

Mighty Mom 41

Chapter 41 Lunch Date

Kate vented her resentment. "That entire family is abnormal!" Scowling, Landon said coldly, "Why do you still go easy on people like them? You should teach them a lesson that they'll never forget." Camila snickered. "Did you know you just said exactly what South said? He said that I should only reason with human beings and not animals." "Hahaha..."

The three of them burst out laughing. Then, Kate continued, "South's right. You shouldn't waste your effort talking to her." Meanwhile, Landon also smirked. "That kid will seek revenge for even the pettiest grievances. I'm kind of worried about that fat kid."

Camila responded, "About that kid, I don't think he went to class today. When I left, I saw him leave with his grandma."

Landon answered, "Good that he has the foresight."

Camila continued, "Let's not talk about him anymore. Please help me with this studio. I need it to be at a prime location, and money's not a problem. The closer it is to Lyla's studio, the better. I can't wait to see the look on her face when she finds out."

"No problem. I'm on it," replied Landon. While they were discussing, Camila's phone rang. When she looked at it, it was an unknown caller ID. Though slightly baffled, she proceeded to answer it. "Hello." A familiar male voice sounded out from the other end of the phone. "Is this Miss Brooklyn? This is Brian. Do you have some time this afternoon?" It took Camila a while to process that. "Oh. Hello, Mr. Mccarthy. Is there anything?" Kate quietly nudged Landon to look at Camila. "It looks like she's going out for lunch. Did I hear it right? Is she being targeted by that trashy man again?" Landon gave Kate a look. "You go and listen in." "No, you go!" Kate pushed him. "Why me?" "That's your job." While they two were still trying to work out who should go, Camila had already returned from the phone call. "What are you two talking about?" They looked at each other before simultaneously turning to Camila, remaining silent. Camila became skeptical and puckered her lips. "Why are you looking at me like that? Do you wanna join me?"

Kate purposely put up an unfriendly look. "Who's bringing you out for lunch? Is it a guy or a lady? Do you like that person?" Camila was rendered speechless. "Come on, Kate; don't stare at me as if I've just betrayed you. People might think we're a couple!" Kate pouted and sent Camila a flying kiss. "The whole world knows that. Spill it-who's had their eyes on my woman? Are you going now? Are you still going to love me when you get back?" Camila glared at her. "I don't think you belong in the fashion magazine industry-you're a born actress!" "Don't divert the topic. Spill it." Camila was annoyed. "That was the man that I saved on the street the other day. He said he wants to take me out for a meal as a token of his appreciation." Kate asked, "The guy at the restaurant?" Upon seeing Camila nodding, Kate was full of anticipation. "Ah, that man is good-looking! He's taking you out for a meal-does that mean he likes you?" The moment Kate finished her sentence, someone slapped her on her head. Then, she heard a familiar male voice. "Has anyone ever told you that you're a moron? How does taking her out for a meal

mean he likes her? I go over to your place for meals every day; does that mean I like you too?" "Landon, are you tired of living?" Kate had a fierce look on her face as she pounced on him.

Chapter 42 You Are Here Very quickly,

the two began beating each other up. Camila shook her head, feeling annoyed. "Please take care of my couch! If you guys break it, I'll make you two sit on the floor!"

As she spoke, she went in to get changed. Kate tried picking at, pinching, twisting, biting, and kicking him. She tried everything she could.

However, Landon could not fight back. He was left with no choice but to use his trump card-he spread his legs and sat on Kate while his huge palms locked her wrists and he lifted her. This move was definitely nipping it in the bud. At this moment, Kate had no other moves, so she began yelling, unwilling to accept defeat.

"Landon, I'm so going to kick you when I get down!" Landon snorted and pressed her harder, restricting her ability to move around. "I guess that means you aren't coming down anytime soon." "You b*stard. Let go of me, or I'm going to make you pay!" Kate howled angrily. Landon did not give in. "Say something nice to me then I'll put you down." "I'm so going to bite you later." Kate panicked and decided to bang her head against his.

Seeing this, Landon subconsciously moved away from that headbutting motion that would injure the both of them. Then, he gradually released his grip.

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Kate turned around and started chasing after him. "Stay put if you are a man."

Landon could not help but run. "Stop chasing me if you are a woman!"

The total age of the two was somewhere between forty to fifty years old, but they were nonetheless running around in the house chasing each other. Whilst getting changed in the room, Camila heard the noise outside her room. Getting annoyed, she grabbed one of them after coming out of the room. "Stop messing around. I'm heading out for lunch now. Are you guys going to stay here to wait for me or will you go back?" "Now?" inquired Kate.

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Camila responded, "It's 10:30 AM already." Kate responded, "Oh, alright, I'm going to head back now. Please remember my love for you..." Rendered speechless, Landon glared at Kate and pushed her away while singing, "I

send you a thousand miles away; please don't ever come back." Kate turned around and scowled at him. "Do you want to get beaten up again?" Landon remained silent. After leaving the house, Camila headed straight to the Western restaurant Brian talked about, and it was just after half-past eleven when she got there. That restaurant had a nice ambiance which was attributed to its interior decoration. The

soothing saxophone music and the sporadic scent of jasmine that was just the right strength had a strangely calming effect. Furthermore, the well-mannered servers, the quiet patrons, and the occasional laughter and whispers added to the wonderful environment. When approached by the server, Camila pointed at the deck next to the windows where Brian was sitting. His head was half-tilted as he looked at his phone; he was wearing a white-collared dress shirt and a pair of black jeans. He looked gorgeous. The sight of this delighted her. Camila could not help but exclaim inwardly, What a gorgeous man! Perhaps because he heard her footsteps, Brian tilted his head and looked toward her. After seeing that it was indeed Camila, he immediately stood up. "You're here." Camila smiled rather apologetically. "Sorry, I'm late." "It's fine. I just got here too." Brian politely pulled the chair out on the other side of the table for her. "Please, have a seat!" Camila nodded. "Thank you." After that, Brian went back to his seat and received the menu from the server. "Order whatever you want to eat. Their French-style steak is pretty authentic." "Sure. I'll get that then." Camila agreed with it before adding some other orders recommended by the server, then they concluded their order. The sight of Camila delighted Brian. "Why didn't you bring your son with you?"