

Charming Mommy of adorable triplets Chapter 11

The next day...

Daisie and Waylon's photos for the 'Young Faces' brand became popular on the Internet and flooded Facebook instantly. The two rugrats were even ranked third in the hot search because of their natural looks.

#Endless Happiness#: These photos are truly amazing!

#TurkeylessThanksgiving#: OMG, their looks, they must've gotten God's personal blessing. I'm so jealous~

#U summer U#: I wanna take a look at what their parents look like.

#AngelWithoutWings#: These are obviously children's clothing, but these two kids have given them an indescribable sense of luxury. Is it because of their looks?

The comment section below all the posts was on fire. Almost all of them were talking about the two rugrats' looks.

Nolan was sitting in the Blackgold administrative office when he happened to run into the trending search result.

Not only did the two children in the photos not show any stage fright, but they also coordinated with each other perfectly, as if they were born for the stage.

Nolan could not understand the reason he could not help but notice them.

Quincy knocked on the door and walked into the office at this time. "Sir, the sales of the brand 'Young Faces' have risen rapidly all of a sudden. It seems that choosing these two children as our models was the right thing to do."

Nolan nodded but did not look away from the screen.

Quincy thought of something and then added, "One more thing, Royal Crown Entertainment Co. called today. They seem to plan to hire the two kids."

Royal Crown Entertainment Co. was the largest entertainment agency in Bassburgh, and it was also the only company that ventured into showbiz under the Blackgold Group.

Many of the big names in the entertainment industry originated from the Royal Crown. All the artists who they could choose had exceptional potential, and their future stardom was boundless.

Nolan's eyes drooped slightly. "Ask for their parents' consent first. After all, they're still too young. We're not in the position to make the decision for them."

Quincy was stunned for a split moment. "But their documentation doesn't include their parents' contact information."

This was when Nolan looked up. "The parents' contact information wasn't included?"

"They've filled in a phone number. I'm not sure if it's the genuine one." Quincy looked through the documents in his hand and quickly found the anonymous number left by the two children.

At Seaview Villa...

Maisie put on her shoes and reminded the three rugrats before going out, "Sweethearts, Mommy is heading to work now. You guys stay at home obediently and call your Godmother if something pops up."

The three rugrats waved their little hands. "Goodbye, Mommy!"

Maisie smiled and blew them a kiss and then went out.

The phone on the side rang as soon as Maisie left the house.

The three rugrats walked to the phone and stared at the unknown caller's identity. Only one possibility came to mind because that was the number that they had written on their documentation for the Blackgold Group.

Daisie pressed the accept button, tiptoed, and answered with a childish voice, "Hello, this is the house of Her Royal Highness! Who are you?"

"I am..." Nolan paused for a second and softened his tone. "I'm the mister that carried you the other day."

"Mr. Handsum, it's you!"

"Are your parents at home?"

"Mommy has gone to work. What's wrong, Mr. Handsum?" Daisie asked casually while supporting her head with both her hands.

A curve spread across Nolan's lips. "Where are you? I'll come over and pick you up."

Quincy could not believe his eyes when he saw Nolan smiling, let alone when Nolan threw his status and nobility out the window by offering to pick up the kids.

Nolan ended the call, picked up his car key, and got up after Daisy disclosed her address.

“Sir, how about I fetch them on your behalf?”

‘How can I allow Mr. Goldman to go in person?’

Nolan threw the key to him. “You’ll drive.”

Quincy was rendered speechless.

Quincy drove to Seaview Villa #9, stopped the car outside of the villa, and saw the children walk out happily.

Quincy felt a sense of wryness deep down.

‘From my point of view, doesn’t this look like Mr. Goldman is about to kidnap someone else’s children at first glance?’

Daisy got into the car with Colton. She then scooped over and sat beside Nolan. She had two braided ponytails and wore a sunflower tutu, which made her look very adorable.

Colton wore a brother-and-sister outfit that resembled Daisy’s in a lot of ways. He planned to impersonate Waylon and accompany his sister out to meet this man.

“Mister, where are you taking us?” Colton asked curiously.

Nolan paused for a bit and glanced at Colton. He had a slight hunch that the boy felt a little different from yesterday.

“Have you had lunch?”

“We haven’t. Do you plan to buy us lunch?” Colton blinked.

Nolan saw a mole in the corner of Colton’s eye that he might not have noticed yesterday. He reached out and rubbed Colton’s head. “You were rather hostile towards me the other day.”

Colton scratched his cheeks, stuck his tongue out, and smiled. “That was because I thought you’re a bad guy.”

“My brother can be exceptionally fierce when he thinks of you as a bad guy,” Daisy explained on Colton’s behalf.

The corners of Nolan's lips were slightly raised as he said to Quincy, "Go to the Grand Courtyard Hotel."

At the Grand Courtyard Hotel's executive restaurant...

The entire restaurant was only serving them because Nolan had reserved the whole restaurant for themselves.

Nolan looked at the two rugrats and smiled faintly. "Feel free to order whatever you want to eat."

The two kids picked up the menu and glanced at it. All the dishes in this menu were outrageously expensive, but Daisie pointed to the most expensive one. "Waylon, I want to eat this."

"Uh... Then we'll order that."

"And this!"

"We'll take that too."

"This, and this!"

Colton was a little disgusted. "Are you a pig?"

Daisie turned her head away with a snort.

'Waylon would definitely let me do whatever I want.'

Nolan took a sip from the water glass. These kids were gradually growing on him for no reason the more he looked at them.

The restaurant manager stood next to the children while they were ordering food. He then said embarrassedly when he saw that the children had ordered Australian lobsters, "I'm so sorry, sweethearts, but we've run out of Australian lobsters today. We're not the only hotel that has run out of stock, so are the other restaurants in the vicinity."

"Aww." Daisie looked a little disappointed.

She loved to eat lobster the most, just like her mother.

Nolan looked up. "How long would it take to send a lobster here from a coastal city by air?"

Quincy was stupefied.

'Did I just mishear that? Mr. Goldman is planning to spend money on airmail just to make it possible for the kids to have a taste of Australian lobster!?'

'Although the resemblance is truly incredible, is he taking them in as his biological children?'

The restaurant manager smiled. "Mr. Goldman, it'll take two hours to send the lobsters here from a coastal city by air."

"Then arrange for it to be sent here by air."

"Okay." The restaurant manager nodded and left with the menu and order.

Daisie and Colton looked at Nolan in unison. "Mister, you're so rich."

Quincy was rendered speechless. 'Isn't it obvious? He's burning his money like it's nothing.'

Nolan smiled faintly. "Have you ever thought of making a debut in showbiz?"

"Mister, is there an entertainment agency that wants to take us in?" Daisie asked while tilting her head.

"Yeah, of course. But I won't force you to do so if you don't want to."

'After all, they're still very young. It's only natural for us to not force them into it if their parents disagree with the idea.'

He was indeed a little curious when he mentioned their parents.

"I'm up for it!" Daisie replied.

'We'll be able to make some money for Mommy, so why not?'

Nolan was startled but returned to his original expression very soon. "Will your parents be willing to let you do so too?"

"We don't have a father. All we have is Her Royal Highness. It's really difficult for Her Royal Highness to make money to raise us. So, we'll make her life easier if we can share her burden by making some money."

'They don't have a father?'

Nolan's eyes dimmed.

"What's your mommy's profession?" Nolan asked again.

Colton supported his chin with his hands and smiled. "Our mommy is amazing. She's a designer!"