

## Charming Mommy of adorable triplets Chapter 3

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As Maisie turned around, she met the man's sharp gaze. She was dumbfounded by the sight of this man's face.

The man had pale white skin, exquisitely profound facial features, distinct amber eyes that seemed to hide a pool of unfathomable coldness, and tight, thin lips that could cut like a knife.

His face was so similar to both Colton and Waylon. Even his eyes were the exact same color!

Maisie had only found out she was having triplets when she went into labor in Stoslo. Neither her firstborn nor the second had inherited any of her features. However, her youngest had some resemblance to her, but with ink-black hair—just like that of the man standing in front of her now.

Maisie's eyes filled with curiosity as she gazed at the man before her.

'Who is this man? What is his relationship with Willow?'

Nolan Goldmann focused his gaze on Maisie's face. He scrunched up his brows. 'This woman...'

Catching Nolan as he studied Maisie's face, Willow silently gnashed her teeth. 'Sh\*t, there's no way Nolan would recognize her, right?'

No way was she going to let that happen!

She put her hands around Nolan's arm, and with a pitiful gaze, she said, "Nolan, I'm sorry I shouldn't have acted so impulsively. But my father poured his heart into Vaenna Jewelry. I only did it because I felt protective of the company."

Nolan's eyes turned cold as ice. Ignoring Willow's explanation, he marched forward. "Vaenna Jewelry will go bankrupt, was it? What gives you the right to say that?"

Maisie scoffed. Her father had poured his heart into it? Please, all her father had done was bask in the shade of a tree planted by someone else. Willow really knew how to paint her own narrative.

Maisie lifted her head and looked right into Nolan Goldmann's eyes. "So what if I said it?"

Hearing those words, everyone in the room inhaled sharply.

How dare this woman talk back to Mr. Goldmann!?

Did she have a death wish?

Seeing Nolan's face turn gloom, Maisie crossed her arm and smiled. "How does that concern you? Are you sticking up for her just because you're her man?"

Pfft. What a perfect douchebag couple!

A man who would fall for the likes of Willow could hardly be a decent fellow.

"Do you know what you're talking about?" Nolan imparted coldly.

Maisie lifted a brow and retorted sarcastically, "Of course, I do. This company had me poached but is now deliberately making things difficult for me. The service of this place is just fantastic."

Willow staggered. "What... What are you saying? When did Vaenna ever approach you?"

Was this b\*tch crazy?

"Miss Vanderbilt, I'm afraid your memory seems to be a bit foggy. Didn't you willingly offer \$150,000,000, just last month, to have me poached from Luxella? If Vaenna Jewelry has no intention of respecting me, then we can forget about our collaboration."

Everyone was stupefied!

Maisie turned out to be the internationally-renowned jewelry designer, Zora!

Willow looked shell-shocked. "Impossible. How could you be Zora!?"

Right at that moment, Nolan's cold gaze swept past her. Willow was forced to hold back her words before she could finish speaking. Her face flushed with embarrassment.

Maisie directed her gaze toward Nolan. "I'm assuming you, sir, are the man who paid the \$150,000,000 behind her back?"

Forking out that kind of money was not something her father, Stephen, could afford, and certainly, neither could Willow, which left this guy.

The truth was, Willow had indeed stowed away quite a large sum of money over these past few years.

Nolan looked at the woman before him. She gave him a strange sense of familiarity, but he just could not quite put his finger on it. It was as if they had met somewhere before...

Willow was afraid that Nolan would come to recognize Maisie. Hurriedly, she rushed to his side. “Nolan, she must be lying. There’s no way she could be Zora!”

How was it possible that Maisie and Zora—a world-renowned designer—were one and the same? She had lived with Maisie for such a long time. How could she not know that her stepsister had a knack for designing jewelry?

Even the media of the fashion industry had never seen this mysterious designer in real life. Anyone could easily pretend they were the infamous Zora, right?

“You claim that you are Zora. Well, then show us the proof. As far as I know, the infamous Miss Zora had received a commemorative badge from the royal family of Stoslo. That’s not something any plain jane can have!”

As Willow finished her sentence, smugness flashed across her eyes.

‘That’s right, she can bluff all she wants.’

If Maisie could not take out the badge, then it would prove that she was just an impersonator who, in addition, had offended Nolan Goldmann. She may as well forgo the thought of stepping foot in this country again!