

Pampered by My Ex-husband (Penny and Orlando)

Chapter 8 Mistress

Chapter 8 Mistress

She looked so frank that Orlando suspected he had made a fuss because he had seen too little in this regard. He motionlessly stood in place with a gloomy face like an emotionless sculpture, making people dare not look at him.

When the elevator was going down, Penny thought she must fight for the studio's future. Only after she had come out to work did she realize pride was not worth a cent sometimes. Moreover, Orlando could pay too much.

"Mr. Fletcher, could you please tell me what style you like? I am willing to try. If you're unsatisfied, I won't charge you a cent."

Orlando did not know how to describe this woman. He remained silent for a while to fight back his anger and then asked, "Don't you have a customer now?"

Penny was a little surprised to hear that. It turned out Orlando was worried she would multitask. Some designers worked for several customers at the same time, but she cared about quality the most.

"Don't worry, Mr. Fletcher. If I take your order, I won't work for other customers before the contract ends. If you're interested, please give me five minutes to introduce it in detail."

"I am not interested."

After Orlando stepped out, Penny did not chase him because she was supporting Kale. She must send him to the chauffeur first.

Even though Kale was drunk, he kept a polite distance from her except when he had staggered just now.

As soon as helping him out of Moonlight, Penny saw the headlights of a car not far away flickering. Soon, the car door opened, and a pretty woman got off. Seeing them, she immediately walked over and raised her hand to slap Penny without saying a word.

"It's you! You often pester him in the studio and send milk tea to him in the middle of the night! I've tolerated you for a long time! What do you plan to do tonight when my husband is drunk?"

Penny was supporting Kale with both hands, so she failed to dodge the slap and felt a burning pain on her cheek.

The woman was so angry that her chest was heaving, and her eyes turned red. Then, she added, "I've seen a lot of people like you. You like to destroy other people's families. Let me tell you! Kale gives all his money to me. Even if you sleep with him, you can get nothing!"

Penny was so angry that she even wanted to laugh. She barely went to the studio but knew a few girls there liked to pester Kale. Maybe some of them were trying to hook up with him, but she had never had such an intention.

Kale supported by Penny sobered up and quickly grabbed the woman's wrist, saying, "Clare, calm down!"

Clare shook off his hand as if he had touched her sensitive nerves and said, "How can I calm down? This b*tch is shameless! She knows you are married but still pesters you every day. When she sent you milk tea and the belt, I tolerated her. But she should not have asked you out for her birthday tonight! And you should not have tried to hide it from me!"

Her anger was burning as if withered grass caught fire, and she wished she could tear Penny's face up.

"You are good-looking, but you are a slut who seduces a married man!"

Kale had a severe headache, so he hugged Clare, turned around, and apologetically looked at Penny, saying, "I'm sorry, Penny. Please go."

Penny thought she was unlucky tonight. Clare was Kale's wife, she could not return the slap to her no matter what. It was improper, so she could only silently swallow the insult.

In a car not far away, Orlando remained expressionless. He had watched the play of a wife slapping a mistress from the beginning.

Following his gaze, Zane also noticed the farce over there.

The wife was full of confidence. She was pointing at her husband while scolding him. And her husband was hugging and softly coaxing her. But Penny looked like an outsider. He did not understand why such a young and pretty woman would be a mistress. Zane sighed with emotion. Fortunately, there were no people around them now. Otherwise, her reputation would be ruined if anyone posted the farce online.

Orlando coldly looked away from them and ordered, "Start the car."