

Charming Mommy of adorable triplets Chapter 1698

Chapter 1698

Ken glared toward his men. Everyone panicked in an instant. "Sir, we really have no idea about this! We'll never betray you!"

"Ean, what did Maggie do before the surgery?" Ken's eyes were fixed on Ean's face.

He was clearly doubting Maggie.

Beads of cold sweat rolled down Ean's back as he lowered his head and replied, "She didn't contact anyone three days before the surgery. She only asked me about Mr. Matthews, and it seemed that she was preparing herself."

Ken did not utter a single word. Although he had doubts about Maggie, she had never had any interaction with the Knowles.

He then scoffed. "Doesn't she blame me for sending her over to Donald?"

The question implied that Maggie might betray him because she did not like this arrangement.

Ean explained calmly, "But Ayan is a nobody to her. So even if she has a grudge against you, she doesn't need to do anything with Ayan's matter."

Feeling that what he said made some sense, Ken stopped

talking, turned around, and ordered, "Go and look into all the men who are working for me."

Ean nodded and left with the other subordinates.

The next day, at the college... Daisy was resting in between rehearsals. She went to the restroom and heard the conversation between two girls as soon as she arrived at the door.

"Isn't Ayan the son of a wealthy family? Is that a fake identity?" "I just met his father at the college. He looks nowhere near a filthy rich man, okay? Ayan's real name is Fritz, and Ayan Haris is only his stage name.

"His father still doesn't know about the fact that he's been suspended from school. He's been waiting at the academician's office for a long time. It's really pitiful to watch."

Daisy, who was hiding behind the wall, was rendered speechless as a series of thoughts went through her mind.

At the academician's office...

A middle-aged man who was wearing simple but neat clothes was standing downstairs. The two security guards tried to persuade him to leave, but he refused to do so.

Daisie looked around and walked toward the middle-aged man. "Hello."

The middle-aged man turned to look at her and nodded. "And you are?" "Are you Ayan's father? He... He's not here in college." The middle-aged man's expression looked distressed. After a long while, he asked, "Did he really own illegal drugs?" Daisie did not dare to look straight at him. "Ayan may have been deceived too. He's been temporarily suspended while the college investigates the matter and hasn't been delisted from school, right?"

A glimmer of hope seemed to have appeared on the middle-aged man's anguished face. "Yes, my son hasn't been delisted by the college. He's not that kind of person. That child must have been framed."

Daisie pursed her lips and was about to say something, but she saw the man's devastated and scarred hands.

Those hands were full of calluses, cracks, and scars—the severity of their condition was something that she had never seen before. And an indescribable feeling surged deep within Daisie.

The pair of hands were protecting a package in his arms, and it seemed that the contents of the package were very important to him.

She returned to her senses and asked carefully, "Sir, are you here to deliver something to Ayan?"

"Yes, I've brought his favorite cranberries for him, but I couldn't reach him..." The hands holding onto the package tightened, and he looked worried.

Daisie said with a smile, "Sir, if you trust me, you can hand it to me. I'll deliver it to Ayan and convey your message when he returns to the college in a few days."

"Yeah, of course. Thank you very much."

He handed the package to Daisie and left. Daisie walked toward the dormitory building with the heavy package in her arms. Downstairs, she just happened to run into Nollace, who was getting out of the car. Thus, she smiled and trotted forward. "Nollace." Nollace smiled. "Has the rehearsal ended?"

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Daisie squinted and grinned. "It ended long ago." "What are you holding in your arms?"

"This..." Daisie did not know how to explain it. Thus, she lowered her head and pursed her lips. "If I were to tell you the truth, would you be angry?"

Nollace stared at her face and squinted. "Won't you be afraid that I'll be angry if you keep it from me?"

"This is something that Ayan's father brought him. His father hasn't been able to contact him, so I—"

Before she could finish speaking, Nollace took a deep breath. "It's Ayan again. Do you plan to forgive him?" "It's not a matter of forgiving him or not. His father looks very pitiful, so I'm only delivering this to Ayan on his behalf. What he did has nothing to do with his father." Nollace scoffed out of anger. "Then, do you know his whereabouts?"

Daisie was startled. "I don't know, so I'm going to ask Colton to help me..."

"He doesn't know either." Nollace was unusually calm, "I'm the only person who knows where he is now."

Daisie looked at him and handed him the package after a while. "Then you should hand this to him."

Nollace took a glance at the package indifferently and looked expressionless. "Aren't you afraid that I'll throw it away?"

Daisie lowered her gaze and retracted her hand. "I knew you'd be angry. I'll deliver it myself."

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Nollace pulled her into his arms and looked down at her. "How can I not be pissed? You think Ayan's father is pitiful. That's why you want to intervene in his affairs. So if you learn what happened to him, you'll definitely pity him too, won't you?" Daisie was flustered. "What does how pitiful his father looks has to do with how pitiful he is now?" Nollace hugged her and kissed her on the forehead. "What I asked is that if you were to learn that he's currently having a bad time, would you sympathize with

him?"

She raised her head. "Sympathizing with him and forgiving him are two different things. Even if he's pitiful, it doesn't mean that I have to forgive him."

Nollace chuckled softly.

Daisie stepped in front of him and tiptoed, and her watery eyes were sparkling right in front of his face. "Then are you still angry?"

He raised his eyebrows. "What if I'm still angry?"

Without giving off any sign, she kissed him on the lips. The residual warmth left Nollace in a slight trance.

Daisie did not dodge him this time around as she stared straight at him. "Then... Want about this?"

She instantly amused Nollace. "It felt like a chicken's peck when it's eating rice off the ground."

She chuckled and said, "What are you talking about? Are you comparing yourself to a grain of rice?"

Nollace pinched her chin and sealed her lips with his. After that, he claimed with his hoarse voice as his fingers ran over her lips, "This is what you call a kiss."

Her ears blushed, and she lowered her head. "Okay."

Nollace took the package in her hands. "I'll send this to him."

"You..." Daisie was slightly surprised. "He was obviously not happy about it a minute ago." Nollar placed the package in the car, turned around, gently tapped the tip of her nose, and approached her. "You owe nie one. You'll have to pay it back in the future."

The car was parked at the gate of the hospital. Nollare did 190 gr cut of the car but asker Foison to bring the p*ker in Ayan in the ward

Edison took the package from him and stepped into the hospital without asking any further questions.

After a while, Edison came out of the hospital and got back into the car. "I've delivered the package to him."

"How is he doing?"

Edison replied, "Knowing that he's going to get amputated and be handicapped for the rest of his life, how great can he be?"

Nollace did not utter a single word.

Edison asked at that moment. "Aren't you going to tell Ms. Vanderbilt about this?"

Nollace lowered his gaze. "It's best to keep her in the dark."

Edison understood something and smiled. "Ms. Vanderbilt is too kind. She might not be able to accept such a cruel fact."

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