

Mighty Mom 15

Chapter 15 Why Should I Apologize to Her

Camila rubbed her temples and suppressed the irritation in her heart. Then, she decided to bring her son to the mall and eat something delicious to make up for what she couldn't give him. Thus, she called up Kate and invited her to a restaurant at the mall nearby for lunch. "Did you strike the lottery?" Kate asked when she saw all the delicious food covering the table. Camila nodded. "Yep, we struck the lottery." Ah, nothing beats the joy of spending money I extorted from somebody else. "Later, let's go on a shopping spree. I'll buy you whatever you want." Kate laughed in delight. However, she suddenly realized that Camila was staring at the entrance with a strange expression-something was amiss. Hence, she turned around to look and saw a man and a woman walking in. Isn't that Lyla and Miles? "Why did we have to run into those two-timing scumbags? Camila? Are you okay?" she asked hesitantly.

Camila withdrew her icy gaze. "I'm fine." It's been seven years and I have a child now. Let's not dwell on the past. Unfortunately, Lyla saw them. "Hey! Isn't that Camila? Why are you back? Is it because you couldn't survive abroad anymore? Hehe..." A flash of surprise flitted across Miles's eyes, followed by a trace of amazement. Camila looks even prettier than she did before! "Camila, you came back!" Camila had no intention of acknowledging their presence. Instead, she stirred the coffee in front of her and remained quiet.

Seeing as the other party was ignoring them, Miles seemed to deflate instantly. Thus, he tugged at Lyla. "Alright, let's go. Dad is waiting for us upstairs!" "Miles, don't you think we should invite Camila with us to meet Dad? After all, it's been so long since we last saw each other." As Lyla spoke, she deliberately snuggled against Miles. Her eyes were provocative, looking as if she was showing off her spoils of war. Since the beginning, Camila had not even spared them a single glance. Suddenly, she called out in a loud voice, "Waiter." "Yes, miss. What else do you need?" Without lifting her head, she replied, "Two dogs are barking in front of me. It's disturbing my meal."

Then, Lyla's expression changed, and she yelled in shock and anger, "Camila Brooklyn, just who are you calling a dog?!" Camila jeered, "Whoever barks is a dog!" Gritting her teeth in fury, Lyla glanced around. Then, her gaze locked onto South's face. That little guy had been sitting in his seat and holding a carton of milk in his hands. It seemed like the fight between the adults had not affected him at all as he continued drinking his milk through the straw. After that, Lyla rushed over to the table like a lunatic, dragged South off the chair with one hand, and viciously snarled, "Come here! Everyone, look! This little b*stard is proof of Camila's infidelity!" Lyla's speed was too fast-it was so fast that before anybody had time to react, South had been thrown to the ground, and his legs were smashed against the table leg. Then, his small face paled as he let out a cry of pain, the milk in his hands splashing all over his body. "South!" Camila was so scared that her voice changed. Running forward, she picked her child up and hugged him. She was so frightened that her fingers were trembling. "South, let me see. Where does it hurt?" Thus, South sneakily drew back his small hand that had been clutching at his knee and comforted her, "I'm fine, Mommy. It doesn't hurt."

A man was sitting at the bar. When he saw what happened, his expression darkened. This man was born with innately good looks. His face was like jade-so fair that it was almost translucent. In particular, his blue eyes were like the vast ocean. At that moment, he frowned slightly. His slender fingers rested against his phone without moving as he stared at Camila unblinkingly.

A waiter came over to him and asked, "President Mccarthy, should we call the police?"

The man glanced at Camila, who had stood up again. Then, he said, "Wait a bit longer." Camila handed her son over to Kate, then she stalked over to Lyla. Her entire body was wrapped in a layer of murderous hostility; her expression was as cold as ice and her eyes were overflowing with murderous intent. "Lyla Brooklyn! Do you want to die?!" Striding forward, her long legs kicked out at Lyla, practically sending her flying. Her movements flowed together as one. Without waiting for Lyla to get up, she was already standing before Lyla. Then, she bent down and grabbed Lyla by the collar, pressing Lyla against the table. Consequently, the cutlery and dishes all over the table clattered to the ground noisily. "President Mccarthy, if we leave things be, won't there be casualties?" The waiter was becoming nervous.

"It's fine." "Let me go, Camila!" Camila stared down at her coldly, then she released her grip slightly.

"Lyla, my patience has its limits too. Don't take my magnanimity for granted or use it to fuel your shamelessness. The next time you provoke me, I'll beat you up every single time! see you!" After saying that, she let go and prepared to stand up. At that moment, Lyla saw a figure coming downstairs out of the corner of her eye, and the gears in her head spun swiftly. Purposely putting on a terrified expression and clutching at Camila's hands that had just released her, she yelled at the top of her voice, "Ah-Camila, don't kill me!" Camila noticed her abnormal behavior almost immediately and subconsciously tried to avoid her. However, Lyla's hands grasped at her in a death grip. In their current position, it looked to an outsider as if Camila was trying to strangle Lyla to death.

Just then, Camila felt a strong force pulling her from behind. Thus, she staggered backward and fell heavily to the ground. "Camila Brooklyn, how dare you return?!"