

# Mighty Mom 19

## Chapter 19 Would You Still be willing to Work Here?

Naturally, Silas entered the house. He took a look around. Though all the rooms had the same layout, hers somehow felt warmer and cozier. Camila was feeling a bit awkward. She had just finished giving the little guy his medicine, so the house was a mess. While she invited him in, she was also busy cleaning up. "Is it just the two of you here?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered. Feeling like it came off rather cold, she added, "Have a seat, Mr. Nolan. I'll go make you a cup of tea." Then, she entered the kitchen. Silas quickly interjected, "That's not necessary. I came to look for you about something. Have a seat and we can talk." However, she still came out with a cup of tea in her hands and placed it in front of him. "We don't have great quality tea in our house. Please just have this for now." He extended his hands out of courtesy. "That's okay." After Camila put the cup down, she sat down opposite him.

Sitting next to Silas, South blinked his big black eyes as he looked around in amusement.

"I want to eat some fruits, Mommy." She looked at him pointedly then went to get some fruits for him. As soon as the fruits were served, South plucked a grape off and handed it to Silas. "For you, Uncle Silas!"

Silas reached out to caress his head. "Thank you. You can eat it."

"Mommy brought this out just for you. I like apples." As he said that, he grabbed an apple and handed it to Silas once more. Seeing the astonished look on Silas's face, South asked, "Can you help me peel this, Uncle Silas?" Camila felt perplexed. She hurriedly reached out and said, "Let me, Mr. Nolan." But Silas refused, "It's okay. I can do it." South glanced at Silas. I gave you a chance, Daddy. Make sure to do well. But little did he know that Silas could not peel an apple to save his life.

Over the next five minutes, the two of them were on edge as they stared at the apple in Silas's hands. South was worried that Camila would be dismayed by Silas's poor performance, but Camila was only feeling anxious for the apple. How can someone peel an apple like that?

There were dents and bumps all over it. It looked like it had returned from war, all battered and bruised. Silas was also apologetic and said stiffly, "You can just eat what's left of it. I've never peeled an apple for anyone before." South had no desire to eat the apple before, but after hearing what Silas said, he gladly accepted it. "That's alright. This is not bad for the first time."

Silas smiled. "I'll do it properly next time." South nodded in agreement. "Yeah, it's always hard the first time!" The corner of Camila's lips twitched. She felt bitter just looking at South buttering up to Silas. He's still happily eating that apple even though it looks like that. He's too biased. Is everything that Silas does good? That's just groundless!

She looked up at Silas and asked, "How's your grandfather?"

Silas turned to her and the light in his eyes dimmed slightly. "After you left that day, he was up for no more than thirty minutes. We gave him something to eat then he went back to sleep. Later in the night, he woke up again and was awake for almost two hours."

She nodded. "That's normal. Since it's a brain disease, constantly needing sleep is normal. Let him eat more light food. He can have more eggs, milk, and the like."

He took note of that. "But I didn't come to see you for that today."

There was a moment of hesitation. It was hard for him to continue, but he felt restless even at the

office. If he did not clear things up, he felt like he would be constantly bothered by it. She looked at him in astonishment. "Oh? What is it? Just tell me directly, Mr. Nolan." Taking a deep breath, he continued, "When you came to the company last time to apply for a position, I said a lot of awful things to you. I was actually wrong about you. I was wondering if you would still be willing to come work at Nolan Group?"