

# Mighty Mom 47

## Chapter 47 Purpose Achieved

Over the past few days, Lyla kept hearing Camila's name being mentioned. Was Summer city always this small? How is it that we would even run into her at the elementary school? "That's right. You didn't see that attitude of hers; it was exceptionally arrogant! She even threw me out! Even now, my arm still hurts." Florence rubbed at her arm, curling her lips with all her might.

When Lyla heard that, she was stunned for a moment. Following that, the gears in her mind spun quickly, and she pretended to rush over to Florence worriedly. "She dared to hit you? Where were you hurt?" As she spoke, she squatted down in front of her. "Let me see; is it serious?"

Florence broke into a smile immediately and grabbed her hand. "I'm fine. It was a little swollen this morning, but I rubbed some medicinal oil on it. Don't worry; it's fine now." Then, Lyla sat down on another chair. "Mom, don't confront her directly next time. Let her say whatever she wants to say. You're not young anymore; your health is more important."

Florence had a pleased expression on her face. "I'm so glad Miles married you. If he had married that sister of yours, she would have taken years off my life. She completely drove me up the wall today! Not only did she refuse to apologize, but she also hit me! Whoever marries that woman would never find peace! She is so unlike you-you are so kind and considerate." Having achieved her purpose, Lyla pretended to sigh helplessly. "Camila came back a few days back. As soon as she got back, we got into an unpleasant dispute. Just the day before, she drove a wedge between Miles and me. I don't know what she said to him, but he slapped me the moment he came back. He even said that if it wasn't because of me, he wouldn't have broken up with her. Right now, he refuses to sleep in the same room as me. I don't even know how long more I can remain as your daughter-in-law. At this rate, it may not be long before you have a new daughter-in-law."

Florence widened her eyes at those words. "What did you say? Is that true? Miles wants to marry Camila?"

"I don't know either. However, I believe that if Miles continues to be seduced by Camila, it may happen very soon. You didn't see the look Miles gave me! He looked like he wanted to kill me! Perhaps all men are like this-they stop cherishing something once they've obtained it. Currently, he thinks Camila is so great and amazing-so much so he even began to doubt the paternity of Mitch, claiming that he wasn't sure whether the child is his. Mom, don't you think he's acting like a possessed man?" Lyla looked extremely aggrieved, and her eyes filled with tears.

"She must be delusional!" Florence cursed viciously, "If she wants to marry my son, it'll still depend on my approval! A woman of loose morals like her, trying to enter the Ryan family?! Don't even dream about it! Lyla, don't worry. You are the only daughter-in-law I have. Nobody will ever break the two of you apart." Lyla smiled slightly and said in an understanding manner, "Okay; thanks, Mom. I made you worry about us again. I just can't help feeling that she's always lurking about everywhere. Even now, her child is going to the same school as Mitch. Moreover, I've seen that child of hers. He looks rather smart. So, I'm worried Mitch might be bullied by him."

Florence snorted, "How dare he?! In a few days, I'll get somebody to teach that little b\*stard a lesson so that he remembers it forever."

Thus, Lyla secretly raised her brows with a faint smile on her lips.

Time passed quickly. Camila had found a location for her studio, and it was being renovated. Thus, she had been watching over things at the studio during this period.

Today, she received a call from the program crew of the Glamor Vogue's grand competition, asking her to participate as a judge for tomorrow's final show for the ready-to-wear collection. This time around, the scale of the grand fashion competition was very large. Many companies had sponsored it. Moreover, it was very well advertised and held considerable prestige. Out of thousands of works, only the top ten most popular and most promising designs were selected. After that, the designer's team was required to create ready-made garments of their designs, which would be showcased on the runway by models or the designers themselves. Then, they will be scored by judges and voted on by the audience. If one placed among the top candidates, the benefits wouldn't stop at the prize money; they would also receive the promotion and publicity of various media outlets, TV stations, and the internet.

Unfortunately, her studio was not ready yet. Otherwise, she would have taken the opportunity to ride on the popularity of the competition to promote her studio. That would have been more effective than whatever advertisement I could put up!

#### **Chapter 48 Grand Fashion Competition**

The next day, Camila sent her child to school. Then, she went to where the program crew was. Under the guidance of one of the staff members, she arrived at a room backstage. Inside the room, only Big Beard, a man with a bushy beard, was busy working behind a desk. When he saw her, he immediately stood up to greet her with a smile on his face, "Camila! I promise this trip will be worth your while. This time around, the general level of skill among the participants is relatively high. So, I'm sure some of the works will catch your fancy." Camila raised her brows. "It doesn't matter. This is going to be the last time!" Big Beard laughingly said, "Don't say that. It's not like it's the first time we met; I witnessed your journey to success!"

Back then, he was still a reporter, and she was a designer. He stalked her every single day, filming her the entire time. Therefore, he had truly witnessed her journey to success, every step of the way, up until today. If it wasn't for his request, she would never have agreed to become a judge. She glanced at him coolly. "Yeah, yeah. That is only enough to net you this favor

once."

"If there are gains this time, won't you consider it next time?"

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"Nope."

Big Beard looked at her emotionally. "Camila, do you know how great your influence is? This time around, the grand fashion competition managed to obtain more than 20 sponsors, including the Nolan

Group, which is infamous for never participating or sponsoring events. Besides, there were thousands of submissions! Among them were submissions from various famous designers. And, they only joined because of

you.”

Camila was surprised. “Even the Nolan Group?” “Yeah. You’ve heard of them too? That’s one of the largest companies in Hendrix! In the past, they used to look down on small programs like ours. Even now, the only reason they sponsored our event is because of the power of your fame as Angel!” he said.

Pursing her lips secretly, she felt very pleased. I can’t believe Silas sponsored the event because of me. What will happen when he learns that I’m Angel? Will he regret

it?

Suddenly, she looked forward to seeing his reaction when he learned that she was Angel. “Will the sponsors attend?”

“They were all invited to attend. Usually, they’d come.” Seeing that she was in a good mood, he continued his efforts in persuading her again. “What do you think? Won’t you consider doing this again? Next time, you can list your own terms and conditions!” “No way; you know I hate publicity!” While talking, she gestured behind her. “I’m going to take a look around.” The fashion show was scheduled to begin at 10 AM. Even so, all the participants were already gathered here; they were busy doing their final preparations even though it wasn’t even 9 AM yet.

There were a total of ten collections. However, each collection required a team of at least five or six people, which included the designer, the pattern maker, and the models. Each designer had to showcase four sets of clothing. Therefore, they needed at least five people on their team, even if the designer themselves modeled their own works on the runway. Meanwhile, the host was also reviewing the flow of the program. Despite the stage crews’ best efforts at maintaining order, backstage of this program crew was as lively and bustling as a marketplace during the day. Camila deliberately took a peek at the front hall. Quite a lot of spectators had already entered the venue, but the sponsors’ seats were empty. Well, it’s still early. They certainly wouldn’t arrive so early. Thus, she headed back the way she came and went to rest in the lounge prepared by the program crew. Just as she was about to take a seat, Lyla walked in with an expression of disbelief. “It’s really you! Why are you here? Did you join the grand competition too?” Seeing that it was Lyla, Camila raised her brows and glared at her. “That’s none of your business. Get out.”

However, Lyla did not leave. Instead, she glanced about the room, sizing it up. “Where is your team? Don’t tell me it’s just you?”