

## Charming Mommy of adorable triplets Chapter 1700

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Daisie had grown up in a very protective household , just like a delicate flower that was raised in a greenhouse and had never experienced a single storm in its life. So, how could she have seen such cruelties?

That was especially so when he was related to why Ayan got tortured in the first place.

Another reason Nollace did not dare to tell Daisie about Ayan was that he was worried she would learn about his involvement.

That was why he had only left his good side to Daisie.

At the same time, on the other side of the city, in the Pruitt manor...

The sound of a slap resounded in the living room.

Freyja's face was turned to the side, and her cheek flushed. She did not scream out of pain but listened to Sandy's reprimand. "Just whose side are you on? Your brother's plan almost succeeded, and you've ruined it!"

As long as Daisie and Nollace could no longer get along because of this incident, Ken would have the opportunity to use this incident to get a hold of the daughter of the Goldmanns.

However, she did not expect this ungrateful daughter of hers would betray her own family! Freyja stared at her furious mother and asked calmly, " Mother, I don't hope to see you two walk down a path of no return. Do you really think the Goldmanns are a family you can deal with?"

Sandy sneered. "It's not up to you to decide whether I can handle them or not. I only want the daughter of the Goldmanns to break up with that b\*stard, Nollace."

"Didn't Nollace take a fancy to Daisie only because of the Goldmanns' status and power that she had behind her? If she doesn't have the Goldmanns to back her up, how would he possibly even take a closer look at her?"

What Sandy said did not surprise Freyja at all as she had gotten used to it long ago.

"Ken did inherit all his conceit from you."

"How dare you talk back to me!?" Sandy slapped her again.

Freyja's ears buzzed this time around, and the hand hanging by her side clenched tightly.

It seemed like that was not sufficient for Sandy to vent her exasperation, however. Thus, she yelled at the

servants, "Bring me the whip!"

The servants looked at each other in dismay but did not dare to say a word, so they did as ordered.

Sandy grabbed the whip and pointed it at her. "You, kneel before me."

Freyja knelt on the ground. Sandy swung the leather whip at her body, and the excruciating pain made Freyja's body tense up. Every inch of her flesh that ended up covered in whip marks hid well under her clothes as they trembled from the agony. Freyja did not let off any sound, not even a whimper, and gnashed her teeth. Beads of cold sweat rolled down from the edge of her jaw, and blood was drained away from her lips. The pain gradually turned into numbness, and the thin sleeves were eventually dyed red. The series of whipping did not stop until the whip snapped.

Freyja could feel the pain of her skin splitting and the quiver that took place within the muscle tissues that were now exposed to the air.

Sandy threw the broken leather whip away and pointed to the door. "Useless piece of sh\*t, lock her in the warehouse. And before she asks for mercy, no one is to give her a single drop of water without my permission."

Freyja's cell phone was confiscated, and she was locked away.

There was no window in the warehouse, only ventilation pipes. As such, it was extremely warm, especially now that it was summer.

Freyja sat down slowly along the corner of the wall and gasped in pain when she seemed to have torn her wounds. She could not lie down completely, so she could only lean on her side. The warehouse door was closed, and the space around her turned into darkness in an instant.

Two days later, near the end of the month, the college's anniversary started.

The T-stage for the show had been built and decorated, and the lighting and backdrop gave the hall a grandeur comparable to the Sheena Fashion Week, which looked solemn and splendid.

Daisy tried on her costume backstage and repeatedly sent Freyja text messages via her cell phone, but Freyja had not responded since the last text, which had been sent two days ago.

She could not help but worry.

Suddenly, she received a text message from Freyja on her cell phone. (Pruitt manor, the young lady has been locked up by Mrs. Pruitt.)

Daisie got up immediately, dashed out to the corridor,

and called Colton. "Colton, something happened to Freyja!" At the Pruitt manor.

Sandy sat in the living room, arranging flowers and ignoring the fact that Freyja was still locked in the warehouse.

Brandon came home from a business trip at this time and learned about the things that had transpired two days ago, so he entered the living room and asked, "You've locked Fey in the warehouse for two days!?"

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"She's stubborn and won't behave. So what if I lock her up for two days? Do you feel bad?" Sandy looked cold. Brandon frowned. "She's your daughter."

She stopped what she was doing and looked up. "I'm doing this because she's my daughter. She doesn't respect me."

Brandon wanted to say something, but the housekeeper walked over anxiously, "Ma'am, Ms. Vanderbilt is here."

Sandy paused, then laughed. "I guess the Goldmann princess is worried about my daughter. Let her in." Before the housekeeper could invite her, Daisie had already walked in. "Where's Freyja?"

She left her manners at the door.

Sandy looked at her. "Ms. Vanderbilt, Fey isn't feeling well and is resting. I don't think she should be entertaining guests." She slowly got up. "Have you had lunch? I'll get them to prepare something,"

"I'm not here for lunch." Daisie went straight to the point. "You locked up Freyja, didn't you?"

Sandy's expression froze while she looked toward the

maids standing at the side. They didn't look up, "She's my daughter. So what if I lock her up for a few days when she misbehaves?"

“Ms. Vanderbilt , even if you’re a Goldmann , this is my home, and Freyja is my daughter. You’re trespassing, so I hope you act smart.”

Sandy had heard from her son that even though she was a Goldmann, she wasn’t as ruthless as Lara and was easier to speak to.

They wanted to use her because she looked weak and gullible, so it would be easy for them to control her.

“Report me then.”

Sandy’s face dropped, “What?”

“Even if you’re Freyja’s mother, locking people up is illegal too. Go ahead and make your report. I’ll even make the call for you.” Daisy waved her phone around.

“You say that I’ve locked Freyja up. What evidence do you have?”

“Here’s the evidence.”

Colton stepped into the living room while the bodyguard behind him helped Freyja, who was barely breathing out. She couldn’t seem to stand on her own.

Naisir was shocked upon seeing her in that state ” Freyja!”

Sandy’s face turned pale. Daisy ran to Freyja and raised her hand but was hesitant about touching her.

Her clean clothes were covered in blood spots and had turned yellow. The wounds on her skin had pus.

With her remaining energy, she said, “I’m fine — ” But she lost consciousness right after saying that. Colton looked at the bodyguard. “Send her to the hospital, swiftly.”

“How dare you—” Before Sandy could finish, Daisy picked up the vase on the table and threw it at her.

The vase broke into a million pieces at her feet. She looked pale as a corpse while Brandon tried to protect her.

Even Colton’s bodyguards looked at Daisy in shock.

“You’re animals!” Daisy yelled, “How could you call Freyja your daughter? Having you as a mother is the worst thing to happen to her. She doesn’t have to live by your ideology. You gave her life, but she should have control over her own life. You have no right to interfere nor kidnap her as her mother.”

Sandy's face was pale, but she wanted to get some dignity back. "Are all Goldmanns crazy!?"