

Chapter 247 What About Your Mother

The days were at last less eventful.

Denise was doing well on set. Even the director had nothing but praise for her talents.

Soon, the triplets' birthday had arrived. The director gave Denise a special day of leave for her stellar performance at work.

On the other hand, Liam had hired the most prestigious event planner in the country to execute the triplets' party at a hotel in the city center. As the Hamiltons and the Watsons were sparse in number and did not wish to invite their business partners, they agreed to book half of the hotel and forgo the initial plan to book the whole venue.

Anthony and Benjamin were already dressed smartly in tiny suits early that day. They looked cool yet adorable.

Anthony essentially looked like a little Kenneth once he donned his outfit, whereas Benjamin looked like Natasha instead. Clad in their respective outfits, the twins exuded a sort of indescribable elegance.

When Natasha emerged from the room and saw them dressed as such, her lips curled upward.

“What is it, Nat?” Anthony asked at once. “Is there something wrong?”

“Not at all. You look very handsome!” Natasha gushed.

“Are you calling Anthony or Daddy handsome, Nat?” Benjamin asked, given the resemblance between his brother and father.

“I'm praising my son,” Natasha assured.

“Then you should praise me instead as I look the most like you!” Benjamin protested.

“I'm referring to you. You're the most handsome one!”

Benjamin smiled with satisfaction at that. He then raised his eyebrows at Anthony, who shook his head helplessly. He even wants to compete over things like this.

“When is Denise coming back, Nat?” Anthony asked as he turned around to face Natasha.

“She should be heading straight to the hotel today,” Natasha replied as she ate her breakfast.

Anthony and Benjamin walked over and sat across from Natasha to begin having their breakfast.

“We haven't seen her in so long,” Benjamin said wistfully. “I wonder how she's doing?”

“Don't we video call her every day?” his brother said.

“How's that the same?” Benjamin argued. “I can see her, but I can't touch her.”

Anthony grinned. “Sissy.”

“You sound as if you don't miss her. Try abstaining from checking her Instagram for an entire day if you can!”

Anthony was rendered speechless.

I'll just pretend he didn't say anything.

Natasha chuckled at their banter. “All right, hurry up and finish your meal. We'll be going straight there after breakfast.”

Benjamin studied Natasha at that moment and noticed that she was still in her pajamas with her hair carelessly clipped up.

Though she was already beautiful enough bare-faced, he had received his orders.

“Denise sent me a message this morning, Nat,” Benjamin announced as he looked at her. “She told me to keep an eye on you and have you put on some makeup.”

Natasha sighed resignedly. “She's still poking her nose everywhere despite not being here.”

“She also said to have you wear the leftmost dress in the closet.”

She's being awfully specific.

Natasha's wardrobe was maintained by the triplets, with Denise in charge of procuring her outfits. That was how she was privy to what Natasha had in her closet.

Most impressive of all, Denise knew which clothes Natasha wore often and which ones she did not. As a result, the little girl was very familiar with the placement of each outfit.

“All right,” Natasha answered.

Natasha returned to her room after breakfast to tidy up and put on her makeup. Then, she extracted the specified dress from her closet and put it on.

It was a strapped gown with a plunging neckline. Decorated with sequins that sparkled from her shapely collarbones to her tiny waist, her glorious figure was accentuated to its full splendor. While the back hem of the gown reached the ground, the front had a high slit to show off her lithe legs.

The boys were already waiting in the living room when Natasha appeared from her room.

“Let's go,” she said.

The boys looked up. Their eyes widened in shock when they saw Natasha.

Though they knew she was beautiful, they were used to the sight of Natasha without makeup and assumed that to be the full extent of her beauty. However, a mere touch of makeup was enough to take their breaths away.

Natasha frowned at their staring. “Do I look bad?”

Benjamin hurried over to her as he shook his head. “No, Nat. You look amazing! You look like a seductress with makeup on. Coupled with this dress, your beauty is beyond this world.”

“Seductress?” Natasha frowned.

“I meant that as a compliment! What I mean is that you are very beautiful. If you go out like that, you'll be sure to reel in some handsome fellows.”

Natasha was dumbstruck at his roundabout compliment.

“Enough nonsense out of you,” Anthony snapped.

Benjamin chuckled. “I was drawing an example!”

Natasha's phone rang at that moment. She picked up at once after seeing it was Kenneth calling.

“Are you all packed?”

“Yes. We're ready to go!”

“Come downstairs. I'm waiting for you already.”

Natasha froze momentarily at his sudden arrival as she did not recall him mentioning that he was coming. Since he was already here, though, Natasha was not going to be dramatic about it.

“Right.”

After hanging up, she turned her attention to the two children. “Let's go. Kenneth is waiting downstairs.”

Benjamin's eyebrows twitched mischievously. “Daddy's such a hardcore romantic,” he teased. “How thoughtful of him to come. Don't you think so, Nat? Aren't you touched?”

“So,” Natasha retorted, “you think your mother's someone who's so easily touched, do you?”

“Er...”

“I hope you show more sincerity than this when you woo girls in the future,” Natasha chastised. “Don't keep score of your gestures.”

“I...”

“Nat is right,” Anthony chimed in, earning him a reproachful glare from his brother.

Natasha chuckled and went to the door to put on a matching pair of heels before heading downstairs.

Kenneth was leaning against a limousine outside, on the phone with someone, while Fabian waited on him.

Before Kenneth could say a word after ending his call, he heard the voices of the two children and looked up to see Natasha emerging with the boys from the stairs.

Though the gaze was fleeting, it instantly enraptured him.

The bold dress revealed her figure flawlessly. Her skin, already fair, appeared to be shining under the sun. Her wavy, long hair hung carelessly to the side to expose an elegant, swan-like neck. Her red lips were the cherry on top of a flawless work of art.

Though Kenneth had been stunned by Natasha's beauty often of late, each time cast her in a new light.

How is it possible for this woman to look that perfect?

Fabian, who stood beside him, was also flabbergasted. Natasha being made-up was always a feast for his eyes, akin to watching celebrities walking the red carpet.

He could not help but lament to himself again. Mr. Hamilton's taste is really something.

Kenneth's eyes narrowed. Keeping his gaze on her, he strode forward until he stood before her.

Even though Natasha was in heels, he still stood a head taller.

Kenneth offered her his hand in a gentlemanly fashion. Natasha looked at him for a moment before graciously accepting his gesture by putting her hand in his palm.