

My Three Darlings by Anonymous

Chapter 12

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After dinner, Eliza returned to her room. She took off her clothes and began to check the bruises on her body. Suddenly, she heard someone knocking on the door.

She quickly put on her clothes and opened the door. It was Braint.

The little child came in and handed her a piece of paper. "Sign it."

At the same time, Demarion went into the study and forced Beau to stop working.

"A marriage agreement?" Eliza frowned. "The first condition, you must fall in love with Beau Valentine in a month. What?"

"I can't fall in love with him."

"I won't fall in love with her."

In the study, Beau pushed the contract away and said, "The most I can do is not hating her."

Demarion placed both his hands on his chin and stared at Beau with puppy eyes, "Daddy, think about it. You'll eventually fall in love with her if you don't hate her, you know?"

"Daddy, you've been single for so many years. It's time for you to be in a relationship!"

Beau gave him a cold look. "I've been in a relationship before. That's how you and Braint are born."

Demarion rolled his eyes and said, "But you don't like my real mommy at all!"

Beau frowned.

The incident that happened five years ago appeared before his eyes. Everything was dark. 1

He remembered her soft voice and the soft touch of her body. He broke his reverie and said, "How do you know that I don't like your real mom?" "How do you know that I will definitely fall in love with your daddy?" Eliza asked.

In the bedroom, Eliza glanced at Braint helplessly.

"Daddy is as handsome as us," Braint said.

"But I can't just fall in love with someone based on their looks."

"He is not bad in other aspects as well. You'll know what I mean when you start dating him."

Eliza didn't know what to say. She pursed her lips and continued scanning through the contract

"Why do you want me to give birth to Mr. Valentine's children within half a year?"

"That's because you don't have a child of your own."

In the study, Demarion beamed and continued speaking, "Daddy, you already have Braint and me."

"But mommy has nobody. That's why you have to give her a child of her own. That's how she can feel safe in this household."

Beau snorted. "Have you guys even considered how I'd feel about this?"

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Scanned with CamScanner

18:20 Demarion hesitated.

Then, he jumped off the desk angrily and put his hands on his hips. "I don't care! I want a baby sister!"

"You will give me a sister within half a year no matter what!"

"Otherwise, I'll keep spreading nasty rumors about you! I'll even tell them that you are impotent!" 2 Beau was speechless.

Ten minutes later, Beau returned to the master bedroom after being pestered by his two children.

At first, he couldn't care less about his children's request at all. However, Braint was talented in the field of programming. He created a virus and invaded his father's computer, causing it to crash and unusable. 2

Sometimes, Beau would feel annoyed when Braint used his talents to play pranks on him.

In the bathroom, Eliza was taking a shower.

Beau had never thought that she would accept his sons as her own that easily. Now, Eliza was enjoying herself in the bathtub. She felt really grateful for Braint's gesture of filling the bathtub with rose petals.

It felt wonderful to have sons who pampered her!

After Eliza finished her warm bath, she came out of the bathroom in a bathrobe.

She noticed Beau reading a book on her bed.

The lights at her bedside illuminated his figure from the side, which emphasized his impeccable figure and attractive appearance.

"What in the world?" Eliza thought.

She almost cried out in shock, "You... Why are you here?" Beau looked up and glanced at her. "Why can't I be here?" Eliza pursed her lips. He was right, they were officially husband and wife.

It was normal for them to sleep in the same room.

Besides, Braint did force her to sign a contract, stating that she would be pregnant within half a year.

Was Beau the one behind this request?

After all, Braint was only a five-year-old child. Why would he even think of such a thing? Thinking of this, Eliza trembled with fear.

"Your wounds are not recovered yet?"

Beau frowned slightly as he looked at the red and blue bruises on her body.

They looked a lot more serious than the photos Braint showed him yesterday.

"These are new injuries."

Eliza came back to her senses. She took out the ointment from the desk at her bedside. Then, she sat down on the carpet and began applying it to her wounds. "I'm a stunt-woman at Parson Media. These are just minor injuries from work." Beau put down the book. "A stunt-woman?" "Do you know how to fight?"

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18:20 –

“No, I don’t.”

Eliza looked up and smiled, “I can endure being beaten up.”

Beau squinted at her pearl-white legs.

“Is she sure about that?” Beau thought.

He still remembered the feeling of her smooth legs on his palms that night.

Eliza felt embarrassed because he kept staring at her. Subconsciously, she slowed down her motion of applying the ointment.

When she was done with it, Beau had already fallen asleep.

Under the warm night lights, he looked really peaceful and gentle when he closed his eyes.

After hesitating for a while, she dragged a spare mattress and decided to sleep on the floor.

“Are you afraid to sleep with me?” When Eliza turned off the lights, Beau’s low and deep voice echoed from the dark. Eliza hugged her duvet and said nervously, “I snore very loudly at night. I’m worried that you might not get used to sleeping with me.” “Okay then,” Beau sneered.

Silence fell.

A peaceful night passed.

When she woke up in the morning, there was no one on the bed.

Eliza got up and went downstairs to make breakfast.

“Mommy!”

While they were enjoying their breakfast, Demarion said with a furtive smile, “Did you sleep well last night?”

Eliza was slightly taken aback. “Yes... yes.”

“You should focus on eating your breakfast!”

Braint rolled his eyes at Demarion.

Only then did he lower his head and eat silently.

After Eliza left for work, Demarion laid on the sofa sulkily while looking at Braint. "Why did you glare at me just now?"

Braint crossed his arms and said confidently, "They didn't try to give us a sister yesterday."

Demarion curled his lips. "How did you know that?"

Braint raised his hand and knocked on Demarion's head. "Daddy went to work early in the morning. When we mentioned what happened last night, mommy wasn't fazed at all. She didn't even blush."

"Their reactions prove that they didn't do anything yesterday."

"If they did that, daddy wouldn't leave mommy alone."

Demarion nodded thoughtfully. It was obvious that this wasn't the result he wanted.

After a while, he raised his head and looked up at Braint, "What if daddy is a scumbag?"