

# Mighty Mom 115

## Chapter 115 This Is Blackmail!

"Uncle..." Landon's mouth was temporarily sealed by Silas's hand before he was hurriedly pushed outside. Silas followed and came outside soon after. "What do you want?" Landon peered suspiciously through the front door. "Who's inside?" Silas slammed it shut. "Mind your own business, will you? Is there anything that you need from me?"

Landon was glad to see him flustered. "Aren't I clever? I saw your car and made a guess that you've moved here. Isn't that Camila in your house?" Silas glared. "It's none of your business." Landon teased, realizing that he discovered something. "Why did you invite Camila to lunch and not me?"

Silas shoved him aside. "What do you mean? Camila isn't here!" Landon was persistent and wore a wronged expression. "Alright, I'll give her a call then!"

Silas's glare turned cold. "Do you want me to throw you abroad again?" Landon laughed awkwardly as he argued, "Please, don't do that. I'm just messing with you, okay? I'm here because I'm launching a new game and I haven't found any investors. Are you interested in investing, Uncle?" Silas exhaled deeply. This is none other than plain blackmail! "Bring your proposal and come to Nolan Group tomorrow!" "Yes! That's great!" Landon immediately exclaimed. "Uncle, then I'll take my leave. I hope everything goes smoothly for you!" Silas watched as Landon's figure grew smaller as he left. Silas felt frustrated and amused at the same time-it wasn't easy to have Camila over for a meal yet he had been interrupted by Landon.

He headed inside and both mother and son looked up at him. "Mr. Nolan, if you're busy, just go ahead," Camila said.

Silas walked over to the dining table and sat down. "It's nothing. Let's eat." South wasn't eating; he was typing away on the computer that he had brought over. It started to beep in warning all of a sudden, causing his little eyebrows to lock tight together-someone was tracking down information regarding him and his mommy yet again.

He had already noticed the same act a month ago, so he had installed a layer of firewall and alarms. Now that it happened again, who was it? He traced the hacker's history according to the electronic tracks that were left behind and realized that the hacker wasn't very skilled in his craft. The corner of his lips curled slyly into a slight smile with his face bearing the confidence far from an ordinary little boy's. His tiny fingers flew across the keyboard; he was well-versed while 0's and 1's constantly flashed on the display screen at lightning speed. Then, he hit 'Enter'. Done!

At the same time, someone else's computer screen turned a bright shade of blue and the man in front of the screen was unable to have it return to normal, no matter how hard he tried

In hopelessness, he could only dial a number on his phone. "Hey, Miss Lara!" "How's your investigation going?" The other end of the line was Lara. "I'm sorry, Miss Lara. I could only get my hands on some basic information. The target has someone of a high skill level secretly obstructing my work. Not only was I not able to retrieve any information, but the target has even infected my computer with a virus."

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"Are they even more skillful than you?"

"Yeah, and not just by a little bit! Miss Lara, you should find someone better to investigate them!"

Lara hung up and looked over at Edward. "So, if we're unable to track their information, Old Man Nolan

probably can't do it too, right?" "Technically, that's the case. However, Lila called earlier and informed that Silas has moved to Muse Peninsula."

"Muse Peninsula? Why?"

"I'm not sure!"

Lara asked as she frowned, "He couldn't have moved there because of Landon, right?" Edward replied, "Or, maybe he discovered the hacker that we hired to keep an eye on him and he didn't want to be monitored!" "I'll look into it tomorrow. The mother and son are starting to be more and more suspicious!" On the other side, South had sent the hacker running within a few minutes and was back to eating his meal. Camila was almost unsurprised when she asked, "What happened?" "Someone's tracking our information!" he replied, as he picked up another piece of chicken wings. His oily little lips smacked together in enjoyment.

### **Chapter 116 Was It You?**

"Did you block the hacker?"

South said mischievously, "Yeah, I planted a virus in their computer. It makes the screen turn blue when they switch it on!"

Camila helplessly laughed. "You are such a naughty child!" He scoffed. "I don't give second chances!" Upon hearing the conversation between mother and son, Silas was utterly astonished and instantly recalled the time when he rejected her job application at his company. In no time, his company lost a total of 50 million. The second time it happened was when he and Camila fought for the ownership of the Wuyou San formula. His company had ended up losing another 50 million, which was when he suspected that it had something to do with the pair of mother and son. However, he never expected that the person who had caused him to lose 100 million would be a little kid, who was younger than seven years old! If Silas hadn't witnessed the speed of Landon's fingers across the keyboard and if it weren't for the latter's intimidating tone of speech earlier, he wouldn't have guessed that it was really the young boy! Was infecting someone else's computer with a virus as easy as changing a single digit? Unbelievable! It was of little wonder that the boy could run a thorough investigation on him.

Silas turned and looked at South. "Were you the one who gave me the warning?" Although it was a question, his tone was sure and resolute.

South was slightly taken aback and his round black eyes blinked innocently at Silas. "Would you believe me if I said no?" "No, I wouldn't!" South sighed in exasperation. "Alright, it was me!" Silas was surprised yet delighted. How could his son be such a genius? He stood up instinctively and wanted to give the boy a hug. However, Camila didn't know his intention and thought that Silas was reacting in anger. She immediately explained on behalf of her son, "Um, Mr. Nolan, I had instructed South to do it. How about this? I'll compensate you for the amount that your company has lost!"

Silas was stunned. He initially wanted to brush it off, but another idea suddenly surfaced in his mind. He looked at her, saying, "He hacked into my company's computer twice and I've lost a total of 100 million. How do you wish to pay me back?" She looked over at her son. "Wasn't it 50 million?" Silas gradually calmed down from the agitation and returned to his seat. He said in a relaxed tone, "After that, when I returned from the bar, he caused me to lose another 50 million."

Camila looked over at her son again and whispered, "Why did you let him lose another 50 million?" South's chewing never stopped as he answered, "He bullied you!" She was speechless. What a cheeky little boy... Why is it that he feels no remorse for owing someone so much money? If that was the case, then her son shouldn't have admitted it-yet he did. She smiled awkwardly at Silas. "I can't give you 100 million in one go. How about I pay you back by installments?" Silas was unaffected by her pleas and said

calmly, "This isn't about money!" Camila did not expect that. If this isn't about money, then what is it about? "Then, how would you like to settle it?"

Silas was overjoyed in his heart, but his expression remained unchanged. "Would you be okay with whatever I say?" She was becoming suspicious. "Let me hear it." South's eyes widened at Silas from the side. He would not hesitate to make Silas lose another 100 million if he dared to bully Camila again. Silas looked straight at her and said solemnly, "Unless you personally make me dinner, we can't settle this!" Upon hearing his words, Camila suddenly had the urge to laugh. Did he spend so much effort just to request a meal from me? "Had I known that my cooking is worth so much money, I would've signed up for a cooking class instead!" Silas's mouth curved into a slight smile. "It's not too late to sign up now!" She sat down after realizing that he wasn't genuinely wanting them to pay him back. "My mother used to say that girls don't need to know everything, but they only need to master a single craft to survive in life. So back then, I left everything behind and focused on my major in fashion design. After I graduated, my mother had also passed away and since then, I had no one at home to cook for me. Someone once said that happiness is limited. I guess I used up all of mine way too early and now, I've lost my happiness when I'm an adult."