

Mighty Mom 196

Chapter 196 Respect Is Earned by Oneself

Almost an hour had passed before the two of them returned to Camila's home again. As soon as they entered the door, they heard the doorbell ring again before Camila could even say a word. Silas opened the door and saw Landon standing outside, who looked anxious. "Uncle, you're here too? Did you come here because of Camila's matter?"

Silas's face immediately sank when he heard the words. "What about her?"

As he spoke, he glared at Landon, hoping that the latter could understand his signal. Nevertheless, the guy did not appear to understand as he looked at Camila worriedly and said, "Camila, don't listen to those people. Just get South to delete it later. Those people have too much free time on their hands..."

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Camila stared at Landon standing at the door with suspicion. "What happened?" Kate was so shocked that her eyes widened the size of golf balls and she started praying anxiously in her heart. Don't say anything more, you fool! Otherwise all our efforts this morning would be all for nought. South frowned and glared at Landon fiercely. With a simple yet swift move, Silas pushed Landon out of the door, slamming it shut behind him.

What Landon said made Camila confused. She looked at Kate in bewilderment and asked, "What did he say? What people?" Now that she thought about it, something was definitely up for Silas and Kate to come over this early in the morning.

"Did you and Silas deliberately come here early in the morning because someone slandered me on the Internet?" Pretending to be baffled, Kate said, "Huh? I came here to ask for some comfort. As for Silas, wasn't he here with you last night?" However, Camila didn't believe her. "Don't change the topic. Tell me, what has been going on?" South thus spoke up, "Nothing happened. If you don't believe it, go online and check it out yourself." Camila then got up and looked for her phone. Just when she found it, the doorbell rang again. After South opened the door, Silas and Landon reentered the living room. Having regained his composure, Landon greeted Camila and Kate with a smile. "Landon, what did you say just now?" Camila asked with a frown.

Silas was worried that Landon couldn't explain it well, so he hurriedly spoke up. "A post about Lyla has become one of the trending hot topics on the Internet. When the netizens commented about her, they mentioned you too. Landon was just making a mountain out of a molehill. I'm sure he was just looking for an excuse to come over and get a free meal out of you." Then, he glanced at Landon, who immediately understood and huffed, "No, I'm not! I just want Camila to be the judge of yesterday's events. Camila, you were there yesterday. What do you think about Kate's behavior? I only asked her the question out of kindness. But she ended up scolding me and ignoring me. How could she humiliate me in front of my girlfriend?" After Landon finished speaking, he looked at Kate again. "Hey, why don't you explain to me how I've offended you? If you want to kill me, you should at least tell me the reason why right?" Kate thus sighed. The only thing that reverberated in her mind was the sentence 'how could she humiliate me in front of my girlfriend?'. She decided to ignore him. But after a minute, she couldn't hold it in anymore and got up to head for the bathroom.

At first, Camila was still skeptical about the Internet issue, but when she saw Landon arguing about Kate, she hurriedly shouted at him, "Did you come all the way to quarrel with Katie so early in the morning? Are you really gonna talk about humiliation? Think about it! Have you prevented Katie from being

humiliated in front of your girlfriend? Remember, respect is earned by oneself. Since you have a girlfriend now, you shouldn't come too close to us. Although you think of us as your buddies, others may not think so! I'm gonna say this one more time. We're women, so please be gentler and more polite when you talk to us. No woman would find concern in a sentence like 'Did you puke so much that you look so pale?' Landon was completely stunned. Initially, he had wanted to form an alliance with her. But instead, he suddenly discovered another enemy. Why is Camila acting strange too?

Chapter 197 Inviting Trouble Into the House

"D-Don't I talk like this before? It's not like that was the first time." Camila glared at him. "Well, as you said, it was before. But people will change. Before, you didn't have a girlfriend. Now, there's another woman in the picture, and there's a difference between men and women. Even if you're not worried about your girlfriend misunderstanding us, you have to consider whether your presence will lessen Katie's chances of getting a boyfriend!" Landon was completely stunned. "What do you mean? Kate has a boyfriend, so she's putting on an attitude with me in order to avoid her boyfriend's suspicion?" Almost choked out of anger, Camila looked at Landon for a long time before asking, "Are you feeling weak?" Landon was startled for a moment, then he replied blankly, "I'm a bit tired. I'll rest when I get back home." With a serious expression, Camila looked at him and said, "You don't have to rest. It's all in your head anyway!" Hearing this, Silas lowered his eyes and smiled. He wondered how she could criticize people in such a serious tone! Landon was stunned for a long time before he gradually realized what Camila meant. Doesn't this mean that I'm weak in the head? As he pointed at Camila, he said, "W-Why are you scolding me?" Camila didn't want to talk to him anymore, so she walked to the door, opened it and pointed outside. "Get out!" Landon grinned. "Hey, no, what's wrong with me? You should at least tell me what's wrong, right? I'll just apologize if the words I said that day weren't very nice, okay?" "We're women. Please keep your distance from us," Camila said. Landon looked at Silas for help, but Silas ignored him. While looking at him, South gloated, "You should go home and reflect on yourself. Let me see how many people you've offended! One, two, three, four! Four of us, so you're isolated!" Landon glared at the little guy. "Just you wait! I won't let you play when I get my hands on a new game!" In response, South made a face at him. "We don't want to play with you now!" After Landon left, the room fell silent. It was Camila who spoke up first. "I'll go check on Katie." Silas nodded and hurriedly took advantage of her absence to restore the wireless network. When the two came out of the bathroom, Silas noticed that both had put on makeup. Clearly, that woman had put on hers to accompany Kate, who attempted to hide her red eyes. "Okay, I'm feeling better now. Camila, I'm leaving. I have to go to work today." Camila frowned after hearing that. "Why don't you have some breakfast before leaving?" "No, thanks. I don't have any appetite. I'm leaving now," Kate said and left. After sending Kate away, Camila looked at Silas, her eyes trying to say, 'When are you leaving since everyone else is gone? As a response, Silas pulled out a chair and sat down. I'm not planning to leave at all. Camila's lips curled up. Am I inviting trouble into my house? Why can't I get him out? Forget it! After all, he has helped me so much. She pretended to be relaxed and went to the kitchen to serve porridge. After the porridge was served, she brought out a few small yet exquisite plates one by one. "Katie made this omelette, but I mixed these pickles. I took a bite just now. It's edible." When he heard her saying 'it's edible', Silas couldn't help laughing. Looking at the plates of pickles on the table, he found them looking rather strange, while the porridge was simply plain porridge. But for some reason, he felt unusually warm at the sight. Therefore, he moved his fork toward the plate of pickles nearest to him. It was shredded carrots which tasted crisp and refreshing. Although it was a

little too oily, it was still delicious. Nervously, Camila asked, "How is it?" Silas smiled and nodded. "It's delicious, although it is a little oily!"

Chapter 198 Don't Drag Me Through the Mud With You

Camila also tasted it with a frustrated expression. "But, how much oil should I use? It's just a small amount, I believe." Looking at her face that was about to explode with exasperation, Silas chuckled. "One tablespoon is enough." Camila thus nodded. "Oh, I probably put four or five tablespoons. Thankfully, I put less salt, otherwise the pickles won't be edible." Silas answered, "It's okay. I kind of like your oily pickles." Secretly, South gave his daddy a thumbs up in his heart. To pursue his mommy, he had said he liked eating such terrible pickles. . Such a brave man!

To walk his talk, Eugene ate all the pickles on the table. Only the omelette was left. Camila looked at the empty plates and felt rather excited. Perhaps I am a great chef after all!

She blurted out, "If you like to eat them, I'll make more for you after I've done more research on them!" Silas smiled like a fox that had gotten what it wanted. "Okay."

As the post she posted suddenly disappeared, Lyla was still puzzled as to what went wrong. Even searching the keywords were futile as the words 'Camila', 'Camila Brooklyn Studio', and 'beggar' had been blocked.

These must be the preventive measures that Camila has taken when she discovered the post I posted, but I didn't expect her to be so fast. It's just less than an hour! How could it be resolved so quickly? How many people had seen it in such a short time? What Lyla wanted was to let everyone know that Camila, who had always been so high up there, was a woman who could be put down by a beggar. How was she worthy of being supported by so many outstanding men? She was not worthy! She wanted the men to know how cheap and shameless she was. She was about to try and repost the story when her phone vibrated suddenly. Glancing over, she saw that it was a call from Ben and was slightly surprised. We've broken up. Why is he calling me again?

After the call connected, Ben started cussing without waiting for her to speak. "Lyla Brooklyn, how many times do you want to use me to hype up yourself? Do you even have a conscience?" These words stunned Lyla who had been searching for Camila's posts without realizing that she herself was trending on the Internet. "Ben, are you crazy? What happened?" "Why don't you go online and check it out for yourself? Didn't I say that it's over between us? Why are you still doing this?" Lyla was so angry she was at a loss for words. She turned on her computer to search, and the post about her popped up immediately. It was the post that the Roberts Family had asked someone to delete after it went viral some time ago. How could it be posted again? This is someone deliberately going up against me! "Then you should quickly ask someone to delete it again." Ben was beside himself with rage. He had been scolded by his aunt a few days ago for failing to win Jessica back. Now Lyla had dragged him back on the Internet again. Either she was deliberately creating this hype, or she had offended others again. "You keep posting it after I delete it. If you want to be famous so much, just do it yourself. Don't drag me through the mud with you!" "Ben, are you crazy? Why should I slander myself? This is obviously someone deliberately targeting me. I even think that you're the one dragging me down with you. If you don't want to delete it, so be it. My reputation has reached rock-bottom anyway. How much worse can it get?"

After Lyla finished speaking, she hung up the phone and sulked in the studio. This must be Camila's doing. Only she has those pictures. However, before she could think of how to retaliate, her parents, Leila and Gael, started calling one after another. All they did was complain about how she had gotten herself slandered online again.

Chapter 199 Closed for Further Action

Then Miles and Florence called her to ridicule her. They told her to stop messing around and that she should consider the negative impact of such posts on her child even if she didn't care about her own reputation. Miles even added that Lyla should be a role model for her child! Dealing with these people made her feel exhausted. Sarah had already arrived for work.

Many people didn't see that post about Camila because it had been posted too early in the morning. Nonetheless, the post about Lyla was uploaded when everyone was just waking up and checking on their phones. With Silas's help, the post reached millions.

Sarah came over to put in her resignation today. It was too embarrassing for her to work for such a boss. What worried her more was that other companies might not want to hire her if they knew that she had worked here before. "Miss Lyla, I wish to study abroad, so I won't be coming over tomorrow." Lyla replied lazily, "Okay. It hasn't been easy for you to stick with me until now. Go get your salary and leave today." Sarah was a little embarrassed to hear her say this. "Miss Lyla, I'm sorry." "There is nothing to be sorry about. The branch of a rotten tree must seek a healthier trunk. Just go." Lyla's expression remained mild. Sarah looked at Lyla and felt rather surprised. Lyla was not such a kindly boss after all, so her calm demeanor made Sarah feel inexplicably scared! She had read about a quote along the lines of

'Unless one burst out from the silence, one shall perish in it!

However, the crazy woman in front of her was really not the kind of person who would perish in silence.

"Miss Lyla, why don't you hide and lie low for a while?" Lyla replied, "I won't hide. Why should I hide?

This is my hometown, and this is my studio. I'm not going anywhere!"

But even if she didn't want to hide, someone was trying to drive her away.

Knock knock! Someone was knocking on the door. Startled, Sarah got up to open the door. Two men in uniform were standing outside the door. Entering the door, they briefly asked a few questions. After they confirmed that Lyla

was the boss, they started inspecting the place and found that the partition walls used flammable and combustible materials. There were also some other problems: the fire partition was not in place; the fire protection equipment was damaged; the electrical wiring was too old; the leakage switch was not sealed properly. In the end, Lyla's studio had to close down for further action! Sarah was stunned as she stood rooted to the spot. Lyla's arrogant words about how she would not leave the place were still reverberating in Sarah's ears, yet the studio was closed down by authorities in less than ten minutes.

This is all too sudden!

On the one hand, Sarah was thankful that she had decided to leave before all this happened, while on the other hand, she began to sympathize with Lyla. It was obvious that Lyla had offended someone who was now deliberately targeting her! Lyla tried to argue with the authorities, but unfortunately, she couldn't do much about it. The results could not be changed. When the two left the studio, Lyla suddenly felt that she really had nowhere to go. It was impossible for her to go back to the Ryan Family since the divorce agreement had already been signed. But if she returned to the Brooklyn Family now, her parents would probably berate her to no end. After thinking about it for a while, she really had nowhere to go.

Camila is to blame for this! If it weren't for her, I wouldn't have fallen to this point.

Why did she come back? Why didn't she die out there? To drown her sorrows, she went to a bar. After downing bottle after bottle of alcohol for the whole day, she wobbled out of the bar in the evening and was immediately dragged into a van. As soon as she got into the van, an icy dagger was put to her neck. It was accompanied by a hoarse male voice that growled, "Are you the one who has offended our boss?"

Do you know that you are courting death?” With the knife at her neck, Lyla was petrified. When her skin felt the cold metal, her mind immediately cleared as chills ran down her spine. She looked at the man in a panic, but the man was wearing a mask and she couldn’t see his face clearly. “W-Who is your boss?” The man sneered, “Don’t ask. It’s someone you can’t afford to offend anyway.”

Chapter 200 The Home of Beggars

Lyla said, “H-How did I offend him? At least tell me that!” “Think about it yourself.” The man sounded a little impatient. Lyla was forced to lift her neck up as she asked with a trembling voice, “W-Where are you taking me?” Just then, the man seemed to have been annoyed by her question. “You’ll know after we get there.” Another man who was driving said, “Isn’t it easy to silence her? Just hit her with a stick.” The first man replied, “The boss wants her to experience it when she’s still conscious. We’ll be punished if she’s unconscious when we get there.” The more Lyla listened, the more afraid she became. Where are they taking me? But she didn’t dare to ask. Her heart was in her throat. The car drove for more than an hour before it stopped in front of a bungalow. Then, the men dragged Lyla out of the van. They knocked on a rather old iron door. After a while, there was the sound of footsteps coming from the house. When the door was opened, Lyla saw a man with a shaggy beard and curly hair standing at the door. He looked like he hadn’t taken a shower in years. Before she even entered the house, a disgusting smell wafted out of it. It was the smell of stinky feet mixed with the stench of something rotten. The sour and foul smell was worse than a stink bomb. Is this the home of beggars? Lyla subconsciously held her breath and looked at the man holding her in astonishment. “What are you trying to do?” “They are all hardworking people who frequent major subway stations and bridges to earn money with their own hands. Don’t you look down on them the most? Today, I will give you to them so that you will learn that these hardworking people should be respected the most!” After finishing his words, he pushed Lyla into the house. Then, he handed ten thousand to the man who opened the door. “I’m rewarding you guys with this woman. Remember that the harder you work, the more money you will get. Here’s some medicine to increase your fun!” He raised his eyebrows at the beggars, his hidden meaning evident in his gaze.

The beggar man then nodded and bowed. “Rest assured, Boss. We’ll work hard.”

In response, the man nodded in satisfaction before handing the beggar a videocam. “Don’t forget to capture everything on this videocam. You need to use the videos to exchange for your money later. Is that clear?” The beggar replied, “Understood. Don’t worry, Boss.” As the door closed after the man left, the beggar stared at Lyla who was standing in the middle of the room. Suddenly, a hungry and lustful desire flashed across his expression. He didn’t expect this woman to be so pretty. We’re getting paid just to have sex with pretty women. This kind of life is the best!

Slowly, he approached Lyla, while the other beggars also crowded around her. Lyla felt threatened as there were men with greedy eyes surrounding her in all directions. “The little beauty is really gorgeous!” “Yeah, how amazing is this? Not only do we get to sleep with pretty women, we’re also getting paid for it!” “Damn, let’s decide now. Who’s gonna go first?”

The six or seven beggars in the house started to discuss her as if she was a commodity. Lyla had never encountered such a thing before, so she was frightened out of her mind. She cried out aggrievedly, “Let me go, and I will give you several times the amount he’s gonna give you, okay?” As the curly-haired man rubbed his hands together, he leered, “We want to f*ck a little beauty like you more than earning money!” Another man also added, “Hey, let her eat that thing now. We’ll have much more fun that way!” “Okay! Come over and hold her down for me!” “Don’t come near me!” Terrified, Lyla wanted to

rush out but was grabbed by two dark hands. Every one of them was filthy, and the layout of the room was like a communal bedroom where all the beds were placed next to each other. The quilts on the beds looked unwashed and very dirty too. At the thought of being defiled by those filthy men, Lyla felt sick to her stomach...