

# Mighty Mom 97

## Chapter 97 We're Not That Close

The interior design of the rooms appeared simple and reserved, but a professional could easily tell that the cost to it was on the higher end. With three rooms and two living halls, this place was relatively spacious. As soon as Camila entered the house, she said, "Mr. Nolan, please make yourself comfortable. We will get dinner ready." Upon expressing his approval, Silas took a seat on the couch, but when he saw Landon was on the phone playing games, he urged, "Go and help out in the kitchen!" Gritting his teeth, Landon said, "But Uncle Silas, I don't know how." "All the more reason to learn it!" Ignoring Landon's complaints, Silas drove him into the kitchen. With that, Silas and South were left in the living room alone. In fact, Silas deliberately wanted some time alone with him and to ask him what seemed to be the matter. However, South was just playing games on his phone, completely ignoring him, not even sparing a glance. Sitting right opposite of South, Silas noticed that this little fellow's hand reflexes were extraordinary! Kids nowadays are that skillful? he thought. Out of curiosity, he asked, "Do you play games often?" Without lifting his head, South replied, "Yeah." "How old were you when you started playing?" "Can't remember." Drawing in a deep breath, Silas was sure that this little fellow had something against him. "Are you not happy today?" "No." Puzzled, Silas had no idea how to communicate with this little guy. Usually, he wouldn't get the cold shoulders from South, but today, his reply was exceptionally . cold, short and brief. "Did I offend you or something?" Instead of guessing, Silas thought he might as well ask him directly. "We're not that close to begin with. How will you offend me?" Struck by the words 'not that close, Silas was breathless with anger. This brat, what's got into him? Letting out a sigh, he said, "I don't know whether we are considered close, but I do treat you and your mother as a friend."

With a calm expression on his face, South didn't utter another word. It wasn't until his game ended did he raise his head and gazed into Silas. "Did you arrange this house for us?" Lifting an eyebrow, Silas was surprised by his quick-wittedness. "How did you know?" Casting a glance at him, South said, "Otherwise, you won't be here. My mommy will not simply invite people over for dinner." With a sullen expression, Silas questioned, "Isn't Landon here?" "It's different with Landon because we were friends for many years. Besides, we've been through life and death together." Gazing at Silas with disdain, South's expression clearly showed-unlike you! With that, Silas had a sudden realization-a teacher's job was indeed tough because he couldn't even handle a single child. At this rate, Silas figured it was necessary to turn this enemy into an ally by mentioning what he had done, though initially he never intended to take the credit. "Your mom and I have been through life and death situations too! Otherwise, why do you think you changed houses?" Squinting his eyes, South asked, "What do you mean? You saved Mommy too?" With a grin, Silas was again impressed by how quick-witted he was. "Very clever!" "When?" "Just two days ago." Gazing at the three people who were busy in the kitchen, South saw his mommy joking about something, while Landon and Kate were seen laughing at her joke. Then, he turned to look at Silas and asked with a stern voice, "Who did it?"

Astonished, Silas had always seen South as a child, but now, he realized that he could actually talk to him like he was talking to a grownup man because South was rather matured for his age, and he seemed to understand many things. "Don't worry, I've made sure that person was punished. You're still young, so all you need to do now is focus on your studies. I'll feel more at ease if you all moved to this place." Silas didn't know which of his words had managed to touch South's soft spot because from the little

guy's expression, he no longer showed much hostility toward him.

"I've something I want to tell you. Find an excuse to take me out with you tomorrow, and don't let Mommy suspect anything!" said South, in his usual arrogant manner. "What do you want to tell me?" Silas chuckled and thought South's suggestion was kind of hilarious.

### **Chapter 98 Housewarming**

"You'll know by tomorrow," said South nonchalantly as he jumped to his feet and went straight into his room. Gazing at him, Silas couldn't help but smile. For a kid that was barely one meter tall, South clearly didn't act or sound like one. For dinner, Camila had prepared a hot pot with two types of broth-spicy and non-spicy, hence everyone's preference was well taken care of. As it was a simple comfort food, it didn't take too long for her to serve the hot pot on the table, and the aroma of the hot pot broth had spread all the way to the living room.

Attracted to the aroma, Silas rose from his seat and walked over to the dining room. Seeing the tantalizing food galore on the table made his mouth water.

Holding a plate of beef in her hands, Camila said, "Mr. Nolan, please have a seat. Dinner will be ready soon." Then, she turned to the direction of the spacious hallway and shouted, "South, dinner is ready." With that, the door flung open, and South came running out of the room.

Taking out the newly bought wine, Camila poured each one of them a glass. While passing a glass of wine to Silas, she said, "Mr. Nolan, drink some. You can ask your driver to come and pick you up later." "Alright," Silas replied. Without needing Camila to serve, Landon and Kate had already helped themselves with a glass.

Since it was housewarming, everyone took turns to toast Camila and said their blessings. As a formality, Camila had said a few words in response. After all, there was someone else present in their little group. As South mentioned, their relationship with Silas wasn't that close.

Throughout dinner, Camila had taken extra care to serve Silas. "Mr. Nolan, if you prefer non-spicy, feel free to take this side of the food together with South." "Will do. You eat up, too. Don't bother to serve us," said Silas. Having said that, Camila was still busy dishing up the cooked food nearer toward Silas and South with the serving chopsticks.

With Silas around, the dinner atmosphere seemed more restrained as compared to their usual dinner. However, it wasn't too much a difference for Landon because from the very start, he was already intimidated by Silas. Hence, he dared not say much and would tend to be more proper around him. As for Kate, her behavior on the table was solely determined by how close her relationship was with the people around the table.

Today, she was unusually proper and quietly enjoying her meal.

Holding a glass of wine, Camila looked toward Silas and said, "Mr, Nolan, thank you for always watching over us, especially the incident that occurred last night. If it weren't for you, Kate and I wouldn't be able to get ourselves out in one piece."

"You're most welcome. Cheers!" They raised their glasses and finished up the wine. Confused, Landon asked, "What happened?" Lowering her head, Kate briefly explained what had happened last night. Casting a glance at Silas, South's expression seemed to have gone back to his normal friendly self. Giving Silas a nudge, he said, "I want to eat that cocktail sausage." Feeling elated, Silas immediately picked up two cocktail sausages from the hot pot and served them in South's bowl. Sneaking a grin, South hung his head and began to dig in. With that, Silas had kept himself busy by taking care of the little guy. Noticing the close interaction between Silas and South, Camila thought the relationship seemed fine and blamed herself for thinking too much. Upon hearing the whole incident, Landon felt his anger spiked. "How dare

he! That Luca, who does he think he is?" Tugging on Landon's sleeves, Kate comforted, "Calm down! Mr. Nolan had everything settled. Metrostar Entertainment had officially fired him, and my guess is President Grant dare not work with him ever again." "Right, Harriet Grant is a smart person for doing so," said Silas. Considering how modest and friendly Mr. Nolan was, Kate became more daring by raising up her glass to propose a toast. "Mr. Nolan, I'd like to propose a toast to you. Besides helping us to solve our big problem yesterday, many advertisers had since. approached our magazine publisher, out of respect for you. Thank you for everything."