

Mighty Mom 69

Chapter 69 Ensuing Fight

“Get your head out of the clouds!” Fueled by rage, Camila got hold of the man’s arm as she took a step forward to throw him over her shoulder deftly while wearing an arrogant expression. Two other men arrived at her doorstep while they were still caught up in their fight, to which Robin responded by wearing a complacent smile. “You’re being ungrateful, Camila, so let me teach you a lesson today.” He then yelled toward the two men, “Get a hold on her!” Soon enough, Camila was closed in by the two men while holding a cold and piercing gaze on her expressionless face. “Silas will arrive at any moment, Robin. Are you sure you want to do this?” Robin sneered. “Don’t even think about intimidating me with such a ruse! Who do you think you are? Silas will never even spare a glance at a b*tch with a child!” He then turned to the other two men before giving his orders, “Come on, us three will capture her and have some fun with her!” Although there was only a slim chance at winning against three men, Camila had no choice but to face them head on. She drew a breath before turning to launch a kick at the man closest to her, then ducked into the house. However, Robin seemed to have read her mind as he quickly followed suit without even giving her time to close the door. The three men entered without a hitch, while their combined efforts gave Camila a hard time. When her attention was occupied by the two men, Robin launched himself forward to hold her on the waist from behind while spouting words of debauchery, “Cease the pointless struggle! Why don’t you have fun with us?” One of the men approached her with excitement as he said, “Yeah, that’s how it’s done! Compared to close-quarters combat, she seemed to do better while fighting from a distance, so we will close in on her like this!” The man who took a kick and fell on the ground earlier quickly got up and came toward them.

“Fatty, hold her while I go find some rope!” Robin commanded, which the fatter man obeyed by holding her in an even tighter clutch. Camila’s struggles were futile, so she could only watch as Robin retrieved a rope from somewhere within the house. In the ensuing silence, she retained a stern expression while supporting herself on the man behind her to kick Robin away from her when he approached her with the intent to tie her up. The hard kick resulted in Robin sliding a few meters backward on the floor, which ended with his head bumping onto the TV cabinet behind him. The pain threw him into a fit of rage as he cursed then grabbed a vase from the TV cabinet to fling it

toward her head, “You signed your own death warrant, you f*cking b*tch!” A breeze blew past Robin during that instant before he got kicked on the back, which caused him to land on the coffee table. The tea set laid out on it was swept off the table in the ensuing crash as he scolded, “For f*ck’s sake! Who’s there?” His first reaction was to look for the person who kicked him, but his vision failed him before he could take in the figure, as a vase was shattered on his head. The sound it made was indescribable, as it was a mix of both a blunt and crisp noise. All he knew was that he literally saw red, which he recognized as his eyes got covered by the blood oozing out from the wound on his head. “You sure are courageous, Robin.” The cold and murderous tone of the voice sent a chill to the core of his being as Robin realized Silas had arrived.

Chapter 70 Merlin’s Checkup

“E-Silas...” Upon wiping away the blood over his eyes, Robin’s mind went blank while he trembled as he turned around to get a clearer sight of the person before him. “I’m sure you have a death wish.” There was a bone-chilling quality to Silas’s tone of voice as he wore a cold expression. The two other men crashed into Robin upon being kicked over by Camila before he could give a response, while Robin cried out in pain as he nearly passed out. While examining Camila from head to toe, Silas could feel the

lingering fear in his heart. There was also a sharp prickling sensation to his heart upon noticing that her hair was tousled, her clothes dirty, her wrists red due to the struggle during the strife. "Are you alright?" He thus asked, to which Camila shook her head in response. Despite the ensuing fury, he dared not imagine what would happen if he arrived even one second later. "Go get changed, then we'll go to the hospital for a check up." He then made a call on his phone to have his men come over. "I'm alright, so we should pay your grandfather a visit first. Wait here while I go get changed." Upon taking a deep breath, Camila entered the room after having said so. The limp on her leg hurt as she sat down on the bed, but aside from the bruise that made it evident that she was hurt, she knew not how she hurt it. It was fortunate that her kids weren't home, or else she wouldn't manage to take care of everything on her own.

After applying first aid to her wounds, Camila put on a new pair of jeans before leaving her room. The living room was already cleaned when she got back out, and no trace of blood was left on the scene. "I will somehow make this up to you!" There was an apologetic look in Silas's gaze as he looked at her from where he stood in the living room. "It's fine. They already got their *ss kicked anyway." Camila took a deep breath before speaking. "You need not concern yourself with the follow-up." So was his reply. The both of them then drove to Nolan Residence.

After a couple of visits, Camila was no stranger to the Nolan Residence. She saw Silas's father, Edward, who exuded an aura of superiority. Although Silas looked nothing like Brian, the both of them bore semblance to Edward. Edward greeted Camila before she could, "You must be Doctor Brooklyn! Thank you for saving my old man!" "It's part of my job, so you don't have to thank me," Camila replied. "His age is catching up to him, so please treat him to the best of your abilities," Edward said. "Worry not, as I will do my best," Camila responded in kind. If she were to be frank, she was no good at pleasantries, but nor did Edward say much else aside from reminding Silas to look into it before leaving the room. It didn't seem like Edward cared about the old man at all when compared to Silas, but Camila chose to keep her silence upon noticing how unfazed Silas was. They entered Merlin's room to see him in good spirits while greeting Camila, "Why didn't you bring the kid with you?" Judging from the fact that Merlin inquired about South after having spoken to him for a long while last time, Camila was glad as she determined that Merlin liked South a lot. "South is at school, Master Merlin." "Oh, you sure have a great kid, Camila!" The old man nodded his head. "But he can also be infuriating at times." Camila let out a chuckle. "Grandpa, let Doctor Brooklyn give you a checkup." Silas sounded concerned. "Sure, go ahead." Merlin gave his consent. Upon gaining his consent, Camila took out a small pillow before checking on his pulse, all the while inquiring about his mood, diet, sleep and others. Ten minutes later, she looked at Merlin with a smile before saying, "You seem to be in good condition, so keep it up." "It's all thanks to you." Merlin barked a laugh upon hearing what she said. "Please don't say that, Master Merlin. Your grandson is the true hero! He's the one who was worried sick!" Upon casting a glance at Silas, Camila replied with much humility.