

# Mighty Mom 155

## Chapter 155 Call Me Silas

“Oh gosh! I forgot to gut the fish!” Silas was soon heard coughing, nearly choking himself. Then, Camila quickly apologized and said, “I’m sorry, Mr. Nolan. I thought the fish was alright.” “Were you trying to poison me?” Silas was rendered speechless as he tried hard to keep a straight face. “No, I wasn’t. It’s just that I had never tried preparing so many dishes before this, so I guess I got confused,” Camila replied with a bitter look on her face. Gazing at the lady’s face, Silas curled his lips upward as his heart melted like chocolate. After all, who would’ve thought a beautiful lady like Camila was actually a bungler in real life. At that moment, he felt an urge to woo her so that he could take care of her for life. “Uncle Silas, you should try the three cuisines that I just recommended.” While saying that, South picked some stir-fried tomato with scrambled eggs. “Those are my mom’s finest cuisines!” Upon hearing the child’s words, Silas chuckled, finding South smart for his age. “Alright, I got it.” Camila responded with an awkward look on her face, trying every single dish on the table like a guinea pig. “Mr. Nolan, this one tastes fine. It may be salty, but the rice should help dilute its taste.” However, Silas couldn’t help but chuckle, going ahead to take a bite as a gesture of courtesy. “Well, this one tastes fine. It’s not actually that salty.” “See? I’m actually quite talented. I just don’t have time to pick up culinary,” Camila complacently said. “Mom, you need to stop looking for excuses to justify yourself.” “South Brooklyn!” Camila angrily yelled at her son. As the little boy felt a chill running down his spine, he quickly laid down the fork. “Mom, I’m done eating, so I’m going to do my revision right now!” After saying that, South swiftly got into his bedroom and shut the door. At the sight of that, South’s reaction rendered Camila speechless. How could my boy just leave me like that? Man! This is going to be awkward with only two of us here. In fact, this was actually a plan from Silas and South as they both curled their lips and revealed a faint smile on their faces. “I have a request I’d like to tell you. May I?” Camila instantly felt tense as she said, “Sure. Fire away, please, Mr. Nolan.” “Can you call me something else instead of ‘Mr. Nolan?’” “How else should I address you then? President Nolan?” Camila asked while she was stunned by the man’s response. Meanwhile, Silas stared at Camila with his deep gaze while holding a wine glass with

his lips curling upward. “You could call me Silas, my first name.” Hearing what Silas said, she confusedly gulped in fear. Wait a minute, isn’t Silas the president of the Brooklyn Group? How can I just call the president of a huge corporation by his first name? Man! This had better not be scary. If I’m ever seen or heard calling his first name, what would people think of us? I’m going to have a hard time explaining myself. “You make me feel like an alien when you call me Mr. Nolan.” Silas’s words got Camila wondering. You are indeed a stranger, aren’t you? Then, Silas said, “After what we’ve been through, I thought we could at least call ourselves friends.” Upon hearing his reply, Camila began to contemplate. He’s been helping us out since the competition, just like the time he came to my rescue at my home. Besides, he also helped me beat Robin up, even getting me out of a tight spot back in the banquet. Other than that, he also lent me a hand in preparing for my anniversary a few days ago and spent a week with me in the hospital. At this moment, all the moments they had been through together started to cross Camila’s mind. Maybe he is right. I don’t want to stay in touch with him even after what he’s done for me, neither do I want to piss off admirers, but if I turn him down for a reason like that, it wouldn’t be fair to him. “Alright, I’ll address by your name then.” “Are you scared of me?” Silas raised his eyebrows. “How is that possible? Why would I be scared of you?” Camila sniggered and said. While

bitterly looking at her, Silas spoke his mind. "I have a feeling you always keep your guard up when you're with me." Upon hearing the man's words, Camila twitched her lips slightly. Darn it, he saw through me! "Nah, nothing like that. It's probably just your imagination. Come on, cheers!" She then raised her glass and toasted him. Is he really drunk? Soon, Silas chugged the wine in his glass and had his eyes glued to the pretty lady. "How did you manage it all, living abroad with your child?"

### **Chapter 156 A Lucky Streak**

That was what Silas had always wanted to know, but their relationship had never been more than just friends. To him, she was like a boat aimlessly traveling on the sea. Desperate, he couldn't wait to get close to her, but since she wasn't making her move, he decided to pick up his pace. Soon, Camila let out a sigh as she set her eyes on somewhere far away, seemingly looking back on her past. After a while, she said, "Alas! I had a tough time when I first got there. I was unfamiliar with the place and worse, I even ran into a bunch of thugs who surrounded and tried to mess with me. At that time, I was pregnant for two months, so can you imagine how scared I was? I was defenseless and vulnerable against these people, but as I thought fate had caught up with me, a senior of mine came to my rescue. Besides that, when I was diagnosed with signs of possible preterm labor, he was the one who helped me deliver my child safely. So, South and I are actually in his debt. Subsequently, he offered us a place to stay at his clinic. After I became my master's disciple, our life was finally stable from that point onward. In fact, my senior was the one who had taken care of me and taught me everything I needed to know, especially when my master was away in the following year. Sometimes, I didn't even get to see him for months." Upon hearing Camila's story, Silas finally understood why Camila and her son always mentioned her senior. No wonder they always talk about him. I didn't know he's so important to them. "So, your hard work has finally paid off now, I guess."

"Well, at least I no longer have to put up with anyone else who gets on my nerves," Camila said with a smile while Silas only silently pondered. Well, she is technically right because she doesn't care if I'm not happy with her anyway. "Here. A toast to your hard work!" "That's worth a toast. You did well, Camila," Camila laughed and said. Yeah, you did well, Camila, Silas thought to himself. As they continued to drink, the red wine bottle was soon getting low. At the same time, Silas began to feel more excited the more he drank. "How about we play a little game?" "What game?" Camila tilted her head and gazed at the man. "Do you have some dice at home?" Camila was happy when she heard that suggestion because a game would at least spare her the awkward moment. "Are we going to play a game with a dice? I got it. Just give me a moment!" Not long after, she returned with four dices and a dice cup. "Here you go. So, how are we going to play this game?" At that moment, Silas had already prepared three glasses of wine and placed one in the center of the table while the other two were put on each side in front of them. Then, he looked at her and

explained, "We're going to see which of us gets a bigger number after rolling the dice. If you don't think you stand a winning chance, you could finish the wine and roll the dice again, but if you think you do, we'll reveal the dice right away. The loser will have to finish all three glasses of wine. Otherwise, he or she could choose to reveal a secret instead as an alternative to drinking."

Meanwhile, Camila looked at Silas, thinking that the game seemed like a good way to kill time, so she agreed to go along. In fact, she wasn't even scared of drinking and playing games. In the first round, her dice revealed seven pips, but when she shifted her eyes to Silas, she noticed his complacent look, believing that her number was smaller than his. Therefore, she chose to finish her own wine before continuing. In the next round, Camila's dice showed four pips, feeling irritated because the number only got smaller and smaller with each time she tried. Soon, Silas looked at her calmly and asked with a smile.

“Are we going to reveal them now?” Camila asked herself, What else can I do? “Reveal the dice!” However, it turned out that Silas’s dice were at five, which was just slightly more than Camila’s number. Therefore, Camila’s eyes fell upon Silas, carefully contemplating his motive. I may be a heavyweight, but I’d get drunk drinking at this rate. While Silas thought he’d lose this time, Camila got a result with a smaller number than he did. As the game continued, both of them became obsessed with the game in which Camila lost every time. In fact, the red wine on the table was all finished by her. In the subsequent round, Silas’s dice showed eleven pips. As he thought he’d finally lose, he was once again surprised by his own lucky winning streak. Although it seemed that fate would be on his side again this time, he decisively finished the glass of red wine that was placed before him.