

Mighty Mom 117

Chapter 117 Grace's Death Anniversary

Silas's heart felt astringent. With a voice of comfort, he said, "You're the one who's still immersed in the happiness of your childhood and are unwilling to come out of it. Now, you're able to live an interesting life without relying on a man because your son is so intelligent and outstanding. Isn't this happiness to you?" Camila smiled. "Well. That's right. I'm so much happier ever since I had my son! Giving birth to him was the best decision I ever made in my life." South also smiled, exposing his small teeth. "I feel happy and grateful to have you too, Mommy."

Meanwhile, Silas looked at Camila and thought to himself that he was happy to have them too. All of a sudden, Silas wanted to make up for them since she must have suffered a lot whilst raising her child alone! "What would you like to eat in the future? You can come here. I'll make some dishes for you both!" Today was the death anniversary of Camila's mother. Camila had already awakened early in the morning and dressed herself and her son in black. She also wore a bunch of small white flowers in front of her chest. Just as she finished dressing up, she received a phone call from Marcus. "Camila, today is Aunt Grace's death anniversary. Please wait for me; I'm coming over too." Camila then replied, "Alright." Ten minutes later, when Camila came downstairs, she saw a familiar car parked by the side of the road. Beside the car stood a man dressed in black. He had a tall figure and was wearing a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. His entire body exuded a refined gentleness. It was her cousin, Marcus. Camila then walked over to greet him. "Marcus!" South also called out to him, "Uncle Marcus!" Marcus smiled as he looked at the both of them. "South, you've become even more handsome!" South grinned and replied, "Uncle Marcus, you're the same-still as handsome as before!" Marcus then reached out to ruffle South's little head twice. "Little brat, you're such a good talker now!" After they got in the car, the car slowly departed. Forty minutes later, they stopped at the cemetery behind a mountain. Upon arriving at this place, everyone's emotions became especially heavy. With a bunch of chrysanthemums and flowers in Camila's hands and a basket of fruits in Marcus', they came before Grace Cohen's gravestone. On the gravestone, Grace's face and smile were all there. However, it was clear that it had not been taken care of for a long time. The flowers placed on the gravestone were scattered all over the floor; fallen leaves were everywhere and the gravestone was covered in a thick layer of dust.

All of a sudden, Camila's nose burned as tears started welling up in her eyes. "Mom, I've come to visit you." Upon saying this, she knelt before Grace's gravestone. South and Marcus also squatted down to help tidy the area, whereupon they helped place the fresh flowers and the fruits. Camila then wiped Grace's gravestone with a handkerchief while choking up. "Mom, have you been well on the other side? Is it cold there? I've returned to the country and I'm doing well right now. I'm able to protect myself too. Mom, look. This is your grandson, South Brooklyn." As she was talking, Camila pulled South over and introduced him to Grace. "South, this is your grandma. Please bow your head in respect to her." Hence, South knelt obediently in front of Grace's gravestone and bowed his head down toward it. "Grandma, I know you. Mommy always cries while holding your photo. Every year, Mommy would become unhappy and would not eat anything on this day. She would also buy a lot of candles because she said that you're afraid of the dark. Grandma, you have to be happy in the heavens. That way, Mommy will be happy too!"

Marcus knelt down too. "Don't worry, Aunt Grace. I'll take good care of Camila, so you don't have to be concerned about her." "Mom, I miss you so much. How I wish I could hug you again!" Camila then

reached out to hug the gravestone and cried out, "You always say that girls don't need to know everything, but you didn't say that you would leave me. Now, I don't even know anything, and I can't even take good care of myself. South always complains about the takeouts and says that my cooking is terrible. I don't even know what to do anymore." South was slightly startled by her words and immediately bowed at the gravestone again. "I didn't do that, Grandma. I didn't complain about Mommy. My mommy's the best so don't you worry; I'll take good care of her!"

Chapter 118 Have You Visited Her Grave Before?

Marcus almost laughed out despite the gloomy atmosphere. This mother and son really is something! When the mother acted childishly, the child would in turn act maturely. Not far from them, a large family was offering sacrifices to their ancestors too. There was the husband, his children, and perhaps some of their relatives. Everyone was kneeling before the gravestone. The husband cried especially hard as he hugged the gravestone and grieved. Upon seeing such a scene, Camila's heart felt even more distressed. She felt that it was not worth it for her mom, so why did her mom stay with her dad? Her husband had probably never mourned her death, right? In order to maintain the harmony of his current family, he was willing to leave his ex-wife behind.

At the thought of this, Camila's phone suddenly rang. As soon as she took it out, she saw Lyla's caller ID. Camila picked up the call with a calm face but did not say a word. On the other hand, Lyla's arrogant tone of voice could be heard. "Did you go tomb-sweeping for that dead mom of yours? Are you still wondering why we haven't been there before? Stop dreaming that we'll visit her grave. Who do you think she is to have us sweep her gravestone?"

Camila's voice sounded cold. "What are you trying to say?" Yet, Lyla laughed out loud. "Try listening to this..." Camila heard the song named, Today is a Good Day coming from the phone and also the bustling noise from the crowd. "Can you hear that? Today's a good day to hold my seventh wedding anniversary with your beloved Miles. Who would have time to visit that unlucky place? Originally, I wanted to invite you over, but I guess you wouldn't be in the mood to do so. Then, you can just stay at the graveyard together with your mom!" Although Camila's body was trembling, her voice was unexpectedly calm and collected. "Do you want to die, Lyla?" However, Lyla chuckled and replied, "You're the one who's seeking death. If you don't let me live peacefully, why should I let you live peacefully? Aren't you a talented person? If you're so talented, then have Dad visit your mom's gravestone! I'm not afraid to tell you this, but Dad has never visited your mom's gravestone before after so many years. Only my mom and I are the most important people in his heart. On the other hand, you, and your mom, should go to hell!"

After she said this, Lyla hung up the phone. Meanwhile, Camila was unexpectedly calm. There was not a hint of anger on her face.

However, South could tell that his mom was extremely furious right now and nothing could be done to calm her down. Soon after, Camila used her phone to dial a number she had not dialed in seven years. The phone rang several times before it was connected. As soon as it connected, Camila immediately asked, "Have you forgotten that today is Mom's tenth death anniversary?" Gael's voice sounded a little hollow as he explained, "I know, but today's the seventh wedding anniversary of Miles and your sister. How can I be absent from that occasion?"

Nonetheless, Camila's voice sounded normal as she asked, "For so many years, have you ever visited Mom's grave?" Gael replied, "Camila, mourning in our hearts will do. Your mom will always have a place in my heart." "That's why on her death anniversary, you, as her husband, are taking part in a large-scale event?" "Do you think I have a choice?" "Didn't Lyla and Miles get married in December? Why are they

celebrating their wedding anniversary in November?” “Recently, there’s been some problems in the Ryan Group. The banquet held by them is just to stabilize the entire situation. With this, they’re also able to network and connect with other partners.” “Which hotel are they at?” “Camila, stop being so calculative with your sister. If it wasn’t for your sister that year, where would Brooklyn Group be today?” “Which hotel?” Camila repeated her question like a robot. “Fairview Hotel. Camila, I’ll only visit your mom tomorrow!” Camila remained expressionless and said coldly, “What if I want you to come over now?” Gael helplessly said, “Can you stop making a fuss about this?”