Charming Mommy of adorable triplets Chapter 2285

Chapter 2285

Zephir got up. “When will the big blizzard pass?”

One of the crew members shook his head. “We don’t know that, but ther e are five of them, and there’s a minibus at the scene, so they can still su rvive the night if they can gather in the bus.”

Zephir’s masseter twitched, but he did not utter a single word.

James laughed, glanced at the actress, and mocked her. “Oh, just how f ast can some people smack themselves in the face? I wonder who’s the person who was able to muster that much confidence to complain and badmouth Daisie just now.”

The actress was ashamed and left the lobby in

James crossed his arms and snorted coldly.

‘How dare she pretend to be the Virgin Mary when I’m around?‘

Later that night, the snow got heavier and heavier, and the strong wind whistled and howled.

The lights in the car were turned on, which were maintained by the car b attery of the minibus. Everyone was wearing thick–
padded jackets and tried to get as close to each other as possible

for warmth.

anger.

The two staff members had fallen asleep next to each other, and Shann on, who was sitting beside them, had a thermos mug in his hands and w as going through the script.

Daisie leaned against Nollace’s shoulder while Nollace held the back of her hand. “Are you

scared?”

She shook her head. “I’m
not scared of anything as long as I’m with you.”

Nollace chuckled and then rested his chin on the top of her head. “There ’s really nothing that I can do about you.”

Shannon opened the thermos mug, took a sip of warm tea, and took off his glasses. “I think the blizzard will go on non–
stop until tomorrow morning.”

Nollace looked at him. “As long as the heavy snow doesn’t cause a netw ork failure, they’ll be able to find us based on our GPS.”

He sighed and screwed the lid on. “Let’s hope so.”

Daisie suddenly asked, “Director Fallon, have you ever encountered such a situation throughout your whole career?”

Shannon laughed. “Of course. I’ve encountered worse. It’s just that we h ave ourselves a heavy blizzard this time around.”

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He then wiped his glasses with a cloth and said, “It was 17 years ago w hen I first
became a director, and I was still working as an intern abroad. I followe d a crew to Alpine to shoot a volcano documentary back then.

“Those foreigners really shoot with their lives hanging on the line. In ord er to better capture a more realistic scene, they would risk their lives to approach the volcano in any way possible. However, who knew that the volcano would abruptly erupt at that time? Rocks could be seen flying in the air while magma spurted out of the crater and oozed into the surrou nding jungle, causing a mountain fire. The lava had already gushed to th e foot of the volcano.”

Daisie was stunned. “Then what happened after that?”

Shannon remained silent for a while before continuing. “At that time, the re were 16 people
in our filming crew. We started evacuating when we sensed the approac hing catastrophe. However, because it was my first time experiencing s uch a terrible event, I twisted my foot when we were escaping.

“It was too chaotic, and danger was catching up to us really quickly, so i t was almost impossible for the other people who were running for their lives to take care of me when I tripped and fell. But just when I thought I was really going to die, someone pulled me up, and that person was the chief director of the documentary, Mr. Beckham.”

Nollace rubbed his chin. “I‘ve heard of Mr. Beckhamn. He‘s the most fa mous Orean documentary director. He has made many documentaries and won numerous awards.”

Shannon laughed. “That‘s right, that‘s him. Speaking of which, he‘s my s avior. If it weren‘t for him, I would‘ve died back then.

“I asked him at that time why he would turn back to save me. He claime d that he was the chief director of the project and had to be responsible for the lives and property of all the people on the crew. Everyone that we nt on the journey must all return in one piece, and none of them should be left behind.”

After hearing the story, Daisie suddenly understood why Shannon would choose to stay and order the *crew* to leave first. It was because he took it as his responsibility.

‘He‘s the director of the project, and he has to keep everyone on the set safe.‘

Shannon tightly wrapped himself in his padded jacket and leaned on the seat. “Okay, it‘s getting late already. Let‘s get some rest first.”

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The whole night was silent for some yet noisy for others. The rest of the people were already asleep, and only Nollace was still wide awake.

He lowered his gaze, stared at Daisie, who was lying in his arms, and ge ntly brushed the
hair on her forehead with his fingers. She twitched for a split second in his arms and went back to sleep.

He smiled and then tightened his embrace.

Nollace seemed to have recalled the time when Daisie accompanied hi m to Octavia, disregarding her own safety. Whether it was in the past or now, she had always been like this, which made it very difficult for him n ot to care for her.

That was also why he could not stop worrying about her.

At Bassburgh, in the hospital…

Freyja woke up in the middle of the night and wanted to get out of bed, but Colton pushed her back down. “Don’t move. You have to rest.”

She felt helpless. “But I want to go to the bathroom.”

Colton took a potty out from the bottom of the bed and handed it to her.

She felt extremely embarrassed and pointed at the potty in his hand. “Ar e you asking me to use this?”

you to

When he noticed something, he raised his eyebrows and smirked. “Is it t oo bashful for take off your pants? I can help you with that.”

“You should first leave the room.” Freyja grabbed the potty from him.

He did not even budge.

Freyja became even more anxious. “Go out. I can’t do it with you staring at me.”

Colton crossed his arms. “I’ve seen you give birth to a baby, and you still care about this?”

“You… I’ll hold it in then.”

“Okay, I’ll go out first. Be careful.”

Colton was really afraid that she would get angry, so he exited the ward and closed the door, but he only stood at the door and did not go far.

Freyja couldn't help but place the potty back under the bed, quietly got o ut of bed, and walked toward the bathroom.

When Colton heard some small noises coming from inside the ward, he pushed open the door,

entered the room, saw her coming out of the bathroom, and frowned. "Y ou're really a rebellious one, aren't you?"

She sat back on the bed. "Don't you know that all women can get out of bed and walk a little straight after giving birth?"

Colton turned his face away. "Does it not hurt anymore?"

She blushed and lay down directly, feeling
that she really had no privacy at all.

Colton walked to the chair, sat down, and covered the quilt for her. "But you'll go straight into postpartum confinement after you leave the hospi tal in a few days, right?"

She was slightly confused by Colton's question. "Postpartum confineme nt? Is that even a thing in Yaramoor?"

Colton looked at her.
"We're following the Zlokovian ways of doing things here."

Freyja turned her
head away. "I'm not married to you, so why should I stick to the Zlokovia n customs? I only gave birth to a child. It's no big deal."

Colton became exceptionally silent all of a sudden.

After a moment, he got up. "You should grab some rest first."

He then left the ward immediately.

Freyja watched as he left, and her gaze shifted downward.

'Is he mad?'

The sky became gradually brighter, and the blizzard that had been ragin g all night in Coralia finally stopped in the morning.

The yellow minibus was extremely conspicuous in the snow. Its roof wa s covered in a thick layer of snow, and the windows were covered with a thin layer of frost.

It took a lot of effort to open the door, and the snow fell to the ground o nce they managed to

do so.

Nollace was the first person to step out of the bus. He squinted and loo ked at the scenery in

the distance.

The two crew members also got out of the car.

“The snow has finally stopped.”

“Yeah, man. Huh? My phone still has
a signal. We can call them to send help here.”

Shannon was the last to get out of the bus with Daisie and immediately took a glance at his watch. “Page, contact the others, and while you’re a t it, find a vehicle to move the broken car

d*o*wn the mountain for us.”

The crew member, whose name was Page, nodded. “Okay.”

Daisie wrapped her padded jacket tightly and walked toward Nollace. “ What are you looking

at?»

Nollace turned back. “Why did you get off the bus? Aren‘t you cold?”

She crossed her arms. “You guys don‘t even feel cold, so why must I pre tend to be a spoiled princess?”

He smiled, raised his hand, and rubbed the top of her head. “My wife is i ndeed not a squeamish lady." Page had contacted the crew back at the hotel and reported back to Shannon, "Director Fallon, they're sending so meone here now. We've been asked to wait in place."

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Shannon nodded.

Help finally arrived at the scene at about 8:30 a.m., and all of them got i n the minivan, left the mountains, and returned
to the hotel at the foot of the mountain.

The other crew members finally breathed a sigh of relief.

James walked toward Daisie. "You guys are finally back. I've been worri ed all night."

Daisie placed her hands behind her back, looking like she had always be en in control of the whole situation. "What's there to worry about? It was just a blizzard, wasn't it?"

He grinned. "I think with your husband there, you won't even be afraid of the apocalypse, right?"

They went back to their respective rooms, took a hot shower, changed i nto clean clothes, and went down to the restaurant for breakfast.

Daisie drank a mug of warm almond milk and was revived from all the f atigue as her stomach. warmed up.

James sat across from her with his plate of breakfast and looked aroun d. "Why isn't your husband here for breakfast?"

Daisie picked up her fork and started eating her pasta. "He and Director Fallon are eating together in the room."

"Daisie."

Daisie froze for a split second, turned to look at Zephir, who was approa ching them, and gave off a polite smile. "Zephir."

James stared at Zephir without speaking.

However, Zephir ignored him directly as if
he was not even there. “What a relief to see that you’re safe and sound.”

Just as she was about to say something, James took a sip of almond m ilk. “If I’m not mistaken, whether she’s able to return here safely and sou ndly really has nothing much to do with you.”

Daisie stepped on him.

Zephir’s gaze shifted away, and he smiled. “Then I shall leave you to you r meal.”

He then left directly.

Daisie stared at his back. Ever since they arrived on the set, Zephir had not spoken to her very often. Perhaps it was because of Nollace or what had happened at the dinner party.

James looked at her. “What’s up? Can’t bear to see him leave?”

She frowned. “What are you talking about?”

James grinned. “I thought you can’t bear to see that ‘friend‘ of yours lea ve, but let me warn you before you get yourself into any trouble. Zephir i s very popular in our crew, especially among those single female artists.

“Although you’re already married, they’re still keeping a close eye
on you. Be careful not to get involved in any form of scandal. After all, ot her people’s mouths can sometimes be very heinous.”

Daisie wondered. “How do you know?”

James put his mug down. “Do you know who I am? I can see through an y kind of person with just one glance. Nothing happening in the crew an d cast can escape my observation. When a person gets jealous, things will get out of control very quickly.”

After saying so, he solemnly reminded her, “You have to keep
an eye on your husband too. After all, your husband’s appearance isn’t in ferior to that of Mr. Gosling’s, so don’t allow some ill–
intentioned women to wreck your household.”

Daisie smiled. “Is this the time where I have to praise you? You’re so am azing!”

James rubbed the tip of his nose. “There’s no need for that. I know just how amazing I am.”

Several B- and C–
list female artists sitting not far away looked at Daisie’s interactions wit h James. The actress who had gotten humiliated by James yesterday lo oked disdainful. “She already has a husband, yet she’s still maintaining a close relationship with another man.”

“Tiffany, stop gossiping about her already. You should know very well w hat kind of background Daisie has. It won’t do you any good if she learn s what you just said.”

Tiffany looked at the female artist who reminded her. “Why would you be afraid that she’ll kick us out of
the cast? She’s been telling everyone in the industry that she didn’t get t o where she is today because of her connections. If she really has the g uts to remove us from the cast, she’ll only slap herself in the face.”

The female artist ate with her head down and did not speak again.

The other two artists could not help but gossip, “Have you noticed that Assistant Director Gosling and James seem to always surround her ? I bet their relationships aren’t as normal as they seem.”

Chapter 2288 Tiffany‘s expression dimmed. “Why would it have somethi ng to do with Assistant Director Gosling? I can tell that he‘s not someon e who‘s stupid enough to take fancy to a married woman who likes to fli rt around with other men.”

The two giggled and did not say anything else.

After their meal, Daisie and James left the restaurant. The two stood in f ront of the elevator and waited.

However, when the door opened and the people in the elevator came ou t, James pulled Daisie, who kept staring at her phone.

Who knew that his actions would be captured by someone from afar unt il the two of them walked into the elevator together?

In Zlokovia, at Bassburgh…

Freyja went to the nursery to visit her baby. She glanced at the tiny figur e in the incubator through the window, and her heart was about to melt.

“Freyja.”

She turned around and was slightly startled. “Mrs. Goldmann?”

Maisie smiled at her and walked to the window. “Isn‘t the baby adorable ?”

Freyja nodded. “Yeah, she‘s indeed really adorable.”

Maisie turned to look at her. “Being able to see the baby that one gave bi rth to will be one of the
happiest moments of anyone‘s life as a mother. Right now, I think you sh ould‘ve experienced it too.”

Freyja‘s eyes shifted back to the baby, and she chuckled.

‘I‘ve indeed experienced it.‘

“Freyja, thank you for giving birth to a daughter for Colton.”

Freyja was stunned and stared at Maisie.

Maisie looked at the baby through the window. “I hope you can move for ward with Colton and accompany him for the rest of his life.”

Freyja pursed her lips and stared at the child in the incubator room.

“This baby isn‘t only the bond between us but also the fruit of our love f or each other, so how can I be cold–blooded enough to leave*?‘*

Maisie asked with
great interest, “By the way, have you two named the baby?”

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Freyja shook her head. “No, not yet…”

“Then I’ve figured it out for you.” Maisie supported her chin, gave it a dee p thought, and snapped her fingers. “Let’s call her Hope, which signifies hopefulness.”

On the other side of the city….

The police came to arrest Ronald, claiming that he had attempted to mu rder his wife, and brought him back to the precinct to assist in the invest igation.

Ronald sat in the interrogation room and denied every accusation. “I did cheat on my wife, but why would I murder my own wife? She was onl y injured by accident.”

The police officer lifted his gaze. “Are you sure you didn’t plan to kill Mrs . George?”

Ronald quickly explained, “Of course. I wasn’t there to murder her. I only pushed her accidentally, and she fell. Didn’t I send her to the hospital in t he end?”

The police officer put his pen down and added, “Mr. George, according t o our investigation, you didn’t think about saving Mrs.
George at the time and even tried to get rid of her body
to hide all evidence against you. If it weren’t for someone else who locat ed Mrs. George before anything worse happened to her, I’m afraid she’d be dead already, am I right?”

Ronald’s expression stiffened. “What… How’s that possible? Who told yo u that?”

The police officer crossed his hands
and propped his elbows against the top of the table. “We got it from the testimony of your mistress, Ms. Blueman, who was also at the scene at the

time.”

Ronald’s expression gradually dimmed.

A car was parked in front of the hospital.

Colton looked at his watch, adjusted his suit, and got out of the car.

Arriving at the VIP inpatient department of the gynecology department, he stopped outside the door of the ward. Just as he was about to open t he door, he heard peals of laughter coming from the other side of the do or and recognized that they belonged to his mother and Freyja.

Colton pushed open the door and went in. Maisie was sitting next to the bed, his baby daughter was wearing a swaddle and was lying in Maisie' s arms, while Freyja was grabbing her little hand extremely carefully and did not dare to exert too much force.

“Colton, you’ve come. Do you want to hug Hope?”

“Hope?”

He frowned.

‘Who’s the person who named her?‘

Maisie got up with the child. “Yeah, it’s the name that
I’ve chosen for my little granddaughter, Hope.”

Colton covered his forehead with his palm, giving off a disgusted expres sion as always. “Geez, you’re really good when it comes to naming child ren, huh?”

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“You brat, are you telling me that you dislike it?” Maisie turned the baby i n her arms toward him. “You’d better come up with the name that you w ant for your daughter in front of her right now. If she laughs, we’ll name her using the name that you want. But if she cries, you’ll just have to acc ept the fact that she’ll be called Hope for the rest of her life.”

Colton was dubious. “Can… Can she even understand it?”

Maisie waved her hand. “Whether Hope will understand it or not is the le ast of your worries. Go for it now.”

Colton stared at the little girl, who still looked a little wrinkled in the swaddle, and seemed a little embarrassed.

‘I’m not really competent when it comes to naming my own daughter.‘

He then looked at Freyja.

Freyja froze for a split second. “Don’t stare at me. I can’t think of a better name than Hope.” Colton crossed his arms. “My sister’s name is Daisie, named after the flower daisy. If I call my daughter Hope Goldmann, there will be one too many names in the family that are so commonly used in Zlokovia.”

Maisie sneered. “Who told you she’ll be called Hope Goldmann? I’ve already thought about her full name. It’ll be Hopione Goldmann.”

Colton refuted instantly, “If that’s what you’ve come up with, I prefer Hopenie.”

Maisie was a little confused by Colton’s suggestion.

Freyja rubbed her forehead. “Hopenie sounds even worse than Hopione. I’d rather call her Hopione.”

‘Hopione Goldmann sounds rather innovative and is surely rarely used.‘

Colton rubbed his chin and stared at his daughter for a long time. “What about Charm?” Maisie and Freyja were both shocked. “You’re going to name your daughter Charm?”

“It’s short for Charmaine, Charmaine Goldmann.” Colton then took the tiny baby into his arms. “It means joy and delight. Doesn’t that sound great?”

Freyja was stunned.

‘Joy and delight, huh?‘

Colton poked her tiny cheek gently with his fingers. “Mom, look, isn’t she smiling?”

Maisie pouted. “What a time to give off such a brilliant smile. Okay, it seems that my hope for her to be called Hope has just gone down the drai n for good.”

Freyja suggested, “The baby’s middle name can still be Hope, right?”

Maisie paused, then nodded. “That’s true. Let’s call her Charmaine Hope Goldmann then.”

After Maisie left, the nurse carried the baby back to the nursery too.

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Freyja leaned against the bed and looked at him. “Why are you here? Sh ouldn’t the company be very busy recently?”

Colton sat in
the chair next to the bed. “Can the company’s affairs be more important than my own daughter?”

Freyja did not respond to that question.

Colton glanced at her. “You will be discharged soon, right?”

Freyja narrowed her eyes. “So what if I’ll be discharged soon?”

He leaned back into the chair. “It’s nothing important. We’ll talk about it when you get discharged.”

Her curiosity was piqued. “Why can’t you just tell me now?”

Colton smiled. “I just won’t tell you now.”

Freyja lay back on the bed
and turned her back to him. “I’m going *to* sleep already.”

He
laughed out loud. “You loved to sleep when you were pregnant and had slept so much back then. How are you still so sleepy after giving birth? I f you continue to sleep so much in the future, you’ll put on weight and b ecome fat.”

Freyja sat up immediately. “Colton Goldmann, what you promised me ba ck then is all just you bullsh*ting, right?”

‘He said he’d treat me better once I’ve given birth. What kind of horsecr* p was that? The first thing
he did as soon as he came in was obviously argue with me!‘

Colton smiled without saying a word.

Leonardo brought Gina’s son to her, and she burst into tears and hugged him as soon as she saw he was safe and sound. “Amos, where have yo u been all these days? I’ve been so worried about you.”

Amos replied, “Mommy, I’ve been staying with a man. The man said Dad dy was the one who let me stay
with him. He was very kind to me and bought me a lot of toys.”

Gina stroked his cheeks. “It’s alright now, as long as you’ve come back s afely. I’ll never allow anyone to lay a single finger on you, never again.”

After the long–
awaited reunion, she asked Amos to go back into the house first
and then looked at Leonardo. “Mr. Prichard, Ronald is nothing but a hear tless man. I don’t want to stay with him for another day longer. I wish to file a divorce against him as soon as possible.”

‘Even if I’m not doing this for myself, I have to do it for Amos.‘ Leonardo grinned. “Don’t worry, we’ll assist you with all the procedures.”

Chapter 2290 The next day, Gina provided all the
evidence to the court. Everything she gave showed the court
that her husband cheated on her, made her a victim of domestic violenc e, and even attempted
to kidnap their biological son to force her into filing the divorce without asking for a single penny. She asked the court to get things moving as s oon as possible.

Derrien also provided the court with more important information and evi dence, which pointed to the fact that Ronald intended to kill his wife.

Gina never thought of this and was shocked by it. “H–
He wanted to kill me?”

Derrien nodded. “After you fainted at Ms. Blueman’s place, Mr. George di dn't show any intention of rescuing you. Instead, he planned to kill you and bury your body in order to get rid of all evidence. You would've died that day if someone else hadn't heard the commotion and come to your rescue."

Gina's face paled.

'What kind of man have I been married to all these years? *My* husband actually wanted to kill me for a mistress!?'

She originally did not plan to fight for her half of the marriage. Even if she had to leave the man without getting a single penny, she would still file for a divorce. But when she heard the news, she was bitterly disappointed. Gina took a deep breath and gnashed her teeth. "I originally wanted to get out of this marriage without asking for anything in return. However, since he can treat me so ruthlessly, then I don't think that there's a need for me to sympathize with him."

After filing for her divorce, the court listened to all her requests and arrived at a sentence.

The custody of the son would go to the wife, the house that both parties bought together would also go to the wife, and the husband would need to pay the wife $20,000 in reparations.

*A*fter leaving the court, Gina tweeted several descriptions of more than 1,000 words in total on Twitter, saying that she was glad that she could finally get adivorce. Soon, her tweets were retweeted by many netizens, and she managed to make it into the sixth most popular search list of the week.

#I didn't expect that there'd be a follow–up to what happened back then. Mrs. Gina George is really unlucky to have gotten married to such a top–notch scumbag #

#It's normal for husbands and wives to own common property after marriage. So I won't say sh*t about a scumbag who has no bottom line when it comes to cheating on his wife, but how dare you ask your wife to leave without asking for a single penny? Just because he's

the breadwinner of the household throughout the years?
#He's suspected of attempting to kill his wife. This sh*tsack really has no morality whatsoever. He should just die.# Inside a motel room, the light was extremely dim. There were empty cans of beer lying all over the floor, and the whole room, was filled with the smell of alcohol. Ronald was leaning against the wall with a scruffy beard and mustache, and

his expression looked gloomy.

A notification about the court's decision regarding Gina's request to file a divorce lit up the screen of the cell phone, showing a long list of notifications. Among them were more than a dozen missed calls and text messages
from employees reminding him to cash in their checks. Ronald flung the phone against the wall, and the screen shattered.

He covered his face with his palms and gnashed his teeth. "Jessie Blueman, you b*tch! I love you so much, how dare you betray me!?"

In the shopping mall…

Cameron took Deedee
to the children's clothing store. She personally selected more than 20 sets of winter clothes for Deedee. Among them were a handful of tiny skirts and small coats that had furry ears on their hoods, which looked cute and pretty.

"Deedee, what do you think of this? Doesn't it look particularly cute?"

She was there to pick some clothes for Deedee, but she looked even more excited than Deedee

was.

Deedee jerked at the hem of her clothes. "Aunty Cameron, you've chosen too many clothes. I can't wear them all."

Cameron squatted down to
look at her. "Don't worry. I've chosen clothes that are one size bigger than you now so that you can still wear them when you grow a little taller next year!"

Deedee tilted her head. “Will they be very expensive?”

Cameron grinned. “They’re not expensive at all.”

‘I’m not paying for them with my money anyway.’

Deedee did not
know what Cameron meant by not expensive at all, but as long as they were not expensive, she would accept them.

Cameron asked her to choose some more by herself, and she took a fancy to a complete set of dress, robe, and boots that imitated the attire of Little Red Riding Hood as the lace bow
at the collar caught the attention of the young girl.

She walked over
and was about to touch the dress when another hand touched the same dress as her too.

Deedee was astonished and turned to look at the little girl beside
her, who looked a few years older than her.
The young girl was also stunned for a split second but then quickly said, “I’m the one who saw this dress first.”