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Indeed, Sasha had brought the children to the Minister of the Naval Force's house.

That was not her original plan.

However, while she was shopping in the mall the other day, she encountered Helma, the one who had given her the card.

They had a brief chat, and when she saw how witty and adorable Vivian and the twins were, she began persuading Sasha to take them to her place.

"Mrs. Jadeson, you're finally here! Quick, come in. Our madam has been waiting for you."

Like the others, Helma's place was a luxurious villa.

After Sasha led the three children in, the housemaids enthusiastically greeted them and ushered them in.

It had only been over twenty days, but their demeanors were vastly different now.

At their passionate invitation, Sasha could only lead the children in.

Vivian was a straightforward girl. When she realized that the place was not as majestic as Oceanic Estate nor as grand as Frontier Bay in Avenport, she began mumbling, "Mommy, this place is tiny. There's nothing fun here."

On the other hand, Ian, as usual, did not speak much.

When Matteo heard his sister's grumble, he let go of his mother and went toward his sister instead.

“Be a good girl. We’re not here to play. We’re here to help Mommy get more information about the military.”

“Really?”

Vivian widened her eyes upon hearing her brother’s words.

On the other hand, Sasha was so shocked that she hastily covered her son’s mouth.

“Don’t be silly. This lady invited you here to play with her grandchild, okay?”

“Okay, Mommy.”

The three children were quick to answer obediently.

Then, the four of them finally entered the living room of the villa to meet the people inside the house.

Oh my goodness!

There are so many people!

That was what the children thought the moment they stepped into the living room.

Even Sasha was taken aback.

“Mrs. Croll, this is...”

“Hello, Sasha. Let me introduce you to them. The few of us often have gatherings. She here is the wife of the police chief. She’s the wife of the Minister of Transportation. These two here are the wives of officers in the Air Force in the army. When they heard that I’ve invited you and the kids, they were overjoyed and had brought their kids here too.”

When Helma spotted Sasha, she stood up and beamed at her.

Sasha was speechless for a moment.

Aren’t they all related to the army?

This gathering is more like a gathering of the House's family members.

However, she quickly recollected herself and smiled back. "I see. I'm honored to meet you all. These are my children. My apologies to have brought them all here today."

She then pushed the children in.

Indeed, they were triplets.

When the women who were dressed to their nines saw the triplets Sasha pushed in, jealousy and envy washed over them.

Yariel is so d*mn lucky!

Not only did he become the House Speaker, but he even has triplets!

However...

"Mrs. Jadeson, how old are they?"

"They're eight," Sasha politely answered with a smile.

The moment her answer left her lips, the wife of the Minister of Transportation beamed. "Eight? That's fantastic. My son's ten. They can play together."

"Mine too. My two daughters are twelve, and they're now in the garden with their violins."

"Mine's a little younger, but she's already Grade 6 in piano."

In mere seconds, the women were fighting against themselves to invite the triplets to play with their children.

Sasha did not know how to respond to them.

"All right. Let's go to the garden to play. Come on, let's go. Let's go to the garden to play."

“Okay, Vivi’s going too, right? We won’t stay here and disturb the adults talking.”

Before Sasha could gather her wits to say anything, the children had quickly said that they would be leaving the adults alone with a bright smile on their faces. Even Vivian, the slowest to react among the triplets, agreed with her brother.

Sasha panicked, but a small hand soon grabbed her palm.

She lowered her head to look at her child.

“Don’t worry, Mommy,” said Ian, his voice soft and quiet as he looked up at her.

He really looks a lot like his father.

Nevertheless, his reassurance worked, for Sasha felt her heart climbing down her throat back into her chest.

Right. These children are smarter than the average kids. I don’t need to worry that they’ll be bullied.

Finally, Sasha let them go.

Once the children were gone, the living room became much quieter. Helma then instructed the housemaid to serve the drinks.

“Mrs. Jadeson, where is your hometown? I think there’s a mistake with the buttons of the baniera you’re wearing.”

“Huh?”

Sasha froze when she heard the question from the wife of the Chief of Air Force, Dorthea Justly.

There’s a mistake with the dress’ button?

Sasha then lowered her head to look at the baniera—the dress she was wearing—that Sebastian had just ordered for her.

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"I have to tell you this, Mrs. Jadeson. This kind of traditional one-piece dress—baniere—is from Jazona. My hometown, Saspiuburg, especially, has a century-long history with baniere," Dorthea rambled on as she took off her mink coat with faked casualness.

Sasha quietly watched her.

"Wow, Mrs. Oveson, you're wearing baniere as well? Where did you buy this? It's so pretty!"

"Hear, hear. Mrs. Oveson, the baniere you have on must be an haute couture baniere, right?"

Dramatic gasps and praises rang out in the room. Before Sasha could say anything, the other women had begun showering her with praises.

There are haute couture banieres?

Sasha then let her confused eyes flicker between Dorthea's dress and hers.

She remembered that the accessories on her baniere were more traditional, for Sebastian had hired old tailors to make this dress by hand.

Yet, the moment Dorthea revealed her baniere, the other women began praising her in all kinds of ways possible.

On the other hand, all they had were looks of disdain and mockery for the baniere Sasha had on.

Sasha was speechless.

Thus, she ignored them. Right as she was about to head outside, the wife of the Minister of Transportation came to her.

“Mrs. Jadeson, it seems like Mrs. Oveson is quite an expert with banieres. Why don’t you ask her to teach you a thing or two about how the buttons of the baniere should be?”

“That’s right. Mrs. Jadeson, you have a different identity now. It’s fine that you’ve made this laughable mistake in front of us, but you have no idea how disastrous things would be if you were to wear this to a gathering at the White House!”

“What?”

Sasha blinked at the woman who was about to undo her buttons, completely confounded.

Me? Making a laughable mistake?

Which part of me makes them think that I’m trying to make them laugh?

Finally, Sasha had run out of patience, and the look on her face darkened.

“No thank you. Although I don’t know much about banieres, I’m sure my husband does.”

“Your husband?”

“That’s right. Most of the banieres at Jazona are manufactured by his company, and he has several stores catering to the foreign ambassadors. Moreover, the tailors he hires are old tailors who come from families who have been making banieres for generations. The baniere I have on me comes from the hands of the oldest tailor. I don’t think there’s anything wrong with it,” Sasha responded.

Once those words were out in the air, the room fell silent.

Indeed, they had all forgotten who she originally was. While she was currently powerless as the wife of the House Speaker, she used to be the wife of the empire’s president.

On the other hand, if not for their husbands, those ladies would be completely powerless and poor.

Sasha did not care that the women were all blushing in embarrassment. She added, "Of course, if you still have doubts about my words, I can always have my husband send a few of these dresses over."

"A few?"

"Yes. My husband has said that the aesthetics of a baniera is dependent on its fabric. For example, the one I'm wearing is made with kossu. Do you know this?"

Once again, they gasped.

In fact, Dorthea's face had turned colorless.

How could one not know of Kossu?

It was the most expensive and rarest item in silk tapestry. Every inch of the fabric would be of an exorbitant price. No ordinary person would be able to afford it.

Even wealthy women like them might not be able to afford a small piece of kossu.

Yet, what Sasha was wearing was an entire baniera made with kossu.

No one dared to make a single sound after that as they stared at the baniera Sasha was wearing with jealous, furious eyes.

Despite all of the negative feelings swirling in them, they dared not utter another word in fear of embarrassing themselves again.

Outside in the garden, the three children were playing with the other children.

"What's your name?"

"I'm Vivi! Wow, you play the violin very well. What song is this?"

Vivian was a child who sought constant entertainment.

Upon reaching the garden and seeing the two pretty girls playing violin, she quickly let go of her brothers and ran toward them.

Those two girls were the daughters of the Chief of Air Force, Axel Oveson.

When they saw a random girl running toward them, they paused in their playing, annoyed.

"It's not like you'll know what it is even after I tell you the name."

"Huh?"

Vivian immediately widened her eyes in bewilderment, feeling a little upset.

How would I know if you refuse to say anything? I've heard of many songs, and Ian can play the piano. Moreover, he's really good at it. I always sit by his side and listen whenever he plays the piano.

However, Vivian could only pout before leaving to look for her brother.

"Come back. You're the girl of the Jadesons, aren't you?" the two girls abruptly called out.

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Vivian's eyes lit up when she heard them.

"That's right, that's right. But my family name's Hayes, not Jadeson," she corrected.

Nevertheless, the two girls ignored that.

When they heard that she was the Jadeson girl that her parents were furious at home about, hatred flashed in their eyes, and they began formulating a malicious plan.

“Are you here to play with us?”

“Yes, yes. Let’s play hide-and-seek together! It’s really fun.”

Vivian was a naive girl, so she was delighted when she heard that the two other girls were interested in playing with her.

Unlike the last time, the girls did not utter anything mean anymore.

However, one of them said, “Sure. As long as you learn how to play the violin, we’ll play with you.”

“Huh?”

Vivian’s big eyes stared at the two girls in confusion.

They want me to play the violin?

But I don’t know how to play the violin.

Mommy sent me to violin and dance classes, but I didn’t learn much of anything. I don’t have a single musical cell in me. All I know is eating and combing the hair of my doll.

I don’t know anything!

With that thought in mind, a stumped look appeared on Vivian’s face.

Unfortunately, one of the two girls quickly put the violin in her hands.

“Come. You don’t need to play a whole piece; you just need to play a few notes, that’s all. I’ll teach you,” said one of the girls as she lifted her violin.

Oh, that's simple.

Hence, Vivian finally agreed to it.

Her plump, small hands took the violin from them as she began observing the girl carefully to learn from her.

Do.

Do.

Vivian's note was accurate.

Although music performance was not something she enjoyed learning, Sasha had forced her to learn some basic parts when she was teaching Matteo and Ian.

Therefore, she could play a few basic notes.

When the girls heard the perfect note, they paled.

How could she possibly know how to play this?

Why did she lie to us then? Why did she tell us she can't play the violin? Is she here to embarrass us?

The girls became even more furious as the one with the violin swiftly played a complex chord.

Vivian froze.

This isn't a note, is it?

"Miss, this..."

"What's the matter? Can you not play it? This is simple. If you can't play this, we won't play with you. In fact, we'll also tell the other kids that you don't know how to do anything."

Vivian inhaled sharply as her eyes widened into saucers.

How can she be so mean? How can she tell the other kids that I don't know how to do anything. Won't Mommy be embarrassed if that happens?

At that moment, anger emerged in Vivian's chest, and her eyes turned red.

"Fine. I'll play it. I can do it," she huffed out.

Then, after adjusting her posture, she pulled the bow.

Squeak!

To her surprise, it was an ugly sound.

"Hahaha!" The moment the girls heard it, they laughed until they were leaning back. They nearly rushed into the house to tell their mother how stupid the Jadeson girl was.

Some people were evil by nature.

By then, Vivian's eyes were brimming with tears, and she could not stop the frown from growing on her face.

No, I can't let them tell Mommy that I'm too dumb to play this.

I can't embarrass Mommy here.

Sniffing, Vivian then adjusted her posture and tried pulling the bow again.

Squeak!

Squack!

Squee!

La—Fa—So—

Vivian tried playing the notes again and again despite the two girls' continuous laughter. Finally, she successfully played the chord.

Instantly, the girls' expressions darkened.

This stupid fool managed to play it?

The two of them were overwhelmed by anger, and just as they were about to suggest more challenging things to stump her, Vivian returned their violin to them.

"I'm not going to play the violin anymore. Have fun playing. I won't play with the two of you."

Vivian's eyes were bloodshot, but when she gave them back the violin, she made sure to be polite.

After handing them the violin, she turned and fled.

The two girls scoffed. "At least she's smart enough to leave."

The two of them then began playing their violin again.

Meanwhile, after Vivian ran off, she went to look for her brothers as she kept her hands close to her chest.

Finally, she found Ian.

"Ian!"

The very second she saw him, she could not hold back her tears anymore as she began wailing.

Ian had been staring at an older boy playing his Rubik's Cube when his sister abruptly appeared and began crying in his arms. Instantly, he scowled.

"What's the matter? Did anyone bully you?"

Like his father, the moment a scowl appeared on his face, the temperature around him dropped.

As Vivian wiped her snot, she showed her hand to her brother. "It's bleeding!"