

Mighty Mom 49

Chapter 49 He Who Strikes First Wins

Camila looked at her with a relaxed expression. I can't believe she participated in this grand fashion competition too. This will be interesting. I guess she still doesn't know that I'm one of the judges. Really, of all the roads you could have picked, you had to pick this one-I guess you'll get your just reward. "Why are you smiling?" Lyla felt scared when she saw the sly smile on Camila's face.

After all, she knew in her heart that all her designs were copied off Camila's works. Well, she doesn't have any evidence. So, it's not like she can do anything to me. Still, meeting her here... If she kicked up a fuss, it would reflect badly on me. If so, why don't I make a pre-emptive strike against her? Thus, she looked around the room indifferently, fiddling with her phone for a bit before putting it back into her pocket. Camila looked at her and said in a neutral voice, "I'm laughing at how childish you are. Do I even need a team to beat you? I can handle you alone." Then, Lyla said in an aggrieved voice, "Why can't you let me be? Can't we live together peacefully?" Camila was sitting on a chair. Despite sitting down, she gave off an inexplicable vibe of a king ruling over his subjects as she said coldly, "That's not possible. I will never be able to live beside you peacefully. Do you finally know fear now? It's a pity that it's too late for that. I will make you pay for everything you did to me, be it now or in the past." On the other hand, Lyla made her voice lower, deliberately making it sound like she was pleading, "Camila, I'm begging you. I put a lot of time and effort into the design for this grand competition. C-Can we have a truce, just for today? When the grand competition is over, you can do whatever you want!" Camila narrowed her eyes, feeling that something was amiss as she lifted her gaze to look at Lyla. "Lyla, can you act like a normal person?"

Then, Lyla started crying. "Camila, I'm begging you! As long as you let me finish the competition, I promise I will do whatever you say later! No matter what you want me to do, I'll do it." Camila felt a chill in her heart. Standing up abruptly, she looked at Lyla as if she had seen a ghost. Lyla is acting too strangely. She must be up to one of her tricks again. "Don't talk nonsense! There is nothing between you and me!" After saying that, she turned to leave. However, she felt somebody hugging her from behind before she could take a single step. Struggling instinctively, she heard the clear sound of a slap ringing out, followed by Lyla's earth-shattering scream.

"Ah!"

Immediately after that, she heard the sound of cosmetic products clattering to the

ground noisily. Camila coldly stood by the door, staring at the person inside the room. Half of Lyla's face was swollen and red, and she was acting like she had been possessed by an actor's spirit-she portrayed the very essence of a suffering, aggrieved, and pitiful person. Looking at Lyla, Camila felt nothing but disgust. Thus, she said icily, "Lyla, how many times are you going to pull this trick?" Still, Lyla continued pitifully, "Camila, please allow me to finish the competition! Once return, I'll take your punishment, okay?"

Some of the participants had come rushing over after hearing the commotion. However, none of them knew who Camila was. When they saw how badly Lyla had been hit, they immediately assumed that

Camila was picking on her. Thus, they accused her, “What’s going on?” “That’s right. Who are you? Why did you hit her?” “Are you a staff member working with the program crew?” “How could a staff member act so arrogantly? Should we call security?” Camila felt extremely drained emotionally, and her gaze was sharp as she glanced around at the crowd. “Did you see me hitting her? The one who falls must be the victim, while the one who is fine must be the abuser. Is that what you guys think? Why are you indiscriminately accusing me out of the blue when you didn’t even witness anything?” Upon hearing those words, the crowd fell silent immediately. After that, Camila indifferently glanced down at Lyla, who remained on the ground. Then, she turned around and left the room—out of sight, out of mind. One of the girls that had a pretty good relationship with Lyla hurriedly went and helped Lyla up. “Lyla, are you okay?” Standing up with the help of the girl, Lyla smiled bitterly. “Please don’t feel wronged on my behalf. She is my sister. I think she is also a participant in this competition. She lost her temper, thinking that I’m trying to outcompete her because I joined the competition too. That’s why she hit me.”

Chapter 50 Not a Participant

Lyla’s friend angrily said, “How can your sister act like that?! Since you’re both participating in the competition, it should depend on each person’s ability! It’s up to one’s ability to receive praise from the judges. Even if she prevents you from participating, can she stop the others?” Lyla sighed helplessly. “She just doesn’t want to let me compete. Ever since we were young, she has always wanted whatever I had, and I’ve gotten used to letting her have her way. Still, this was such a rare opportunity to prove myself using my own abilities! But, I’m afraid my dreams are going to be dashed again.” “What are you afraid of? What can she do to you in front of so many people? You have to quickly get up and prepare yourself. I’m the first to go out, and you’re the last. What about her? What number is she?”

She lowered her head, looking pitiful as she said, “I don’t know. I didn’t even know she was participating. If I knew, I wouldn’t have joined.” Her friend then said, “Why wouldn’t you join? You can’t continue being pushed around like this. Since she refuses to allow you to participate in the competition, that’s all the more reason to take first place in the competition and rub it in her face.” Lyla nodded. “Hurry up and finish your preparations. I’m fine.” Her friend made a noncommittal sound of agreement, then she left. At the same time, the crowd surrounding them slowly dispersed. After that, a cold smile appeared on Lyla’s lips. Camila, if you keep your mouth shut, things will end here peacefully. Or else... I wonder just how you’re going to explain away what just happened! At 8.50 AM, some of the sponsors began entering the venue. Camila’s seat at the judges’ seats and the sponsors’ seats were on opposite sides of the hall. However, she couldn’t see Silas. I guess he might not be coming; he’s a busy man after all.

To be honest, it had been a long while since they last met. It’s a little strange—it feels like we are deliberately trying to avoid each other. I didn’t dare to approach him for fear of being misunderstood. Similarly, he hasn’t tried to approach me either. Still, I hope he will come today. I want to see what his reaction would be when he learns that I’m Angel. Just as she was deep in her thoughts, a tall and slender figure appeared at the entrance of the venue—it was the man she was just thinking about. He was dressed in a black suit, which emphasized his strong and fit body; his expressionless face made him seem cold and distant. A strong and powerful aura overflowed from him, keeping the people around him on their toes. Xavier followed beside him, along with several

other staff members that led him to the VIP seat. All the other sponsors immediately stood up to greet him, and he casually nodded at them in acknowledgment. All of a sudden, Camila felt her spirits lifting. Thus, she got up, walked toward Silas, and greeted him, "Mr. Nolan." A flash of surprise flitted across Silas's face, followed by an unexpected burst of euphoria. "Why are you here? Are you participating in this competition too?" She pursed her lips with a mischievous smile in her eyes, then vaguely responded, "Yeah, I didn't expect to see you here." He nodded; that was what he wanted to say too. "The Nolan Group is a sponsor for this event."

In response, she smiled and nodded. "Okay. Please take a seat; I'm heading back." Thus, he responded, "Okay, we'll catch up later." However, his gaze never left her back. During this time, he had been suffering greatly. The scene of her sitting opposite Brian in a couple's booth kept replaying itself in his mind-Brian had been holding a bowl of candy in his hands and she had been smiling heartily. Every time he thought about it, he found himself feeling dispirited. Brian seems to be quite taken with her. As his brother, I should keep my distance from her. For that reason, he had been keeping himself extremely busy-so busy that he had no time to meet her, nor think about her.

But...

At that moment, he clearly understood that he had desperately wanted to meet her. The joy in his heart wasn't something he could suppress no matter how hard he tried.

It wasn't until Silas saw Camila sitting down at the judges' seats that he felt a little surprised. Could it be that she isn't a designer participating in the competition, but a judge?