

# Charming Mommy of adorable triplets Chapter- 1930-1934

Chapter 1930

Leonardo was only telling the truth, but after saying so, he realized that Colton's expression did not look too satisfied with his answer.

He returned to his senses in an instant.

"Mr.

Goldmann, is the man that you're referring to...

yourself?" "I'm asking it on behalf of someone else." He interrupted him impatiently.

Leonardo responded, "Then I'll take my leave first." Colton did not say anything about Leonardo leaving the office, so

he cautiously closed the door and left.

Colton leaned back in his chair, lost in thought.

'Does Freyja think so too? Is she afraid that I won't hold myself accountable if she gets pregnant? Is that why she's

taking those pills? After all, I can't really blame her for taking those pills.

It's all my fault.

I've never done anything to protect her and care about her feelings.

She probably thinks of me as a scumbag now.' Leonardo returned to his office and realized that someone was

waiting for him.

He paused for a split second.

"Ms.

Peterson?"

Giselle stood up slowly.

"Mr.

Prichard." Leonardo walked up to his desk, pulled out the chair, and sat down.

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"Are you here for me?"

"Yes." She smiled.

"Thank you for guiding me throughout this period." Leonardo felt a little embarrassed.

"You don't have to be so polite when you're with me." She placed the precious gift she had brought along on the desk,

and Leonardo stood up in fear.

"Ms.

Peterson, what do you mean by this?" Giselle pushed the gift across the desk and explained, "It's just a small gift,

only to show my appreciation for you.

I hope you'll accept it."

Leonardo pushed it back.

"That's not how things work between us.

I can't accept such an expensive gift from you." Giselle sounded helpless and determined.

"Mr.

Prichard, please accept it.

I won't feel at ease if you refuse to accept it."

"This..." Leonardo did not know what to do.

"Don't worry.

I won't tell Mr.

Goldmann about this.

After all, I don't want to get you fired because of the gift."

Giselle had thought about every single detail, so even though Leonardo was worried, seeing her resolution, it would

be rude for him to reject her any further.

As such, he could only accept it.

"I'll accept it.

If you ever need any of my help in the future, just come to me.

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I'll do my best to help you out." Giselle sat back in the chair.

"There's indeed something that I want to ask you for some information." Leonardo asked immediately,  
"What's the

matter?"

Giselle did not beat around the bush and asked him directly, "Mr.

Goldmann has a woman that he likes, is that right?" Leonardo was astonished, as if he did not expect  
she would ask

him something about his employer.

"Ms.

Peterson, in fact, I don't know that very well." This can't be regarded as his privacy.

But if Mr.

Goldmann had a woman he liked, I'd have learned about it since long ago.

Giselle lowered her gaze.

"Even you don't know about that?" "I know more about Mr.

Goldmann's work, but when it comes to his private life, I really don't know much about him." After  
explaining his

relationship with his employer, he seemed to have remembered something." However, Mr.

Goldmann just asked me a question outside of work earlier today."

Her eyes lit up instantly.

"What's the question?" He supported his chin and said, "He asked me what may be the reason if  
a woman doesn't

want to conceive a man's child.

He told me that he was asking it on behalf of someone else.

This is my first time getting a question that's not work-related from Mr. Goldmann." After all, it was the first time, so he was surprised.

After listening to those words, Giselle lowered her gaze.

'He asked Leonardo these things at work? Would Coleman even waste his time on other people's affairs? My

intuition tells me he wasn't asking it for someone else, but himself.' Giselle left Blackgold, probably because she was

very concerned about this matter.

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She picked up her cell phone and made a call.

"Are you a private investigator? I need you to help me investigate something.

As for how much it'll cost, your pay will definitely not be too shabby."

In the evening, back in Taylorton...

Daisie hurried back to the villa earlier than her usual schedule, put on an apron in the kitchen, flipped through the

recipe, and started preparing dinner.

## **Chapter 1931**

Nollace returned to Taylorton. A pungent smell hit him once he entered the villa.

He frowned and headed straight toward the kitchen after removing his shoes.

The kitchen was filled with thick smoke, and the smell was pungent, but the kitchen hood wasn't turned on.

Daisie stood there and coughed while she was frantically walking around and trying to solve the problem.

Nollace's face dropped, and he immediately pulled her out of the kitchen.

He then immediately switched on the hood and turned off the fire.

Daisie stood there, stunned, her face covered in grease.

He stood in the kitchen and cleared up the countertop.

Daisie grew more anxious because he was quiet.

She lowered her head and bit her lip.

"I'm sorry, I was trying to make dinner." Nollace took a deep breath , turned around, and calmly looked at her.

"You don't need to make dinner." Daisie looked up but didn't speak.

He stopped in front of her, raised his hand, and wiped the grease off her face.

"You won't listen.

You would have blown the kitchen up if I came home a little later."

She turned away and pouted.

"I was just trying to make dinner, but you are more concerned about the kitchen blowing up."

She removed the apron and tossed it away.

"You just don't understand!" Nollace was surprised , looking at her puffed-up cheeks, and burst out laughing.

"I'm not worried about the kitchen blowing up.

I'm worried that you'll be hurt." Daisie pressed her lips together and lowered her gaze." We were supposed to have

dinner until I messed it up.

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We should order takeout." 1111 11 L Nollace touched her face.

"We don't need to get takeout when I'm here." L

In just 20 minutes, he was able to get the kitchen back to how it was and even made a warm meal.

Daisie looked at the meal on the table and admitted that he had learned their cuisine quickly.

Nollace got some soup for her.

"If you really want to do something for me, you don't need to cook.

Just stay by my side."

She looked at him.

"That's all?"

He nodded and looked into her eyes.

"That would make me happy." Daisie was surprised and had to look away.

Her plan was to prepare his favorite food, then follow what Freyja taught her.

Now the dinner was a bust, so she only had the final part of the plan, and she didn't know if it was going to work.

Seeing how she zoned out, Nollace looked at her and asked, "What's on your mind?" She looked around and ate her

soup.

"Nothing." Daisie took longer than usual to finish her meal.

Nollace had finished but didn't rush her.

"I'm going to the study.

Let me do the dishes when you're ready." He got up and went upstairs.

Daisie finished her food quickly, rushed to the bedroom, and took out the nightgown she had gotten from the mall.

Looking at the thin lace dress, she hesitated.

"That's all the cloth!?" LL LU She stood in front of the mirror, held the gown in front of her, and then started blushing.

The dress was too steamy! She picked up her phone and texted Freyja.

Daisie: (Is this going to work? The dress is too sexy!)

Freyja: (It's supposed to be sexy.)

Daisie: [What if he gets angry?] Freyja: [...The sooner he finds out, the better.] Daisie tossed her phone aside, took a

deep breath, and went into the bathroom with it.

In the study, the warm light shone on the velvet carpet.

## **Chapter 1932**

Nollace sat in front of the computer, analyzing some data while knocking his knuckles on the desk.

Edison sent him a text.

[Sir, we have intel that Donald is still alive.] He picked up the phone, read the text, and frowned.

LI Even though he expected Donald to be alive, when it was confirmed, it made things tense.

Donald was the worst enemy he had ever dealt with.

Ken Pruitt wasn't half as vicious as he was.

It had taken him so much effort to drag him down, but he managed to break out of prison after half a year of

incarceration.

The police had been hunting for him for a month with tracker dogs and finally found his prison clothes next to a cliff.

They had blood on them and were badly frayed, but there was no body.

Donald's death wasn't confirmed at that time, but if he was going to break out of prison, he wouldn't die.

Nollace replied: (Keep an eye on that.) He placed his phone down and rubbed his temples.

The light shone on his face and cast a shadow, making him look tired.

He looked at the clock and realized that it was already 10: 00 p.m.

The bedroom door was half open.

That dark corner swallowed the light around the house.

He slowly walked toward the dark and stopped in front of the door before pushing it open.

He was stunned when he saw the person still awake under the comforters.

Her dark hair was behind her back while her lowered head was blushing.

Her eyes were clear like water, making her look so innocent.

He pressed his lips together and looked guilty.

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LU Daisy had wrapped herself up with her comforter, holding it tighter as Nollace was staring at her.

Nollace took a deep breath and looked sorry.

"Why are you still awake?" She grabbed the comforter and avoided his eyes.

"I can't sleep." He sat at the edge of the bed and leaned in.

"Were you waiting for me?" Daisy lowered her head but didn't speak.

He noticed that she wasn't acting naturally, so he cupped her cheek.

"What's going on?"

"Nothing.

Let's go to sleep." Daisy lay down with her back facing him.

She didn't dare let the comforter go, and her face was burning.

She backed away at the last moment.

Nollace noticed how odd she was, so his eyes went to the covers.

He had noticed that she had been covering herself up all this time as if she was hiding something.

He smiled, leaned closer to her with both his hands on her sides, and said with a gentle and loving tone,  
"Daisy."

Daisy was stunned, and in that short moment, he pulled the comforter away.

Her heart almost exploded because she wasn't ready for that.

This was even more embarrassing than being naked in front of him.



Her ears and neck were red, and she couldn't look him in the eyes.

Nollace froze.

What he saw wasn't just any surprise-it was a huge one!

He had never seen Daisy like that!

She had blackstockings with a nightgown on, and it was very alluring He was staring at this innocent, lovable face,

yet she was so sexy.

It took his breath away.

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He almost lost control because his blood was rushing everywhere, but he flipped the comforter back onto her and

sat facing her with his back.

Daisy was surprised.

"Nolly?" Nollace sat at the edge of the bed with his legs crossed and his hand on his forehead.

"Daisy, why are you wearing that?"

She asked, "Are you angry?" He didn't reply.

It had nothing to do with anger.

### **Chapter 1933**

Daisy looked disappointed , but when she remembered what Freyja said, she pressed her lips together and braced herself. "Nolly, can I ask you a question?" He nodded.

He didn't know how to face her under these circumstances.

Daisy looked at him and sounded very serious as she asked, "Do you have a dysfunction?"

The air suddenly froze, and the silence was nerve wracking

Nollace turned to look at her.

"What?"

Daisie looked away while she blushed.

"I'm testing you like this, yet you haven't done anything, so do you have a dysfunct--"

DL

Before she could finish, Nollace had already climbed on top of her and pressed his finger on her lip.

He pretended to be angry.

"So, you think that I have a performance issue?" Daisie looked away.

Nollace raised her chin.

"Daisie, you shouldn't question a man without proof when it comes to this.

You might regret it." "Why?" Her eyes were so clean they were spotless.

Even though she tested him this way, she was still as clean as a sheet of paper.

It made him want to do something to her, but he knew that he shouldn't.

LI

Nollace finally gave up.

However, if he let her off like this, she probably would really think that he had problems.

He planted a kiss on her cheek and held her hand while the other hand grabbed her waist.

"If you insist on knowing, I'll show you." Daisie was in shock.

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The temperature in the room rose, and the shadow of the two of them overlapped on the wall.

Daisie didn't look into his eyes while her ears burned.

The eyes that were on her body were fiery.

Nollace buried his face in her neck and breathed, as if he could melt her any minute.

"Daisie, do you have your answer now?" He nibbled at her.

Her eyes shone while she pressed her lips together and nodded.

Nollace got up, handed her a napkin to clean her palm, and walked into the bathroom.

Daisie pulled the blanket over half her face and listened to the sound of water while her face started burning up.

Questioning him was a mistake!

The next day...

Daisie attended the promotional event for a luxury skincare brand.

After it ended, she sat backstage with a cup of coffee in hand and zoned out.

Freyja called her name a few times, but Daisie didn't react until she stood in front of her.

"Daisie Vanderbilt."

She snapped back and looked up.

"What?" Freyja crossed her arms.

"I should be asking you that.

Why are you zoning out?" Daisie looked down and blushed.

'Why did what happened last night come to mind?' Freyja could sense something, so she sat down next to her.

"I guess my plan worked?" Daisie turned to look at her.

"Kind of."

Freyja looked at her curiously.

"What do you mean kind of?" Daisie felt awkward about it, so she put down her cup of coffee.

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"He...

doesn't have a problem."

Freyja smirked.

"Isn't that great then? At least that proves he's normal." "Mr.

Goldmann, are you here to see Ms.

Vanderbilt?" The voice of a crew member caught their attention.

Colton appeared at the door and surprised Daisie. "Colton?" He nodded before looking into Freyja's eyes.

"Can you come outside?"

Freyja frowned.

'Did he come all the way there to see me?' Daisie whispered, "What's wrong with him? He doesn't look very happy."

"Who knows?" Freyja got up and walked outside.

## **Chapter 1934**

After Colton left the other morning angrily, he never showed up. She didn't know why he came to see her.

They walked to the corridor, and Freyja stopped.

"Can I help you?" Colton took a deep breath, turned to look at her, and finally spoke after a long pause.

"Stop taking birth control after this." Freyja was surprised.

'Did he find out?' What did he mean by that? Was he trying to get her pregnant? Colton was silent for a while, then

added, "I'll take precautions."

Freyja froze and looked around nervously.

"Colton, are you alright? You came all the way here to talk about this?" He wasn't shy about it.

"Are you afraid that someone will hear us?" She smirked.

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"That...that was—." She continued.

"Did you expect me to still contact you and reach out to ask about our relationship? You know that I wouldn't do

that, and even if I did, what would the answer be?

"I didn't want to hear all the sarcastic remarks and terrible things coming from you. I know my place and don't care

about labels because once you're married, our relationship will end." Freyja struggled out of his grasp and left.

Colton froze on the spot because that was the first time he felt so helpless. His phone rang, and it was Leonardo

who told him that Nollace was waiting for him in his office. He hung up and left.

A crew member who was hiding in the alley to smoke was so shocked he overheard a secret conversation that he

forgot to smoke.

Freyja, isn't that Daisy's assistant? 'Coleman Goldman has a secret relationship with the assistant! That is big news!'

At Blackgold...

Nollace sat on the couch and slowly sipped his tea.

Colton showed up not long after that. He walked to Nollace and sat across from him.

"Yes?" Nollace continued drinking tea while he raised his brows.

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