

# Mighty Mom 171

## Chapter 171 The Grand Opening of Her Studio

Camila's studio was officially open for business today. Therefore, she put on a traditional-looking red designer gown in hopes that it would bring out her curves. Just as she stepped out of her house, she noticed Silas standing at the entrance. He was dressed in formal wear as usual but looked slightly different. For example, he chose to wear a red tie as if he wanted to match her attire. Even the diamond cufflinks on his cuffs looked formal. After scanning his appearance, she belatedly realized that she knew a lot about him. How did she even notice the color of his tie and the style of his cufflinks? He had been lying low for a few days, which made her believe that he decided to ignore her after her rejection. However, she was not used to his absence during that time. Smiling, she greeted him, "Morning!" Silas replied, "Good morning. You must be very busy these days." She replied with the same smile, "It's not too bad. I have help." He nodded. "Alright. Let's go." In fact, he had been waiting at the spot for some time. After his official confession of love to her, they did not have many opportunities to talk. He was worried that she might feel awkward and stop coming around for a few days. Thankfully, he had a solid excuse today to meet her. "Uncle Silas!" South looked up at him with a smile and greeted him. The man grunted a reply and reached out to caress the kid's hair. The little fellow was dressed in a dark-colored suit with a red bow tie at the collar, looking cooler than anyone else. After leaving the house, Silas told Camila that she should not be driving because, as the host, she might need to drink. With that, he successfully persuaded her to enter his car. In the same space, he felt an illusion of a family of three on a road trip. South was excited about the journey. His round and dark eyes darted between Silas, the driver, and his mom with an unexplainable enthusiasm. "Mommy, when the school break is here, let's go on a trip." Camila nodded. "Sure. Where do you want to go?" "When it's school break, I want to go skiing." "Okay." "Uncle Silas needs to come with us." Camila reflexively stole a glance at Silas. His deep gaze was fixated on the roads in front, his thick lashes occasionally fluttering. His thin lips were tightly pursed, and the rugged lines of his jaw perfected his side profile. To be honest, she had always thought he was handsome, and he treated her very well too. She was thinking a lot about Kate's words, but she did not have the courage to add her burden to him. It was impossible for a woman like her, who grew up deprived of love, to bring him happiness. Or so she thought. "Uncle Silas is busy." Silas had been observing her expression from the rear-view mirror, her face cold and stern. He was confused as to why she looked unhappy even after he had left her alone for days. "I have time," he chimed in. Camila was taken aback. "Huh?" "When you want to go on the trip, just let me know. I have time," he patiently elaborated. South's eyes were smiling, admiring his dad for being smart and sensible. "Uncle Silas, you must keep your promise." Silas met South's eyes via the mirror and winked at the little boy, feeling grateful for the tiny cupid. He calmly promised, "I will not go against my promise." Camila was speechless at their interaction. At that moment, she wanted to renege on her promise to take her son on a trip. "Mommy, look!" South suddenly pointed at a huge billboard outside the car window, on which a sentence was printed. It read: Congratulations on the grand opening of Camila Brooklyn's studio! She stared agape at the billboard for some time and racked her brains only to confirm that she had never placed any ads on the billboards. When they cruised down the road, they saw even more billboards that were similar to the first one. It seemed that the billboards in the entire city were

displaying the same video clip. The clip displayed the new studio's interior and went on to showcase an assortment of clothes, ending with the congratulatory sentence.

### **Chapter 172 A Waste of Money**

Camila was stunned by the outlandish display. The first thing that flashed across her mind was the amount needed to place the ads. Because she would only be running a small studio, so she wondered if her profits could cover the expenses. Not only that, she was annoyed at the idiot who splurged on the ads, fearing that he or she would come asking for advertising costs. At that moment, the idiot in front of her opened his mouth, saying, "Looks like the studio's items are going to sell out soon!"

Upon hearing that, she seemed to have guessed the identity of the troublemaker. "Silas, is this all your doing?" "What?"

"The ads?"

Silas responded, "Yeah, why? Do you like it? If not, I can get the supplier to change it." Camila sweated in frustration. It's him indeed! She was at a loss for words out of rage. "Y-You! Were you worried that my clothes wouldn't sell?" "Of course not! You're the world-renowned fashion designer, Angel!" Camila breathed deeply. "Why did you waste money on the ads then?" What the heck? How does he expect me to return the favor? "Well..." He paused. "I didn't know how else to help you." His reply effectively blocked all her impending barrage of indignant scolding. She kept everything to herself as she could not bring herself to reprimand him. In the end, she said dryly, "We're running a business for profits. There's no need to waste money."

He met her eyes from the rear-view mirror and flashed a vague smile at her, giving her an obedient response, "Okay, anything for you." Camila was speechless and confused by what he planned to do. Staring at him, she declared preemptively, "You should get the ads taken down right now. I'm making it clear that I won't pay the expenses back to you." Silas chuckled and felt as if there was a distance between them once more. "There's no need to pay back. After all, I'm one of the shareholders, so it's fine for me to do some marketing for our studio." His remark got her again, and she thought his explanation made sense. At the studio, the employees were already there, getting prepared for the opening. When they saw Camila looking like a family with Silas and South, they smiled and greeted, "Miss Camila, Mr. Nolan." Camila smiled at them. "Is everyone ready? It might be busy today."

The ten employees replied at the same time, "We're ready." "Miss Camila, I saw the ads for our studio. They're so cool," Sophia giggled and praised, to which Camila replied with an awkward smile and a vague response. It was only nine in the morning, but more and more guests were pouring in. Brian was the first to arrive, followed by a few cars that were carrying some flower arrangements in baskets. The moment the cars were parked, staff from the florist moved the flower baskets into the studio. There were too many of the flower baskets that the five of them had to spend ten minutes just on moving the baskets into the studio. Camila was speechless again at the sight. She thought that Silas was quite abnormal for putting up the extravagant ads but at least he could explain it as a contribution from a stakeholder.

But! What on earth is Brian McCarthy doing?! Weren't the numerous flower baskets a waste of money and space, not to mention a trouble for the cleaners? What were all these men thinking?

"Congratulations, Camila. All the best for your opening." Speechless, she could only remark, "If I had known that you'd send these flower baskets over, I would have exchanged them for cash at the florist. That amount would have paid for half of my annual expenses." Brian smiled warmly at her. "I didn't know what else to buy you." Camila chided him, "You should have provided me with free hotel stays. Why did you waste the money on flowers? What a waste!" "It's not that expensive." Finally, she flashed

a frustrated smile at him. "Come in now. Take a seat." Once Brian entered the studio, Landon and Melanie arrived at the site. When they saw the rows of flower baskets at the entrance, Landon's tiny eyes immediately bulged in surprise, and he secretly exclaimed his shock.

### **Chapter 173 The Guests at the Opening Ceremony**

"That's too many flower baskets! Are these from the same sender? Who's that rich to send this amount of flower baskets?" Not knowing how to respond to Landon, Camila stared at his two flower baskets, which was typical of his style. Well, being thrifty wasn't a bad thing. "It's Brian."

Upon hearing that, Landon felt a little embarrassed at his gift. If this were under normal circumstances, two flower baskets would have sufficed as a congratulatory gesture-those were only for good luck. However, the two flower baskets looked a little out of place among the larger baskets brought over by Brian. What the heck? If only he knew about Brian's flower baskets, he would have listened to the florist's advice and bought Camila a horseshoe as a good luck charm. The sight of the two flower baskets by Landon was overshadowed in a corner, looking sad and pitiful. Melanie's expression froze as well upon seeing the sea of flower baskets. Her gaze toward Landon betrayed her disdain for her man. The switch in her gaze happened over a second, causing Camila to doubt her own eyes. When Landon looked at Melanie, she hurriedly smiled at him and gripped his arm tighter, appearing like a loving couple. Landon was fast to adjust to the situation. He could not do anything to save his dignity, so he decided to ignore it and chuckled, "Camila, this is not much, but it's my sincerity. I wish you all the best for your opening." Camila could not help but tease him, "Thank god you didn't buy a lot. I wouldn't have had the space for it anyway." Melanie smiled sweetly. "Camila, congratulations! Everyone around me is talented, unlike me. I'm not good at anything." Camila comforted her, "That's alright. You still have Landon. Anything that you can't settle will be his work." Melanie took another look at Landon with a loving expression. Feeling giddy from being praised, Landon looked at Melanie with his chest puffed. "You're tired, aren't you? Let's get in." She nodded at him. As the host, Camila quickly invited them in, "Yeah, just get into the studio. There are places to rest in there. After the ribbon-cutting ceremony, we will head to the hotel." When the couple entered the studio, Camila turned around to greet the incoming guests at the entrance.

Suddenly, a jacket with some warmth was draped across her shoulders. She looked up to find Silas's familiar face staring at her. "It's a little cold. Put this on." Feeling grateful toward his care, she clutched at the jacket and thanked him. "You should head in." He curtly replied, "It's fine." Peering down at her eight-inch heels, he asked, "Are you tired? Take a rest. Since I'm a stakeholder, I can take over." Camila smiled at him. "It's fine. I'm used to wearing heels." He didn't say anything more because he only wanted to hang out with her. If so, they'd both remain outside the studio. At the same time, a fleet of cars approached the studio. The leading car was a black Maybach, which rolled to a stop at the entrance. Everyone at the site was gossiping. "Are those cars coming for the opening ceremony?" "Who's that? Looks like someone influential." "Look, look, isn't that Gillian Thompson? Jean Ford is here too. Oh my god, the superstars are showing up!" "Yeah, Abby Elliot and Ruth Paxton are here." "Wow, Camila sure is well-connected." During the commotion, the car door was opened, and Marcus Cohen's face appeared. Camila immediately went up to him. "Marcus!" He smiled at her. "Camila, congratulations. Best of luck with your opening!" "Thanks, Marcus." Then, he shifted his gaze to Silas and greeted him with a surprised smile. "President Nolan, I didn't know you'd be here too." Silas flashed a faint smile. "I'm a stakeholder of the studio after all." Marcus gave a meaningful response, "Oh, so you're a stakeholder? If so, congratulations to you as well!"

## **Chapter 174 A Mysterious Gift**

Silas replied to him politely, "Thank you, please come in!" Instead of moving into the studio, Marcus stood on the spot and turned to look at the superstars who were filling in. "Camila, they came here for your reputation. Just give them a discount."

Camila knew very well that the superstars did not come here for her. Perhaps Marcus asked them to come, which they obliged to. Anyway, she smiled at them and agreed, "That's not a problem. If Marcus says so, I will offer him a family discount. Ladies, please take a look around. For you, everything is 12% percent off." Upon hearing that, the women showed excited reactions. "Thank you, Camila!" Across the street, Lyla's fashion studio was unusually lonely. She stood at the display window and observed the cars driving over to Camila's studio, which had piles of flower baskets at the entrance. Camila even put up ads on the billboards around the city as if she was worried that no one would notice her opening ceremony. What a show-off! The more she shows off, the sooner bad luck befalls her! Lyla thought to herself with resentment. Sarah stood beside her with envy in her eyes. Ever since Lyla was exposed for plagiarising at the competition, her studio lost a lot of business, and all employees left except for Sarah. All of a sudden, she tugged at Lyla. "Miss Lyla, they're wearing items from Camila's studio, right? Just now, I saw Gillian Thompson arriving in a different outfit. She must have changed." Following Sarah's gaze, Lyla noticed that not only Gillian Thompson changed her outfit. Jean Ford, Abby Elliot, and Ruth Paxton, the stars she was familiar with, had changed into outfits from Camila's studio as if they were promoting the designer for free.

I hate this! I hate this so much! Lyla's fingernails dug into the flesh of her palm in envy, but she did not feel the pain at all. Dealing with the divorce request from Miles Ryan, her son's alienation from her, and the cold reception from her doting father, Lyla lost both her reputation and her family. On top of that, her only studio was about to shut down. As for Camila, she looked merry, swimming around different men, her career and her relationships looking bright and promising. In Summer City, most residents must have heard of Camila Brooklyn. Lyla was really skeptical as to why did the men around Camila not bat an eye about her past? Didn't they find it disgusting that she had slept with a beggar underneath Jordan Bridge? Why would they please her one after another?

Oh, right! Perhaps they were totally in the dark about Camila's past! At the thought of that, a cruel smile appeared on Lyla's face. She thought that she should give things a push. On the other side, Camila was stunned by the sight of the superstars dressed in her designs. "Camila, how is it? Isn't my marketing idea brilliant?" Marcus beamed at her, to which she replied with a nod and a smile. "Yeah. Thank you, everyone." Silas lifted a brow in amusement because he wasn't expecting a stroke of genius from Marcus. Indeed, the power of superstars was the best marketing. Silas's ads shocked the entire Summer City, but Marcus's ad was directed at a targeted audience. Clad in Camila's outfits, the superstars started to do a catwalk at the entrance of the studio, which successfully attracted a lot of attention from passersby. Suddenly, another car approached the studio and rolled to a stop at the entrance. This time, Silas and Camila exchanged a glance because this was a van, which looked nothing like what a guest would ride. The van driver hopped off and asked, "Who's Camila Brooklyn?" She went up to him. "I am." The driver grunted and handed her a pen in a professional manner. "Please sign this." She took the pen and signed while asking, "What's that?" The driver answered, "A money tree." Astonished, Camila gasped, "A money tree? Where is it from?" "I don't know either. I'm just a delivery man. Isn't the sender address written on the delivery slip?" **Chapter 175 The Money Tree**

The driver didn't care and called his coworkers down from the van, after which the group of men shuffled to the back of the vehicle. Camila's lips quivered uncontrollably when she imagined the size of

the money tree that needed to be carried down by six to seven men.

Out of curiosity, she followed behind the delivery workers to peek.

Aside from her, all the guests at the studio were busy peeking into the van, curious to see the enormous gift that needed to be moved by a group of men. When Camila finally landed her eyes on the money tree, she couldn't stand it anymore. Wait! This ain't no money tree! No, technically, it's a money tree.

The 'tree' was a gigantic safe that measured 1.8 meters in height and 1.2 meters in width. One side of the cube was made of glass to show the contents. A money tree was placed in the case, and it was not an average plant. It was literally a money tree with heart decor, gold coins, and diamonds hanging on its branches. She only needed to take one look at it to feel dizzy. Camila felt that she was struck by lightning, therefore she stood frozen on the spot. The workers from the delivery company appeared more composed than her. Not only did they not rob the item, they even managed to deliver it in perfect condition, which was surprising to her. When everyone saw the money tree, they could not help but draw a sharp breath. "What the heck? Who splurged on that?" "Look, that is the real money tree. Say, the diamonds and gold coins on the branches must be genuine, aren't they?"

"Should be fake. I mean, who would put genuine gems and gold on the tree and place it in a transparent case to show off?" "I think if it's fake, there will not be a safe. Even the huge safe must be expensive."

"No matter how expensive the safe is, it's worth less than the tree itself. Even if the diamonds are fake, the design of this tree must have cost tens of thousands." People were chatting in amusement, but Silas was frowning deeply. He suddenly felt that his ads over the city were not as explosive as the money tree gift. This surprise gift triumphed over his efforts and stole his limelight.

Who was the person behind this gift? Camila sure had a lot of connections. At the same time, Camila was also dying to know the identity of the sender, whose choice of gift frustrated her. Not bothering to check the time zone difference, she took her phone and made an international call. When the call was picked up, she

demanded, "Tell me that the money tree was not from you, was it?" A sleepy male voice was heard from the other end. "Camila? You received it?" She was speechless at the truth. "Wait, it was really you? Do you intend to send it to the robbers or me?" The man sounded like he struggled to sit up, and his voice returned to a casual tone. "Of course it's for you!" "We all know that you're a famous doctor.

Those who don't might suspect that you're a diamond exporter from Africa! Why did you send a gigantic gift? Aren't you worried about theft and robbery?" "Didn't I place it in a safe for you?" "Oh, wow, thanks a lot!" Camila took a deep breath. "But why did you design a transparent side? Are you tempting the thieves or testing the features of your safe?" "Don't worry. I've tested it before. The safe has an automatic alert system. The money tree won't go missing. If the alert is triggered, you just have to enter your birthday as the passcode on the remote control." Camila went silent from astonishment. The man chuckled. "Alright. If you think it's jarring, you can sell it off. I just wanted to express my good wishes. To be honest, I had wanted to send you some rose tea for beauty and health purposes, but your juniors kept complaining that the rose tea looked stingy and wanted me to buy something more luxurious. I was out of ideas, so I picked the money tree!" Camila was both tickled and frustrated at the same time.

"Yeah, you're indeed inhumane! You're really planning to make me lose sleep to keep an eye on that thing all day, aren't you?"