

Mighty Mom 371

Chapter 371 Childishness Overload

Brian turned around in shock. "I'm free. What's up?"

Camila smiled. "Nothing. I just wanted to invite you for dumplings at my place tonight. See how much we bought here? We are going to make dumplings by ourselves tonight. Come join us!" Actually, she wanted to create more opportunities for Silas to spend more time with him.

Even though the brothers' relationship seemed quite tense on the surface, it actually was quite special.

She felt that Silas was quite patient with Brian. It was highly probable that there were other reasons that he left his mother and brother back then.

It was the same for Brian as well.

Even though he always opposed Silas, she could feel that Brian somehow relied on the latter. Otherwise, he wouldn't be so arrogant and anxious-like a kid who couldn't get the candy he wanted-around Silas every time. If he really didn't care, he wouldn't have held the grudges for so long! Brian, however, was surprised to hear that. She's actually inviting me to her house for dumplings? Then, he looked at Silas instinctively. Great! His gaze is so sharp that it could slice me in half! Hence, Brian was suddenly pumped. "Sure!" Seeing that both of them had happily decided on this, Silas felt like throwing everything away and calling it off. Even though he glared at Camila coldly, she was not afraid of him. In fact, she glowered back at him. "Just say what's on your mind. Stop playing mind games here. I don't understand what you are trying to say with your eyes!" It was not that Silas didn't want Brian to be there-he just didn't want Camila to be the person who invited him.

He still remembered Camila mentioning that she liked Brian. Even though he believed that it was completely platonic, the closeness between the two of them still made him jealous.

After all, this younger brother of his fancied Camila! Rubbing his temples, he thought, I've finally chased George away, but now my own brother is trying to mess everything up.

Can't they let us enjoy a peaceful dinner by ourselves? After struggling with himself, he finally convinced himself.

Fine!

Camila can check on his body too.

He raised his eyes to look at Brian. "I don't tolerate freeloaders under my roof. You'll be buying the condiments!" Brian snorted, "When did I agree to go to your house?" Silas was initially prepared to leave, but he suddenly heard Brian's question. Feeling that he had to make himself clear, he stopped and enunciated as he looked at Brian fixedly, "My girlfriend's house is my house!" Unwilling to admit defeat, Brian also retaliated, "Your girlfriend is not your wife. Please reserve your dominance for after you guys get a marriage certificate." Looking at both of them, Camila was exasperated. I guess childishness is infectious. "The mental age of you guys combined can't be more than 6 years old. Are we

still buying that? If we delay any further, I guess the dumplings will become supper!" Finally, under Camila's constant urging, the three of them finished shopping and went home.

When they reached the garage, they carried out the items that they had bought. Camila held two bags, each in one hand.

When Brian got out of the car, he took it from her naturally.

Just as Camila was about to say that she could manage it, Silas acted faster—he took the bags from Brian and held it himself. Brian's eyes flashed, but he merely pursed his lips without saying anything. However, Camila was confused. Why isn't he letting Brian take these? Is it because Brian is the guest? Seeing that Silas was carrying many bags, Camila asked, "Do you want me to take some, Silas?" He replied, "It's fine. Just open the door for me." Camila didn't argue with him and pressed the 59th floor in the elevator. Just as they entered, her cheerful voice rang. "Baby, we're back." South pouted. "I thought you guys forgot that I was back here waiting endlessly!" Camila laughed. After she changed into indoor shoes, she uttered, "Guess who's here." With that, she welcomed Brian. "Come in."

Chapter 372 I Can't Destroy This

Looking surprised, South greeted him and asked, "Uncle Brian, why are you here?"

Brian smiled. "Your mommy invited me over to have dumplings for dinner!"

South replied, "I see. Do you know how to make them?"

Brian replied, "Yes." South immediately looked at him longingly. "You know how to make dumplings? Can you teach me?"

Brian asked, "You want to learn?"

South looked mature as he said, "I can't not learn this; what if my future girlfriend also doesn't know how to make dumplings?"

Brian was stunned momentarily before he smiled. "You think quite far ahead indeed."

Silas said, "Yes. Learn to make dumplings. Men who don't know how to cook can't get any girlfriends."

Camila was speechless upon hearing that.

What is this education style?

On top of that, are they implying that I don't know anything about cooking?

At this moment, Brian suddenly glanced at Camila as an afterthought. Seeing that she was trying to be as inconspicuous as possible, as if she was trying to sink into the ground, he couldn't help smiling. "It's not shameful to not know how to make dumplings. Many people don't know as well, and I'm not good at it either. When I was young, I learned from—" Before he finished his sentence, he became quiet instinctively. Meeting his eyes, Silas knew what Brian was about to say.

He had learned how to make dumplings with Silas. The first dumplings that they made together were for their mother.

He didn't mention their past. Instead, he said, "So you can make them later." Then, he deliberately looked at Camila. "What do you know?" Camila rolled her eyes. Don't you know what I know? Why do you still ask me? Glaring at him, she retorted indignantly, "I know how to eat!" However, South smiled as he chirped in, "I know how to learn!" Camila was speechless after hearing that. Why do I feel that I'm so lame?

Looking at her sullen expression, Silas laughed. "It's fine! I'll teach you later!" With that, he started preparing the fillings of the dumplings. They were indeed making everything from scratch-the fillings, the dough, everything. They didn't even use ready-made dough. Even though Camila didn't know much about this, she walked into the kitchen as if she knew how to cook. "What can I do?" Silas gave her a basin. "You know how to rinse chives, don't you?" Camila took the basin from him angrily. "Silas, I can take care of myself perfectly! Do you think I don't even know how to rinse vegetables?"

Silas laughed out loud and carrassed Camila, who was annoyed. "Alright, alright. I know you're brilliant. You even know how to rinse vegetables!" Camila was speechless upon hearing that.

I want to punch him!

While Silas was peeling the shrimps, Camila was rinsing the chives. They were constantly joking around in the kitchen. Silas kept trying to annoy her, and when Camila was indeed frustrated, he would try to appease her, and this cycle would go on and on.

Sitting on the couch in the living room, Brian kept looking at the kitchen. He had seen Silas preparing food, but he hadn't seen him so happy. In the past, he couldn't even imagine how Silas would behave when he had a girlfriend. Brian also didn't think that Silas would experience all these emotions like a normal human. His eyes, which had been eyeing money all this while, were fixated on the woman next to him at this moment. His hands, which had been through countless fights and had slashed many people, could also prepare food for the woman he loved.

I guess he must really love her.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have looked for her for so many years. His dream has finally come true.

Narrowing his eyes, Brian looked at Camila, who never stopped smiling. Even when she hit Silas, her eyes were shy and annoyed at the same time. This is good. I can't destroy this, even though I love her a lot too. Not far from him, even though South had his phone in his hands, he wasn't playing

any games. Instead, he kept looking at Brian. This uncle of mine seems to like Mommy a lot.

Daddy is so unreliable-how could he bring his rival back home?

Chapter 373

Stay Away From Mommy! Doesn't daddy know that Uncle Brian is eyeing Mommy?

Hmph!

He has no sense of danger at all! What should I do? Everything still has to depend on me, it seems! Looking at Brian, he deliberately stated, "You are the second man who's entered my house." Not expecting that South was quite observant, Brian asked instinctively, "The second? Who's the first?"

South lingered around him proudly. "It's Uncle Silas, of course! Mommy likes him a lot, and he likes mommy a lot too!" Amused, Brian felt like laughing. "Do you like him, then?" South raised his eyebrows at him. "Of course. Uncle Silas is my favorite!" Brian asked, "Why do you like him? Because he's good at cooking?" South replied, "Of course not. It's because Mommy likes him, so I like him too!" Thinking that this little fellow was quite interesting, Brian deliberately asked, "What about me? Do you like me? Your mommy seems to like me too. She even invited me back home for dinner!"

South snorted internally. See?

He really has his eyes on mommy. What would daddy do without me? "Mommy invited you for dinner because you helped us out before. It wasn't because she liked you. Her favorite is Uncle Silas. I even saw them kissing and hugging each other. They are a couple!" He gloated at this. Brian twitched his lips into a smile as he gradually understood why South told him so many things out of the blue. He's just afraid that I might take his mommy away from Silas, isn't he?

What a smart boy.

Silas said that this little fellow was responsible for finding out the truth about the past.

I didn't believe it back then...

It's also not that I didn't believe it; it's just that I can't imagine how smart a seven-year-old kid can get. At this moment, Brian was stunned by South's intelligence. He's able to tell that I fancy his mother, and he's even warning me off.

He suddenly felt like teasing him, so he deliberately said, "I also like your mommy. Do you want to consider me as your daddy?" South replied firmly, "No!" Is he deaf? I already warned him to stop eyeing Mommy, yet he still wants to be my daddy? In his dreams! Brian added, "I have everything Silas has, and your mommy is safer with me than with him."

South replied fiercely, "I only acknowledge Uncle Silas as my daddy!" Brian laughed gently as he continued to fire South up. "Well, it's not your say anyway. When I get together with your mommy, you will still have to call me 'daddy'." South's small face darkened as he said in a cold voice, "If you dare to sabotage their relationship, don't blame me for being unreasonable." Brian snorted out laughing again. "What are you going to do?" He wasn't looking down on South; he truly couldn't imagine that at all. South snorted and stopped replying to him. He could at least be polite to Brian just now, but he was completely ignoring him now as he took his phone out to play games.

However, the more Brian looked at him, the cuter he found that South was.

Perhaps it was because he knew that this was his nephew, so he wanted to tease him.

However, South only found out what happened seven years ago, so he was completely unaware of Brian and Silas's relationship. To him, Brian was Silas's love rival, so he had to keep an eye out for his father. When the two people in the kitchen were finally done with the noodles and the fillings, they moved the ingredients to the dining room. Camila greeted the two people in the living room, "Those who know how to make dumplings, it's time to show your skills!" Hearing that, both Brian and South walked to the dining room after they washed their hands. Silas made the dough of the dumpling, while Brian wrapped

the fillings in. Meanwhile, South and Camila merely looked at them. In fact, Brian wasn't very quick at wrapping the dumplings. But for beginners like Camila and South, this was considered fast for them. After a few pinches, a dumpling was made.

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I Made It! Camila tentatively walked over and took a dumpling skin, which had been flattened before she imitated Brian... First, I do this. Second...

Eh, what's next then? What should I do next? Silas felt amused while he watched her-she was looking intently at Brian with her neck craned forward and a tense body. Even though she was trying to learn from Brian in all seriousness, the dumpling's filling was leaking before she could even finish wrapping it. Hence, he stopped making the dough and called Camila over with a smile on his face. "Come here, I'll teach you." Surprisingly, Camila walked over in humility and took another piece of dough. In the next ten minutes, the dining room only consisted of their conversation. Silas said, "Be gentler. You shouldn't be forceful with it. Once you apply too much force, the fillings will leak out. Just hold them in your hand gently and pinch it with the other hand." Camila's voice was rather meek. "It's not that. After I pinch it, the fillings immediately leak out. My God, this is arduous, even more difficult than designing clothes." He was actually quite patient. "Don't get anxious. Everyone's first time is the same. I also took a long time to learn this. Here, at this spot, you have to hold it like this. Otherwise, the fillings will come out." Camila was slightly doubtful. "You also learned for a long time?" Silas replied with gritted teeth. "Yeah. If you don't believe me, you can ask Brian." In order to spare Camila, the prodigy designer, her feelings, Brian followed Silas and gritted his teeth, replying, "Yes, he is quite a slow learner indeed. He took half a month to learn this." Silas was speechless upon hearing that. Do you have to take this opportunity to throw shade at me?

While looking at South, who seemed to be competing with his mother, Brian asked, "Do you want me to teach you?" Initially, South didn't want to be taught by him. However, he also wanted to give it a shot and see whether it was indeed so difficult. Hence, he replied, "Sure." In the end, South quickly produced a dumpling under Brian's guidance. It was not exactly aesthetically pleasing, but was noticeably a dumpling-at least it was much better than Camila's lump of elongated dough. Upon looking at the few long dumplings in front of him, South was quite proud of

himself. "Mommy, you don't have to learn this anymore. After I learn this, I'll make dumplings for you!" Camila was speechless upon hearing that. It's so sad and frustrating! As she looked at the dumpling, which still didn't bear its shape, in her hand, she glanced at Silas resentfully. Silas immediately tried to suppress his smile. "Don't worry, we'll do it again. It's a mere coincidence that South is able to make a dumpling. I'm sure the next one he makes won't be so good anymore." With that, he threw a meaningful glance at South, who understood what was being said immediately. When South was making his next dumpling, he tried to elongate it. While doing so, he was complaining in her heart, Mommy is also a prodigy, but how the hell does she elongate a round dumpling? In order to preserve Camila's pride, a few long dumplings appeared in front of South's plate in no time.

Upon seeing that, Camila felt much relieved and she became less anxious. Finally, with Silas's help, she finally produced the first dumpling that finally resembled one. When she placed it on her plate, she couldn't withhold the excitement within her any longer and yelled enthusiastically, "Wow! Look at this!"

Isn't this nice?" He caressed her head. "Yes, it's beautiful indeed." Brian's face had a gentle aura to it. He liked the beautiful and strong Camila when she was in front of the audience.

However, her excited squeal made her even cuter when she finished her first dumpling. Perhaps it was precisely because of Camila's behavior that didn't make people as if she was arrogant and aloof. Hence, it was easy for her to be close to her. It's just a pity that my elder brother knew her earlier than me. Meanwhile, South looked at his mother with hesitance, wondering whether he needed to elongate the additional dumplings that he was making.

Chapter 375

A Slight Change In Brian's Behavior The four of them had made 70 dumplings in total, taking them nearly an hour before they finished making it. Silas was worried that Camila's dumplings might burst and cause the fillings to leak out, so he steamed some of it while boiling the rest. Another half an hour had passed by the time they were able to eat the dumplings. Camila emotionally said, "It's not easy to make dumplings indeed." However, South thought, We are the ones who had it difficult! If we didn't have to teach her, we can at least bring forward an hour.

However, she hadn't finished with her sentence. "But, with my help, I'm sure it'll be quicker the next time." Meanwhile, he was complaining in his heart, it would be worse if you help out the next time.

Throughout the entire process, Silas was smiling lovingly. "Give them a try. Is there any difference between the dumplings that you make and the ones in restaurants?"

She agreed, but she didn't forget about Brian as well. "Have a taste, Brian. Try them too!" Brian ate one of the dumplings and acknowledged, "Yeah, it's delicious. It's been so long since I last had any dumplings." He felt especially warm and happy tonight, as if he had returned to his childhood where they were making dumplings together as a family. "Me too." With that, Camila sent another dumpling into her mouth and praised it while sampling it. "Oh... Homemade dumplings are still the best, even though they may look slightly ugly." Upon hearing that, everyone laughed. During that meal, the four of them finished 70 dumplings and left none to waste. After dinner, South returned to his room to finish his homework while Silas made arrangements for Brian to have a body check.

Brian stubbornly refused. "I'm fine."

However, Silas emphasized, "Camila is an amazing doctor. Why don't you let her give you a checkup?" Brian said, "That's fine. Thanks for the dumplings tonight, but I'll take my leave now." With that, he stood up to leave. "Wait!" Camila called him. "Why are you rejecting Silas's offer? Is it because you don't trust my medical skills or you don't want to owe him a favor?"

Brian stopped walking. "There's no need to waste any time here." She nodded understandingly. "Seems like you still don't trust me enough." "It's not that," he replied anxiously. While looking at him, Camila demanded, "Then, what's the topic? Why do you avoid the topic whenever your condition is mentioned? What is it that you are afraid of?" Brian stayed silent while Silas answered on his behalf. "He's afraid of disappointment. Over the years, there were at least ten doctors who have treated him, if not hundreds. After each consultation, they will prescribe him with lots of medicine and he has been consuming them over the years." Brian looked at him in surprise, as if he was asking, How did you

know? Silas's lips slightly twitched into a faint smile. "I found half of the doctors, so how could I not know?" Brian's pupils slightly narrowed. He knew that Silas was silently helping him, but never expected that the latter had found half of the doctors who treated him. In that moment, Brian was at a loss for words. All the while, he had been hard on himself. Silas was his elder brother-a person whom he admired since young. However, since that incident, he completely stopped idolizing Silas and hated him instead. He hated Silas's callousness where he and his mother were abandoned. However, as the years passed, there were many occasions when Silas appeared at the exact moment when Brian needed help-just like what had happened last night. Silas would immediately leave after helping him out without saying anything. Brian had been convincing himself that Silas was trying to make it up for his sins. Yet I will not forgive him. Him helping me is something that he should do.

After that, he became acquaintanced with Camila and frequently interacted with her. It was because of her that he slightly became friends rather than enemies with Silas. His heart began to side with Silas, wondering whether the latter was forced into doing what he did back then.

Each time Brain caught himself thinking about it, he would remind himself, Don't allow him to have pleasure. Otherwise, all the times that I have suffered will be in vain and my mom would have died for nothing.