

Mighty Mom 157

Chapter 157 Give This to Brian

Soon, Silas rolled the dice again and got seven pips this time. Although the odds seemed to be in the man's favor, Camila reckoned she still stood a chance to get a number larger than seven. Then, she took a peek at the dice. Oh, I can see ten pips; I think I'll take the chance. Upon lifting the dice cup, Camila finally emerged victorious as she pointed at the glasses with wine on the table and said to Silas. "Now, it's your turn to drink."

Despite his defeat this round, Silas was still glad to see the lady rejoice in the game. "No, I'm not going to drink." Camila was stunned by his answer while the alcohol took a toll on her head. "What? How can you do that?" Unhappy with that, she pointed at him and questioned, "Are you trying to cheat?"

"No, I just want to share a secret with you instead," Silas held her fingers and said, but Camila took her hand off and replied, "Alright, fire away." Upon noticing the lady's reaction, Silas was frustrated yet amused. Even though he was tipsy, he could still think straight.

"I'm in love with someone."

"Yeah, you've said that before." Camila nodded her head.

"Do you want to know who that is?" Silas sounded like he was trying to coax a little girl, but Camila was just slightly tipsy, not dumb. After pondering for a moment, she knew something was not right with the man before her. "... don't want to know!" Camila's reply rendered Silas speechless and got him wondering whether she was really drunk. "Tell me another secret!" Camila said, leaving Silas disappointed. Why does she always keep her guard up against others? Or is she only doing that to me? "What would you like to know then?" "Tell me about your brother," Camila responded after thinking for a moment.

"Are you interested in him?" Silas asked as his heart sank.

Camila stared at Silas with a smile and slowly nodded her head while the latter only took a deep breath in confusion. What does she mean? Does she mean she likes Brian? While Camila propped her chin with her hand, Silas exchanged gazes with her, feeling his breath taken away by her enchanting gaze, as if no man was capable of resisting her seductive beauty. I think she must be drunk because she doesn't usually look at me like that. "What is it that you'd like to know about him?" Silas gulped and asked. "Is he always alone?" Camila uttered after a brief contemplation. "Yeah, I think so," Silas answered. Camila sympathetically replied, "He is a poor little dude without anyone else to lean on, just like me. Oh yeah. Give me a moment." She then staggered to her feet and walked away. Worried that she might fall, Silas followed right behind her and saw her heading to the living room, where she took a candy box from a small cabinet. Upon seeing that, he felt like a dog with two tails, happy with the surprise she had prepared him as he recalled the time he was disappointed when the lady bought Brian some candies. Although it was he who made the first move this time, he was still glad that she could remember his words. Soon, she passed the candy box to Silas, but before the man could continue to rejoice, she blurted out, "Give this to Brian." Then, Camila returned to the dining area, leaving Silas speechless and nonplussed. So, this box of candies isn't for me but for Brian? Yet, I felt I was on top of the world a few seconds ago. In that instant, Silas was overwhelmed by a sting of pain as he stared at Camila's eyes pitifully. She's only met Brian a few times, and she is already so concerned about him. "So, you want me to give this to Brian?" he asked, refusing to give up.

Camila nodded and replied, "I think Brian cares a lot about you. So, if you give this to him, he is going to

be so happy.” However, Silas only responded with a glacial smile without saying a single word. So, this is all about Brian, all about making him happy. What about me? Does she not care about me at all?

Chapter 158 You’re Drunk

Annoyed, Silas wanted to leave right then. In reality, however, he walked over to Camila and narrowed his eyes at her. Silas’s strong build made him seem intimidating, so Camila couldn’t help but stare at him with suspicion. “What are you doing?” Silas asked, “Where’s my candy?”

Faced with the man’s question, Camila frowned. “This is the last box.”

Extremely triggered by her reply, Silas didn’t know what to say. There’s only one box left, so she has to pick someone important to give it to, right? “Camila! Are you heartless?!” Camila blinked in confusion. It seemed like Silas was insulting her, so she tried her best to glare back at him. “Mr. Nolan, what’s with the insult?” Silas’s expression was gloomy, as if it was the dark clouds before a thunderstorm. “You better not let me hear you addressing me as Mr. Nolan again!” Camila stared at him for a long while before she finally yelled, “Silas!” Seeing her being so soft and gentle, Silas’s anger started dissipating. Then, he asked again, “Do you like Brian?” Camila frowned. “Don’t you like him?” “I’m asking you if you like him or not?” Camila nodded without really knowing what was going on. “Of course I do.” This made Silas turn around and leave in anger, whereupon Camila sighed at the man’s behavior. Ugh... Why are you leaving? Getting up, she tried to chase after him. However, she felt like she was floating when she walked. It was most probably due to the alcohol. She had wanted to grab him, but she lost control and ran into him instead. Silas could hear footsteps behind him. However, he was taken aback when he turned around and saw her falling. At that moment, electricity sparked between them as he held her instinctively.

However, Silas was still knocked to the ground by Camila.

He groaned the moment his back hit the ground.

Their eyes met each other at that moment, and that made him flustered. He knew that she was already drunk, so why should he try to argue with a drunkard? Why do I feel so dizzy? Although her mind was clear, she felt as if she had been spinning like a spinning top. She couldn’t believe she boasted that she would never

get drunk, for she’s no more than a drunkard now! Camila knew clearly that she was pressing onto Silas. However, her mind couldn’t seem to control her body movements, even though she desperately wanted to get up. Silas’s heart started racing when he saw how close Camila’s lips were to him as he gulped instinctively. Suddenly, he pressed his palms on her head and brought it down lower. At this point, they could feel each other’s breath against their faces. Right when Camila’s lips were less than a centimeter away from Silas’s, the door to the guest room was opened abruptly as a girl’s tired voice rang out, “What are you doing, Camila?”

Silas looked toward where the voice originated to see Kate standing by the door drowsily. Immediately, all the weird thoughts in his mind completely vanished.

Camila didn’t react fast enough, as she only realized her best friend had arrived by now. “You’re awake? Come look at the dishes that I’ve made!”

Completely forgotten about the situation that she was in, she had and was still trying to boast about her cooking to everyone. Kate’s eyes widened in shock when she finally realized what was happening.

Camila was actually pressing onto Silas. Oh Lord! This is... way too wild!

“I-I must have gone crazy from sleeping too much.” Kate mumbled to herself before she immediately retreated out of the room and slammed the door shut.

All of Silas’s desire vanished at that moment as he swallowed down everything that he had wanted to

say.

Camila's mind sobered up at that moment as well. She could finally move her body as she struggled to get up from him and blushed. "I'm sorry, Mr. Nolan." Silas got up as well. "You're drunk." Nodding, she couldn't deny the fact that the alcohol had already influenced her. "I'm sorry that you had to take the fall for me. Let me send you off." Silas took a deep breath. "It's fine. Are you okay on your own? If you aren't, get your friend to help you!" Camila agreed to that. Eventually, Silas gave her a few more pieces of advice before he turned around and left.