

Mighty Mom 37

Chapter 37 Gratitude

Camila let out a frown. "You don't like her? She's not bad looking." Silas did not know how to respond and blurted, "Just because of that I have to like her? You are pretty too." Camila nodded and gave him a thumbs up. "I like your taste! It's unique." Her words amused Silas as she had just complimented both of them at the same time.

"How did you become so good at drinking?" "Through practice."

Camila continued, "In the past, I couldn't even finish a bottle of beer. But I kept practicing until I became better."

Silas was surprised to hear that. "Why did you have to do that? Did you have to have a lot of social engagements?" Camila took a deep breath, gave it some thought, and responded, "When your life's about to be turned around just because of a glass of liquor, you'd probably do the same."

Startled, he turned to Camila; he wanted to ask her what had happened but he did not feel like that was proper as they were not at that stage in their relationship yet.

"I'm sorry about what happened tonight. I didn't think I'd run into them." Camila responded, "No worries. I'm happy as long as I didn't offend your friends."

Silas snorted. "I don't think they have the right to be angry. Those morons."

Camila replied, "Please don't take it personally. I'm the outcast in your circle, so I can understand why they would treat me like that. If someone else barges into my territory, I'd do the same too."

Silas let out a smile as he really enjoyed listening to her speak; it made him feel at home.

As the two continued to chat, they eventually arrived at the Nolan Residence.

Then, Camila purposely went in to greet Old Man Nolan, who was delighted to see her and even asked her to bring her kid over from time to time. So was South, who frantically waved at them as he bade them goodbye and promised to visit more often. The initial arrangement was for Xavier to drive them back, but Old Man Nolan worried about the two of them so he asked Silas to send them back. When Silas stopped the car on La Grande Maison, Camila realized that South had already fallen asleep.

Then, she gently tapped his cheek. "Darling, we're home." South was unresponsive. Camila's brows squished together and shouted, "South, wake up!" South was still unresponsive. At this point, Silas commented, "Leave him alone. I'll carry him into the house." Then, Silas got out of the car and opened the door at the back. He took off his jacket and covered South with it before bending over and carrying him out of the car. Since South was about twenty to twenty-five kilograms, she was afraid that Silas might hurt himself while trying to carry him.

At the same time, she had to convince herself that this was not Silas's first time here, and it was no different from his first time. Seeing that Silas was far off, she quickly followed suit. The moment Silas stepped into the house, he immediately took the little guy to his room and tucked him into bed. Seeing how he took care of South touched her. She reckoned that if he had a child, he would definitely be a great father.

After leaving South's room, Silas commented, "This is what I wanted to talk to you about tonight, but they kind of ruined it."

"What's that?"

"Can I invest in your fashion studio?"

Camila looked surprised. She smiled and responded, "Sure. How much would you like to invest,

President Nolan?”

Silas commented in a serious manner, “Tell me how much you need.” Camila took the opportunity and gave a huge figure, “At least ten million I suppose.” Silas nodded. “Sure. Is fifty million enough?” His generosity humored Camila. “My studio is only a platform for my passion for design. Aren’t you afraid that you’d never get this money back?” “That’s fine. You can decide how many shares to give me in exchange for my investment,” responded Silas. Truth be told, he did not know how to make it up to her. He felt indebted as well as grateful to her, not only for saving his grandpa but also for helping Brian last time around. He would even give her as much as a few hundred million if that was what she needed. He would also remember the time the little kid spent with his grandfather and the words that the child said tonight. **Chapter 38 He Did It Himself**

Camila smiled and said, “Is that all it takes?” Silas responded, “Since you aren’t willing to join my company, I have to come to you. I’m not going to let your talent go wasted.” Tilting her head, Camila looked him in the eye with a mischievous smile. “You’ve never seen my design works before. How can you be sure that I’m a talent? I may just be a fraud.” Feeling speechless, Silas gave her a look. “Did you forget that you included your design works in the resume that you sent me?” Camila was surprised. “That resume was sent in by South. I don’t even know which design works he included.” Silas was slightly startled. “That kid sent it in on behalf of you?” “Yes. He wanted me to join your company. My plan when I first got back was to run my own fashion studio, but he tried every way to get me into your company. Who knew...” Camila spread her hands and shrugged, not finishing the sentence. Who would have expected that so much would happen since then? Silas responded rather apologetically, “I’m sorry about what happened in the past. Now that I think about it, whatever happened was pretty dramatic. Had I not seen them with my own eyes, I’d never have believed them. I was also there at the airport the day you landed, and I saw that you had a man’s phone in your hand. The next day, when you showed up at the office of the Nolan Group for an interview, I also just saw that post that was critical about your actions with Brian, and that’s how my misunderstandings about you deepened.”

Startled, Camila chuckled. “I witnessed how a man stole a lady’s phone, so I later decided to get the phone back using the same method. On the day of the interview, I used Brian’s phone to make phone calls because Brian fainted. After that, Silas nodded. “I know. I’m sorry for misunderstanding you.”

Hearing this, Camila tittered magnanimously. “Don’t worry about it anymore. I don’t take things personally.” “Thank you for that, Miss Brooklyn,” Silas smiled and responded. “About investing in your fashion studio, it’s settled then. I’ll transfer you the money tomorrow.”

Camila did not expect him to be serious about it. “Mr. Nolan, are you serious about it?” “Of course.” The look on her face made him chuckle. “I’m going now. Please make sure that you lock the doors.” Camila nodded. “Sure.” After Silas left, Camila still stood there. She was still in disbelief as to why he would invest in her business. Did he genuinely think that he would make money from that investment? After closing the door, she walked back and was frightened by the person in front of her. “Y-You’re not asleep yet?”

South commented with a big smile on his face. “I love being in Uncle Silas’s arms.” Camila’s face dropped. “South Brooklyn, let me warn you; please stop playing tricks. I don’t want him to feel that we’re taking advantage of him time after time.” South puffed up his cheeks and replied, “He won’t. I feel that he likes us, and he likes you too. He took you out for meals, and he even carried me.” Camila frowned. “That’s all because we saved his grandpa. We have to know our limits. If you keep responding to him, he might think that we have an ulterior motive.” South responded, “Isn’t that normal? Mr. Nolan is single, and so are you. Since he’s cleared up all the misunderstandings, isn’t it good if you two can

start seeing each other?"

Camila stared at him. "What're you talking about? Just today a woman was coming at me because he was trying to drink on my behalf." South puckered up his lips. "You needed Uncle Silas to drink on your behalf?" Camila responded, "I didn't ask for it. He did it himself."