

Chapter 2 - Mysterious Letter.

Six Years Later...

"KIDS!!, BREAKFAST IS READY!!!"

"OK, MUM!!!"

I plate up mine and the kid's breakfasts and place them on the table along with four cups of orange juice and a cup of coffee for myself.

I was grabbing a few condiments for the table when my three babies came barrelling into the room with my youngest son Dayton looking like he was going to a Marvel or DC convention.

"Dayton baby, I thought I told you all to get ready for school?"

"You did and I did"

He said cheekily and I rolled my eyes.

"Son, you can't wear your Batman mask and cape to school"

"Why not? I look cool"

He says and I chuckle.

"Yes I know you do, son but you can't just wear it"

"Why not?"

"Because it's the rules, Dayton, we have to wear our school uniforms and nothing else"

My one and only baby girl says before taking a sip of her drink.

"But Elijah gets to wear his Spiderman costume every day, mum"

"That's because Elijah is autistic, baby and the school are trying to make his school life a little bit easier and make it as comfortable as possible for him"

I tell him for the umpteenth time and he drops his head in defeat.

"Ok, ne...can I wear it after school?"

He asks and I smile.

"Of course, you can"

I bend down and give him a kiss.

"Now come and eat your breakfast before it gets all cold and soggy"

"Ok, mum"

Dayton and I take our seats and my eldest baby, my rstborn Logan couldn't resist making a comment about his brother's attire.

"You look like a nerd, Dayton"

"Says the one who is reading a chemistry book at the breakfast table"

"It's biology actually and it doesn't hurt to want to warm your brain up before school"

"That makes no sense at all"

Dayton says while rolling his eyes.

"Actually it does, Dayton, it's just like when you go to the gym, you warm up rst, right? Logan reading a book before school is like a warm-up for him to go and learn"

Why did that make so much sense?.

I mean, don't get me wrong, my babies are smart, actually, they're super smart, so it shouldn't be surprising or shocking to me that they'd say something clever but it is every single time.

"Ok guys, knock it off and eat, please"

We all eat our food and I couldn't keep my eyes off my three bundles of joy as we ate.

It was one of the biggest shocks of my life when I found out I was expecting triplets and I damn near fainted in the doctor's ooe, especially when my mind started going into overdrive about things like giving birth but thankfully the pregnancy and the birth went better than I expected because I had my best friend Carmella there with me and she's been there for me ever since.

My kids are my entire life and have been ever since I left New York six years ago.

I've got two handsome boys and a beautiful little girl who have all just turned ve years old and they're the lights of my life.

My eldest son is Logan David Junior, yes I named him after his biological father and his paternal grandfather David Black which is something that I never planned on doing at rst but as soon as I gave birth to him and I held him for the very rst time, I knew that I couldn't give him any other name.

Logan is my quiet child and he's very introverted compared to his siblings, he also loves to learn new things and is always either studying, reading a book, watching educational programmes or looking up something educational on the internet.

He's not as sociable as his brother and sister but he still likes to have fun and hang out with other kids his age just as long as he knows and trusts them.

My baby is also obsessed with science and computers and is constantly learning the ins and outs of them both, hence why he's currently reading a biology book while he's eating his eggs.

All three of my kids are very skilled musically and Logan is one hell of a pianist.

He's won so many awards for it and he even performed at the Royal Albert Hall for the Royal Variety performance in front of the royal family last year which made me one hell of a proud momma wolf.

Then there's my youngest son Dayton James who is named after my father.

Dayton is my little troublemaker, he's my cheeky child who has got one hell of a smartass mouth and he loves to joke around and play pranks on people which I f****g hate and I'm trying to knock it out of him but it's hard, especially when he religiously watches Home Alone because he says the main character Kevin is his idol.

I really should've given Dayton the middle name Liam after my big brother because he's just like his uncle in every way possible, even his laugh is the same as Liam's.

Despite being a Johnny Knoxville in training, Dayton is a mathematician which is something he must've gotten from his dad because I'm dumb as f**k when it comes to numbers, he also loves the drums which ts perfectly with his personality and lately, he's been taking air guitar lessons with a tutor.

Then there's my little princess, my daughter Teddy Louise who I named after my mom.

Teddy is a little girly girl who is obsessed with Disney, she loves to get dressed up and look pretty but she's also not afraid to get her hands dirty.

She loves it when it rains because she gets to stomp around in puddles but her favourite weather is when it snows because she loves to build snowmen and make snow angels.

Teddy also loves to bake and can make pretty much anything but her favourite thing to bake is cupcakes because she loves to decorate them with different icing and sprinkles.

She's obsessed with many forms of art and loves to learn about the history of different famous artists, especially the likes of Picasso and Van Gogh, they really intrigue her for some reason.

Teddy also loves to play the ute and can play many different beautiful melodies on it but she's not as into it as her older brothers are with their instruments.

All three of my kids are incredibly smart and they attend a special school for the gifted after they were referred there by their previous school when they all started showing signs of being child prodigies.

I always knew my kids were special and were more intelligent than most other kids their ages but I never in my wildest dreams would have ever thought that one let alone all three of my babies would be child prodigies because I always believed they were rare like one in a million type of rare, yet I managed to birth three, that's crazy.

"Mum"

Dayton's cute, adorable voice broke me from my thoughts.

"Yes, baby"

"Can I have some more juice, please?"

"Of course you can, do you two want some more as well?"

I ask Logan and Teddy who nod their hands.

I grab the jug of juice and ll up their glasses before sitting back down in my chair.

"Thanks, mum"

My babies said in unison while smiling and I smiled back at them.

"You're welcome, babies"

I said as I heard a noise coming from the front door which I knew was the mail.

I once again get up from my chair and go to see what junk I've been sent today.

I wasn't expecting anything important because all of my bills have been paid for and are up to date, so I wasn't expecting anything more than just junk mail and takeaway leaets which they seriously need to stop giving us, the internet is a thing, folks.

I let out a breath as I look through the pile but my eyes narrowed and I was confused/scared when one of the letters caught my attention for several reasons.

The rst reason is because of the American stamps and the address which are in the corners of the envelope.

The latter is something the majority of the UK don't do, so that struck me as odd and the second reason is the very familiar handwriting on it which I immediately recognised as my grandfather Joseph's handwriting.

My heart was beating a mile a minute and my anxiety had spiked as I continued to look at the envelope and they got worse as my ngers danced over the Christmas stamp which had been used to seal the letter.

I didn't know what was in the letter but it was enough to make me feel panicked and nervous because nobody from my previous life except for Carmella knows where I live now, so how in the hell has my grandpa found out where I am? and why is he writing to me? what does he want?.

"Mum, we need to go, we're going to be late"

Teddy says and I look up to see all three of my kids standing in the hallway putting on their coats, hats, scarves and gloves.

It's December and the weather is cold which is something I'm used to as a native of New York but in the UK, the mornings always seem really bitter, so I make sure we're all wrapped up warm whenever we leave the house.

I place the pile of letters on the side cabinet and go to put on my coat and accessories before grabbing my bag and making sure I've got everything I need including my phone, purse, house keys and car keys.

"Are you ready to go, babies?"

"Yep"

"Mmm-hmm"

"Yes, mum"

The kids all say at the same time.

"Have you got your book bags and packed lunches?"

I ask them and they all nod their heads.

"Ok, let's go"

We leave our home and head towards the car.

I make sure all of the kids are safely strapped in before getting in myself, we then set off for their school as we sing along to the Christmas songs which were playing on the radio.

Christmas has always been my favourite time of the year and it's also my kids favourite as well.

This time of year is also always really bittersweet for me because Christmas with my family used to be amazing and we'd always have so much fun.

It was the one time of the year when we'd all gather together and stay at my parent's mansion for the entire holiday and we'd celebrate it in style.

I really wish I could go back to those times.

There's nothing I'd love more than for my babies to have a REAL family Christmas with our family maybe even with their father and his family but I highly doubt this will happen anytime soon.