

My Three Darlings by Anonymous

Chapter 41

[/ My Three Darlings by Anonymous](#)

Chapter 41

Eliza was amazed by Jay's shamelessness. She shot him a half-hearted smile. "But don't you think I'm tarnished?" Jay's eyes lit up at how mild of a reaction he received from Eliza. "I used to think you were filthy. "But now, I have Madeleine, who's clean and pure by my side. Should you choose to stay by my side, I guess I could put up with you." After saying that, he gave Eliza a lecherous once over. "Frankly speaking, you have a much better figure and appearance compared to Madeleine. "It's just too bad that..." Eliza felt so repulsed by Jay's words. But still, she looked up and shot him a smile. "Well, it isn't entirely impossible for me to be with you..."

"However, I have a condition." "Go ahead." She gave him a coy smile. "Get out of the car and I will tell you." Jay immediately got out of the car and strode gracefully over to Eliza's side. "Go ahead. "I will meet your condition as long as it is within my ability." "I won't ask for much. All I ask is that you..." All of a sudden, a glint flashed in her eyes as she lifted her knee in one swift motion and kned him in the groin. "Ow!"

In a split second, the great actor Jay Carr let out a deafening scream and slumped weakly to the ground as he covered his groin with both hands. "I will be with you the day you become a eunuch." Eliza looked down at Jay and gave him a fierce glare before she turned around and strode away haughtily.

"Pfftt!" A distance away from Parson Media, Matthew was so shocked that he spat out all the water he had just drunk. "I had really thought that Aunt Eliza was enjoying a moment with her ex-lover." Then, he looked into the rearview mirror and glanced at the man in the backseat, who was busying himself with work. "Uncle Beau, I guess you can rest assured now? "All those rumors going around online are rubbish!" The gloomy atmosphere in the car finally eased up. Beau's well-defined profile was cold and elegant. "Catch up with her, Noah." Noah wiped the cold sweat from his brows. "Okay." "Stand right there, Eliza Lawson!" Jay clambered into the car with much difficulty, clutching onto the spot where Eliza had kned him. He clenched his jaws and barked out an order to his driver, "Catch her!" Without a moment of hesitation, the driver sped up in an attempt to catch up with Eliza. She ran for her life.

Jay's driver was also his part-time bodyguard! There was no chance Eliza was going to stay there a moment longer! Alas, how could she outrun a car? Jay's driver soon caught up with her. Just as he opened the door to grab Eliza, a black Maserati pulled up beside Eliza. The window of the passenger seat was lowered, and Matthew's face appeared. He called out to her, "Get in!" Eliza hurriedly rushed over, opened the door to the back seat, and hopped on. But Jay wasn't about to let her off so easily. He angrily grabbed onto the backseat door. "Eliza Lawson! Get down here!" Eliza stuck her tongue out at him through the window. "Come at me if you can." Jay glared at her and said, "You better apologize right now. "Otherwise, you'll never get the chance to be with me

anymore. Not even if you beg! "I can snuff you out from the entertainment industry as easily as I can snuff out an ant!" As soon as he said that, a hand reached out from behind Eliza and latched onto her shoulders, grabbing her possessively. The window was wound down and the deep, cold voice of a man rang out. "Is that so?" It was a dark evening and without a light in the car, Jay could not see the man's face. But the man's domineering aura was so palpable that he could feel it from outside the car. He stiffened up briefly. "Who are you?" Jay did not get an answer to his question. Instead, all he got was an indifferent chuckle. "Mark your words." With that, the window was rolled back up, separating them from the world outside. The black Maserati sped away. Jay stood there in their dust, frowning in the direction the car left. 'Who was that?'

<http://www.>

"How dare he put his hand on Eliza's shoulder?"

'Mr. Valentine?'

'No way! "A psychopath like Mr. Valentine would never take Eliza as his wife seriously.' 'SO...'

Jay narrowed his eyes as he pondered. 'Eliza has another man?' At the thought of that, Jay snorted. "Quit pretending to be so pure and innocent then." 'Eliza was already a wretched and filthy woman five years ago.' 'Some things just never change!'

Jay thought to himself. The black Maserati headed towards the Valentines' villa after speeding off from Parson Media. "Aunt Eliza, do you need any help dealing with that person?" Matthew sat in the passenger seat scrolling through his phone as he said eagerly, "We saw him pestering you for such a long time. "Does he pester you as he did every day?"

Eliza froze. "Have you... been here for a long time?" "Yes."

Matthew nodded. "I showed Uncle Beau the news and pictures circulating online, so he decided to come to pick you up personally. "But when we arrived, we saw you with that man..." Eliza went motionless once again. 'They saw all the news and pictures online?' She thought. She subconsciously glanced at the man beside her out of the corner of her eyes. Beau had his head lowered as he looked at the laptop on his knees. He was silent and indifferent as if he did not hear the conversation between Eliza and Matthew at all. "You have no idea how dark Uncle Beau's expression was." Matthew went on. "Fortunately, nothing is going on between you and that man. "Otherwise, I wouldn't be surprised if Uncle Beau ends up turning Parson Media upside down today..." "Stop the car." Before Matthew could finish his sentence, Beau spoke. The car rolled to a stop. Noah stopped the car nervously. Beau shut his laptop elegantly and said coldly, "Get out."

Matthew was stunned and turned around to look at him. "Uncle Beau, you... you want me to..." Before he could finish his words, the man in the back seat shot him a glance. Matthew frantically opened the door and got out of the car. "Let's go." The Maserati drove off again. The atmosphere in the car got a little awkward.

Eliza fidgeted in her seat. Somehow, she felt that there was a need to explain herself. So she gave a light cough and turned to look at Beau. "About that... "Things are not as what's written on the Internet... "I was just there to collect my script. I had not expected Jay to be there too. Then, the director wanted me to try my lines out with him, and I had no other choice but to comply. That was how they got those photos of us together..." Eliza's eyes were fixed on Beau, studying his reaction to her words. "I have long lost any feelings I had for him. "Don't believe those..." Beau kept his head lowered as he continued typing away on the laptop. "Will you still need to go through lines together tomorrow?" Eliza was stunned for a moment. "... think so." The atmosphere in the car seemed to run cold for a split second. Eliza got a little flustered at the sight of his stern expression. "Um, I'll try to stay as far away from him as possible tomorrow. "I have no control over what people are saying online..." "That's not what you should be worried about." Beau lifted his eyes and gave her a look. "You just kneed Jay in the groin." Eliza suddenly came to a realization. She raised her hand and slapped her forehead in despair. "He'll surely take revenge on me tomorrow!"

My Three Darlings by Anonymous

Chapter 42

[/ My Three Darlings by Anonymous](#)

Chapter 42

They arrived at the Valentines' villa. The moment Eliza entered the door, Demarion rushed up to her. The boy held a large bouquet of roses in his arms and said, "Congratulations, Mommy!" Eliza received the bouquet and asked, "What are you congratulating me for?" "Because you no longer need to be a stuntwoman! Braint and I are really happy for you!" Demarion looked at her with a cheery smile. "Braint even made a drink especially for you!" Eliza was touched. She squatted down to cup Demarion's face and kissed him gently. "Thank you." The boy's face turned as red as a tomato. He turned his face away abashedly. "I... "I'll go upstairs to get Braint!" With that, he pushed Eliza away and ran upstairs. Eliza was amused by Demarion's antics. "Who knew that such a young child would be so shy!" "That's an inherited trait" Beau commented as he took his coat off elegantly and handed it to a servant. Eliza paused and turned around to look at him. "An inherited trait?" "That's right." Eliza frowned. "Was Braint and Demarion's mother a shy person?"

Beau glanced at her indifferently. "No." "But you said that this was inherited. If they didn't take after it from their mother, then..."

As she spoke, she turned to look at him. "Did they inherit it from you?" The man stared at her with his deep, dark eyes and replied faintly, "Yes." Eliza refused to believe her ears. But Beau's intense gaze bored into her and she quickly averted her eyes, not daring to meet his gaze. "Quit joking. How could you be a shy person?" "I am."

He looked at her with a faint smile. "If you doubt that, why don't you give me a kiss and see what happens?" His words were like flames, igniting a fire within Eliza, causing her to blush from head to toe. "Mommy, go on, give it a try!"

Demarion peeked out from the staircase railing and looked at her mischievously. "I'd like to see Daddy shy too Eliza found herself at a loss for words. With her face red and heart racing, she sank her teeth into her lip and turned to escape into the kitchen. She even closed the kitchen door behind her. Behind the frosted glass door, Beau looked at her back as she leaned against the kitchen door. A faint smile tugged on his lips. He looked up and saw Demarion on the stairs. Demarion stared back at him. Their eyes met. In the end, the pesky child who ruined his daddy's plan backed off and went back to his room to tell on his daddy to his brother. "Daddy was about to make advances on Mommy." Demarion sat on a small chair with his arms crossed across his chest, cheeks puffed out in defiance. Braint sat at the desk with a programming book in his hand. "They are a married couple." He smiled faintly while reading the book which was so complicated that even adults found difficult to understand. "But Daddy didn't tell Mommy that he liked her." Demarion pursed his lips with dissatisfaction. "In the cartoons, the prince will always profess his love to the princess before making any advances!" Braint's hand paused briefly at Demarion's words. After a moment, he flipped a page of the programming book he was reading and said, "You should start reading more informative materials." Demarion pouted. "What's considered informative materials?"

Braint tossed him a book on theories of mechanical engineering. "This." "I have no intention of becoming a nerd like you." Demarion put the book back on the desk and took out a tablet. "I just want to be an ordinary child." Braint gave him a brief glance and shook his head. His younger brother was as smart as he was, but he always behaved like a clueless child. Sometimes, Braint wondered if he was really naive or if he was simply acting innocent. But there was no way of finding out. The next day, when Eliza arrived at Parson Media, the chief director and Jay were already waiting for her at the door. "Eliza, you are truly my lucky charm!" As soon as he saw her, the chief director rushed over excitedly. "The news about you and Jay yesterday has received a lot of attention online! "The discussion was so heated that even the boss of Parson Media took notice of it! "Tom called me early this morning and said Parson Media's boss will be here to supervise you and Jay going through your lines today, personally!" B He looked really pleased. "It seems that the boss thinks that both you and Jay have perfect chemistry going on too!" Jay, who stood by the side, echoed with a forced smile, "That's true, Eliza. "Many have praised us for having excellent chemistry yesterday." Eliza looked up at him. "So many blind people out there these days." D Jay's expression changed ever so slightly. However, as the chief director was present, he was unable to bring up what happened yesterday. He could only maintain the fake smile. "Eliza, you can't say that. "Didn't you hear what the chief director said? Even the boss of Parson Media wants to see our interaction.

<http://www.>

"He even came all the way here to see us interact. You need to put up a good performance today." "Yes, that's right! You must all do your best!" The chief director's face wrinkled up as he laughed. "If we can make the boss happy, who knows, he might even invest more for our television series!" Eliza had mixed feelings as she was led into the conference room by the chief director. In order to please the big shot, the chief director even arranged for Eliza and Jay to sit next to each other. After they sat down, heavy footsteps sounded from outside.

"He's here!"

The chief director was very excited. "I heard that the boss is a mysterious person who's filthy rich."

After saying that, he lowered his head to gossip with Eliza. "Do you remember when Parson Media had a day off not too long ago?" Eliza nodded. She remembered that. She had just married Beau then, and Graciana had called her one morning, informing her that Parson Media had the day off because a top gun wanted his wife to rest. Back then, she had also commented about how the rich lived a life that was really different from commoners. "Apparently, this is the top gun who gave Parson Media the day off!" After that, the chief director couldn't help sighing. "How I wonder which actress hooked up with such a big shot." Eliza lifted her head and really looked forward to seeing who exactly this big shot was. Finally, the footsteps approached. The door of the meeting room opened. A domineering and stern man stood at the door. Eliza was shocked speechless for a long time. She had initially thought that the boss whom the chief director had mentioned would be a sleazy, middle-aged man. Never in her wildest dreams did she expect the man to be... Beau Valentine?! She vividly recalled what the chief director had told her. Parson Media had been given a day off back then because this top gun wanted his wife to rest. So... she was the legendary top gun's wife?! "Nice to meet you!" The chief director pulled Eliza up. Everyone else in the conference room also stood up to welcome him. The man gave a brisk nod and walked in gracefully. Beau was clad in a black suit today, giving off a very serious and aloof vibe. The chief director enthusiastically pulled out the chair at the head of the table for him. "Please have a seat." However, he walked past the chief director and headed straight to Eliza. Eliza looked at his unbelievably gorgeous face and gulped silently. "You..." "I wish to sit here." The man spoke softly, "Can you move over?" Eliza stood up in a daze and gave up her seat. He proceeded to sit in Eliza's seat and gestured for her to sit down next to him. Eliza finally understood his intention when she took her seat. The chief director had arranged for her to sit next to Jay. But now, Beau had separated them! Jay was very upset. "Sir." He looked at Beau politely. "Eliza' and I will be practicing our lines. It'll be really inconvenient if you sit between the both of us." Beau glanced at him indifferently. Then, he leaned back and crossed his legs elegantly. "And what if I insist on sitting here to separate the both of you?"

My Three Darlings by Anonymous

Chapter 43

[/ My Three Darlings by Anonymous](#)

Chapter 43

"Excuse me, Sir." Jay's expression was stony. "I respect your interest in this production. However, I believe you should not affect our progress." For some reason, Jay could feel the hostility this cold and reserved man had towards him. It felt almost tangible. "Is that so?"

Beau looked up at him. His gaze was so domineering that it was almost suffocating.

"Yes, Sir!" Jay frowned and looked into the man's dark, obsidian eyes. "You must not disturb us." The fact was that they could very well go through their lines

while filming, but Jay had insisted to do it in the conference room instead. He intended to make use of Eliza to gain more popularity. But if this man decides to sit between them to separate them, there would not be any photographs taken of him being close and intimate with Eliza! "It's not necessary to sit next to each other to go through our lines."

Eliza interrupted Jay. "We can get it done like this too."

She looked past Beau and glanced at Jay. "We're just going through our lines and not actually acting, so it doesn't matter if we have distance between us."

"That's right!" The chief director wiped away the perspiration on his brows and quickly agreed with Eliza. "It's better to let this gentleman sit between the two of you. That way, he will be able to experience your chemistry first-hand!" . Then, he gave Jay a wink. Although Jay was unhappy about it, there was nothing else he could say. He just took out his phone and sent Madeleine a text message. "We have no need of the paparazzi anymore. Send them away. They won't be getting any intimate photos today." Very soon, Madeleine replied. "What's going on?" "They have even got the articles on standby. What do you mean they won't be getting any intimate photos?" "A top gun came and messed everything up." "Damn it!" Madeleine put down her phone after replying to Jay's message. "What's wrong?" A woman who was with Madeleine in the cafe stirred her coffee gracefully as she asked airily. "Esme, I just got information that we won't be able to get any intimate photos of Eliza and Jay today."

Madeleine sighed. "Jay said that someone messed things up." "We'll take things slow." Esme continued to stir her coffee leisurely. "As long as there's interaction between Eliza and Jay, we will be able to get what we need, sooner or later." She was curious if Mr. Valentine would be able to accept Eliza being entangled with her ex boyfriend time and time again. At that very moment, Beau was sitting between Eliza and Jay, holding a copy of the script that the chief director had handed him. "The second female lead is a character who lacks logical thinking and intelligence."

Beau concluded after he went through the script. The chief director didn't know what to say to that. He took a deep breath and then looked at Beau with a face full of smiles. "So, are you..." Beau looked up casually at Noah who had been standing quietly by the side. Noah coughed lightly and led the director out the door. Instantly, there were only Eliza, Jay, and Beau left in the conference room. Jay crossed his arms and leaned back in his chair haughtily with a sneer. "Well? Do you think you can alter the script? "I'll have you know, this production has 200 million dollars worth of investment involved. How much more are you ready to put in that you think you can change the script as you wish?" Beau lowered his eyes and flipped through the script gracefully, completely ignoring Jay. His nonchalant attitude infuriated Jay. With gritted teeth, he glared at Beau and said, "You think I don't know what you're thinking? "You think that she'll form a good impression of you if you put yourself between us and not let the both of us interact?" "Or do you think that just by putting in a few million dollars, you can change the script at will? And at the same time manipulate this actress beside you into sleeping with you? "Let me break this to you, she is married, and her husband is someone you can't afford to mess with!" As he flipped through the script, Beau's hand paused mid-air for a brief second. He turned his head and

glanced at him. "Can you afford to mess with him, then?" "Of course I'm afraid of him too."

Jay smirked and chuckled triumphantly. "But I work with her. "We are romantically involved in this production, so I can get all chummy with her for all of Krine to see!

<http://www.>

"And even if her husband isn't pleased with it, he has only himself to blame for marrying an actress. He can't blame me!" Beau kept quiet. Eliza also sat quietly by the side, listening to Jay's words. She had a bad feeling about this. In the background, Jay was still going on, "Furthermore, I have something on her! "If her husband tries to harm me, I know something which will make him divorce her!" Beau frowned slightly. "You have something on her?" "That's right!"

Jay was completely lost in his flaunting and let his tongue loose. "If you must know, this woman was involved in something shady five years ago..." "Jay Carr!" Just before he could blurt out everything that had happened back then without a care in the world, Eliza immediately stopped him.

Jay came back to his senses. "I didn't say what I wasn't supposed to." He pursed his lips flippantly. "What are you getting so worked up over?" Eliza pursed her lips and stole a glance at Beau from the corner of her eye. D He still had his eyes fixed on the script, flipping through the pages as if he didn't hear them at

all.

Eliza gradually calmed down. She gritted her teeth and glared at Jay. "You better learn to keep your mouth shut if you don't want the world to know that you've sponged off me in the past!" Jay probably hadn't expected her to say that, so he was stunned for a moment with his mouth wide open. He was about to say something, but decided otherwise and shut his mouth. Not long after, Noah and the chief director returned. A short-haired woman with glasses trailed in after them. The chief director smiled and pulled the woman over. "Sir, this is the scriptwriter of the film 'Snowy Night' "If you think any of the characters need modification, just let her know!" Jay's eyes widened. 'The chief director had brought the scriptwriter here... to change the script for this man?' He pondered over what that meant. He turned to look at Beau in shock. Jay had known the chief director of "Snowy Night" for many years. He wasn't one to bow to

anyone's wishes! Someone had offered to invest 20 million dollars in one of his productions in the past, just to play an insignificant role. But the director flat out rejected the offer. But this man could get the director to change the script just like that? 'Who on earth is he?' Jay wondered. O Beau lifted his head and said nonchalantly, "I'm not pleased with the plot for the second female lead." The scriptwriter pushed up her glasses in a serious manner and said, "Which part of it are you dissatisfied with?" "The romance parts." He threw the script on the table gracefully and said, "Cut all the romance scenes." He turned his head and glanced at Eliza. "Have her focus on her career. No romance." "No way!" Jay was furious. "The sole purpose to have a second female lead is to have some romance with the male lead!" He had trouble making ends meet after exhausting all his savings

trying to give *Madeleine* the fame she coveted. It was fortunate for him that Esme was willing to sponsor him and Madeleine to make a comeback. Esme's condition for supporting them was simple. All she asked for was for Jay to be entangled with Eliza in the public eye. But now, this man was about to remove all the romance between him and Eliza?! Beau looked up at the scriptwriter and asked her, "Is that so?" His gaze was bone-chilling and dangerous. The screenwriter took a step back out of fear. "I'll- I'll change it so that the male lead falls in love with the female lead." "No!" Jay slammed his hand on the table, face contorted with anger. "I object to changing the script!" "Your objection is invalid." ; The chief director gave him a sidelong glance. "Jay, who do you think you are?"

My Three Darlings by Anonymous

Chapter 44

[/ My Three Darlings by Anonymous](#)

Chapter 44

Who did he think he was?!

"I'm the Best Actor-to-be at this year's Golden Bull Award!" Jay was furious. He glared at the director fiercely and hissed between gritted teeth, "You call this a valid reason?"

He didn't understand. Why? Who exactly was he? How did he coerce the least corrupted director in the industry into losing his bottom line? "Best Actor at the Golden Bull Award?" The man sitting beside Eliza let out a chuckle. "Not necessarily, right?" As soon as he finished speaking, the chief director promptly caught on that Jay no longer stood a chance to be crowned Best Actor. He snorted coldly and instantly grew apathetic toward Jay. "To the best of my knowledge, the final results of this year's Golden Bull Award aren't out yet. "Do you really consider yourself a candidate for Best Actor?" He turned toward the chief scriptwriter and ordered, "We'll make changes as this gentleman sees fit!" Then, he glanced at Jay indifferently. "If you have objections, you may pay the liquidated damages and leave! "There are many other actors who would die to take your place!" Jay was petrified. After all, the chief director had personally come to his home and invited him to be part of his new series. He even mentioned specifically his potential as the next Best Actor at the Golden Bull Award. Upon hearing that he wasn't fond of Eliza, the chief director even went up to Tom in person and threatened him to fire her. For no apparent reason, his attitude suddenly shifted so thoroughly within a couple of days. At this thought, Jay narrowed his eyes and turned to glare at Beau. "Who exactly are you?" Beau feigned ignorance. In a gentle movement, he handed a pen and a piece of paper to Eliza. "Don't hold back; create the scenes you wish to act in." The chief scriptwriter stepped forward and nodded in agreement. "That's right, Miss Lawson. Go ahead and write down everything. I'll make changes according to your wishes." Eliza couldn't find her tongue.

She was aware that Mr. Valentine had an immense influence.

But this was still beyond her expectations. She didn't think that he was so powerful that everyone in Parson Media licked his boots. Feeling the intense gaze of the chief scriptwriter, Eliza couldn't let the words flow from the tip of her pen. She shifted the piece of paper toward her and passed her the pen. "I think it's still better if you do it. "I can't really think of anything."

The chief scriptwriter looked up at Beau helplessly. "You'll do it, then. "Get rid of the intimate scenes."

The chief scriptwriter nodded furiously and cautiously noted down his request. Once she was done with that, she turned and left without a second to waste. Since the script was to be rewritten, there was no need for Eliza and Jay to sync up about their important scenes anymore. Eliza stood up and said, "If there's nothing else, I'll excuse myself for now." "I'm leaving too!" Jay stood up and breezed past Beau's chair. He headed straight for the door and offered, "Eliza, I'll drop you home." Eliza frowned and tossed a glance at Beau without moving. "She's not going with you." Jay gritted his teeth. "How would you know?" The man calmly rose to his feet, sidestepped Jay, and walked out with long strides. Since the beginning, he had never once laid his eyes on Jay. It was as though he simply viewed him as an insignificant mass of air. "Catch up."

The man's deep, icy voice sliced through the air. Startled, Eliza scurried up to him. When she passed by where Jay was standing by the door, he took the chance to seize her by the arm. "Eliza Lawson, you're starting to look down on me more and more now. "Never forget that I have evidence of your dirty deeds!" She froze for a split second. Recovering from her stance, she looked at him with a sneer. "Jay, if I were you, I wouldn't threaten me with what happened five years ago. "Do you think you're the only one who has evidence of what happened back then? "Do you want me to uncover all the details of every penny of mine that you have spent in the past five years? How about I reveal it to everyone in the entertainment industry?" She gnashed her teeth and warned in a low voice, "I suggest that you stay in your place and

drop the idea of threatening me with the past. *Otherwise, I don't mind 'fighting' you to death. "Even if I do get into trouble, Mr. Valentine will have my back. Can Madeleine protect you from anything at all?" With that, she flung herself free from his grasp and chased toward the direction Beau had left.

Jay stood rooted to the spot and watched her trail after the man eagerly. He clenched his hands into fists by each side. Back then, Eliza would never speak to him like that much less treat him so coldly! It seemed another man had indeed occupied her heart...

<http://www.>

"Thank you." Sitting in the back seat, Eliza pursed her lips as she fixed her gaze on the hem of Beau's trousers. "If it weren't for you, I would still be syncing up with Jay on those scenes..." "Get ready." The man glanced nonchalantly at the document in his hand as he continued in a distant voice, "My father caught the news of you two yesterday. Your photos were basically everywhere. "He's rather dissatisfied with this matter."

Eliza gulped silently. She bit her lip. "I'm sorry..." Yesterday, she hadn't noticed anyone sneaking pictures of the two when she was discussing the script with Jay. Never would she have thought that things would take a turn for the worse... His father... must be a stern man, right? "Do you know what would have happened if I didn't show up today?" The man threw the documents at her. "They have a draft for their latest article ready." Eliza hurriedly picked up the document and flipped through it. "Breaking news! Jay Carr and Eliza Lawson's relationship has bloomed rapidly. Did Eliza seduce Jay or not?" "Perhaps Madeleine Robinson is the one who's wronged. Lawson and Carr aren't even keeping a low profile." "Who suits Jay Carr better-Eliza Lawson or Madeleine Robinson? I'd say *Madeleine*."

Eliza stared at the drafts in the folder and felt cold sweat seep out from her skin layer by layer. If Beau hadn't turned up at the company today and stopped those photos from being taken, they would have spread like wildfire along with every last word in these articles. Her fingers tightened around the folder, and she could feel her heart drumming in her chest. Yesterday's news content was relatively non-invasive. In fact, she didn't even think too much about it-she took it as Jay's attempt at diverting media attention away from Madeleine so that the spotlight would be snatched from her. However, it was now as clear as day that these were only excuses. His true intention was to twist the intimacy between them in Madeleine's favor so that she could be seen in a new light. To this day, the two of them were still hoping to trample her under their feet and use her as a stepping stone! At this thought, Eliza dug her teeth into her bottom lip hard. *Why* couldn't they just free her? Was it just because she was good-tempered and didn't fight back much? Was that why they

treated her like a fool and used her as a garden tool? When she was of use to them, they would try to coax her and get on her good side. When they were done with that, they would squeeze out every last ounce of her remaining worth. "It's no use being angry."

Beau turned to her, his obsidian-like eyes emotionless. "There's only one reason others set you up so unscrupulously." "You are too weak." His words slammed into Eliza's heart like a hefty hammer. She looked up at him in a daze. Beau raised his hand and caressed her moist lips with his fingertips. "To them, you're merely a weakling that they can bully at will. "If you wish to avoid being bullied and framed in the future..." He retracted his hand with a smile. "Grow stronger so that you can crush them under your feet."

My Three Darlings by Anonymous

Chapter 45

[/ My Three Darlings by Anonymous](#)

Chapter 45

Eliza was taken aback. The entire way back from Parson Media, Beau's words kept reverberating in her head. "To them, you're merely a weakling that they can bully at will. "If you wish to avoid being bullied and framed in the future, grow stronger so that you can crush them under your feet." Crush them under my feet..." Eliza chewed on the thought. She closed her eyes and clenched her fists.

That seemed to be the only way out now. Beau was there to help her deal with it this time. But will he be there the next time?

And after that?

As long as she carried on with this career, it was inevitable that she would meet these two people and be entangled with them again. If that was the case, then it would be better to... As Beau said, crush them under her feet! With that in mind, she arrived at the entrance of the Valentine's villa. When she went upstairs, she found Demarion coming out of her room sneakily.

The moment he turned around, his eyes met Eliza's probing ones. He was startled and tried to shuffle discreetly to the direction of the study while greeting her. "Back so early today?" "Yes." Eliza blocked his way. "What were you doing in my room?" "Nothing."

Demarion pressed his lips together and turned to look in the direction of the stairs. "Daddy." She frowned. 'Didn't Beau say that he was going to the company?' She turned around reflexively and saw the empty stairs. There was not a soul in sight. "Bang!" The study door slammed shut behind her.

By the time she turned back around, the little fellow was long gone.

Eliza shook her head and headed back to her room. She walked in to see two stacks of books piled up high on her desk. So Demarion had snuck into her room to send her books?

Eliza's brows furrowed as she went over and flipped through the books one by one. They were all guides and references about various aspects of performances which would help improve her acting skills. Placed between the two piles of books was a baby blue greeting card. Upon the card *were* words written in neat handwriting. 'Congratulations to Mommy on accomplishing your dream and becoming an actual actress. We hope that Mommy will attain greater heights in the future. Your darlings, Braint and Demarion.' 10 Holding the card in her hands, Eliza felt warmth in her heart. Her aspiration to become an actress stemmed from an unexpected incident that occurred when she was a child.

After the incident, she felt the calling to one day become an outstanding actress. She eventually made it to an acting school. But because of Jay, she was unable to realize her dream.

All these years, none of her relatives, including the Lawson family and Luca Chapman, supported her aspiration of being an actress. Eventually, she got used to being a stuntwoman and never dreamt of ever fulfilling her childhood dream. But, now... She had only become family with Braint and Demarion for a month, but they have already shown her such support through their actions.

As she dwelt on the thought, tears welled up in her eyes. She sniffled and carefully kept the card in her purse. In the end, she sorted the books according to their respective categories and put them on the desk. Then, she picked one up and began to read. "Bro."

Demarion looked at Eliza through their open doors. "Don't you think that Mommy really looks like you when she's reading so attentively?" Braint, who had his head lowered because he was reading, frowned. "Does she?" "Yes, she does." With a lollipop in his mouth, Demarion crossed his leg and glanced at Eliza, who was in her bedroom some distance away, and took another look at Braint, who was reading attentively. "The more I look at you, the more you resemble each other.

"Really."

After a while, with the lollipop still in his mouth, he smiled and whispered in Braint's ear, "Say, could Mommy be our biological mommy?" O Braint looked up at him indifferently. "Dead people can't come back to life." "The butler told us that our mommy's body had been so badly burnt that it was as black as coal. Though her face had been disfigured, they were sure that she was our mommy." After that, he sighed and glanced at Eliza in the distance. "How I hope she is our biological mom too. "But we can't have two biological mommies." Demarion heaved another long sigh. Although Demarion had expected him to say that, he still felt a little down. "If only she were our biological mommy. "I feel sorry towards our biological mommy whenever I get all close with her." Then, he sprawled out on the table and sighed again. "Would our biological mommy be angry if she knew that we accepted a stranger so quickly and kept calling her our mommy?" Braint frowned and knocked Demarion on the head. "Our biological mommy isn't as petty as you."

Demarion was stunned. He was petty? "It doesn't really matter whether or not she is our biological mommy." Braint looked at Eliza, who was reading attentively. "I like having her as my mommy. "And she treats us really well too. That's all that matters." "What a pity that Daddy doesn't like her." Demarion fiddled with his fingers. "Braint, what do you think we should do to make Daddy fall in love with Mommy?"

Demarion felt that life was being really tough on him.

He was only five years old, and he already had to worry about his Daddy's love life. Braint quietly looked at him out of the corner of his eyes. "How do you know that Daddy doesn't like her?"

It had seemed like Braint had been the one handling the issues behind the scenes when Jay and Madeleine had schemed against Eliza. But the fact was that it had been Beau who was in control of the whole situation. He even rescheduled several global meetings just to follow through with the tacky situation Eliza was in. Beau had always been a person whose only concern was his career. For him to push back his job and personally look out for her... Was that not because he liked her?

.....

That evening, Eliza went to the market to get groceries.

Several of the books which Braint and Demarion got her were not even available in Krine. They must have put in a lot of effort to prepare the gifts for her. Since

the two boys had done so much for her, it was only right for her to make them a good meal to make it up to them. After getting the supplies she needed, she got out of the market, and seeing how crowded the main street was, decided to go through the alley to get to the next street where the subway station was. As soon as she entered the alley, a figure blocked her way forward. It was none other than Madeleine. Eliza frowned and immediately turned to leave, just to find that the way she entered from was blocked too. There were people on both ends of the alley. Eliza was forced to the middle of the alley. "Well, aren't you a crafty one." Madeleine snorted and slowly approached Eliza. "Eliza, why did I not know that you were such a schemer before?" "Not only did you manage to get on such friendly terms with Roseane Comtois, but you even got the chief scriptwriter to change your parts." As she said that, she laughed contemptuously. "I heard that Roseane slept with one of the higher-ups to land the leading role." "What about you? Did you get all you have now from sleeping with someone too?" "You're disgusting, Eliza."

My Three Darlings by Anonymous

Chapter 46

/ [My Three Darlings by Anonymous](#)

Chapter 46

Eliza stared at Madeleine's insolent expression. "To them, you're merely a weakling that they can bully at will." She saw her reflection in Madeleine's eyes. Beau was right. To Madeleine, she was but a weakling whom she could bully at will. But... Was she really weaker than Madeleine? Eliza narrowed her eyes. "What's wrong? Are you desperate now that you are unable to get the intimate photos of Jay and me that you need?" "You-!" Eliza's words had hit a sore spot. Had that person not messed things up today and the paparazzi she arranged for managed to capture images of Eliza together with Jay, she would be having the time of her life seeing the uproar going on online right now! But now, she was left with nothing. The high price she paid to hire the paparazzi, editor, and media had all gone to waste. She had already exhausted all of Jay's and her own money to put her post at the top of the trending list. Now, even the money that Esme had given her has all been lost! Madeleine refused to accept her defeat just like that! A frenzied hatred took over her as she stared at Eliza. It's all her fault! This is all her fault!

Had Eliza obediently walked into the trap she had set up, things would not have turned out as they had today! Eliza was entirely at fault! Driven by hatred, Madeleine walked to Eliza. She raised her hand and swung it down hard on Eliza's face. But before she could come in contact with Eliza's face, a strong force grabbed onto her wrist. It was none other than Eliza, whom she scorned. "Do you think that after all this, I'm still the weakling you can bully as you wish?" Eliza forcefully flung Madeleine's hand away and raised her hand. With a loud smack, a heavy slap landed on Madeleine's face. Madeleine's face became swollen instantly. "Madeleine Robinson, you deserve this!"

Eliza narrowed her eyes. "I should have given it to you five years ago!" Madeleine staggered from the sheer force of the slap and took several steps back. Just as she was about to trip and fall, a man came to her rescue and propped her up.

"Madeleine! Are you alright?"

Madeleine burst into tears the moment she heard Jay's gentle voice behind her. "Jay, she hit

me!"

"Eliza Lawson!" Jay glared daggers at Eliza as he held Madeleine protectively in his arms. "I tolerated your guest trampling all over me this morning. "And now you have your eyes set on Madeleine? "She is such a kind person. Why can't you just leave her alone?!" His words elicited a scoff from Eliza. 'Madeleine? Kind? 'And now I'm the one who refuses to leave Madeleine alone?' His words ran through Eliza's mind.

Well, weren't they adept in the art of distorting the truth?

"Jay." Madeleine buried her face in Jay's chest, tears falling freely. "I was just here to apologize to her. But she..." Seeing Madeleine's pitiful act, Eliza couldn't help but laugh out loud. "Madeleine, you would have won multiple awards by now had you put your acting skills to good use. Why are you wasting it on deceiving men?"

With that, she turned and left with all her groceries.

"Eliza, Madeleine is with child!

"I swear I'll kill you if anything happens to her or the baby!" Eliza stopped dead in her tracks. She swiveled around and stared coldly at the couple behind her. "Congratulations on conceiving. "Say, do you believe in karma?" Eliza squinted her eyes at them. "For the sake of your child, I sure hope karma does not exist. Or your child might just end up like mine." Madeleine and Jay's faces blanched instantly at Eliza's words.

As she turned around to leave, Eliza's heart hurt as if it had been crushed by some unknown force. Seems like she guessed right again. The traffic accident that happened back when she was pregnant was their doing after all. It seems that every step she took in the past five years had been part of their nasty scheme, leading her straight into the traps they had set up for her. O "What a perfect union of a bitch and a douche." After dropping those words, she clenched her fists and strode away. From that moment on, she swore that she would no longer put up with them for old time's sake. She would never allow them to push her around anymore.

Eliza had the week off as the script had to be rewritten. Graciana invited her to go on a trip to the neighboring town "It's summer, Eliza. The beach there will be alive with excitement! "Since things with Jay and Madeleine had gotten you feeling so down, why don't you give yourself a break and go on a trip to have a good time? "Oh, come on! I've got tickets to the ocean park! My idol will be filming there, and I want to be there to see him! "Eliza..." Hearing Graciana pleading over the phone, Eliza sighed helplessly. "Alright." She did need a break to unwind, after all. "That's settled then. We'll set out tomorrow!" Graciana

cheered and ended the call excitedly. At dinner time, Eliza cleared her throat and said, "Um... I have plans to go on a trip tomorrow."

"A trip?" Demarion blinked, face full of excitement. "Mommy, where are you going? "Will you be bringing me along?" "Or will you be bringing Braint along? Or better yet, why not bring both of us?" Braint shot him an impassive glance from the side. "You can take Daddy with you too." "I'm not available." Beau, who had been eating in silence, finally spoke. "I'll be out on a business trip tomorrow." He was going to survey a water park project in the neighboring town, Ertonphia. "How unfortunate." Braint's brows furrowed slightly. Demarion sighed. "Mommy, you might have to go on the trip some other time then." Eliza was at a loss for words. She hadn't even told them who she was going on the trip with! Why were the three of them so certain that she would be going on the trip with Beau? She pursed her lips. "I had actually planned to go on a trip with my best friend." She looked at Braint and Demarion with a cheerful smile after she said that. "I'll just be away for three days. Can the both of you be good boys and eat the meals Alicia prepares for these three days?" Demarion scrunched up his face immediately. "Alicia's food doesn't taste as good as the ones you make, Mommy." He used to enjoy Alicia's food. But ever since Eliza became his mommy, Alicia's food tasted bland in comparison. "I'll make some desserts and snacks and store them up so that you can have them for the next three days." She was very pleased by how much they needed her. "Three days will be over in the blink of an

eye!

"I will make it up to you once I come back, okay?" "All right!" Demarion could not contain his excitement. "I want braised shrimps and lots of seafood!" All Braint said was, "Be careful." Eliza nodded. "Don't worry. Ertonphia is a stone's throw away. I'll just be going to the water park. It won't be dangerous!" Beau frowned. "You're going to the water park in Ertonphia?"

My Three Darlings by Anonymous

Chapter 47

[/ My Three Darlings by Anonymous](#)
Chapter 47

"That's right."

Eliza nodded as she reached for more food. "Is anything the matter?"

"I'll be heading there too." "I'll give you a lift there tomorrow." The cold, aloof man picked up a morsel of food from her plate and sent it straight into his mouth. "I'll take this for the fare." Eliza was dumbfounded. "Goodness me! So what you are saying is that I will be going to Ertonphia in the same car as the legendary Mr. Valentine tomorrow?" Graciana went bananas after Eliza told her the news after dinner. "I had planned on traveling light, but I guess I'll have to put on my most extravagant outfits now!" Eliza sat by a large window and sneaked a glance at Beau, who was a distance away, out of the corner of her eyes. At that moment, he was leaning against the headboards, reading a book. The bed lamp lit up one side

of his face, highlighting his sharp profile and further accentuating his charming features.

Eliza pressed her lips together tightly. Then, she answered in a hushed voice, "Don't go overboard..." "I'm not going overboard!" Graciana rolled her eyes and said, "Eliza, I'm your best friend. "And this is my first time meeting Mr. Valentine. I need to leave a good impression on him! "Otherwise, he might be under the impression that you only have nasty people like Madeleine and Jay around you!" At the mention of Jay and Madeleine, Eliza's mood inexplicably became downcast. The conversation ended after a few half-hearted responses from Eliza. Then, she turned off her phone and went to bed. "You don't look very happy."

Beau put his book down calmly and turned off the lights in the room. "Yes, I feel very unhappy." A single bedside lamp remained lit in the room, which was very dim. Eliza stared up at the ceiling. "Madeleine is pregnant." "So?"

The man asked in a low voice, without a streak of emotion. "I do not wish to hurt a pregnant woman."

She closed her eyes. "Madeleine came to me again this afternoon. "I think you are right. They behave so unscrupulously toward me because I gave them the impression that I was weak and easily bullied." "I want to become stronger. I want them to pay for what they have done..." She heaved a long sigh. "But Madeleine is pregnant now." She had lost a child herself, five years ago. She knew very well the pain of losing a child. And she knew even better how cruel it was to lose an unborn child. The child was innocent! Because she had been through the pain of it, Eliza could not find it in her to hurt an innocent life that had not even seen the light of day. "So what if she is pregnant?" Beau spoke softly. But his voice was emotionless. "If they don't treasure their child... Why should you go easy on them?" "It's their duty as parents to protect their child, not yours." Eliza went silent for a long time after hearing his words. 'It's their duty as parents to protect their child.' Those words lingered in her head for a long

time. After a while, she closed her eyes and silently clutched a corner of their quilt tightly. She was an incompetent mother. Five years ago, she had insisted on sending Jay off to the airport when she knew full well that her baby was due in a month. It was on that journey to the airport that she met with a traffic accident. The crash was terrible. It took the doctors an entire day and night in the operating theatre to save her. They hadn't been able to keep the baby, and she had lost more than a month of her memory. Up until this day, she could still clearly recall her despair and the sense of helplessness that she felt when she learned that she had lost her child. Eliza had a dream that night. In the dream, a little girl who looked exactly like her stood in front of her and cried. "Why didn't you protect me, Mommy? "Mommy, I miss you so much. Why didn't you come to me?" "How I wish to live with you, Mommy..." Her heart almost broke at the sight of the little girl's tear-stained face. And chase as she may, it seemed like she could never get closer to the little girl no matter how hard she tried. The little girl seemed so far away. But in the end, she managed to catch her. She held the little girl tightly in her arms and said, "It's all my fault. I didn't do a good job of protecting you..." "Mommy." "Mommy."

Just then, two voices sounded behind her. They were children's voices. Eliza hurriedly turned around with the little girl still in her arms. Demarion and Braint

stared back at her with eyes full of misery. Tears fell as they looked at her. "Will you abandon us?" Eliza was stunned. She held her daughter with one hand and reached out to wipe Braint's tears away with the other. "Don't cry. I will not abandon you. "I won't leave you!"

"I won't-!"

Eliza sprang up and sat on the bed. As images of her dream faded away, she realized that she was drenched in cold sweat. She grasped onto her collar and gasped for air. It was a long time before she could calm her nerves and separate the present from her nightmare. In the end, she let out a long sigh and lay back on the bed. But somehow, sleep just wouldn't come to her. She checked the time and found that it was only six in the morning. After tossing and turning on the bed for a long time, Eliza ultimately decided to get up. She passed by the study on her way out. The study room's door was left ajar. The man inside stared at the computer monitor in all earnestness. From time to time, the voices of people speaking in a foreign language could be heard from the computer. He was having a meeting again. Eliza pursed her lips. She recalled how he had once said that he would rather be the only one staying up late to attend a global meeting instead of having dozens of executives from across the pond burning the midnight oil. She stood behind the door, and somehow, she felt her heart beating just that much faster as she looked at his serious expression and heard him speak the foreign language so fluently. That was, until "Good morning, Mommy." Demarion appeared in front of her with sleepy eyes. "Why are you eavesdropping on Daddy's study so early in the morning?" The little fellow's voice was not exactly soft. As soon as he spoke, Beau stopped speaking. She pursed her lips and instantly looked inside the study. Her gaze met his, which were sharp and deep. She felt a sense of danger looking into his eyes. It was as though they could read all her emotions. Eliza panicked and hurriedly ran down the stairs. Demarion watched her leave and sniggered mischievously to himself. He yawned and pushed open the study door. Then, giving no regard to whether or not Beau was in a meeting, he climbed onto his desk and sat down. His tiny legs were covered in a pair of pajama pants with yellow ducklings and dangled off the edge of the table. "Mommy peeped at you for a long time." "I don't think she understands foreign languages, so she was not eavesdropping on the company's secrets." Beau shot him an indifferent glance before turning off the computer. "So what was she doing?" "She was looking at you!" Demarion rolled his eyes. "Daddy, be confident. Mommy was looking at you." For a brief moment, pride flashed in the man's eyes. "And why was she looking at me?" Demarion frowned and thought about it. "Maybe she was wondering when you'd bring her Ertonphia."

Beau was at a loss for words.

My Three Darlings by Anonymous

Chapter 48

[/ My Three Darlings by Anonymous](#)

Chapter 48

After breakfast, Eliza grabbed her bag and trailed after Beau into the car. Demarion and Braint stood at the door like parents who were seeing their kids

off. Demarion urged earnestly. "Be careful. "Don't be too nice to the other kids. "Come back soon and make us delicious food. "Remember to take lots of nice photos. "Remember to..." Braint shot him a chilly glance. After a long while, he raised his head and stared at Eliza with his big sparkly eyes. "Be happy." Eliza nodded. "I will."

She was going on this trip to unwind. When she came back, she would no longer be bothered by Jay or Madeleine anymore! "Get in the car." Beau, who stood behind the two boys, frowned and instructed coldly. Eliza complied obediently and got in the car. The tall man turned around and looked down at the two kids. They did not even reach his thighs. "I've been on so many business trips, but never have you seen me off." Demarion rolled his eyes and said, "Daddy, you are an adult now. You do not need any concern from us kids." Beau paused. "Is Eliza not an adult too?" "That's different!" "What's the difference?" Before Demarion could come up with an answer to Beau's question, Braint replied, "Women require more attention than men." Then, without another word, he turned and entered the house. Demarion immediately nodded in agreement. "That's right! Women require more attention than men!"

"Daddy, take good care of Mommy!" And with that, he jogged over and caught up with Braint. "Wait for me, bro!" "Keep your hands off the biscuits that Mommy prepared for me!" Beau stood where he was and watched his sons leave. He heaved a faint sigh. Were they not even going to bid him 'Bon Voyage'? He felt so betrayed!

He stood there and watched until the two boys disappeared into the house before he got into the car. Eliza was in the middle of a call with Graciana in the car. "Eliza, I'm waiting for you at the intersection! "I've already put on all my most valuable pieces. If Mr. Valentine still thinks I'm shabby, please remember that I've already tried my best! "I got up at 5 this morning and spent more than two hours on make-up just so that I do not embarrass you." Graciana's voice was loud. Though Eliza did not put her on speaker and had even covered the earpiece deliberately, Graciana's voice could still be heard. Beau, who was in a black suit, sat elegantly beside Eliza and glanced at her. Eliza was sure that he heard everything. "Keep your voice down!" She pursed her lips and covered the earpiece up even more.

But that seemed to be a futile attempt.

"Mr. Valentine had seen me when we had a video call back then, but he is such a busy person, I am sure he can't remember how I looked. "I must make right the impression I leave on him this time around!" Eliza rolled her eyes. "Graciana, please lower your voice..." Before she could finish her words, a hand reached over. He reached out his fingers and took her cell phone from her. Then, he put the call on hands-free mode. "Don't bother." Graciana, who was chattering on the other end of the line, halted. Beau said indifferently in a deep voice. "You don't have to do this next time. It'll just be a waste of time. "I won't look at you, anyway." Graciana fell into an awkward silence.

Eliza went silent too.

Beau gracefully ended the call amidst the silence and stuffed the cell phone back into Eliza's hand.

"Let's go." Noah quickly started the car. The black Maserati sped along the streets of the city. Clutching onto her cell phone, Eliza seemed out of it for a long time. After some time, she pursed her lips and looked up at Beau. "What you did... Wasn't that..."

"What?"

"Wasn't that discourteous?" Beau took a comfortable position and leaned back into the back seat lazily with his eyes closed. "She's too nervous. "You are my wife, and she is your best friend. I will often meet her in the future." Then, he opened his eyes and stared at her. "Or do you wish to see her this nervous every time she sees me?" Eliza had no words. She wasn't sure if his eyes were too captivating or if his voice was too attractive. But at that moment, looking into his eyes, she became speechless all of a sudden. What he said even seemed to make sense to her. They stared at each other in the back seat of the car. When their eyes met, Eliza found it hard to catch her breath, and her face got warmer with each passing moment.

Just as the tension in the air reached a breaking point, the car stopped. Noah rolled down the window and glanced at the woman standing at the bus stop. "Miss Graciana?"

"That's me!" Graciana nodded and ran excitedly to their car in her extravagant gown and high heels. When she was just five meters away from them, Graciana suddenly twisted her ankles.

Bam-!

She fell to the ground face-first. Eliza pursed her lips and quickly got off the car. She rushed up to Graciana and helped her up. "Are you alright?" "I'm fine." Eliza propped her up. "I feel so embarrassed," Graciana groaned. "That's alright. He's family. "He's my husband. You'll be seeing him a lot more in the future." Then, she ushered Graciana to the back seat and said, "Get in." Graciana was about to take a seat when she saw the face of the man in the back seat. She let out a squeal and quickly stood back up. "Forget it. I will ride shotgun." And then, disregarding her sprained ankle, she rushed over and got into the car. Eliza froze in position. She had actually planned to get Beau to give his seat to Graciana. But at the sight of Graciana, who had already buckled herself up into the seat, Eliza had no choice but to give up and sit back beside Beau. Ertonphia was a distance away from Krine. But the journey there was dead silent. Eliza yawned as she watched the same scenery pass by outside the window. The quiet surrounding and overly comfortable ride gradually made Eliza drowsy. In the end, she heaved a sigh and fell asleep against the window. In her sleep, she felt a gentle hand shifting her head away from the window. She ended up leaning against a broad, warm chest. She vaguely heard voices speaking around her. "Mr. Valentine, you treat Eliza... really well." "She is my wife."

My Three Darlings by Anonymous

Chapter 49

[/ My Three Darlings by Anonymous](#)
Chapter 49

When Eliza woke up, the car had already arrived in Ertonphia. The car whizzed into a deceleration zone. Her head had slid down to Beau's lap and was bobbing up and down with every hump on the road. In her sleep, she turned and adjusted herself into another position. However, she felt as though something was pressing against her nose for no apparent reason. It was making her rather uncomfortable.

Out of instinct, she raised her hand in her sleep and tried to remove the object...

"Stop the car!" Suddenly, a man's voice sounded from the back seat of the car. The suppressed anger could be heard threatening to overflow. Startled, Noah quickly slammed the brakes. "Graciana Ryan." Beau furrowed his brows. "Come to the back."

Leaning against the passenger seat in a sleepy daze, Graciana yawned. "Why?"

"No reason."

There was a slight hint of forbearance in his cold voice as he demanded, "We're changing seats!" Graciana pursed her lips and got out of the passenger seat reluctantly. When the door opened, the man who had been incomparably gentle to Eliza the first half of the trip disappeared. He wildly tapped a knuckle on her head and rumbled, "Wake up." Eliza opened her eyes unwillingly, awoken by the pain on her forehead. "What's going on..." As she spoke, her voice gradually trailed off and she found herself silent. Well, because she noticed that the fabric of Beau's sleek black suit was mere inches from her face. She was stunned. Only then did she realize that she actually... slept on Beau's lap! "Get up." Beau frowned slightly, his voice still frosty as ever. She paused for a bit then frantically scrambled off him. Struggling to get up, her fingers seemed to grasp something. But it was neither his thigh nor his hand... Her face promptly flushed red and she rapidly released her grip. Any sense of sleep had been wiped off her mind.

She straightened her back and sat rigidly facing the front, trying to pretend that nothing had

Her face promptly flushed red and she rapidly released her grip. Any sense of sleep had been wiped off her mind. She straightened her back and sat rigidly facing the front, trying to pretend that nothing had happened. Beau glanced at her coldly and got out of the car. Graciana climbed in and sat down beside her, secretly giving her a thumbs up. "Ah, the bliss of married life. You held it so skillfully; anyone could tell you do it often." . Eliza tossed her a glare, her face burning scarlet. Soon, the car arrived in front of the hotel Graciana had pre-booked. "Thank you, Mr: Valentine!" After hopping off the car with her massive backpack, Graciana busied herself snapping a thousand and one selfies

while thanking Beau. Eliza let out a long sigh of relief and lifted a hand to pat at her chest. The air in the car was so dense—had she stayed another second longer, she would have suffocated! Graciana clasped a hand around her arm and hauled her into the hotel. “Eliza, let me tell you. This hotel is the very best in this area! “It’s seven-star! “Had it not been for the two 90% discount tickets I got in that online lucky draw last month, I wouldn’t ever dare bring you here at all...” The two of them strolled in while chatting, completely oblivious to the fact that the black Maserati hadn’t left. The car drove in the circle past the entrance and then rolled to a halt in front of the main entrance.

“Mr. Valentine!” The hotel manager, Mr. Williams, led a line of management executives and greeted Beau heartily. “It is the honor of our hotel for you to pay us a visit!” As he held the car door open for Beau, he smiled obsequiously and said, “We’ve already readied the best presidential suite for you. If you’d like...” “I’m not staying in the presidential suite this time.” Beau gracefully stepped out of the car. “I need you to look in your records. “There’s someone I want to stay next to.” “Yes sir!”

The room that Graciana booked was a double bedroom at the end of the corridor on the tenth floor. Once the attendant ushered them to their room, he left without delay. “Eliza, come here and lie down! Gosh, it’s so comfy!” Graciana sprawled herself out on the spacious bed like a child. Her eyes were shut and her face depicted nothing but happiness. “Ah, the affluent live differently! “If only I could afford to stay in a room like this every time I go on holiday!” Eliza shook her head helplessly. Upon unpacking her luggage, she realized rather belatedly that she had forgotten her sunscreen in her haste to prepare last night. After rummaging through her belongings again to find no sunscreen, she got up. “I’m going to the shopping mall across the street. Do you want to come with me?” Graciana pouted. “I want to have a heart-to-heart chat with this enormous bed!” Eliza shook her head again and grabbed her purse before leaving. Very soon, she arrived at the megamall opposite the hotel. After she retrieved a tube of sunscreen from the health and beauty section, she noticed the packets of potato chips on display in the distance.

They had only one packet of her favorite flavor left. “Auntie.” As soon as her fingers came into contact with the plastic packaging, she heard the sweet voice of a little girl. “I like this flavor too...” Eliza frowned. She looked to the source of the sound and found an adorable little girl standing by her feet. She wore her hair in two tight braids and donned an immaculate tulle dress. At one glance, she looked like an intricate porcelain doll. When Eliza’s eyes landed on the girl in front of her, she couldn’t help but think of the dream she had last night. She had to admit that the girl looked eerily similar to the girl in her dream... “Auntie?” Seeing her stare into a daze, the little girl raised a pale hand and tugged at Eliza’s pants. “Auntie, please?” Her large, watery eyes looked like deep lakes filled with longing. Eliza was shaken by her intense gaze. Without hesitation, she shoved the packet of chips into the little girl’s hands. “Here you go.” “Thank you, auntie!”

The little girl held the chips against her chest and smiled delightfully at her. “You’re as cute as Mommy!” With that, she scurried away with the snack in her arms. Eliza stood rooted to the spot as she watched the little girl’s silhouette shrink into the distance. She felt overwhelmed with the most complex concoction of emotions. She didn’t even know the gender of the child she lost five years ago.

Had it been female, she would have grown into a girl like the one earlier. She must've been equally as endearing, right...

"Mr. Benton." . The girl trotted back to a tall man and presented him with the family pack chips. He frowned slightly. "Liliana, how many times have I told you? You shan't eat junk food." "This isn't junk food!" Liliana pouted and shielded the chips in her arms. "This is a gift from that beautiful auntie. "Actually, it's not like I absolutely love this flavor. That auntie is just so beautiful I couldn't help going up to her to chat." Julian Benton raised an eyebrow from behind his huge sunglasses. "Chat?" "That's right!" The little kid stood on tiptoes and tipped the packet of chips into the shopping cart. She looked up at Julian proudly and said, "Mr. Benton, didn't you say that you'll give me an elder brother if you get a wife? D "Once I learn to chat up beautiful aunties, I can help you get a wife!"

The man shook his head with a sigh. "First, you're already five. Even if I get married now, there's no way I can give you an elder brother. "Second, have you practiced the piano today? I see that you have a lot of time on your hands to be worrying about grown-up affairs, hm?" Liliana's head dipped to her chest and she fell silent. A moment later, she raised her head again. "But that auntie is truly beautiful. "I want her as my mommy."

My Three Darlings by Anonymous

Chapter 50

[/ My Three Darlings by Anonymous](#)

Chapter 50

Eliza bought some essentials for going to Sea World the next day and hurriedly returned to the hotel. "So the beautiful auntie lives here!" A little girl with sparkling eyes sat on the sofa in the lobby of the hotel. She wore a white chiffon dress. Her excitement was evident as she watched Eliza enter the elevator. "Such fate!" "Mr. Benton, can I go meet her?" Julian frowned and reached out to hold her hand. "Stay out of trouble!" Liliana looked up at him with grievances and whined, "Mr. Benton..." "Liliana."

The man crouched down and looked at her with a stern gaze. "You are young. There are many things you do not understand. "You cannot act so impulsively. What if this beautiful auntie you mention is married and has children of her own? "Am I to set foot in her marriage then?" The little girl pouted at Julian's words and kept her mouth shut. "Okay, be good now." He ruffled her hair and said, "I am here for work. You should not mess around." "Alright." Although she was not happy about it, she nodded obediently and spoke no more of it. However, without his knowledge, she used two of Mr. Benton's autographed photos to trade for information from the receptionist. She got the information that the beautiful auntie stayed in Room 2302! Therefore, under her relentless pestering, Julian agreed to take Room 2303. .

.....

As she had slept the entire journey there, Eliza found herself wide awake that night. After tossing and turning to no avail, she decided she might as well get up. So, she put on her coat and went out to the corridor to get some fresh air. It was midnight and the corridor was empty. Eliza leaned against the window at the end of the corridor as she scrolled through

news back in Krine on her phone. Roseane's fans had kicked up a fuss online as the script for "Snowy Night" had been changed without prior notice. Some of the content which Roseane had filmed previously have gone to waste because of that. Jay's fans continued to promote on the Internet how kind he was and how despicable Madeleine was. Eliza was a tad annoyed by those articles. Just as she was about to turn off the phone, an article caught her attention. "Breaking news! Julian Benton spotted with five-year-old daughter! Who could the mother be?"

Eliza clicked on it for more information and saw a picture of the back view of a little girl dressed in a white chiffon dress. The little girl's back view looked familiar. Eliza sent a screenshot of the article to Graciana. Graciana had been a fan of Julian Benton for three whole years. She dreamed of marrying him every single day. Eliza wondered if Graciana would break down when she saw that news the next morning

Right then, the elevator dinged behind her, indicating that it was stopping on that floor. Then, she heard a mess of footsteps. She turned around almost instinctively. The air was infused with the scent of blood. Two men came out of the elevator. A man in a black suit who had a gaping wound that was still bleeding on his shoulder was held up by another man. "Mrs. Valentine..." Noah, who was holding Beau up, looked at Eliza in shock. "Why are you..." Beau's eyes, which had been tightly shut, snapped open. His pale face held no expression. "It's late. Why are you not asleep yet?" Eliza was stunned for a moment before she rushed over hurriedly. "What happened to you?" She had stood too far away from him to notice earlier on, but now that she got close to him, she realized just how deep the wound on his shoulder was. "It's nothing." Beau patted her on the shoulder lightly and said gently, "Don't you have plans for

tomorrow? "Go catch some rest." But how could she possibly fall asleep knowing that he was in such a state? Eliza did not have the time to figure out why Beau appeared in the hotel she was staying in nor did she have the time to ask why he was staying in the room next to hers.

She went over and propped Beau up on the other side and helped him make his way into the room. Maybe because he was too badly injured, Beau passed out on the couch the moment he entered the room. "Why didn't you go to the hospital?" Crouching in front of the couch, Eliza asked as she anxiously rummaged through the first aid kit. "Mr. Valentine said that he cannot go to the hospital." Noah fetched a basin of hot water. "The people who stabbed Mr. Valentine are waiting for news of his injury. "So not only can we not go to the hospital, but we will also have to act like nothing out of the ordinary had happened. "Otherwise, they would have gotten what they wanted out of their evil scheme." Eliza paused as she took the gauze out from the first aid kit. "Does he have to put himself in such a precarious position just so that they do not get what they want?" "This isn't too bad, is it?" Noah frowned as he gave Eliza a hand with tending to Beau's wound. "Mr. Valentine has always been like this. "He said that preventing them from getting the results they hope for is the best revenge." After that, he sighed

lightly. "Mrs. Valentine, don't fret it. "This is just a minor injury for Mr. Valentine. "You probably do not know about it, but in the fire five years ago, he..." Noah stopped mid-sentence. Eliza cut open the fabric on Beau's shoulder with a pair of scissors. "What happened during the fire five years ago?" "Well, five years ago..." Noah heaved a sigh. There was a distant look in his eyes as he reminisced. "Mr.

Valentine almost risked being crippled for life. "He was badly injured when saving both Braint and Demarion from the terrible fire. "He only managed to recover to his current state after two years of treatment." Eliza's hand trembled for a brief moment as she dressed the wound. So, that means... The rumors going around were not entirely hogwash. At the very least, it was true that Beau had been through a huge fire five years ago, and he had also suffered serious injuries because of it... "It must have been tough on him too." Eliza sighed and handled his wound with even more care. "But it was fortunate that he managed to rescue Braint and Demarion." "It was a shame that the boys' mother was not saved." Noah shook his head and headed to the washroom. Eliza's hand trembled ever-so-slightly. Did Braint and Demarion's mother... pass away in that fire? No wonder they had never mentioned it in front of her. She finished dressing Beau's wound in silence. Finally, with Noah's help, she moved him from the couch to the bed. By then, it was already late into the night. She sat on the edge of the bed and quietly studied his impassive face. It seemed that for the entire time they had known each other, he had been the one looking out for her and helping her every time. She felt like she had never helped him with anything nor had she really taken the time to understand this man. Eliza could not even begin to understand the pain he felt because of the fire five years ago, how he had lost his lover, almost lost his two children, as well as the physical pain of the burns. Noah said that he had been depressed for a long, long time after that fire five years back. Had the two children not grown up, he would never have pulled himself together. Just hearing that from Noah made Eliza feel sad. Noah also said that every time Beau was injured, he would force himself to hold out alone. He would not let anyone know about his pain and suffering, choosing to endure

everything on his own instead.

Unless he was very seriously injured, he would always deal with it himself.

Eliza reached her hand out and lightly traced the silhouette of his face. Beau was actually... very lonely, wasn't he? The world only knew about his arrogance, nobility, and aloofness. But he was, in fact, just an ordinary man who was also capable of being hurt and had a past that he would rather not speak of. Almost instinctively, Eliza reached out to hold his hand.

"Beau.

TIT

"You'll always have me by your side in the future. "You don't have to hold out all alone."