

My Three Darlings by Anonymous

Chapter 3

Chapter 3

Eliza was busy preparing a plate of Japanese-style omelet rice in the kitchen. After spending more than 20 minutes in the kitchen, dinner was served. Aside from the omelet rice, she also prepared some delicious cheese croquettes. "Braint, dinner is ready!"

Braint glanced at the time. There were still fifteen minutes left before 8 o'clock.

He jumped off the sofa and walked towards the kitchen slowly. Then, he sat down in the kitchen.

On the second floor, Demarion wiped off the saliva on the corner of his lips. He snorted. "I'm sure the food doesn't taste good, though it does smell nice."

"It's delicious."

Braint praised Eliza the moment he put the food inside his mouth. It was as if he had heard Demarion's comments from upstairs.

Eliza smiled, "Really? I can prepare more delicacies for you in the future."

Something struck her mind as she asked, "Braint, why are you here so late at night? Where are your parents?"

"Are you Mr. Valentine's guest?"

Based on the rumors flying around, she was sure that Mr. Valentine didn't have children of his own.

Braint frowned and nodded, "Yes, sort of."

"Just as I expected."

Eliza nodded. "Even though he doesn't have good looks, I'm sure he has a kind heart."

Well, considering that Mr. Valentine had a child playing around in his house, Eliza felt that he wasn't as crazy as she thought he would be.

"He's not ugly."

Braint took a mouthful of rice and reminded her again in a low voice.

On the second floor, Beau squinted at Demarion, who was drooling profusely. It seemed like he was comparing the differences between his two children.

Braint was trying his best to protect Beau's reputation. On the other hand, Demarion was trying to make the whole world think that his father was an ugly monster.

Demarion pouted as he said unhappily, "I don't want a stranger to be my mother."

Beau frowned slightly as he turned to leave.

As Braint finished his meal downstairs, it was already 8:10 at night.

He did enjoy his meal to the fullest.

Braint used a small plate to put the remaining cheese croquettes on it, preparing to take them upstairs. "You should rest early."

When he reached the final flight of stairs, he turned around and looked at Eliza, who was standing rooted to the ground. "Don't worry."

"I will protect you from now on."

Although Braint was a young child with a small figure, he exuded a charismatic aura. He didn't sound or look like a typical 5-year-old at all.

Eliza was stunned for a moment.

When she looked at his small figure from behind, she felt really amused.

Even though she still couldn't get used to her new environment, she wasn't desperate enough to rely on a young child like Braint.

Eliza turned to the kitchen and started cleaning up. Once she was done, she couldn't bring herself to sleep in the terrifying bedroom again.

Finally, she laid on the couch, using her jacket to cover up herself.

In the children's room.

Braint put the plate of delicious cheese croquettes at Demarion's bedside.

Demarion turned his back and faced the wall. "I won't eat it."

"Oh, okay."

Then, Braint took the plate and put it at the desk beside his own bed.

Demarion was speechless.

He muttered unhappily, "Didn't you promise to drive those women away with me? You told me you didn't want a stepmother!"

"How dare you betray my trust! You traitor!"

Braint sat on his bed and glanced at Demarion's back. "She's really good at cooking."

"I don't care! She's not our mother!"

Demarion scrapped the wallpaper with his fingers unhappily. "I only want my real mother."

On the opposite bed, Braint sighed. He looked at the ceiling and said softly, "But she's dead."

Braint was a lot more mature than Demarion. He knew that their mother was never coming back home.

Their father shouldn't be single for the rest of his life either.

That woman downstairs was not a bad candidate.

"She is not dead," Demarion muttered.

Demarion clenched his fists and shouted, "Mummy is definitely still alive! She's waiting for us to find her!"

Braint closed his eyes and ignored him.

All of a sudden, the atmosphere of the children's room quiet down, with the tantalizing scent of the cheese croquettes wafting in the air.

In the end, Demarion climbed down his bed and tiptoed to Braint's bedside. Then, he grabbed the plate and munched on the croquettes.

His eyes lit up with joy when the food entered his mouth.

It was really delicious!

It was 10 times better than the food cooked by the maids at home!

"Take the plate downstairs."

When Demarion was munching on the second piece, a childish voice echoed from Braint's bed, "Also, I won't allow you to pull pranks on her anymore."

"I like her, so she's under my protection now."

Demarion was speechless again.

The corners of his lips turned down. "Braint, you are acting very weird today."

In the past, Braint was indifferent to most of Demarion's pranks. But now, why was he trying to protect that woman?

Was it really because she was good at cooking?

While Demarion was preoccupied with his thoughts, he took another bite.

It was really delicious.

After he finished the croquettes, Demarion took the plate downstairs.

While he was walking down the stairs, he could spot Eliza sleeping on the sofa at one glance.

Curling up into a ball, she was still shivering from head to toe.

Demarion walked towards her and stared at her face.

"She's a pretty woman, and she's good at cooking too," Demarion thought.

"If only she's my biological mother..."

While Eliza was sleeping, she could feel someone staring at her.

Instantly, she woke up and saw the child from before standing in front of her.

With a plate in his hand, he was staring straight at her face.

She rubbed her sleepy eyes and asked, "Are you... still hungry?"

"Why is he looking at me with an empty plate?" Eliza thought.

Demarion pursed his lips. He knew that she must've mistaken him as Braint. However, he still nodded and replied, "Yes."

He wasn't lying, he was still hungry.

Looking at the child's adorable appearance, Eliza's heart melted. She pinched his cheeks and said, "I'll go and make something for you to eat."

Once she finished speaking, she went into the kitchen as she pondered, "Didn't he say that he can't eat anything after 8 p.m.?"

Besides, she did cook a large portion for Braint just now.

Feeling confused, Eliza went into the kitchen and prepared a simple meal for Demarion.

The child devoured everything.

Eliza was stunned beyond words.

“Oh wow, this child... he has a really big appetite!” Eliza thought to herself.

She felt shocked when Demarion handed over the plate to her as he requested for more.

When he finished eating, Eliza couldn't help but ask, “Braint, you... you're really hungry, huh?”

Demarion froze. Then, he giggled, “Yeah, I eat a lot.”

He reached out and showed her two of his fingers. “From now on, you should keep making good food for me. Double the portion, okay?”

Demarion remembered that Braint might leave the leftovers he didn't like to him. So, he emphasized his point again, “I want you to double the portion, and the food must be exactly the same, okay?”

Eliza was a bit stunned. But still, she nodded and smiled while cleaning the dishes. “You are a growing child. It's natural for you to eat more.”

Eliza took out a box of biscuits and gave it to Demarion. “This is for you.” It was actually meant as a gift for Mr. Valentine.

After that, she smiled and touched the child's head. “You should eat well and grow up healthily, okay?”

Demarion blushed as he ran upstairs with the box of biscuits.

Eliza heaved in a deep breath. When Demarion was out of sight, she went to the sofa and continued sleeping.

Upstairs.

On the table, an expensive phone vibrated, which indicated unread messages.

Beau picked up the phone and clicked on it.

The messages were as follows. Braint: Approved.

On the other hand, Demarion sent a voice message to his father. While munching on a box of biscuits, he said, "For now, I'll give her my approval. I still don't like her though."

"But she's so good at cooking. I'll compromise, just so I can enjoy good food every day."

Beau put down his mobile phone and gave an order. "Please arrange tomorrow's schedule for me. We will be registering for marriage tomorrow."