

# Mighty Mom 133

## Chapter 133 It Wasn't an Accident

A while later, a nurse came in and pulled out the pinhead for Camila. Camila flashed a smile and thanked her. The nurse exhorted, "Try to stay idle all the time. If you feel uncomfortable, close your eyes and take a rest. It's best to tell your boyfriend to get you some food to eat before sleeping." Camila was startled. Boyfriend? She hurriedly explained, "He's not-" Silas interrupted, "Alright. Is there anything she can't eat?" The nurse answered, "Eat as much light food as possible and avoid anything spicy." Silas nodded. "Alright." After the nurse left, Camila wanted to explain what just happened. Seeing that Silas was acting normally, she decided to keep her mouth shut, for it would be weird if she suddenly tried to explain herself. Meanwhile, Silas was overjoyed and praised that the nurse was insightful. He wouldn't even give Camila a chance to speak as he took out his phone and made a call. "Buy some light food. Err... Just buy a bit of everything!" ; Camila wondered what the person at the other end of the line had said that offended Silas as he became irritated. After the call ended, he came back, and his voice turned gentle in an instant. "Wait for a while. The food will arrive shortly. Close your eyes and take a rest." He sounded like he was coaxing a child. Not knowing what to say, Camila decided to keep her mouth shut and closed her eyes. Silas couldn't help grinning. Looking at her moving eyes underneath her eyelids, he said, "I'm investigating the car crash. Don't worry about it." Camila opened her eyes again. "Wasn't it an accident?" – Silas answered expressionlessly, "It appears to be an accident."

But it's not. Camila helped him finish his words in her heart. Silas continued, "The driver was drunk driving and ran the red light. Fortunately, only the latter half of your car was hit, which caused you to suffer from a concussion." At that moment, he took a deep breath and appeared to be reeling from shock when recounting the story. Camila thought to herself that her reflexive move had saved herself. If she never

stepped on the gas, she would have been killed by the fast-moving truck. Who was it that wanted her dead? The conversation came to an abrupt stop as the atmosphere fell into silence. A while later, Camila said, "Err... Mr. Nolan, is my phone with you?"

Silas understood that she was feeling uneasy and wanted to get her phone back to make a call.

However, he was worried about her and wanted to stay here to keep her company

Staring at her, he persuaded gently, "The doctor said that you'd have to stay in the hospital for one week. It's late now, so please don't bother your best friend. I'll tell her to come over tomorrow."

Camila didn't want to bother her best friend at this time either, but she felt nervous with him around.

Knock, knock, knock... Someone knocked on the door thrice. Silas rose from the chair and opened the door. Xavier had arrived with the food and greeted, "President Nolan, Miss Brooklyn."

Silas pointed at the bedside table and said, "Put down the food there."

Xavier nodded in agreement and put down the food. "President Nolan, I'll take my leave now." After he left, the ward fell into silence again. Silas gazed at her and inquired, "Should I place a pillow behind your head and feed you the food?"

Camila flushed in an instant upon hearing that. What kind of question is that? I don't need your help!

"I'll eat on my own."

Silas walked over and adjusted the bed. Trying not to make her feel uncomfortable, he lifted her head a

little and placed a pillow behind her head.

Camila wanted to sit up on her own, but she felt dizzy immediately and wanted to vomit.

Therefore, she could only glower at him when he wasn't aware because he didn't return her phone to her. It would be much easier if Kate is here. I will just let her feed me.

### **Chapter 134 Embarrassed**

Now... Camila couldn't let Silas feed her the food. Silas quickly opened all the bags. Xavier really bought a bit of everything as there were more than ten kinds of rice porridge. "What do you like to eat? There are red bean porridge, pork porridge, pumpkin porridge, eggs and lean meat porridge, ravioli, pasta, chicken soup..." Camila asked helplessly, "Why did he buy so many dishes?" "I don't know what you like to eat. "I'm fine with anything. Get me the ravioli." Silas nodded in agreement. Instead of getting a bed tray for her, he held out the bowl of ravioli in front of her. Knowing that she wouldn't let him feed her the food, he passed her a spoon.

Camila took over the spoon and tried to grab the bowl. Silas quickly moved a little and said, "It's hot, so I'll hold it out for you. Let's eat."

As they were just inches away, Camila could see his deep gaze and his attentive stare clearly.

In that instant, her heart pounded against her chest as she found him attractive.

More importantly, she couldn't eat anything when he was gazing at her from such a short distance. She placed the spoon in the bowl and explained, "Actually, I'm not hungry. I'll eat it when it becomes less hot." With that, she instinctively curled up her body. Silas stared at her and questioned, "Do you want me to carry you again?" Hearing that, Camila was startled for a moment before her gaze turned furious. Silas found it interesting because he could figure out the emotion behind her gaze. "Why did you lean against the bed again when you already sat up? Aren't you trying to make me carry you?"

Camila drew a deep breath and told herself to calm down. I'm injured now and can't fight against him. Wait until I recover!

Her furious expression was lively. Even when she said nothing at all, she still looked beautiful.

"I just thought that the ravioli was too hot," Camila said angrily. Silas replied cheekily, "Oh, I thought you were embarrassed to eat it because I was holding the bowl for you."

To prove him wrong, Camila immediately picked up the spoon and pretended to be nonchalant as she questioned, "Why would I be embarrassed?" With that, she tried to scoop the ravioli with the spoon. For some reason, she failed to get even one ravioli after multiple attempts. Perhaps she was too nervous. She drew a deep breath and glowered at the portion of ravioli, wondering why it was so challenging to scoop it up. Seeing that, Silas started giggling. Camila didn't understand why he was laughing. Just when she was in a daze, Silas took over her spoon and easily scooped up one ravioli before holding it out near her mouth.

Camila's heart pounded hard as she tried to grab the spoon. Silas dodged it without saying a word and held the spoon near her mouth again. At that moment, Camila felt extremely embarrassed. Pretending to be nonchalant, she gazed at him and teased, "I didn't tell you to feed me. I can do it on my own." Silas curled up his lips. "Yup, it's just that your hand didn't seem to be dextrous." Camila tried to suppress her anger throughout the meal. In reality, she had only eaten six ravioli, but she couldn't eat it anymore, mainly because she was too incensed. After that, she chased him away again. "It's late now, so please go home and sleep. I'm fine now." Silas replied, "Alright, you should get some rest." Camila was exhausted and didn't want to chit-chat with him. Since she couldn't chase him away, she would just let him be. Closing her eyes, she dozed off after a while. It was the next morning when she woke up. When she opened her eyes and saw that it was a different person by her bed, she heaved a sigh of relief. She

would seriously pass away out of fury if Silas were to feed her the food for a few days. "Oh God, you're finally here!" she lamented.