

Mighty Mom 85

Chapter 85 Ben Roberts, You B*stard!

Reaching out, Jessica grabbed Lyla and lambasted loudly, "Come out, d*mn it! You have the guts to seduce a man, yet you don't have the guts to admit it? You're hiding behind a man like a coward!" Lyla surreptitiously tugged at Ben as she murmured pitifully, "You've misunderstood. We were really discussing business." Livid, Jessica clutched at her and demanded, "Fine, then! Tell me, what did you two discuss that took an entire night?" "No, I'd just arrived. Mr. Roberts said he was in the room, so I went there to meet him, but you then arrived," Lyla quibbled. Raising her hand, Jessica slapped her across the face again. "So, it's a requirement to strip when you two discuss business? If you continue quibbling, I'll tear your tongue off!"

Lyla hid behind Ben, covering her face with both hands. At this time, Ben, who'd been keeping silent, grabbed Jessica's wrist. "Jessica Smith, you should stop while you're ahead. Must you make such a fuss and make this common knowledge?" Jessica shook off his hold with much effort, her eyes blazing red with fury. "What do I have to fear? Since you two cheaters aren't at all afraid, why would I be afraid? I want to let everyone know that you're a scumbag, and she's a home-wrecker!" As she said that, she took out her cell phone to snap their pictures. "Ben!" Lyla exclaimed before hiding behind the man's back in terror. Similarly panicked, Ben snatched the cell phone in Jessica's hand and smashed it to the ground, glaring at her furiously. "That's enough!" Staring at her cell phone that had been smashed to smithereens, Jessica asked with forced calmness, "Ben Roberts, you are determined to protect her, yes?" Ben remained expressionless, but he shielded Lyla behind him. This unconscious action instantly infuriated Jessica, and she sneered, "If you hand this woman over to me today, I'll let this matter slide. Otherwise, I'll call off our engagement!" Inhaling deeply, Ben suppressed the fury within him and stretched out his hands to embrace her. "Alright, stop making trouble for no reason. I've said that there's nothing between us. I'll explain further to you at home."

Jessica slapped his hand away, her face crumpled in disappointment. "If there's nothing between the two of you, why are you shielding her to such an extent? You think I'm a fool, yes?" After saying that, she reached out to grab Lyla. "Come over here. D*mn you!" Terror-stricken, Lyla hurriedly dodged. Losing his cool, Ben extended his hands and shoved her away. "Stop messing around!" It was a rather forceful shove, so Jessica

stumbled back several steps before falling onto the ground. The onlookers all exclaimed in surprise, having not expected them to get physical. At this moment, they moved from merely looking on to urging softly, "No matter what, you shouldn't be getting physical." "That's right. You should just explain properly instead." "You should give her some leeway since you're a man!" As her eyes rapidly stung, Jessica scrambled up from the ground and rushed at Ben as though she'd lost her mind, her fists swinging. "Ben Roberts, you b*stard!" Caught off guard, Ben took several blows. All at once, he then grew enraged and swung his hand across her face. "Are you not finished with your tantrum yet? Isn't this common to men? I've already explained things to you, so when are you going to cease this nonsense? And you call yourself a socialite? You're no different from a shrew on the street! You want to call off the engagement, yes? Go ahead!" After he'd said that, he wanted to leave while pulling Lyla along, but unexpectedly, he was kicked back into the crowd just after having taken two steps. At the same time, a woman's voice rang out. "It's even an insult to scumbags to label you as a scumbag. Are you even human? You want to make yourself scarce after hitting someone, huh?"

Chapter 86 I'll Be Waiting

Frowning, Ben looked up at Camila who was standing before him. "Who the hell are you? This is none of your business!" Camila bent down and helped Jessica whom he'd knocked to the ground. Then, she said languidly, "I just can't quite stand someone like you who'd still quibble despite being in the wrong. Regardless of whether the engagement is of your own volition, you have to acquiesce since you're already engaged. Staying loyal is the least you should do, yet you're even giving excuses for cheating, claiming that it's common for men. Don't drag all men into this. Other men aren't as much of a scumbag as you are!" As she said that, she looked at Jessica and lectured her patiently, saying, "What's the use of getting angry over such a man? Are you still hoping that he'll return like the prodigal son, so you're not kicking him far away? Haven't you ever heard that a leopard never changes its spots?" Finding this an inevitable crossing of paths, Lyla demanded coldly, "What are you trying to do here? Why are you sticking your nose into this couple's lovers' tiff?" Camila looked at her with a sneer tugging on her lips. "Aren't you the reason for this couple's lovers' tiff? Your child is about to go to elementary school, yet you're still so eager to be a home-wrecker? Don't you know that home-wreckers are now the target of public scorn? You're rather smart that you're even planning to take yourself out of the equation after having created the mess. But can you really do that?" "Don't spew nonsense. We were just discussing a collaboration, and it was this lady here who misunderstood," Lyla hastily clarified, her eyes darting at the onlookers. Camila threw her a disdainful glance. "You should be saying this to your husband. As long as your husband believes you, no one would care even if you were to claim that you were disco-dancing in the room." As she said that, she looked at Ben, the corners of her mouth curving into a derisive arc. "Looks like it's true love, since you even hit your own fiancée for the sake of a married woman!" Taking a step forward, Ben pointed a finger at her harshly. "Stop being such a hound and mind your own business!"

"Hounds must be rather busy these days, else you two cheating rats would have been long since vanquished!" Camila countered nonchalantly. "You're just asking for it, huh?" Ben reached out to shove her. All at once, Camila's face darkened. Clamping a hand on his wrist, she spun sharply before bending her back to him and exerting strength. The man was then thrown right over her shoulder with a crash. Afraid that they'd be hit, the crowd retreated a step while inwardly cheering. The pain from the fall was so intense that Ben roared, "F*ck..." Camila, however, dusted her hands and walked up to him in a few steps. Then, she lowered her gaze and stared at him. "Don't you know that you ought to be more gentlemanly toward women? What a scumbag!" "Ben! Ben, are you okay?" Lyla rushed over to help him up. "Ben, let's go. Don't bother with this madwoman." Staring at them, Camila murmured, "You haven't apologized." "Camila Brooklyn, will you just cut it out? Is this matter related to you?" Lyla thundered, hopping mad. "If he doesn't want to apologize, let's just call the police and have them handle this matter," Camila retorted.

Surprisingly, Jessica took a step forward and gazed at them with a smile playing on her lips. "There's no need for an apology. Rather, I even have to thank you for showing me your true colors. I'm truly fortunate that we're merely engaged. Ben Roberts, you love her, yes? I'll see the two of you through. I'll tell my father tomorrow to call off our engagement!"

Ben was taken aback for a moment before he ruthlessly nodded. "Okay! Just make sure that you don't regret it!" As he said that, he turned his gaze on Camila with a ferocious look that conveyed something along the lines of I'll have my revenge before declaring, "Just you wait!" After saying that, he left in a huff. "I'll be waiting!" Camila replied breezily.