

# My Three Darlings by Anonymous

## Chapter 138

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Because she had been tortured badly by Beau the night before, Eliza woke up at 10 o'clock in the morning the next day. When she woke up, she instinctively took a look at her phone. There were a dozen missed calls and a lot of unread messages. The last message was sent by Ethan. He sent a picture of Esme standing dazedly in the ward in her striped hospital gown. "It's settled." Eliza was startled. After a long while, she finally could not resist laughing out loud. Esme actually went to a mental hospital? She quickly clicked on other messages. Of the missed calls, two were from Ethan, one was from Mr. Long, and the rest were from Riley! The person who sent her the most messages was Riley. In the WeChat message, Riley was hysterical. "You're something. You can even hire Ethan who has never been close to anyone. You're really willing to pay a high price just to get Esme into prison!" "Eliza, I warn you, the jade pendant I gave you is fake. The real one is still in my hands. If you want it, ask Ethan to leave as soon as possible!" "Eliza, you're too cruel. Since you've gone all out, aren't you afraid that I'll fight you to the death?"

Among the dozen messages sent by Riley, they were either threatening or begging. In the end, his only purpose was to persuade Ethan to leave so that Esme could leave the mental hospital.

But how could Eliza agree to him? "Esme's admitted in there. You win!" This was the last one. Eliza looked at the words on her phone and could not help but think of the hysterical appearance of Riley. Somehow, her mood got better. After hesitating for a while, she replied to Riley, "Dad, you should understand my painstaking efforts." "Since Esme already has a mental illness that is intermittent, then she should be completely cured before leaving the hospital for the legal punishment, am I right?" "I found the expert Ethan. After all, he has the authority in the study of mental illness. Since he diagnosed Esme as a mental patient, she can only recuperate in a mental hospital." "After all, if she is not ill, she will go to jail, right?" After saying these words, Eliza felt refreshed. Did Riley think that he could save Esme from imprisonment if he made Esme a fake psychiatric report?"

Right now, Esme was in a mental hospital... It was not much easier than going to jail. She might as well stay in jail comfortably. She expressed her gratitude to Ethan on WeChat. "It's nothing. I'm an expert in this field. They happened to run into trouble." After that, he smiled at Eliza. "Do you remember our agreement?" "I helped you this time. You owe me a favor." "Yes, I won't forget." Eliza also smiled at him. "But I don't think there's anything I can help you with." "You have." Ethan replied quickly, "Don't belittle yourself." "Eliza, in the future... you'll be able to help me a lot." Eliza was confused by his words. At this moment, Eliza's phone rang. It was an unfamiliar number. "Hello, Ms. Lawson. I'm the new director of Purple City. Raul left the entertainment circle because of his personal problems. I'll take over the film." "We have to put up the schedule for our shooting. There is a meeting on the script in the afternoon, and I hope you can participate in it on time." Eliza nodded. "Alright." Recently, she had been busy

with Roseane's affairs. She almost forgot that she had another movie to film. She had just changed from a stand-in to a formal actress, so she was not used to this change. The meeting was scheduled at two o'clock in the afternoon. When Eliza finished washing and went downstairs, it was already 11 o'clock in the afternoon.

She had a simple lunch. After a quick meal, she took a taxi to the address given by the director. The meeting was in a hotel near the cinema. When Eliza arrived, Julian had just gotten off the car. The hotel entrance was full of Julian's fans. Fans screamed Julian's name, and the entrance of the hotel was surrounded by people. Eliza was squeezed by the crowd for a long time before she managed to enter the hotel. She was also recognized by the hotel's security guards as Julian's fan and almost got driven out. "Thank you for your hard work." Seeing her enter the conference room with a messy hair, Julian smiled and handed her a mirror. "Tidy up." Eliza took the mirror and looked at it. Only then did she realize how awkward she was right now. She smiled embarrassedly and said while tidying her hair, "Mr. Benton has so many fans." "Why, are you jealous?" Sitting on the other side of Julian, an actress looked up at her arrogantly. "Besides you, everyone has more or less some fans, right?" After saying that, she glanced at Eliza with some displeasure. "I really don't know what my management company thinks. They want me to be a supporting role for such a person."

The woman who spoke was Gloria, a new actress who originated from a talent show. Although she had not acted a lot, she had gained a lot of fans in the talent show. In this movie, she played the second lead. On the other side of Gloria sat another actress, Joye, who had been a supporting actress for many years. Although she was a co-star, she also had a lot of fans. In addition to the female characters, the male characters, in addition to Julian, were all popular actors. Indeed, Gloria was right. In front of these actresses with fans and experience, Eliza's little resume was really not worth mentioning "Eliza is gifted. I believe she will be better in the future." Julian glanced at Gloria calmly. "At least, I think she will be better than you." Gloria was not convinced. However, she could not go against an award winner like Julian. She could only secretly roll her eyes. It was not long before the time was up. The chief director pushed the door open and came in. "Hello, everyone. I am the current director of this movie. My name is Hunter. You can just call me Mr. Diaz."

The director handed out the script to everyone. "Since the main actors of this play are here, I'll make the long story short." "I'm inviting all of you here today because I want you to distribute the script. On the other hand, I want all of you to familiarize yourself with each other." "Because the shooting time is short, the shooting arrangement may be adjusted constantly. So the crew booked the first floor of the hotel for everyone. I hope everyone can move in together so that it will be better for the future communication." Gloria rolled her eyes. "Do we have to live together for a film?" "That's right."

The director nodded and smiled. "This is the rule." "Mr. Benton has agreed." Gloria curled her lips and stopped talking. Julian's agreement was not up to anyone else to disagree. Seeing that no one had any objections, the director cleared his throat. "Of course, there's one more important thing to announce..."

As he spoke, he glanced at Eliza. "As the female lead of this movie, you and Mr. Benton have a lot of kissing scenes. Do you understand?" Eliza nodded, "I know." But as an actress, this was a normal job. She did not feel that it was anything.

Gloria, who was standing aside, curled her lips and muttered, "She's really lucky." "Cough, cough." Mr. Diaz took a deep breath. "But considering that this is your first film, our producer decided to prepare one for Mr. Benton..." "A substitute." Eliza was stunned. A substitute for Julian? That was to say, she had to kiss the substitute instead? D Eliza was a little depressed. Although she did not want to kiss Julian, at least Julian was still an acquaintance to her. But a substitute... Who knew if it was a middle-aged greasy uncle? 2 Julian, who was on the side, also frowned. "You don't have to, do you?" "It's necessary." The chief director wiped the sweat from his forehead. "This is... this is the request of the producer and investor." Eliza felt a little despair. "Then what does this substitute... look like?" D

The chief director hesitated for a moment and passed her the list of the producer. "It's one of these producer." A producer as a substitute? Wasn't this a joke? Eliza angrily picked up the list. At a glance, she saw the name of the producer: Beau.

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While Eliza was reading the list, Julian's head also moved closer. He noticed something at a glance. There was a mocking smile on his lips. "It seems that someone is still worried about Miss Lawson." After that, he looked at Eliza meaningfully. "What do you think, Miss Lawson?" Eliza gave a dry laugh. "Then... what do you think, Mr. Benton?" She would be an actress in the future, and kissing was inevitable too. Moreover, to some degree, simply avoid kissing dramas was not professional enough. "It doesn't matter." Julian smiled calmly. "I want to see how this gentleman will perform as my substitute." The lines on Beau's face and jaw were both much sharper than his. Even if he only showed his jaw, others could tell that he was a substitute. He wanted to see how Beau would settle this matter. Eliza felt despair. If Julian refused, she still had a chance to replace Beau. But now... "Since Mr. Benton has no objection, this matter is decided happily!" Eliza could no longer hear what Mr. Diaz said.

She sat on the chair and nodded her head like a puppet.

Eliza's mind was filled with the thought of Beau kissing her... Wasn't Beau going to make everyone on the set see her kiss him? No, no, no, not the set! It was everyone! "When the movie is released in the future, everyone can see it!" Thinking of this, her face inexplicably began to burn. She subconsciously placed her hand on her burning cheeks. What the hell!

She knew that there were kissing scenes in this play, and she also knew that the kissing scene were with Julian. But at that time, she regarded this as her job, and she did not feel anything in her heart! Now, it was Beau who was going to kiss her. Why was she so nervous and shy? Shameless! "Well, that's all for today. Let's call it a day!" After a long while, Mr. Diaz's words brought Eliza's thoughts back to reality. Eliza stood up in daze and left with the others. "Tsk, tsk, tsk. Are you stunned?" As soon as she walked out of the conference room, Gloria couldn't help mocking her. "You look so terrible because you know about the kiss with the

substitute, right?" Joye took her arm and said, "She is suffering now. Don't talk nonsense." "I'm telling the truth." Gloria said gloatingly, "Some people still don't know their position." "You thought that as the lead actress, you could perform with Julian, have a kiss with him and achieve great success?" "In your dreams." After saying this, she walked over with a smile. She gazed arrogantly at Eliza. "How about that now you have to kiss a substitute instead." "Maybe he is a greasy uncle in his 60s or 70s." "Eliza, good luck to you." After saying this, Gloria proudly left. Eliza looked at her back, not knowing what to say at all. "Eliza, don't be angry." Joye smiled faintly. She came over and gently tucked Eliza's hair behind her ears. "She is like this. She is straightforward and outspoken. She means no harm." Eliza nodded. "I know." Joye looked at her and wanted to say something, but Eliza's cell phone rang. "I'm sorry." Eliza smiled at Joye and turned to answer the phone. The call was from Xander. "Thank you. You've done it perfectly." "The wicked have their own wicked grind." Obviously, he already knew that Esme was in the mental hospital. "You don't need to thank me." Eliza sighed. "That's all I can do."

In fact, on the night when Roseane got into trouble, if she had been more cautious, perhaps everything would not have been like this. Now that Esme was admitted to a mental hospital, Lucija hid abroad and did not dare to come back.

This was clearly not the best ending. But she had tried her best. "We're leaving." Xander sighed. "The train at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Are you going to send us off?" "We don't have much friends in Krine." "Matthew wants to see us off, but my father doesn't want to see him." Eliza looked at the time. There was still three hours until 3 o'clock in the afternoon. "I'll see you off." She took a deep breath and said, "Send me the address." "Forget it."

Xander, who was on the other end of the line, was silent for a while and then smiled. "You also have your own life to live. In fact, we are very grateful that you can help us Comtois family to this extent." "Didn't you ask me last time, what did Kezia steal from my sister?" "I wrote a letter to you and placed it downstairs in the hotel where we lived before. You can go to the front desk and say your name to collect it." "You will find the answer." After that, Xander told Eliza some other topics about Roseane and hung up the phone. After this call, there was no one left beside Eliza. Those who had planned to watch the drama had left at some point in time. She let out a sigh of relief, stretched and took a taxi to the hotel that the Comtois family had stayed before. After the front desk, Eliza announced her name and she indeed received a letter from Xander. There was actually nothing in the letter, only a few photos. One was a letter with half of it burned down. The other was a letter fully intact. The two letters were the same content. However, the handwriting in one that had been burned down looked even more delicate and well-mannered. Roseane's name was at the signature of the letter. And the one that had an ugly handwriting and in good condition was signed by Kezia. Eliza stared blankly at the recipient of the letter. It was Matthew. Holding the photo in her hand, she had mixed feelings. Matthew had told her that he and Kezia had maintained their relationship through letters. That was to say, these letters were written by Roseane, while Kezia made a copy and burned Roseane's letter?

This was what Xander mentioned. The most important thing to Roseane that Kezia stole? But Eliza still felt that something was wrong. Since it was Roseane who had been sending letters to Matthew and had been impersonated by Kezia,

then Matthew's letters should all be sent to Kezia. Why did Roseane know the content? D She was puzzled. Finally, she could not help but call Xander, "Because those replies from my sister were written for Kezia to copy." Xander sighed on the other end of the line. "Do you know that Kezia is terminally ill?" "She had an incurable disease. Although my parents raised her, they really can't afford to treat her disease." "So she put forward a very excessive request to my sister."

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Eliza listened to Xander and his words with mixed feelings. She never thought that the relationship between Roseane and Matthew was like this. In the past, Eliza liked Roseane very much because she was beautiful, had great acting skills and a good character in the entertainment circle. But she didn't expect that Roseane had silently given herself in for a man and a friend. She and Kezia were best friends. When she was brought home by her family, her parents adopted Kezia. Later on, the letters sent to Matthew were impersonated by Kezia. When she found out that Kezia was suffering from a terminal illness, she didn't dare to get angry with her and even

's request to let her enjoy Matthew's tenderness at the end of her life. However, she did not think that after Kezia passed away, she and Matthew would never be able to be together for the rest of their lives. Because Kezia was dead, Roseane couldn't prove to Matthew that the girl he used to like was her.

She could not let go of Matthew, because Matthew was the elder brother she liked when she was young

That was why she was so frustrated and helpless. Even the Eliza did not want to see her relationship with Matthew rupture. "I don't know what kind of ending is good for my sister." On the other end of the line, Xander smiled helplessly and said, "I've always tried to persuade her to forget about Matthew, but she kept saying that she couldn't do it." "She sent me a message the night she got into trouble. She said she would forget Matthew this time. I don't know what she meant..." "I hope when sister wakes up, she won't be angry at the decision that our family made for her to marry Matthew." "It's time to go. That's all." Xander took a deep breath and said, "Thank you, Eliza." "If it weren't for you, our family who came from the village would really have no idea how to bring Esme to justice." Eliza held her phone and was silent for a long time before saying, "You don't have to thank me like this." "I believe that even without me, Matthew will not let Esme off." Xander was silent for a long time on the other end of the line. After a while, he smiled bitterly. "Will he?" "He married sister. He treats sister well because Kezia entrusted him with this task before she died." "He will." Eliza took a deep breath and said, "Xander, you have to believe that Matthew is not as bad as you think."

At least Matthew was not a heartless person. "I hope so."

Xander sighed. "I'm really going to hang up." "We'll meet again if fate allows." After that, Xander hung up on the other end. Eliza was feeling helpless for Roseane and Matthew in her heart. She put away her phone and walked on the road sadly. Before she could take a taxi, a black Maserati stopped beside her.

The familiar car and familiar license plate number. Eliza didn't even have to wait for the person inside to open the car door. She knew that Beau was here to pick her up. She directly opened the door and got in the car. Beau, who was sitting in the back seat glanced at her indifferently and smiled slightly. "You are quite conscious." "Of course." She silently rolled her eyes at him. "Mr. Valentine was conscious enough to be a substitute for my kiss scene. Of course, I have to get on the car to live up to Mr. Valentine's contributions to me."

Beau put down the document in his hand and looked at her sternly. "You don't seem too happy?" Eliza rolled her eyes at him. "Of course I'm not happy." There were so many actresses in the entertainment circle, but she had never heard of any actress who would be arranged to kiss a substitute because of a kissing scene. But Beau, who was jealous, misunderstood her. He frowned and pulled her into his arms. He held her slender waist. "Do you want to kiss that Julian so much?"

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When did she want to kiss Julian? Eliza looked up at him with great dissatisfaction. "I don't want to kiss Julian. I just refuse to kiss a substitute." "It's the same thing." Beau snorted. "I took a look at the script." "There are not only kissing scenes, but also sex scenes." Eliza suddenly became alert and asked, "Beau, do you want to sleep with me as a substitute again?" "Of course not." He curled his lips. "What do you take me for?" "Is my body something that others can look at casually?" Eliza let out a long sigh of relief. Fortunately, there was a turnaround. However, Beau's next words almost made Eliza despair. Because he said, "I replaced you with a substitute." "No one is allowed to see my body or my wife's." Eliza: "...". She knew that it was not that simple! She looked up in despair at Beau who was hugging her. "Mr. Valentine, there's nothing real in acting." There's no need to be so serious... "I don't feel well." He answered very simply. Eliza sighed. Although she looked helpless, for some reason, she felt a little warm in her heart. He... actually cared so much about her.

Their marriage was not because of love. It was just a transaction. But now, she felt the happiness that she had never felt from Jay. The atmosphere in the car was silent and ambiguous. After a long time, Beau spoke and broke the silence in the car. "Eliza." "What's that?" "Do you think I should learn how to act and enter the entertainment industry?" 2 Eliza abruptly raised her head to look at him. How could he have such an idea? "Madam, Sir doesn't want you to act with another man, so he also wants to act." Noah, who was sitting in the driver's seat, chuckled. "However, Madam, I think your husband is much more handsome than that Mr. Benton." "I think so, too." For the first time, Beau, who was sitting next to Eliza felt that Noah was very good at talking. "I am much better looking than him." After that, he looked down at Eliza's face. "What do you think, Mrs. Valentine?" Eliza: "...". Did she still dare to say that she felt he was not good looking? Eliza pursed her lips and laughed. "Of course, my husband is the most handsome one." He hugged Eliza's body contentedly with a faint smile on his lips. "Say that a few more times." "What's that?" "Repeat what you said a few more times just now." Eliza pursed her lips and her face turned red. "My husband is the most handsome

one." "My husband is the most handsome one." "My husband is the most handsome... oh-!"

Before she could finish her words, her mouth was sealed by Beau's sharp lips. While driving, Noah glanced at the backseat from the corner of his eyes. Alas, he couldn't look at them. It was simply dazzling! The car passed a crossroad, and there was a love hotel on the side of the road. Noah coughed lightly. "Sir, are you and madam going home or..." Beau lifted his head and looked out of the window. He then glanced at Noah,

Noah nodded. "Alright!"

The tacit understanding between men were so strange. Five minutes later, the car stopped in front of the love hotel.

After getting out of the car, Eliza asked in confusion, "Don't you want to go home?" Wasn't Beau going to the set to fetch her home? "There are too many hindrances at home." He chuckled, picked her up, and strode in.

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Eliza did not know how she had gotten through this day. She only knew that the next morning, when she woke up at the love hotel, she was completely exhausted. She was not so tired even if she had been filming for a day. Beau was a real life pile driver! Lying on the bed, she looked at the ceiling and subconsciously moved her soft body. She still had no strength at all. She had to lie on the bed helplessly and picked up her cell phone to scroll through her Wechat. Now she couldn't even get out of bed, so she could only be forced to live a disabled life. However, Eliza did not expect that when she clicked open her social circle, what she saw was actually a selfie of a woman. The woman in the photo had gone too far with editing, that she looked like a snake spirit. It took Eliza a long time to recognize that this was Lucija. The photo was taken outside the gate of Krine's airport. She was finally willing to return to her country. Eliza took a deep breath and continued to scroll down her friend moments. Graciana posted a photo of Julian and screamed in her moments. Jay posted a cigarette on his moments and said that he could not sleep at night.

Finally, Eliza saw Matthew. The photo he took was a pale hand of a woman wearing a ring on her ring finger. The words on it were: No regrets. Eliza specially searched her pictures. Through the small black mole on the finger, she confirmed that it was Roseane's hand. She sighed and wanted to call Matthew to tell him that the girl whom he had never forgotten was actually Roseane. However, Matthew refused to believe Xander's words. In the last few years, Roseane and Xander had used many methods. (This novel will be daily updaed at ) They desperately wanted to prove that the woman was actually Roseane. But now that Kezia was dead, there was no evidence. Matthew refused to believe it. He didn't

believe a word. He even argued with Roseane because Roseane had always emphasized this matter. He was a stubborn person. In his heart, Kezia was perfect, so no matter what Roseane did, he would not accept it. Thinking of this, Eliza sighed. She was about to put down the phone when the phone rang. It was from the crew. Purple City's filming would begin tomorrow. The actors and actresses would all move into the

hotel that the crew had arranged for them today. Eliza had planned to go home yesterday to pack her luggage, but she didn't expect Beau to abduct her into a hotel halfway... She rolled her eyes and cursed Beau in her heart. Then she got out of bed with difficulty. The room she was in was a suite, and she slept in the bedroom inside. From her bed, she could vaguely hear the sound of someone tapping on the keyboard. Needless to say, Beau must be working outside. Stepping on the soft ground, Eliza did not have the slightest bit of strength. Thinking that the culprit who made her look like this was still typing on the keyboard and working, Eliza immediately became furious. She pushed the door open with full strength. "Beau, my legs are soft now. How are you going to compensate me?!" When she said this, she suddenly felt that something was wrong. Why were there so many people outside? Sitting in the living room were not only Beau, but also Noah, Owen, Ethan, Matthew, and several men Eliza didn't know. At this time, several of them had a laptop on their knees, obviously they were discussing something. Upon Eliza's exit, everyone in the living room focused their attention on her. At the same time, Eliza's brain went blank for an instant when she was stared at by a few men who were in shock. However, Beau, who was sitting on the main desk, was very calm. "Be a good girl, you can ask for any compensation later." "Your husband is busy." Eliza's face suddenly turned red! She directly rushed back to the room and locked the bedroom door. (This novel will be daily updated at )What the hell! Why did Beau bring so many people to the hotel? They were all sitting outside and there was no sound at all! Did he want to see her make a fool of herself? The more Eliza thought about it, the more bashful she became. In the end, she buried her head in the blanket. She was too ashamed to face anyone! After some time, the sound of sparse footsteps parting could be heard from outside the door. Then came the sound of the door opening and closing. Finally, a low footstep slowly walked to the bedroom door. "Crack!"

The door opened. Eliza continued to bury her head in the blankets. She thought that Beau would definitely come in and lift her quilt. But after waiting for a long time, there was no sound at the door. He did not enter, nor did he speak. But Eliza could feel the burning gaze coming from the doorway. Finally, she couldn't help but stick her head out of the quilt. As soon as she turned around, she met his deep eyes. Beau, with a cold face and delicate features was leaning against the door with his arms crossed. He looked at her with a faint smile. "Are your legs still soft?" It took some time for Eliza's face to return to normal temperature, and all of a sudden, it shot up again! Eliza's face turned red as she glared at him. "I was just joking with you." "I don't have soft legs!" "You're not that powerful!" "Is that so?" Beau lightly pulled his lips and walked slowly to the bedside. There was a faint smile on his cold and arrogant face as he approached her bit by bit. "You're not a good child when you lie." "Let me check if Mrs. Valentine is lying." \*If she lied..." He lifted her chin with his finger. "I'll let you feel everything from last night." Eliza: "!!!" Was he made of iron? Wasn't he tired? She shook off his hand while trembling. "I, I, I, my legs are still weak!" He narrowed his eyes. "Really?" "Really! If you say my legs are soft, they are soft; if you say they are firm, they are firm!(This novel will be daily updated at )" She retreated in panic.

"You, you, you... don't mess around!" Beau couldn't help but laugh out loud when he saw how flustered Eliza was. After a long while, he sighed, pulled her little body over and picked her up. Eliza's body suddenly soared into the air as she frantically wrapped her arms around his neck. But this made them get closer, so close that she could smell his breath. She could not help but recall what happened last night... Her face instantly turned red. "Put me down..." "All right." He smiled and put her down in front of the dining table. When she was placed on the chair, Eliza discovered that there was a sumptuous breakfast on the dining table in front of her. Beau elegantly handed her the bowls and chopsticks. "I didn't mean to embarrass you." "They have something that needed me to deal with. I didn't want to leave you in the hotel alone and I didn't want to disturb your rest, so I asked them to come over." "Of course, I didn't expect that you would say something so... awesome to me as soon as you got up early in the morning."