

Chapter 22

Daisie turned her head to look at him. "We, too, have also seen a man who looks a lot like us."

"Oh?" Nolan's father was just about to pose his question when he heard the loud greeting of the bodyguard standing by the garden. "Good day, Mr. Goldmann."

Nolan marched right into the pavilion. He glanced at the two children sitting next to his old man and finally said, "Dad, how could you bring these children here without asking?"

"And why can't I? These children look just like you, so I invited them over to be my guests. Is there a problem?"

Nolan's father patted Daisie's head, then gave each of the children a slice of frosted cake. "Here, have a bite. This is the best frosted cake in town."

"Thank you, Grandpa!"

The two kids took the cake offered to them. With a loud nom, Daisie held the cake in her palm, unable to wait a moment longer, and took a huge bite.

Nolan felt helpless. He had not expected his father to bring them all the way here just because of a photo he saw.

"Wait here, you two munchkins. Grandpa will be back real soon."

As soon as Nolan's father finished speaking, he got up and faced Nolan. "Come with me."

Watching them walk off, Daisie turned to face Waylon. "Is this man really our grandpa? From the looks of it, he seems to like us very much."

"Mm—hmm, as long as Grandpa likes us enough, we'll be able to acknowledge our daddy and kidnap him home with us." Daisie nodded in agreement. Meanwhile, in the study...

"Dad, they really are unrelated to me. You can't just bring the kids over just because they resemble me. If their parents start to worry about them,"

Before Nolan could finish speaking, his father interrupted him. "What are you panicking for? I couldn't care less about whether they are yours. What matters is that I like those kids."

Sitting behind the desk, he looked at Nolan. "You're not getting any younger either. If you had gotten married sooner, your kids would've been their age by now."

Nolan kept quiet.

"Son, are you a hundred percent sure that you never had children with other women? Because both Waylon Vanderbilt's eyes and Daisie Vanderbilt's features seem to me like they inherited those from you."

Nolan was startled. "What did you say their last name was?"

Was it Van Der Beek or Vanderbilt?

“You haven’t read their information when everything was right beneath your eyes?” Nolan’s father tapped the documents on his desk.

He had purposely sent someone to the Royal Crown just to obtain background information on the two kids.

Nolan held the document in his hand-Name: Waylon Vanderbilt, Daisy Vanderbilt, both five years old!

Hugging the chessboard in her arms, Daisy walked toward the study room door. She poked her little head through the opening. “Grandpa, I want to play chess with you!”

Nolan’s father was taken by surprise. He smiled and stood up. “Sure, Grandpa would love to play with you.”

Neglecting his own son, the old man followed Daisy out the door.

Nolan turned around to see them walk off. His gaze once again fixed on the papers in his hands. He had not read their information at the time, so he had no idea what their family name was.

As it turned out, they were Vanderbilts... and they were both five.

Five years old. Had Willow been pregnant six years ago, followed by a ten-month pregnancy, the child would have been born the following summer, meaning the kid would be five years old today!

However, Willow was never pregnant. The woman in that room six years ago should be Willow, so what had gone wrong?

Nolan made his way to the garden. He watched the two kids sitting in the garden, playing chess with his father. Waylon stood beside Daisy. He looked just like a mini bodyguard.

“Daisy, who taught you how to play?” “Mommy!” Daisy replied proudly. “Not only does she know how to play chess, but she can also play nine men’s morris!”

“Hahaha! And I thought you youngsters these days wouldn’t know how to enjoy a good game o f chess.”