

Charming Mommy of Adorable Triplets Chapter 8

"Mommy told us we can only tell anyone who asks her name that mommy is Her Royal Highness." Daisy giggled.

Nova could not help but burst into laughter, but she quickly held it back.

'Haha, aren't these two pumpkins way too adorable? What kind of mother has been teaching them all this while?'

Nolan's gaze moved away, and he glanced at Waylon, who looked exactly like him.

If it weren't for the fact that Willow was the only person who had slept with him in the past, he would have to wonder if he was the father of these two children.

Daisy glanced at her watch and said, "Mr. Handsome, we have to go home now. Otherwise, Her Royal Highness will start to worry."

Nolan put her down, turned around, and said to Quincy, "Send these two children back."

Quincy was stunned for a short moment and then nodded. "Yes, sir."

"Goodbye, Mr. Handsome!" Daisy waved at Nolan, held her brother's hand, and left the studio with Quincy.

The moment she went out, she showed Waylon a strand of hair triumphantly.

Daisy pulled the hem of Quincy's clothes as they walked out of the entrance of the building. "Sir, our mommy is sick, and she's in the hospital. Can you drive us to the hospital?"

Quincy was stupefied. He exclaimed inwardly that these two children were really quite thoughtful. "Okay, get in the car."

At Seaview Villa...

Maisie returned home but only saw Colton practicing the piano alone. She looked around. "Where are Daisie and Waylon?"

Colton answered, "Waylon and Daisie have gone outside to apply to be child models. Godmother is with them."

Maisie placed her bag on the sofa and was stunned as she heard the reply. "Applying to be child models?"

"Yeah, they claimed that you're working too hard to make money, and they want to share the burden."

Maisie walked to his side and rubbed his little head. Colton was extremely disgusted and complained, "Mommy, don't mess up my hair."

"Oh, is our young musical genius angry about it?"

"Hmph!" Colton puffed up his cheeks.

"Colton, you three don't have to share the burden with me. Mommy can still raise and support all three of you." Seeing that her children were all so sensible, Maisie felt rather guilty.

"No, Mommy. You've worked hard enough, and we can't just ignore that. By the way, Mommy, I've been enrolled at the Royal Academy of Music of Zlokova. You don't have to worry about the tuition. I have the money.

"And wait until I get a scholarship. You can then send Waylon and Daisie to international schools to study. Mommy, you should only work on whatever you want to do."

Maisie was so moved that she burst into tears. "My little Beethoven is so amazing. He even knows how to earn tuition for his brother and sister now."

She had only discovered that Colton had such a talent at the later stage of his toddlerhood. The Newlander Music Academy in Stoslo had even made an exception and wanted to recruit him, but she never sent him there because she was worried that he was too young.

However, Colton was five years old now. Although she wanted to wait until he was six before sending them to schools, Colton loved music and had good grades. Thus, she could not bring herself to ruin her children's dreams.

"Mommy, Your Royal Highness, we're back!"

Daisie returned home with Waylon, and Maisie welcomed the two running rugrats in her arms. "Colton told me that the two of you went for an audition?"

"Uh-huh, and we got selected. Aren't we amazing?" Daisie blinked as she exclaimed.

Maisie kissed them on the cheeks. "You're all great! Now give Mommy some time. Mommy will go and cook for you."

No matter how bad her mood was, it would always dissipate when she was facing these three children.

The three rugrats got together as soon as Maisie entered the kitchen, and Colton asked in a low voice, "How did it go?"

Waylon responded immediately, "Don't worry, it's been taken to the hospital for an examination. It'll take two days for the results to be out."

Daisie patted her chest again. "It's always fail-safe when I take action."

At the Vanderbilt manor...

"What did you just say? Designer Zora is that b*tch Maisie?" Leila could not help but distort when she heard her daughter's complaint.

'Not only did that b*tch come back to her home country, but she's also the world-renowned designer Zora? And she's also the person Mr. Goldmann hired from abroad with very high pay to help my daughter save Vaenna Jewelry?

'It was my daughter who took that btch's place as the woman from six years ago. If that btch were to learn about the fact that Mr. Goldmann is the man that she slept with six years ago, wouldn't she be fighting over him with my daughter?'

"Mother, what should I do?" Willow was very worried.

The corners of Leila's lips were raised coldly. "So what if she's Zora? Don't forget that you have Mr. Goldmann as your ultimate cushion. She wouldn't dare to create any stir when Mr. Goldmann is around.

"By the way, since the b*tch has returned to Zlokova, you have to make some progressions with Mr. Goldmann. It's best to get pregnant or something like that. You'll become Mrs. Goldmann as long as you get pregnant with his child."

When speaking of getting pregnant, Willow's eyelids drooped. "But Mr. Goldmann hasn't even touched me at all for the past six years."

'I want to be touched too, but the thing is that I need him to cooperate with me.'

Looking at her daughter's innocent thought, Leila said anxiously, "Are you dumb? How long do you plan to wait if you want to wait for him to take the initiative to get it on with you? You're the one who should take the initiative. How many men are there in the world who can resist such temptations?"

Willow was startled for a split second after her mother pointed that out.

'I don't dare to act too presumptuously because Nolan hasn't even touched me throughout the past six years. But Mother is right. I have to be the one who takes the initiative.'

She then smiled bashfully. "Mother, I know now."

