

Mighty Mom 20

Chapter 20 Save My Number

If he had said that to any other woman, they would have been over the moon. Nolan Group was not a place where anyone could enter just because they wanted to, much less be personally invited by the company president, Silas Nolan. But who was Camila Brooklyn? She was also from a rich and powerful family herself. She did not need to depend on anyone to be able to live a luxurious life.

Her son had applied for that position for her out of his own volition, and she only decided to go to appease herself. However, she was well aware of the hardships that came with working for someone else—once was more than enough for her. South was staring at her with glimmering eyes. Say yes! Say yes! She felt her son's gaze on her. But, even though Silas was handsome, he simply was not her cup of tea.

She smiled at him. "I appreciate your kindness, Mr. Nolan, but I'm planning on opening my own fashion studio. I'm currently starting preparations." The burning excitement in South's eyes died down, and he pouted in anguish. This is too hard.

It was too difficult to bring those two people together. Nevertheless, Silas had an understanding look on his face and did not look dismayed. He sighed. "Looks like it's Nolan Group's loss!"

She smiled. "Don't say that, Mr. Nolan. There are other people besides me."

He lifted a corner of his lips. "Okay, as long as you don't take what I said before to heart." "I won't. I'm grateful for your help earlier too," she answered. "Don't mention it. Call me if they ever harass you again. You should save my number." Save your number? I'm not even planning on keeping in touch with you. But South gave him her phone right away. "Here, Uncle Silas!" Camila wanted to cry. Whose son is this?

She glared at the little fellow and was going to snatch her phone back when Silas intercepted, "I'll put in my number." His long fingers made the phone seem like a toy in his hands. He was only putting in his number but the sight of it was pleasant to watch. Once he was done, he gave her phone back to her and said, "You can always come look for me if there's a problem. I meant what I said." Seeing the surprise in her face, he quickly added, "Your sense of justice saved my grandfather and I'm very grateful for that. I'm also quite fond of your son. You're a friend to me now." Camila smiled but was unmoved by his words. "You don't have to be so courteous. Needless to say, you put out your money, and I put out my strength."

She was unwilling to give him a chance to get friendly either. He said helplessly, "I admit that I was wrong about you once, but we still have a lot of time. We can slowly resolve this."

She let out a small smile. "Okay."

Every one of her sentences felt like a dead end.

He was unable to find another excuse to stay, so he got up. "Okay then. Call me if there's anything. I'll leave you alone now." As he spoke, he rubbed South's head. "You can come and look for me in the future." A wide grin appeared on South's face as he nodded aggressively. "Yes, sir!" Camila also stood up and smiled politely. "I'll see you out." She sent him off and bid him farewell.

When she returned, she sat right in front of South with a grim expression on her face. "What is up with you?" He pretended to be oblivious. "What's wrong, Mommy?" "Does your leg really hurt that much?" she asked while looking straight at him. **Chapter 21 Who Touched My Computer?**

South nodded his head and exclaimed, "It hurts!" Camila was baffled, "Why on earth did you give him

my phone?" she berated.

He inquired, "Didn't you want to, Mommy?"

She stared straight at him without batting an eye and asserted, "You did that on purpose!" "Why don't you want to be friends with him, Mommy?" With a straight face, she said, "Because we're not close." His brows furrowed tightly together. "Haven't you met him several times before?" She said in a stern voice, "That doesn't automatically make us friends." "But he even helped you earlier." "I could've dealt with it myself even if he hadn't been there."

Stubbornly, he pressed, "You said we have to thank people who help us. You're being a little ungrateful right now."

"How am I being ungrateful? Didn't I invite him in for tea? I gave him fruits too." South was speechless.

Lyla did not get much sleep last night. The thought of Miles going around defending Camila made her blood boil. When she woke up early in the morning, the room was still empty. She became even more furious. Who would have thought that he would stay out overnight? But she did not want to call him.

Their relationship had long since succumbed to the seven-year itch. If it were not because the Ryan Family was beneficial to the Brooklyn Family's business, she would have divorced him a long time ago.

Getting up, she tidied herself a bit then went off to her studio. As soon as she entered, her female assistant, Sarah Wheeler, greeted, "Miss Lyla." Lyla returned her greeting with a murmur then asked, "How were things yesterday?" Sarah shook her head. "There wasn't a single person." Lyla stopped in her tracks. "Didn't the C-list celebrity from last time show interest in one of our dresses? Did she not come over?" "I gave her a call, but she already booked one at a different store. She said our dresses are overpriced and there's no originality in our designs. She went on about a lot of other things too." Lyla snorted. "She's merely a C-list celebrity and she wants to look down on our

designs? Just wait until I get a rank on the upcoming major contest. What can they say then?" She opened her fashion studio two years ago, but it never took off. She figured that it was due to the lack of recognition from a public icon. Therefore, she decided to compete in the upcoming 2019 Eccentric Fashion design contest. The final judge for this major contest was rumored to be the world-renowned fashion designer, Angel. If Lyla managed to gain her approval, then she would ultimately rise to stardom. The popularity of her studio would also follow suit. Nowadays, few people looked at designs; most people cared more about popularity. Sarah echoed, "Yes, they will be kicking themselves when the time comes. Oh, right! Miss Lyla, how is the piece for the contest coming along? There are only a few more days left before the closing date." Lyla answered nonchalantly, "It's almost done. I'll polish it up a bit more today." In fact, she had already completed the first draft. She just felt like it was missing something so she kept fixing bits and pieces here and there. Going into her office, Lyla turned on her computer and entered her password. After she logged in, she looked for the folder where her design was saved only to realize that it was gone. Her eyes widened. She logged out and logged back in, only for the file to remain missing. Then, she went online to look for it in the cloud, but it was not there either.

Flustered, she shrieked at the door, "Sarah! Sarah!"

Sarah came running in. "What's wrong, Miss Lyla?"

With one hand, Lyla pushed over a pile of documents. "Who touched my computer?"

Sarah started backing out in fear. "I didn't touch it, Miss Lyla. Don't you have a password on your computer? Who could've gone in?" Lyla was also dumbfounded because of that. She set up several different passwords on her computer. How did everything disappear overnight?