

My Three Darlings by Anonymous

Chapter 7

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Braint frowned.

He turned his head in confusion. "Daddy's not the one behind this?"

Last night, the butler had made sure that nobody was in the house except for Beau and Eliza. If Beau was not the culprit, then who was it? The butler harrumphed softly, "Braint, please come with me." Braint gave Beau a suspicious look before jumping off the desk. Then, he followed the butler to the control room with surveillance cameras.

In the control room.

The butler searched for the footage of the corridors of the house yesterday.

In the picture, Eliza, who was

wrapped in a bath towel, stumbled out of the bedroom.

She was so drunk she couldn't even figure out where she was heading. So, she kept turning around randomly in different directions. When she turned left, she hit a huge vase. When she turned right, she hit a decorative piece of furniture from beside.

Eliza grimaced in pain, but she still insisted on screaming at a flowerpot located in the corridor. Under the high-definition camera, Braint could see Eliza's arms and legs clearly. They were bruised when she hit the flowerpot. Not far away, Beau in his pajamas, was looking at her coldly with his arms crossed.

When Eliza finally stopped moving, he got up and carried her back to her room.

Braint stared at the video with astonishment.

When he saw the injuries on Eliza's body this morning, he thought that Beau had tortured her because he hated women.

He didn't expect Eliza to hurt herself at all.

He felt really disappointed in her.

"Braint, as you can see, Mr. Valentine has nothing to do with her injuries."

The butler sighed, "She just got really drunk."

Braint pursed his lips and felt slightly embarrassed.

However, he glanced sternly at Beau, who was standing at the door. "You are also to blame in this matter."

"Why were you just standing there when she was running around hurting herself?"

Beau said indifferently, "Have you noticed that some of my wine collections in the cabinet downstairs are missing?"

Braint's face turned pale.

Beau didn't like socializing with the public and he felt uncomfortable around women. Besides his job, his hobby and his greatest pride laid in his wine collections at home.

Each bottle of wine in the cabinet downstairs was not cheap.

Braint bit his lips. Something struck his mind as he stormed out of the room. "I have something to do. so I'll take my leave now."

"Didn't you say that she is 'your person'?"

Beau squatted down and stopped Braint from leaving. "You need to take responsibility for what she did." 6

Braint didn't know what to say.

Daddy's so rich. Why did he extort money from me?!

Feeling reluctant, Braint took out his phone and transferred ten thousand dollars to Beau. "I'll pay you back by installments."

After that, he brushed Beau's hand off his shoulders and ran away. The butler stared at Braint's back in shock. "Sir, it looks like you married the right woman."

Beau nodded. He seemed to be preoccupied with something as he watched Braint leave.

"Braint! Why did you transfer my allowance to daddy?"

Anger was brewing in the childre

room. Demarion put his hands on his waist and shouted,

“Grandpa told me I can use that money to buy a remote-controlled toy car!”

Braint crossed his legs elegantly as he said, “Daddy said he’ll throw Eliza out of the house if I don’t give him the money.” After that, he looked at Demarion sadly. “I don’t really care about that. However, you won’t be able to enjoy the food she cooks anymore.”

Demarion hesitated when he heard that,

“All right then.” The remote-controlled car was not as important as having delicious food to eat every day.

“Daddy’s wine is just too expensive.”

Braint sighed. “Eliza finished millions worth of wine yesterday. We won’t be able to pay off her debts, even if we combine our allowances.”

Demarion frowned as he paced back and forth in the room anxiously.

“A few million, huh? That’s worth hundreds of remote-controlled cars!” he thought. Suddenly, an idea flashed across his mind.

“Braint, why don’t we start addressing Eliza as ‘mommy’ tomorrow? We can prompt daddy to date Eliza!”

Braint smirked and an evil expression flashed across his face. He nodded confidently. “That makes sense.” “When daddy is in love, I’m sure he’ll be infatuated with Eliza, and he’ll forget about all the money she owes him!” D

“It’s settled then!”

Demarion jumped up excitedly. “Let’s devise a plan for daddy to fall in love with Eliza! Oops... I mean mommy!”

When he saw Demarion rushing to his desk, Braint said satisfactorily, “Since you always have a lot of weird ideas, I’ll leave the task to you. Right now, I’ll go downstairs.”

The sound of water splashing echoed from the kitchen. Eliza was now cleaning up the dishes.

Five years ago, when Eliza realized that she wasn’t part of the Lawson family anymore, she started doing chores around the house out of guilt.

At first, Presley and Riley still treated her with respect. As time went on, the Lawsons left all the household chores to Eliza. They didn’t even bother to hire housemaids anymore.

Gradually, she developed the habit of helping around the house every day.

"Come here."

Braint pulled Eliza out of the kitchen and said, "You don't have to do anything. The housemaids will take care of the dishes."

After that, he pulled Eliza back to the sofa and made sure she sat down. "You shouldn't drink anymore in the future."

Braint looked at Eliza grimly, "It's not good for your health."

Deep down, he thought, "Your drinking habits will drain both me and Demarion's allowance." 6

Eliza pursed her lips and said

dismissively, "To be honest, I don't really like drinking."

She was just upset when she saw Jay and Madeleine on the news yesterday.

Her mood changed for the worst at the thought of the loving couple.

After a while, she pretended to be relaxed and smiled. "It's all in the past anyway."

"I won't embarrass myself like that ever again in the future."

Braint crossed his arms around his chest and sized her up with his big, watery eyes.

"Are you thinking about your ex-boyfriend?"

Eliza was speechless.

"It's all written on your face."

Braint said with a squeaky voice, "Ms. Lawson, you're already a married woman. You shouldn't be thinking about your ex."

Instantly, Eliza denied, "I'm not thinking about him."

Braint sighed. "Looks like you're lying to me."

It seemed like Eliza wouldn't be interested in Beau for a while, since she just broke up with her ex recently.

"Looks like we'll still have to wait for her to get over her past relationship. Daddy won't be able to make her fall in love with him anytime soon," Braint thought.

He stood up and walked up the stairs sorrowfully. "Why do I have to worry about your love life? I'm just a child."

"How bothersome."

Once again, Eliza was speechless.

When Braint went upstairs, the housemaids barred Eliza from doing household chores when she tried to wash the dishes again.

Feeling bored, she took out her book and began reading. It wasn't until the evening that Eliza went downstairs to prepare dinner for Braint. As soon as she went downstairs, she saw Braint standing at the door in sportswear.

When he noticed her, he greeted Eliza, "I'm going out for a walk from 5 to 6." "Do you want to join me?" "It's okay, you can go." Eliza smiled and put on an apron. "I'll be cooking dinner for you at home."

"Okay." Braint nodded. Then, he opened the door and left.

Judging by the way he talked and acted, Braint didn't seem like a normal five-year-old child. Eliza sighed as she went to the kitchen to prepare dinner. The housemaids bought some shrimp today. So, Eliza decided to prepare a hearty meal for the child. While Eliza was prepping, the tantalizing scent wafted upstairs into Demarion's nose.

He closed the 'dating guide' in his hand, opened the door, and heaved in a deep breath. He almost drooled.

"I can't bear it! I can't bear it anymore!" Demarion shouted internally. "Did Braint go downstairs just now in sports attire?" Quickly, Demarion ran to the cloakroom and put on the same attire as Braint. Then, he stormed downstairs. "What are you making tonight?" Demarion rushed down quickly and jumped to the table. "Wow!" Eliza, who was serving the dishes on the table, stared at 'Braint', who was currently standing in front of her. "If I'm not mistaken, did he just come down from upstairs?"