

## Super Mommy 72

### Chapter 72

I tevis aardless. I didn't expect someone would attempt to destroy my reputation this way to force me out of the industry. Note that I've been caught up in this internet storm, it seems like I can keep a low profile anymore. I'm sure Jessica, Rhonda, Caridee, and Janice are the ones who want to do me in. Now that a golden opportunity for them to do so has surfaced, there's no way they won't try to skin me alive. Bailey frowned.

Victoria's serious and worried voice came over the phone. "It doesn't matter who spread the news, Bay. Right now, there's no way you can handle this thing alone. Your design is pretty similar to the one Snowflake made four years ago. It can be judged as plagiarism in court."

"The designs are different. I've made some changes to the original foundation and incorporated contemporary elements. The current one is much more mature than the one four years ago. It wasn't a half-hearted effort."

Victoria sighed resignedly and chuckled. "Your focus is in the wrong place, Bay. No one is saying you were being lazy with the design you provided Caridee. Right now, everyone is convinced that you plagiarized Snowflake. That's what you should pay attention to. Tell me, did you really copy someone else's work?"

Just as Bailey was about to answer, her doorbell rang.

"Someone's knocking on the door. I'll go and take a look. Talk to you later." After she finished her sentence, she went to open the door.

A few men and women in suits stood in front of her.

Her eyes narrowed. "Who are you lot?"

The man who stood at the front stepped forward and pulled out a card from his pocket before giving it to her. "Ms. Jefferson, we're members of Luther Group's legal department. We received a report saying that the design you made two days ago is suspected of plagiarism. Also, we've already contacted the person in charge of the Archulea branch. Mr. Rhoudin, and obtained his permission to halt your responsibilities temporarily."

Bailey rubbed her eyebrows. If I tell them that I'm Snowflake right now and that I didn't copy anyone's work, they'll probably think I'm a delusional lunatic. I'm starting to regret not accepting the award back then. If I had the certificate to show them now, then this would've been a lot simpler.

"Fine, I'll leave with you. I just need a moment to change and grab my bag."

"Very well."

Upon returning to the living room, she saw the children standing next to the wall with long faces.

She stepped forward and slapped their heads. "I'm just doing what needs to be done, regardless of how serious it is. I won't be able to prepare lunch for you all, so take care of it yourselves."

Susan grabbed her mother and apologized glumly, "I'm sorry, Bay. I didn't know things would end up this way. It wasn't v intention to vive then naravnini- ..- -\*.\*- —— \*\*\*

With a wave of her hand, Bailey went into the bedroom. "It's not a big deal. Since they want to play, i'll indulge them. Let's see who gets the last laugh."

After watching their mother leave, Maxton nudged Zayron's arm and whispered, "What do we do now, Idiot? How about I ask my dad to push this whole thing down?"

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Zayron smiled smugly as a mischievous look appeared in his eyes. "If we let your dad handle it, we won't get to watch the show! I want them to enjoy stepping on Mommy for a while. Then, just as they are drowning in glee, I'll deliver them a deadly strike when they're not paying attention. When that time comes, they'll know what it feels like to fall straight to hell from heaven. They want to mess with my mom? Well, I'll make sure they pay the price for it."

"How do you want to do this?" Maxton rubbed his nose. This idiot is quite evil. He's completely unlike Uncle Simon, who's sunny and pure. In fact, he seemis more like... my dad.

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A wretched smile appeared on Zayron's face as he crooked his finger at his brother. "Come closer."

Maxton leaned closer and listened to the plan. The edges of his mouth couldn't help but twitch violently. Is it really a good idea to mess with people like that?

While he was feeling rather conflicted, he nonetheless praised the plan. "It's a good plan. Don't worry; I'll cooperate with you. If you need anything, let me know."

Meanwhile, at the CEO's office in Luther Group, the director of the legal department was standing in the middle of the ottice.

He was nervously staring at the young man sitting behind the table while taking care of paperwork.

"An hour ago, I asked Dwayne to give you a call. It took you that long to arrive. Your sense of time has worsened, Uncle Samuel. Are you getting too old to perform your work competently? How about I promote a younger employee to help you split the work?"

Samuel Luther trembled as his legs shook.

He had never been afraid of the previous family head. However, ever since Artemis took over the role, he finally experienced what it was like to walk on thin ice.

Artemis wasn't just more ruthless than his father. He would go so far as to ignore familial relationships when he was in the company. If anyone from the Luther family messed up during work, he would deliver their punishment swiftly and justly,

"I-11 was not my intention to arrive late, Mr. Artemis. When Mr. Darning called me, your mother had just arrived in my office. I didn't dare to ignore her." Samuel explained fearfully.

"Mhm." Artemis replied indifferently as he signed his name on a piece of paper.

Upon closing the folder, he lifted his head and stared at his uncle. His dark eyes were fixed on Samuel as if he could see through the middle-aged man. An invisible aura exploded from his body, which made the older man feel as though an oppressive weight was pressing down on him.

“You’re fifty years old this year, aren’t you, Uncle Samuel? I think it’s time for you to think about retirement. Once you find a replacement to an up-and-coming talented employee, I’ll help you find an excellent location to live out the rest of your life peacefully.”

Samuel’s legs turned into spaghetti, and he almost collapsed to the ground. What is he trying to say? Is he forcing me to retire?

“You must be joking, Mr. Artemis. The chairman’s older than me, yet he’s still working here. I just reached fifty years old, which isn’t the age for retirement yet. How can I work as a hands-off director? Thank you for your care, Mr. Artemis, but I think I can still contribute to the company.”

Artemis furrowed his brows as he revealed a sinister smile. There was a cold and cruel look in his eyes. “Who asked you to send men to bring Bailey over?”

Samuel’s body shook as he was affected by his nephew’s oppressive aura. It caused him to stutter when he spoke. “I-It was your mother.”

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“Oh?” The younger man raised his eyebrow and spoke with a half-smile. “It seems like I was right about your age dragging you down, Uncle Samuel. Otherwise, you wouldn’t have forgotten whose orders you should be listening to. I suggest you retire soon to give the younger generation a chance to show what they can do. You really have become old.”