluently, I want to get myself examined at the Luther family's infirmary to see if I have fully recovered from my autism."

Felicity has barely heard his words when she sprang up from the couch. "That's right. Look at how bad my memory is to have let the matter slip my mind. It's true that you do need to go for the checkup."

With that, she walked up to Maxton and held his hand. "Let's go. I'll take you there."

Maxton's eyes darted around. Cognizant that he was going to the infirmary to steal a blood sample, he knew his father's suspicions would be aroused if he went alone. However, if he was accompanied by his grandmother, she would act as a distraction.

"All right, Grandma. Come with me then."

"Sure, sure."

Meanwhile, in the CEO's office of Luther Group. Artemis was sitting at his desk. While going through some documents, the phone on his table rang.

Glancing at the screen, he saw that the call was from the Luther Group infirmary.

“Hmm, what is it?”

“Mr. Luther, Mrs. Luther has brought Mr. Maxton to the infirmary. She says she wants to have him see a psychologist.”

Artemis' hand which was holding a pen froze momentarily.

After a moment of silence, he narrowed his eyes and asked, “Did Maxton request for it himself?”