

Mighty Mom 89

Chapter 89 Fake Woman

Camila panicked. Silas hated it when someone insulted him, and she could imagine what he would say, so Camila quickly told her, "Miss Jones, of course he can court me if he likes me, but consent is important. Your cousin came to my house and forced me to date him. When I refused, he asked his men to subdue me so he can rape me. They trashed my house, and he said he would f*ck me until I die. Is this how your family's men court women? If it wasn't for Mr. Nolan's timely arrival, I couldn't have been sitting here now." Aleena looked at her with fury. "I don't know how he courts you, so why are you telling me that?"

Camila looked at her. "Nothing. Maybe he took your advice the wrong way, or maybe he took your orders the wrong way." "You suspect me of being the mastermind? I already told you, no." Aleena frowned. Before Camila could reply, Silas said, "And that's why you're here instead of the hospital. I called you over to tell you that I roughed your cousin up, so if you want an explanation, come to me." Camila looked at the tearful Aleena with no sympathy. Crushing on someone wasn't wrong, nor was curbing a bad habit, though she felt annoyed getting caught in this crossfire. Camila didn't believe it when Aleena denied playing a part in this, so she wouldn't sympathize with her. I've already let last night's matter slide, so this is all on her.

Silas stood up. "I'll send you back," he told Camila. Camila nodded, but then she refused him. Silas didn't allow her to refuse. "Come with me. I need to talk to you about something."

Camila grunted and left with him, then Xavier and the man with the mask followed. In the end, only Aleena and Robin were left.

Tears fell down Aleena's cheeks, then she lay on the table and cried. He's so cruel. Doesn't he know I like him? How can he do this to me?

It wasn't until Silas had left did Robin make a sound. Because his mouth was sealed, everything he said was muffled. Aleena looked at him in disgust and wiped her tears away before tearing the duct tape away from his mouth. "Aleena-" "Don't talk to me!" Aleena snapped. "Are you dumb? Why did you sell me out?" Robin said sadly, "Aleena, you have no idea what I went through. It was hell, I tell you. Look at my wounds! I thought I would be dead!"

Aleena's dark look was a stark contrast to the crying mess she was a moment ago.

"But did you die? No! You almost killed me though! You had one job, and you blew it! How hard is it to bed a woman?! Don't follow me from now on!" She wanted to leave. Robin panicked, and he held on to her leg while begging, "I did my best, Aleena! That woman knows how to fight, and she beat all three of us!" Aleena shook her leg to break free from his grasp. "Then f*cking get more men to do the job! Just get her enemies! Right, there's someone you can ask for help from." On the other hand, Ben and Lyla had come out from Ruby Palace and gone into their car for a while. The more Ben thought about it, the angrier he was. I'm not going to take that lying down. Lyla glanced at him. She knew Ben might be a flirt who sweet talked everyone easily, but the guy was a chauvinist. She knew Ben didn't necessarily like Jessica, but her crying scratched his image, so one thing led to another, and this happened.

Chapter 90 Lyla Is Not Kind Here

Actually, Ben wanted to calm her down, but Jessica's hostility irritated him. He was going to let her cool off a bit before calming her down, but Camila barged in halfway through. Now he was humiliated, and it would be hard to get Jessica back. If Jessica canceled the marriage, his dad and aunt would kill him. As

he worried himself over this matter, Lyla approached him and acted coy. "What should we do, Ben? Will Camila tell everyone about this?" Ben's face fell. "So what? We did nothing anyway!" he said impatiently. Lyla thought about it and nodded. Ben was right, for they didn't do anything in public. "You know that woman?" Ben asked. At the mention of Camila, disdain showed on Lyla's face. "She's my half-sister. Seven years ago, she slept with a beggar after she got drunk, and she was pregnant with a b*stard. My dad thinks she's a disgrace, so he sent her overseas. She only came back recently, but for some reason, I bump into her everywhere I go." Ben cupped her chin and snorted. "Does she have a grudge against you?" Lyla leaned against him and raised her chin. "Not openly." "So she does hold a grudge against you." "Well, I arranged that beggar to sleep with her that night." Ben bit her lip. "I knew it. You're naughty." Lyla felt a stab of pain from her lip, and she wanted to get back at Ben, but he pushed her away. "Don't mess around. I have to go to the Smith Residence after this." "And I don't have to go home? Look at what you did. How should I explain this?" She glared at him.

Ben grinned. "Just say it's because you were craving for some meat." Lyla rolled her eyes. "And you say I'm naughty. Well, you're the big bad here." "We're the same, actually." Leaning forward, he kissed her again. "Go home. I have to go back now, or it will be bad if Jessica tells on me first." Lyla was an understanding woman, at least in affairs. She knew when she should make her move and when to retreat. This relationship with Ben would go nowhere, and she knew it. All she wanted was to get the praises and passion that was lost in her relationship with Miles, so she didn't mind this. "Call me when you can." She went out of the car, then Ben's car drove toward the Smith Residence.

When Silas and Camila came down, they saw Jessica sitting on the lounge's sofa.

"Why are you still here?" Camila was surprised.

Jessica came over, smiling. "I've been waiting for you." "Do you need anything?" Camila frowned. "I'll be waiting for you in the car," Silas said calmly. That was directed toward Camila, so she grunted. She wanted to refuse, but when she remembered he had something to tell her, Camila didn't say anything else. Jessica stared at Silas. "What's your relationship with him?" "I treated his grandfather's illness," replied Camila. "Just that?" Jessica asked. "Yeah. What else do you think it is?" Camila frowned. : "That's Silas Nolan. The Silas Nolan. I've never heard of him waiting for anyone. It's always the other way around," exclaimed Jessica. Camila was speechless. "Yeah, because you want to talk to me. What do you need?"