

Mighty Mom 140

Chapter 141 Camila's Father

A man in his fifties walked in with a fruit basket in his hand. His handsome face looked somewhat haggard, and his gaze appeared to be apologetic. Seeing the apologetic-looking man, Landon asked in shock, "Who are you looking for?" "H-I'm looking for Camila." The man raised his chin and pointed at Camila, who was on the bed.

The moment Camila saw Gael, her expression turned dark. "Landon, I don't know him. Get him out of this room!" Startled, Landon gazed at Gael and asked doubtfully, "You are?" "I'm her father."

Landon finally understood the reason behind Camila's reaction. He was her father who trusted what Lyla said and sent her to a foreign country. In that instant, Landon's expression turned gloomy as well.

"Camila doesn't want to see you. Please leave!" Gael looked at Landon in a fawning manner and said, "Please let me say something to her. I'll leave after finishing my words." Lying down, Camila closed her eyes and said coldly, "I don't want to listen to it. I'm tired and have to sleep now!"

Taking a deep breath, her father directly walked into the room and placed the fruit basket on the bedside table. Landon didn't try to stop him since the latter was Camila's father. Taking a seat by the bed, Gael said sincerely, "Camila, I know that you're still resentful of me. I have been lied to all these years and done many things that have hurt you. However, you should have told me about it earlier."

Camila wanted to ignore him initially, but she realized that she couldn't take it anymore as she opened her eyes suddenly and reprimanded, "Are you sure I didn't tell you about it? You never listened to me! Do you care about me or even Mom at all? Your explanation and apology are like a fan in the winter and a quilt in the summer-they're totally useless to me!" "I know you still blame me. I didn't come here to ask for your forgiveness, but," Before he could finish his words, Camila interrupted, "You just want to have peace of mind, don't you? You want to shift all the blame to someone else, huh? Well, dream on!"

Deeply hurt, she drew a deep breath and stared at him. "You had an affair with Leila Hope when you were still married. You're biased toward Lyla, so you sent me to another country. Right after I returned to the country and met you, you slapped me without a second thought. You were as unreasonable as before and have told me things a father shouldn't have said to his daughter. I can forget all of that, but you never paid a visit to my mom for the past seven years. To make your wife and daughter happy, you threw a grand party on my mom's death anniversary. You were not sorrowful at all. Were you so happy on my mom's death anniversary? Hmph, Gael Brooklyn, I will never forgive you!" She said those words with reddened eyes and gritted teeth.

Gael opened his mouth slightly as he didn't expect that the party on the death anniversary of Camila's mother to be the deepest pain in her heart. Taking a deep breath, he explained, "I forgot that it was your mom's death anniversary. Since they had set a date for the wedding, I could only agree to it." "Stop coming up with excuses!" Camila glared at him and snarled, "Get out!" Noticing the resolution behind her gaze, Gael rose from the chair and said, "D-Don't be angry with me. Please rest well. I'll take my leave now." With that, he turned around and walked out of the room. Staring at his figure, Camila suddenly realized that his originally sturdy body became somewhat frail now as he tottered out of the room. She retracted her gaze and closed her eyes. All of a sudden, she felt like she had been drained of all her energy.

As the door was closed and opened again, someone walked in. Thinking that it was Landon, Camila covered her eyes with her arm and remained silent. Standing by the bed, Silas lowered his gaze and

stared at her. Hearing her conversation with her father from outside the room a moment ago, he felt sorry for her and could empathize with her feelings.

Chapter 142 The Unknown Culprit

It was no wonder that Camila was so cold and resolute on the stage that day. How disappointed must she be to burst into a rage? In that instant, Silas felt guilty for failing in his attempt to find out the culprit as he remained silent and looked at her. Camila frowned and wondered why the garrulous Landon never asked her any question. When she doubtfully lowered her arm and saw the tall man by the bed, she was stunned. It's no wonder that Landon never said a word. He isn't here at all! "Shouldn't you be busy today? Why are you here?" Without saying a word, Silas directly took a seat beside the bed. "I'm done with work." Gazing at him, Camila questioned doubtfully, "Have you found the driver?" Silas took a deep breath helplessly and answered, "Yes, the driver confessed that it was Luca who told him to do that. However, when I got to Luca, he was found dead in his house."

Hearing that, Camila was flabbergasted. "He's dead? Who did it?" Silas replied, "On the surface, his death was caused by an overdose of stimulants."

Camila finished his words for him, "But in reality, someone killed him and shifted the blame to him." He flashed a smile at her. As an intelligent woman, she could figure it out even if he never said it clearly. Camila laughed in self-mockery. "Who is so resentful of me to the point where the person wants me dead?"

Her inadvertent words stunned Silas as he suddenly recalled what Brian said to him. If you want her to be safe, stay away from her.

But... Will she really be safe if I stay away from her? Since the culprit wasn't arrested yet, there was still hidden danger. Camila was exposed, while the culprit was still hidden. It wasn't certain when the person would harm Camila again. Could I really protect her? "It's because of me that you've fallen into danger!". Camila didn't know how to respond to his sudden self-blame. Why does he start blaming himself when I'm not harmed yet? "Do you know who did it?"

Silas shook his head. Although he was suspicious of a few people, it was pointless since he had no concrete evidence.

Camila consoled, "Don't blame yourself yet since we don't know who the culprit is. In fact, I have many enemies as well. Since the person is afraid of our investigation, I don't think he is very bold, so you don't have to be worried!" Worried? I suppose he's worried about me, hence his apologetic gaze. Silas flashed a smile at her. Why is she such a good person? "Aren't you afraid?" Camila snorted fearlessly, "Why should I be afraid? I'm not a pushover, okay?" Silas nodded and replied seriously, "No, you're not a pushover. Don't worry. I'll stand by your side." Camila burst into laughter. "Are you sure?" "Yes, I'm sure." Silas smiled at her and remarked, "Please smile more. You look great when you smile." Camila pursed her lips in embarrassment. What does he mean by this? Why does he keep saying such intimate-sounding words to me?

"Where's Landon?"

Silas replied, "I told him to go back as he has to fetch the kid later." Camila mumbled and fell into silence, which caused the conversation to end just like this.

A while later, she said, "Mr. Nolan, please go back as Kate will arrive shortly. Moreover, I'm fine now, so you don't have to be worried." Silas took a deep breath. Why does she always chase me away? "It's fine. I will leave when she arrives." Camila thought to herself that if he stayed there any longer, she would be utterly embarrassed.

"Do you want to eat an apple? I will peel it for you," Silas held an apple in his hand and inquired.

Hearing that, Camila's lips curved into a smile as she recalled the first time Silas peeled an apple for her kid at her home. The apple turned out to be a mess. Does he seriously want to peel an apple for me now?