

Mighty Mom 83

Chapter 83 Filthy Thoughts

Aleena said nothing, but she was inwardly mulling over the woman's words. Perhaps I'm too well-mannered. I should just employ a more direct method. D*mn you, Robin, for failing to do such a trivial task!

After the fuss at the cocktail party, everyone looked at Camila and Kate differently. The most blatant evidence was the fact that everyone seemed friendly with them, with increasingly more people handing them business cards and even expressing their hopes of a collaboration if the opportunity arose in future. Actually, everyone was of the same mind-these two ladies are Silas Nolan's friends. After all, no one dared to offend his friend. Kate was ecstatic. Never have I thought that my magazine and I would become renowned in such a way one day. Meanwhile, no one dared to report the incident at the cocktail party on this night since Silas had spoken. When they were leaving, Silas offered to send them back, but Camila declined. The two women then hailed a taxi home. Staring the upturned corners of Kate's mouth that just wouldn't go down, Camila couldn't resist saying, "Alright, just laugh if you want to do so." Kate laughed unceremoniously. "Ha ha... Don't you think it was a blessing in disguise that I got slapped? Many celebrities expressed their interest in collaborating with me today, so I think I don't need to worry for the next six months." Camila burst into giggles. "Your success in taking advantage of Silas's influence today far exceeded my expectations."

Grasping her hand, Kate declared solemnly, "I know you're the person I should be thanking most. If it weren't for you, Silas Nolan wouldn't have known me from a stranger on the street, much less be friends with me. D*mn it, I'm Silas Nolan's friend! I've decided to advertise your designs for free without asking you for a single cent in the future."

Camila shot her a glare. "You may want to do so, but I may not be interested." Looking at her dubiously, Kate asked, "Can't you be a smidge more polite?" Camila clung to her shoulder. "Why should I? Considering our relationship now, talking about money will only ruin our friendship!" Kate was rendered speechless. Meanwhile, Silas went straight to Ruby Palace after leaving the cocktail party, having been pestered endlessly by Alex and Hayden since the incident during the cocktail party came to their knowledge through some unknown individual. Upon seeing him, everyone in the room hollered, "He's here, he's here!" Silas was then forced onto the sofa. Knowing that he disliked women, none of the women dared to go forward and tease him.

Since Alex was the master player here, he called out to a female guest relations officer (GRO), "Serenity, hurry up and pour Mr. Nolan a glass of wine. I'm sure he didn't get enough to drink at the cocktail party earlier." Flashing Silas a smile, Serenity Morris sensibly poured him a glass of wine before placing it on the table in front of him. "Here you go, Mr. Nolan." Then, she returned to her post. The GROs in Ruby Palace were all insightful ladies, so they usually wouldn't go up to their clients unless summoned upon noticing them talking. Silas took out a cigarette from the packet of cigarettes and lit it with a snap of the lighter. Then, he leisurely took a puff, upon which a cloud of smoke enveloped his devastatingly handsome face. "Hurry up and cut the b*llshit!" "What's wrong? Are you in a bad mood? But didn't you save the damsel in distress?" Alex remarked with a chuckle. Likewise, Hayden teased, "It's probably because the damsel didn't pledge herself to him."

Silas shot them both a glare. "Is saving the damsel in distress just for the express purpose of having the damsel pledge herself to me?" At this, Alex looked at Hayden. "If it's not to have her pledge herself to

him, why did he save her?"

"So that she'll pledge herself to him in the future," Hayden tacitly answered with a chuckle. All at once, Alex gave him a thumbs-up. "Absolutely brilliant!" Silas flicked his cigarette ash into the ashtray. "Stop using your filthy thoughts to appraise my actions! What do you know?" Sneering, Alex urged Serenity, "Quick, play a song to purify my filthy thoughts."

Chapter 84 Crash and Burn

Serenity nodded with a smile. Then, she sat down a fair distance away from them with her lute in her arms. In no time, the crisp and sweet strains of music floated in the room. Meanwhile, the other ladies exclaimed jokingly, "Don't purify yourself, Mr. Road! We love you as you are."

Chuckling, Alex remarked, "That makes sense. Mr. Nolan here is chaste, so I'm your only hope. How does the saying go again? If I don't sacrifice myself for the greater good, who will?" "Pfft..." The ladies giggled, while Silas shot him an affronted glare. "You should have a care lest I throw up at that gross remark!"

Unfazed, Alex leaned close to him with curiosity written all over his face. "So, what exactly happened? I heard that you even crushed Harriet Grant? Isn't there a collaboration between Grant Group and Nolan Group?" Downing his glass of wine, Silas replied with utter distaste, "She can't manage her brother well, so I kindly helped her out!"

"Her target was Camila Brooklyn, so what has it got to do with you?" Alex asked in feigned bafflement, craftiness concealed in his eyes. "Could I have just ignored it when she was right beside me?" Silas retorted. Alex arched an eyebrow even as he smirked slyly. "Really? Do you just like her that much?"

Cutting him a glare, Silas stubbornly declared, "What that man did was practically slapping me across the face right before me, so I just didn't like him. What has it got to do with liking her?"

Alex curled his lips and exclaimed, "Cut that crap! Did you think I don't know you? When have you, Silas Nolan, ever loved poking your nose into someone else's affairs?" "He just had to come and seek death, so what could I do?" Silas shot back. Alex exchanged a look with Hayden. "You're sure you don't like her?" "He can't admit it even if he does. After all, Silas is the kind of person who's used to being pursued." After snubbing out his cigarette in the ashtray, Silas demanded with a disdainful look, "Do you two even know what liking someone means?" The two of them shared a look before they burst out laughing. "Indeed, we've never saved any damsel in distress, unlike you." "Let me ask you this-what were you thinking back then?" Alex asked. "Nothing," Silas answered perfunctorily.

Alex's expression turned knowing. "That's it. It's game over for you. It's exactly such subconscious action that's most terrifying! It seems like you've been taken down without you even having realized it." Silas was rendered speechless for the very first time. Actually, he was thinking at that time. When he heard that the man wanted Camila to sleep with him, his only thought was to kill that man. Perhaps it was because they'd been teasing him, but he abruptly recalled the time when he saw her during the grand competition. I was truly happy back then, delighted even. Could it be that... I have really developed feelings for her? The next day, Camila was in the studio, keeping an eye on things since the renovation was about to be done when she suddenly received a call from Silas just moments after she'd arrived, asking her to go over to Ruby Palace. While he didn't specify the reason, she knew that he wasn't the kind of person who'd ask her out for no reason, so she readily agreed and drove over to Ruby Palace right away. Since she'd been here once, she was familiar with the place. The moment she went in, she noticed a huge crowd gathered in the lobby. As she was wondering what was happening, she heard a woman's furious bellow. "Ben Roberts, what do you take me for? A back-up lover? Aren't you on a business trip?" Stifling his anger, the man proclaimed, "I just came back, okay? She's just a client, so you

don't need to get all suspicious." After taking two steps further, Camila caught sight of the person who was speaking at a single glance. The man was casually dressed in black, his expression as dark as charcoal. On the other hand, the woman was wearing a red dress, her face brimming with profound ire. Meanwhile, the woman standing beside the man was Lyla. Recognition dawned upon her. Aren't these two people the couple I bumped into when I bought a car? Ben Roberts and Jessica Smith. Huh? Are they crashing now? Inexorable joy inundated her. I just knew that they're going to crash and burn sooner or later. She then squeezed further to the front. Her face bright red with fury, Jessica sneered. "A client? Ben Roberts, I'm truly impressed that you managed to cook up such an absurd lie! Which part of her screams client?"