

Mighty Mom 119

Chapter 119 Someone's Bullying My Mom!

Camila gave a cold snort. "I'm the one making a fuss? I haven't even started causing trouble yet!" With this, she hung up the call. She knelt again toward the gravestone and bowed piously. Camila's voice was calm as she continued, "Just you wait, Mom. I'll avenge you. I won't let you die in vain!" With this, Camila immediately got up and descended the mountain. Marcus was slightly afraid as he saw Camila like this. Hence, he asked, "What happened?"

Camila replied, "It's nothing. You can go back first, Marcus."

How could Marcus go back since he had pretty much overheard that whole conversation as he stood near Camila just now. "Don't try confronting the tough with toughness. You've just returned and your foundation is not very stable. On the other hand, they have their people everywhere. Even if you tie them up and bring them here, they still wouldn't be sincere and would just put on an act. Hence, what's the use for all this? This isn't even enough to disturb Aunt Grace, so just let them be!"

Camila looked toward Marcus and asked, "Since when have I seemed like a reasonable and approachable person to you?" With this, she put on her sunglasses and led South toward the car rental area. At this very moment, Silas was holding a large-scale internal meeting. He sat on his chair with a calm and expressionless face. His cold eyes swept across the room and this made everyone silent. Silas had a more angular face. Hence, it gave off an impression that he was a fierce person that did not tolerate any nonsense whenever he did not smile. There was only one manager in the conference room who was presenting and discussing the summary reports. All of a sudden, a phone vibration sound could be heard. Everyone looked at each other and swiftly checked their phones—they were afraid that it was their own phone's vibration. They did not know who was daring enough to not switch off their phone during the meeting

However, after everyone looked around the room, they noticed that it was their own president's phone that was ringing.

Silas could not help but furrow his eyebrows. He had unexpectedly forgotten to switch off his phone today. Initially, he wanted to ignore the call, but two messages followed after the call. He picked up his phone and glanced at it. Then, he noticed that the messages were sent by South. 'Someone's bullied Mommy!' 'My mommy has gone to Fairview Hotel. Please hurry over! After Silas finished reading the messages, his face changed immediately. Who dares to bully her? Without much thinking, he stood up and spat out two words, "Meeting canceled!"

Everyone in the meeting room was in a daze and discussions started heating up. "What's the situation?" "How was someone able to call our iron-blooded president out of this meeting?" "Come on over, everyone. I'm betting 5 kilograms of langoustines that the other party is a woman." "I'm betting 25 kilograms of langoustines that she's a beautiful woman!" "I'm betting 50 kilograms that the other party will surely become our president's wife!"

"F*ck! What's the point if everyone's betting on that woman?"

Inside Fairview Hotel, happy songs and laughter filled the room at this very moment. All the guests were dressed glamorously with gorgeous hairstyles as they mingled around and made toasts to one another. On the other hand, Lyla and Miles stood opposite each other on the stage while their eyes were full of deep feelings.

The host adjusted the overall atmosphere of the room. "Holding each other's hands as they grow old

together, these seven years of marriage are not just mere oaths for Mr. and Mrs. Ryan, but something they've actively acted out. The formation of such an eternal unity between these two has really touched my heart. Their love has penetrated every trickle of their life. Such integration of each other's flesh and blood in one another's lives have been sublimated into their spirit and soul. The river of their love will continue to trickle and flow forever. Here, I would like to invite Mr. and Mrs. Ryan to express their current thoughts and feelings." Then, Lyla took the microphone and looked shyly at Miles, who looked hesitant, before saying, "Miles, it's been seven years now. People say that there's the seven-year-itch, but I don't feel it in our marriage at all. You're still my one true love since the very beginning."

Chapter 120 Our Seventh Wedding Anniversary

"No matter the ups and downs we've been through, you have never left me behind. No matter how difficult it was, our family is still happy together. Today, with a grateful heart, I'd like to thank my lover who has been with me for the past seven years. Thank you for taking me into the palace of marriage and giving me a family of our own. Thank you for giving me such an adorable yet mischievous son, and for giving me the reason to continue living. Thank you for your care, love, support, and protection from the winds and rains. I love you, Miles!" Just as Lyla finished her sentence, there was thundering applause. Everyone was moved by her words.

Then, the host took the microphone over and asked, "Mr. Ryan, do you have anything you'd like to say?" Miles took a deep breath and forced a light smile. "I'm not sure what to say, but first of all, I'd like to thank everyone for attending our wedding anniversary celebration. Also, feel happy to have a wife like Lyla!" The host then chuckled. "Seems like Mr. and Mrs. Ryan are very loving and affectionate. Now, let us get to know the ups and downs they have gone through together in the past seven years. Please, look at the big screen!" With this, the audience's gaze turned toward the big screen. On the screen, pictures were being shown in chronological order from the beginning of their marriage; to having a child together; to their family of three."

Below the stage, everyone was envious and whispered to each other. The woman sitting beside Florence sighed. "You're lucky to have such a good daughter-in-law. Her eyes are always glued to Miles."

However, Florence shook her head and said, "That's because my son is an excellent and outstanding person. If she doesn't stare at my son, who else would she stare at?" "You're right. This couple is very loving," the woman said. On the other hand, Leila also looked at the stage with a hint of a smile in her eyes. She then lowered her head before whispering secretly to Gael, "Look at how good Lyla is with her words. Compared to Miles, she's so much better!" Gael did not say a word. In fact, his mind was occupied with other things. He kept thinking that it was wrong of him to agree to have their wedding anniversary on the same day as his ex-wife's death anniversary. He had forgotten about Grace's death anniversary at that time. He only recalled it later, but the Ryan Family had already informed the guests and they could no longer make any changes. Hence, Gael had no choice but to agree with them.

However, after Camila gave him a call, Gael felt uneasy. "I'm talking to you." Leila nudged him with her elbow. Only then did Gael manage to react. "What?" With a face full of happiness, Leila stared at the big screen. "I'm saying that these two are so compatible with each other. It's been seven years, yet they still look so loving." Just as she finished talking, there came the sound of a trumpet from the entrance of the hotel. It was a melancholic sound that made everyone sad and tearful.

Several men were dressed in black while they held baskets in their hands. The baskets were filled with joss paper and were scattered once every few steps. The joss paper could be seen flying and falling from the top. When the audience turned around, an adult and a child appeared at the hotel entrance. The

woman was dressed in black with a garland of white flowers in front of her chest while her left hand was leading a child that was dressed like an adult too.

“Who is this?”

“I don’t know. Perhaps they’ve gone to the wrong venue.” “Doesn’t she look like the Brooklyn Family’s eldest daughter?” “Ah! It really is her! That must be the child she had with the beggar!” “What are you doing here? Are you trying to create a scene?” Gael got up from his chair and walked toward the door in a hurry. His entire face was raging with anger. “What are you doing, Camila Brooklyn?” Camila gave a cold glance at Gael and asked, “Who... are you?” All of a sudden, Gael choked with anger as he added, “Camila, today’s the wedding anniversary of your sister. There’s a lot of guests here, so stop causing trouble!”.