

Triplets' Mighty Mom Chapter 3

Chapter 3 Bad Luck

Landon hurriedly said, "I didn't do anything! It was an accident! Enough, enough; it's not something I can tell a brat like you." As they were talking, Camila returned. Then, South smilingly said, "Mommy, you have to be on time when you attend the interview at the Nolan Group tomorrow, okay?" She glanced at him coolly. "I will, you little brat!" Pouting, South thought, Do you think it was easy for me to get you to go to the Nolan Group, Mommy? While on the road, Camila stared out at the tall buildings outside the car window, feeling rather emotional. "Camila, it's been seven years since you last returned, right?" Landon asked. "Yeah, it's been seven years." If it wasn't for the circumstances back then that had forced my hand, who would be willing to leave one's country for seven years? At that moment, a familiar building flashed past her eyes suddenly-it was the Brooklyn Company. Then, the events of the past flitted through her mind, one by one. "Camila? When will you go and treat my great-grandpa? I will need to make some arrangements too." He dragged her thoughts back to the present. After mulling over it, she replied, "Tomorrow is Friday, and I have to attend an interview. You can arrange it on either Saturday or Sunday." "No problem. Thanks, Camila! Thanks for flying back especially for my great-grandpa!" She shook her head. "It's no big deal. It's not like I came back specifically for your great-grandpa. I just thought that it's time for me to come home." Afterward, they chatted happily in the car. The journey took over an hour before they arrived at La Grande Maison-the residence Landon had prepared for them. "The two of you will live here for the time being. Once an open unit opens up in our community district, I will transfer you over!" Thus, Camila replied, "Okay."

The next day, Camila woke up early in the morning, put on some makeup to enhance her beauty, and kissed the little guy goodbye. "South, I'm going for the interview now. Behave yourself at home, okay? Also, I contacted your godmother. She'll be here soon to keep you company."

South nodded obediently. "Do your best, Mommy." Looking ambitious, she assured him, "Yeah. Just you wait, South. I'm going to make lots of money and support you." Half an hour later, she raised her head to look at the iconic building that reached toward the skies and sighed in amazement. As expected of the Nolan Group-it's magnificent!

Upon entering the building, she explained the reason for her arrival to the receptionist. Hence, the receptionist immediately invited Xavier over. "Mr. Dante, this is Miss Brooklyn. She applied for the position of fashion designer and is here for an interview." The position of the fashion designer was a little special. For that reason, the president usually conducted the interview himself. "Noted" Xavier replied. Lifting his head, his breath caught in his throat and he froze in place when he got a proper look at Camila's face! T-T-This woman! I-Isn't

she the thief President Nolan met at the airport yesterday? Why is she here? "Miss Brooklyn, please take a seat for the moment. I'll be right back!" Xavier hurriedly said to Camila before rushing into the president's office. "President Nolan! Do you remember the thief we saw at the airport yesterday? She turned out to be a designer that has applied for a job at our company!"

"Hmm?" Silas slowly lifted his eyes. "Are you sure it's her?"

Xavier nodded. "Absolutely." In response, Silas narrowed his eyes and threw the pen in his hand onto the table. "Bring her here."

"Yes, sir."

After a short while, another knock sounded on the door of the president's office, and he mean-spiritedly spat out a single word, "Enter." Therefore, Camila followed Xavier into the president's office. The office was very large—at least several hundred square meters—with good natural lighting. Even so, the first thing that caught her eye upon entering the room was the man sitting behind the office desk like a king. At that moment, the man was gazing at her intently with a pair of deep eyes and carried a dignified and domineering aura around him.

Thus, she was taken aback for a moment. "Miss Brooklyn, this is the president of our company, President Nolan."

Coming back to her senses, she immediately greeted him, "Nice to meet you, President Nolan. I came here to interview for the position of a fashion designer." She wasn't a woman easily dazzled by looks since there were many other good-looking guys around her. However, none of them had ever sent a jolt of electricity coursing through her veins as he did. Not only that, but he also gave her an inexplicable sense of familiarity. Silas leaned back in his chair lazily. To be honest, this woman is extremely beautiful. What a pity that she is nothing more than a kleptomaniac!

Looking at her with his deep eyes, he sneered, "Miss Brooklyn, the Nolan Group highly values its employees' moral character. Do you think your moral character would be accepted here?"

His tone was provocative, heavily leaning toward a mocking attitude mixed with some light banter. However, the thinly-veiled insults behind his words made Camila's expression darken immediately. "President Nolan, what do you mean by that?" Silas looked at her and slowly articulated his words, word by word, "This company does not need an employee with poor moral character, like you." After saying that, he gave Xavier a look. Xavier responded immediately, coming over and gesturing toward the door with a flourish. Camila was completely disgusted by his attitude. She was aware of reasons such as having a poor resume, being underqualified, or being too nervous at interviews, but she had never seen a person who told her they didn't need an employee with a moral character like hers without even asking anything. What's wrong with my moral character? Thus, she glared at Silas and scowled fiercely. After wasting her entire morning, her anger could no longer be suppressed! "If you don't need me, you can tell that to me directly. Why did you have to take a jab at my character? Do you think anybody cares about a company like yours? Do you think that there aren't any other companies besides yours?" After saying that, she

turned to leave.

Silas looked at her back and sneered. After that, he casually threw out a sentence. "Do you think any other company would dare to hire someone that was rejected by the Nolan Group?" Camila stopped in her tracks abruptly. Then, she looked back at him with a gaze that could freeze a person down to their bones. "Don't forget what I said; even if you beg me to work for you in the future, I would never accept your offer!"