

## Charming Mommy of adorable triplets Chapter 6

'Apologize? He wants me to go back and apologize to Willow?'

Maisie scoffed and glared directly at him. "Over my dead body."

Out of Nolan's expectation, not only was this woman presumptuous and atrocious, but she was also very stubborn. His facial features stiffened. "If you don't apologize, Zora's name will disappear from the fashion and jewelry field tomorrow."

He did not want to make it difficult for her at first, but Willow was considered his life savior. He would have been set up six years ago on that night if it weren't for her.

Although he did not have any feelings for Willow, he had still been keeping her by his side these few years and had been satisfying her materialistic needs unconditionally.

Vaenna Jewelry had really been in a downturn these years, and that was why he would pay \$150,000,000 to hire Zora on her behalf.

He knew that Willow was at fault for slapping her at first, so he was going to get Willow to apologize to her.

He did not care how they would resolve this issue in private, but he could not allow any other woman to make a move at Willow in front of him.

Maisie's hand, which was being grasped, hurt as if it had been dislocated. Her eyes drooped, however, she would never shed a single drop of tear in front of her enemy despite her grievances! "I didn't do anything wrong. I won't apologize!"

Seeing that her attitude was still so rigid, Nolan snorted. "With the Goldmanns' influence in the business circles, not only will your reputation go up in flame in Zlokova, but the people of Stoslo will also no longer hear of the name of Zora. Are you sure that you still want to do so?"

'The Goldmanns...'

Maisie gnashed her teeth.

'I've been wondering just how this man would have the ability to threaten me. It turns out that he's from the Goldmanns!'

Maisie was not afraid of being banned or isolated in the field, but her children still needed to study in Bassburgh, and she had to regain her mother's "Vaenna Jewelry".

'I should bear with such a petty setback for the sake of the bigger scheme. There's no need for me to haggle over such a teeny-tiny humiliation with this man.'

“Let me go first.”

Nolan released his grasp and glanced at her. “You’d better think this through.”

“Isn’t it just an apology?” Maisie raised her brows, turned around, and walked out of the stairway.

She approached Willow when she returned to the office, and her bright red lips opened and closed in a split second. “I’m sorry.”

Willow did not expect Maisie would apologize, but she knew that Nolan must have acted for her.

She felt extremely complacent deep down but smiled politely on the surface. “It’s okay, as for the contract...”

Maisie took a glance at the man standing outside the door and signed the contract with a pen. However, no one saw the slight curvature on her mouth.

‘I’ve been forced to return to Vaenna Jewelry “without putting up any fight”, even though I’ve insisted that I don’t want to do so.

‘I’ll teach them a good lesson about what it means by “nurturing a snake in their bosom” from now onward.’

She then put down the pen and left immediately without creating any more stir after signing the contract.

Nolan strode up to the desk, picked up the contract, and took a glimpse at it while Willow walked to his side. “Nolan, thank you so much.”

“Don’t come into contact with her alone.” Nolan’s tone was faint. He then left with his personal assistant after putting down the contract.

Willow picked up the contract with a triumphant gaze after Nolan had left. “Maisie Vanderbilt, you’ll still die by my hands in the end.”

A Maybach was parked directly in front of the entrance, and Nolan’s personal assistant, Quincy Lawson, opened the car door for him.

Nolan asked immediately after getting into the car. “Did you gather all the information that I asked for?”

Quincy nodded, turned around, and handed a tablet to him. “Sir, it’s all saved in here.”

Nolan tapped on the screen to go through the information, but his attention was captured by the “Maisie Vanderbilt” that occupied the full name column. And the address found on her ID was exactly the Vanderbilts’ current address.

His eyes dimmed slightly.

At the Blackgold Group...

Daisie and Waylon stood outside the entrance and looked up at this iconic building, which looked extremely worthy of being the largest company in Bassburgh.

The two rugrats walked into the lobby while smart-looking men and women in suits hurried by. Some were holding documents while others were receiving foreign clients in different languages.

The two small figures attracted the attention of many people amidst this hectic scene.

The lady at the front desk noticed the two cute kids, so she stepped forward politely and asked with a gentle attitude, “Hi there, cutie pies. Who are you looking for?”

Daisie took her personal information out of her little yellow duck backpack and replied with her childish voice, “Miss, we’ve been selected as the endorsers of the brand ‘Young Faces’. The man at the entrance told us to come here for an audition.”

The receptionist almost fainted when she heard such an adorable voice. “Then didn’t your parents bring you here?”

Waylon responded immediately. “We don’t want to bother Mommy. We can do it ourselves.”

“Wow, you two are such sensible kids. Okay then, I’ll take you there now.”

“Thank you, Miss Beautipul!” The two rugrats bowed and thanked the receptionist.

The receptionist held their little hands and walked them toward the studio. ‘Young Faces’ was a luxurious children’s clothing brand under the Blackgold Group. It was indeed planning to recruit two young models, who were very photogenic and not afraid of being in the spotlight, to be their spokespersons.

The receptionist brought them outside of the studio. In addition to clothes hangers, there were also several cameras and background boards in the studio. Many children entered and exited the studio for the audition while they were waiting for their turn.

A stern-looking middle-aged woman, who was dressed very decently, seemed to be exceptionally dissatisfied with the results of all the photos and was losing her calm for a

bit. “How am I going to shoot this? They have to be photogenic, photogenic! Do you understand me?”

“Sis’ Nova, these two children—”

“Argh, don’t bother me...” Nova Daniell was about to say something when she suddenly saw the two children standing next to the receptionist.

She was taken aback, her expression one of extreme shock. Her gaze was fixed on both of them.

‘How can these two kids resemble Mr. Goldmann so much!?’