

Super Mommy 43

Chapter 43

Susan blinked and there was a Mash in her eyes.

Ne Luther is not as teri/vine as tuhat Zayron had described. He has even agreed to take me to the banquet There is no sense of accomplishment at all.

“Mr. Luther, am I off the hook for ending the trip carly?”

Artemis raised his eyebrows while his clegant lips curled tentatively into a sinister smile. After bearing around the bush, she has finally come to the point. She is full of tricks.

“Haven’t you handed in the leave application? I seem to remember giving my approval.”

“Hehe.” She grinned. “Thank you, Boss. In the future, I shall act well so that I can become the best cash cow in Luther Group.”

He did not reply to her. Do I need to rely on this girl to make money?

At night, the mansion of the Jefferson family was as bright as day.

To commemorate Rhonda giving birth to an heir for the Luther Group, celebrities from all walks of life arrived to show their respect for the Jeffersons and so a small birthday banquet attracted almost all the rich and famous of Hallsbay.

Young inen in suits and young women in gowns were seen everywhere on the huge outdoor grounds, raising glasses and drinking merrily.

Bailey entered from the back. To be precise, she climbed over the wall into the backyard.

She was not there to claim her rightful status from Clarence, nor to show disdain to him for accepting her as a family member again.

All she wanted was to find Beatrice and confront her about how her mother died.

Through the quiet back garden, she groped all the way to the main building.

The outdoor grounds were lively and almost all the guests were gathered there. In comparison. the indoors were peacefully quiet,

“Ms.... Ms. Bailey, is that you?”

An elderly voice suddenly rang out from behind, stopping Bailey in her tracks.

Even before turning around, she felt the prick of tears in her eyes.

In the moonlight, a trembling figure was approaching her step by step, while murmuring, “It’s Ms. Bailey. It must be Ms. Bailey. She grew up under my care. How could I not recognize her?”

Bailey turned around with tearful eyes, and she looked at the old lady who had come right up to her. In a choked voice, she said, “Nanny Quaid, it’s me. I’m Bailey.”

After confirming that it was Bailey, Nanny Quaid's whole body began to shake. She raised her trembling hand and slowly stroked the side of Bailey's face.

"It's really you, Ms. Bailey. I'm so relieved to see that you're well."

Bailey took a deep breath and suppressed the pain in her heart. Softly, she asked, "Nanny Quaid, do you know where Beatrice is at this moment?"

The old woman froze as if remembering something. Then, she reached out hurriedly and pushed Bailey towards the backyard door.

"Ms. Bailey, you shouldn't have come back. Mrs. Jefferson and Ms. Rhonda set up a trap. I didn't know who they were going to deal with. Now that you are here, I guess it's you. Hurry up and go quickly. Don't let them harm you."

Bailey gave her a smile and told her gently. "Nanny Quaid, I'm not the pretty face who was defenseless seven years ago. Now, I am not afraid even if they come knocking on my door. In fact, I hope that they would do that. Where is Beatrice? Where is she now?"

The old lady was very relieved to see her calm expression and the self-confidence shown on her face.

Ms. Bailey is indeed not the same person she was seven years ago. Every move she makes now looks intimidating and cannot be ignored.

"She is attending to the guests in the front part of the mansion. She won't be here for a while."

Bailey narrowed her eyes and remained silent for a while. Then, she said, "I'll go out to the front to see her. Nanny Quaid, when I'm done, I'll come and catch up with you."

"Great! You must be cautious lest you fall into the trap this mother and daughter have set up."

"Yeah."

In the front part of the mansion, the outdoor grounds were filled with a lively crowd.

Beatrice was standing in the fruit counter chatting with a few ladies.

"Mrs. Jefferson, you are really getting younger and younger, and you are glowing. Is the wedding date for Ms. Rhonda and Mr. Luther coming soon?"

"Well, it's definitely true. Ms. Rhonda is deeply loved by Mrs. Luther, and she gave birth to an heir to the Luther family. The wedding is only a matter of time."

"Beatrice, when your girl marries into the Luther family and becomes a member of that family, don't forget your old friends. You will have to ask your son-in-law to take care of our businesses."

That's right. In Hallsbay, Mr Luther is the leader. When he becomes your son-in-law, don't forget to speak up for your old friends so he'll look out for us."

The flood of flattery pleased Beatrice so much that she could not stop smiling happily.

It was the utmost privilege to have Artemis as a son-in-law and among all the affluent ladies of Hallsbay, she was the only one to enjoy that honor.

We have been friends for cons. Naturally, I'll do anything I can to help. Later on, that disowned daughter will come back here. When she arrives...

Before she could finish speaking, the ladies around hurriedly agreed. "Don't worry. Beatrice, we will bring all the scandalous things she did back then, and disgrace her, so that she'll go back to wherever she came from."

Beatrice smiled with satisfaction.

At that moment, a middle-aged housekeeper came out, approached Beatrice and whispered in her ear.

"Where is she?"

"She is in the restroom."

"Okay, I'll go over right away," after saying that, Beatrice turned to her affluent friends and told them, "I have to deal with something. You girls enjoy yourselves."

At that, she turned around and walked away with an arrogant gait without waiting for a response.

After watching her leave, one of the ladies took a sip and sneered, "She thinks too much of her insignificant influence and has no idea how ridiculous she looks. She is just a mistress relying on her illegitimate daughters to take over the household. Her daughter was pregnant with the seed of the Luther family after seducing the man. If not for that, she will not have a place in the circle of affluent ladies in Hallsbay!"

Another lady sighed. "Hey, there's nothing we can do about it. It's a matter of one rising in position based on another's deeds. Her daughter is definitely a smart one. She has slept with the man in power in the Luther family and given birth to their heir. Just based on these two points, she can be proud as a peacock."

"Huh! What's there to be proud of? So what if she has given birth to a baby boy? Seven years have passed but the Luther family has not set any date for the wedding. As long as they are not married, her daughter is only a mistress."

The moment Beatrice entered the restroom, an exquisitely-dressed woman walked up to her.

"Beatrice, you're here!"

"Sienna, what's wrong with your face? Did someone assault you?"

Sienna gritted her teeth and said with a look of resentment, "I was beaten by that old scum, Laurence. He was keeping a mistress. Can you imagine a fifty-year-old scum hooking up with a twenty-year-old actress? I asked him for an explanation, but he just hit me and threatened to divorce me and marry that little slut. Beatrice, you have to help me, please."