

My Three Darlings by Anonymous

Chapter 2

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The study was brightly lit.

A man was sitting at the main desk. Beneath his white sleeve, he wore an exquisite watch that matched his manly demeanor.

Lowering his head while reading his documents, he had defined facial features with a pronounced jawline.

After he flipped through a page, he said, "Retract the funds I distributed to Lawson's Group tomorrow."

The butler bowed his head and said respectfully, "Yes."

After that, the butler hesitated as he tried to take back his words, "Sir, I think... Miss Lawson seems different than the previous two candidates."

During the day, it was the butler who invited Eliza into the house.

She looked very pure and innocent with her bright eyes. On first impression, she seemed like a likable woman with no ulterior motives in mind.

When Eliza first arrived at the Valentine family, she didn't talk a lot. The only thing she asked was what Mr. Valentine liked and disliked.

It seemed that she didn't care about the rumors at all.

Ever since Beau Valentine's kids spread the rumors about his crazy personality and his disfigured face, it was impossible to find a woman who was bold enough to be Beau's wife.

The butler didn't want his master to miss the opportunity to meet a fine woman like Eliza.

However, Beau, who was sitting at the main desk, didn't seem fazed at all. He said, "She couldn't even pass that one simple test. She's just the same as the others."

The butler was speechless.

To the butler, that wasn't a simple test at all.

Even a 50-year-old man like him would tremble with fear every time he saw Mr. Valentine's younger son, Demarion's hideous costume, let alone a woman in her early twenties!

The butler sighed. If Mr. Valentine continued to act like this, when would he find himself a girlfriend?

The butler was worried for Beau.

Right at this moment, the doorbell rang.

Trembling from head to toe, Eliza pressed on the doorbell.

To tell the truth, she really did run far away from the house just now.

Eliza was afraid of the dark in the first place. When she thought of the monster she saw in the brightly lit room, a chill went down her spine.

However, once she calmed down, she felt guilty about her actions.

From the very beginning, she knew that Beau was a disfigured man with a twisted personality after the fire incident.

Since she agreed to this marriage, she should keep her promise.

After thinking about it for a long time, she finally came back.

When she pressed the doorbell with a pale complexion, her heart was drumming against her chest.

She didn't have the guts to face Mr. Valentine anymore.

However, Eliza knew that she must overcome her fears because she would be living with him in the future.

After the doorbell rang for a while, someone opened the door.

Unexpectedly, the person who opened the door was not Mr. Valentine, nor was it the housekeepers or the butler. It was a handsome young boy, who looked around 4 to 5 years old.

There was only one villa around the area. If it wasn't because of that, Eliza would have thought that she went to the wrong house.

The little boy glanced at Eliza. Then, he turned into the living room. He pointed at the sofa and gestured for Eliza to sit down.

Eliza pursed her lips. Although she didn't know where the little boy came from, she could sense that he didn't mean any harm.

Still shivering from the shock, Eliza sat down on the sofa. Then, the young boy poured her a glass of hot water.

“Thank you.”

Holding the glass of water, she calmed down gradually.

The little boy glanced at her and walked to the small cabinet from beside. It seemed like he was looking for something.

“Wow.”

At the railing of the second floor, Demarion, who was the one who scared Eliza just now, widened his eyes in surprise. Looking at the scene downstairs, he said, “I can’t believe she actually came back.”

“Daddy, do you want me to scare her again?”

Mr. Valentine hid his tall figure in the shadows as he looked at the terrified woman downstairs, who was still trembling. Then, he shifted his gaze and looked at his elder son, who was searching for the medicine box. He frowned slightly and said, “Don’t scare her.”

Since rumors were spreading around about the fire that happened five years ago, a lot of people were aware of Mr. Valentine’s change in appearance and personality. However, only a few of them knew that he was gifted with a pair of twins after the fire.

His elder son, Braint, had a cold and quiet personality. On the other hand, his younger son, Demarion was a mischievous and loud child.

Braint, who was usually indifferent to his surroundings, was making sure that a stranger was comfortable in his house. He even poured water and tended to her injuries.

“Ouch!”

When the cotton, which was soaked in disinfectant touched the wound on her leg, only then did Eliza realize that she hurt her knees from running on the hallway just now.

She lowered her head and looked at the young child tending to her wounds. With the cotton balls in one hand and the disinfectant in the other, Braint actually looked quite serious about the task on hand.

The lights of the exquisite chandelier shone on his pretty eyelashes, which formed small shadows on his face.

She didn’t know that a young child like him could be caring towards adults.

Eliza felt really moved by his actions. Even her voice sounded gentle when she said, "Thank you darling, what's your name?"

"Why are you in Mr. Valentine's house?"

After he had disinfected her wound, he put a band-aid on it.

"Braint Valentine."

When he was done, he looked up at Eliza and said, "That's my name."

Eliza looked at his adorable face and hands. She couldn't suppress the urge to touch his head, but Braint avoided her touch quickly.

He stood up and walked towards the sofa opposite her. Then, he climbed on it and sat down.

Braint looked unusually mature for his young age. He looked at her and asked, "Why did you come back?"

Eliza wondered about that question.

Then, she smiled and replied, "That's because this is my home from now on."

"Mr. Valentine will be my husband in the future. That's why I have to come back."

Braint lowered his head and fiddled with his tiny fingers. "Aren't you afraid?"

Eliza paused. How did this child know so much?

However, she still answered seriously, "I am, but I don't have a choice."

"Since I have promised to marry him, I can't go back on my words."

She was a person who kept her promises. Besides, if she screwed this up and failed to get Mr. Valentine to invest in Lawson's Group, Riley would definitely make things difficult for her in the future.

"I... It doesn't matter how bad he looks or how crazy he is. I will try my best to overcome my fears. I will definitely be a good wife to him."

Eliza didn't know why she would say all these to a kid she just met. He probably didn't know what she was talking about.

Perhaps aside from the young child in front of her, she didn't have anyone to talk to in this foreign place.

"He is not ugly."

Braint raised his head and looked into Eliza's eyes seriously. Then, he added, "Don't worry."

Eliza didn't know what to say.

Was Braint serious when he said that?

She had witnessed Mr. Valentine's appearance with her own eyes.

However, it was possible that Mr. Valentine didn't want to reveal his face in front of Braint.

She heaved in a deep breath and smiled as she said, "Are you hungry? Let me cook something delicious for you."

Eliza wasn't a talented woman, but she was really good at cooking.

Her heart warmed up when she looked at the cute child in front of her. The only thing she could think of to thank him was cooking him some delicious food.

Braint looked at his watch and said, "You have half an hour."

Eliza was stunned.

"I can't eat anything after eight o'clock. It's seven twenty now."

Eliza stormed into the kitchen in lightening speed.

The kitchen was clean and tidy. And she found enough ingredients and seasonings to be used.

Looking at Eliza, who was working in the kitchen, the two people on the second floor froze.

"Daddy, what do you think she's doing?"

Demarion leaned against the staircase railing as he pouted, "Is she trying to use food to win Braint over?"

"Braint is really picky with his food. Everyone knows that."

Beau stared at Eliza and something struck his mind.

For some reason, she looked really familiar to him.