

Mighty Mom 24

Chapter 24 Vicious Viper

Lyla was furious to hear that. She raised her hand and slapped Miles across the face. "Don't speak of such nonsense just because you had a bit of alcohol to drink. I've been with you for seven years, and that's what I get in return?" Meanwhile, he had enough of getting hit by her whenever she pleased. Without any hesitation, he raised his hand and slapped her back.

Thud!

The clear sound of the slap halted the child's cries. Mitchell looked in the direction of the living room with horror in his eyes.

He ran toward the living room with his chubby body. Worried that they might hit the child in the middle of their fight, Mrs. Moore hurried after him. "Young Master Mitchell." Lyla was blind with rage. "Did you just hit me, Miles Ryan? That's it." She lunged at him and started swinging both her hands at his face. He immediately pinned her beneath him and held both her wrists down. "Lyla Brooklyn. You better behave yourself. Don't think I won't hit you." "Miles Ryan, you b*stard!" She struggled with all her might.

"Mommy... Mommy..."

Mitchell used all his strength to pull Miles's arm. "Let go of Mommy, you bad person." In an instant, Miles flung the child to one side and growled, "Behave yourself or I will beat you up too!" Then, he turned to Mrs. Moore and instructed, "Take the kid to my mother's place." Mrs. Moore was too afraid to say anything else. "Yes, Young Master Miles." "I'm not going. I'm not going to Grandma's house!" Mitchell cried out. Mrs. Moore did everything she could to get him out of the room, dragging and hurling if she had to.

The room quieted down.

Seeing Lyla's tear-stained face, Miles let her go. "You better watch your mouth around me next time. Don't hit me as you please. Do you think I won't dare to hit you?"

She got up and pushed him as hard as she could. With tears in her eyes, she said, "You b*stard. Did I marry you so you could hit me? How could you say that? What do you mean you're not sure if the child is actually yours?" He glared at her. "Did you spike my drink that night? You also drugged Camila and let another man rape her, didn't you? You're really scary. Who knew you were this vicious of a woman?" She stopped crying and her eyes were filled with shock. "Where did you hear that from? Who is trying to drive a wedge between us?" Looking at her, he sneered, "Are you acting again?" She was so shocked that she completely forgot about the slap and continued to defend herself, "No, I really like you. I admit that when I drank with you that night, I wanted to give myself to you, but I only wanted to comfort you. Dear, we've been together for so long. We've gone through several degrees of hardships together, and I even gave birth to Mitch. It makes me so sad to see you doubt me like this." Miles pinched her chin. "Was I fooled by this pitiful face of yours? Who would have thought that you were the reason Camila and I broke up?" At that moment, she seemed to put the pieces together. Grabbing his hand, she pressed, "Did Camila tell you that? She's trying to drive a wedge between us. She still has a grudge against me for hurting her child that day, so she's trying to tarnish my name in any way that she can. You're my husband. Why do you believe another woman and not me?" He pulled his hand back and said in a stern voice, "Lyla Brooklyn. I would rather believe Camila than believe you! I saw with my own eyes how you turned yourself into the victim in front of your father with that smooth-talking mouth of yours. But I'm not your father; I won't let you make a fool out of me." **Chapter 25 Love Affair**

Lyla sneered, "Wow. All men are the same; you'll never know how to appreciate what you have. The harder it is to get your hands on something, the better you think it is, don't you? If Camila really liked you, do you think she could have given birth to someone else's child? Do you think she would have broken up with you that easily? She's just trying to drive us apart now. Did she say that she still thinks about you after all these years? If it weren't for me, you two could have been together by now? I'm telling you. She just can't wait for you to divorce me, then stab you in the back!" Miles shot her a displeased look. "Don't try to predict her actions with that filthy mind of yours. She's not as evil as you!" After he said that, he got up and went straight into the room. Lyla clenched her jaw in resentment. "I'm no good anymore, huh? Your Camila is great. She's the best! Go to her then. See if she still wants you." She stared at the shut door and started to howl with laughter. The door to the room opened once again. Miles walked out with a quilt in his arms and turned into the guest room. With a bang, the door slammed shut.

"Miles Ryan!"

She stood there in astonishment with her finger pointed at him but was at a loss for words.

She realized that there were no words that could describe the fury she was feeling. Suddenly, her lips curled up into a contemptuous smile. So what if Camila is great? Can they still be together? Of course not! He only has me! Even in death, he will die with me! She sat down on the sofa with a blank look on her face and wiped her tears away. Their marriage could not be broken off that easily.

The next day, South announced to Camila that he wanted to go to school. Stunned, she asked, "Does your leg not hurt anymore?" Without batting an eye, he said, "I think I got better after eating the apple Uncle Silas peeled for me."

She was speechless. She did not know why South liked Silas that much. After she sent him to school, she came back and went straight to 4S Shop. Landon's flight was at three in the afternoon. If everything went smoothly, she should

have enough time to buy a car! When she entered, her eyes swept over the area once, then she strode toward a red Ferrari. Because she looked like someone who could afford it, a young chap quickly approached her. After he greeted her politely, he started to introduce the performance of the car to her. She had circled the car twice as she was listening. The body of the Ferrari was wedge-shaped with a low front and a high end. It gave off an intimidating look which she really liked. The front tires, car door, and back tires were all different, but they fit together holistically. The lines on the car were sleek. Satisfied, she nodded her head. "This one!" Just then, a man approached the same car with a woman in his arms. The man was wearing a royal blue shirt and a pair of black suit trousers. He had average looks and seemed like a disreputable person. The woman in his arms was fair-skinned with big eyes and a small mouth. Her long brown hair contrasted with her palm-sized face. She embodied society's standards of a young beautiful lady. The woman looked up and asked, "What do you think of this one, Ben? Red means joy. We can drive it after we get married." He boasted, "It's up to you!" Instead of squealing, she circled the car to have a look. "I like it. This one it is!" The man gave the salesperson his card at the speed of light. "We'll take this one!" The salesperson was put in a tight spot. He looked at Camila and asked, "Excuse me, Miss; are you sure you want this?" Camila nodded and handed her card over as well. "Yes! I'll pay now!" The salesperson made his way over and explained carefully, "Sir, that lady over there came and looked at this car before you. We will have to make the deal with her first. If it's possible, please wait for a bit and we will have someone bring over another car." Ben frowned. "How long?"