

Chapter 150

Beau, who was on the other end of the line smiled faintly. "I don't understand what you're talking about."

Eliza did not expose him.

She leaned against the seat of the car in a comfortable position. "I see many people on the Internet say that you and I are a match."

"Tell me, who would be so kind as to make the 'who is more worthy' topic a trending news?"

Beau said in a low voice, "Is there such a good thing?"

"Perhaps it's because you and I are too well-matched, so others are touched?"

Eliza, "..."

"Do you believe in this reason?"

"I believe it."

Beau curled his lips and said, "In short, no one has said anything bad about you. It's also a good thing."

"Work hard."

"OK."

Eliza took a deep breath. "Forget it."

In fact, she was not stupid and could figure out Beau's purpose.

After hanging up the phone, Eliza closed her eyes.

She had been unwilling to announce her marriage before because she didn't want others to think that she had climbed to her position with her identity as Mr. Valentine.

But today's event made her feel that it was not a bad thing to announce it.

At least, no one would make a fuss about her relationship again.

That way, would she be able to concentrate on my work and ignore those gossips? 📱

Probably because the filming in the afternoon was too tiring, Eliza closed her eyes and fell asleep unconsciously.

When she woke up again, the car had stopped in front of the Valentine family villa.

Eliza yawned and glanced at the scenery outside the window.

"Why did we come home?"

Mr. Diaz said that everyone had to live in the hotel arranged by the crew during the filming. She naturally thought that the driver was sending her to the hotel.

But he sent her directly to the Valentine family villa?

"Mr. Valentine applied a leave for you."

The driver replied respectfully, "You can choose not to stay in the hotel tonight."

Eliza frowned. She applied for a leave after only staying in the hotel for a day?

What the hell was going on?

However, she was not used to staying in a hotel. She was happy to come back to accompany the two little childrens.

With this in mind, she put on her coat and got out of the car.

There were no bodyguards at the gate of the villa.

Feeling that something was wrong, she took out the key and opened the door.

There was no one in the large villa.

When she was hanging up the coat, she found a card on the hanger.

On the card was a vigorous handwriting, "Go and open the box on the tea table."

Eliza pursed her lips and followed the instructions. She walked over to the tea table and opened the box.

Inside the box were pictures of Eliza.

There were 24 of them in total. One photo every year.

Behind each photo, there was a vigorous handwriting of a man.

"You were a little ugly when you were a child."

"It turns out that when you were so stupid when you were young."

"Fortunately, you have grown up now."

Behind almost every photo were his ruthless taunts.

Until—

Until the photo of her when she was 18 years old.

He wrote: "If only I knew you this year."

Eliza's hand, which was holding the photo, trembled slightly.

The year she turned eighteen was the darkest year of her life.

That year, she discovered that she was not the biological daughter of the Lawson family.

That year, she was coaxed by Madeleine to be a surrogate mother to make money for Jay's career.

Now, a man told her that it would be great if he knew her when she was eighteen years old.

Eliza closed her eyes, tears silently falling down.

She didn't know why she was crying.

If she had known Beau at the age of eighteen, would she be like this now?

She sniffed and continued to look at the next picture.

"You look haggard."

"I feel sorry for you."

"You won't be a substitute all the time."

"Just bear with it a little longer. You'll meet me soon."

The last photo was her attending the award ceremony not long ago.

The words behind the photo were, "Come upstairs. I have something to tell you."

Eliza closed her eyes, a hint of a helpless smile appeared on her face.

When did a serious and indifferent man like Beau become so romantic?

She could even imagine how awkward and enjoyable he felt when he wrote the words behind these photos besides.

She couldn't help laughing.

She put the photos away, tidied her hair, and walked upstairs.

The stairs were covered with red rose petals.

She followed the direction of the rose and walked to the bedroom step by step.

Finally, the roses stopped on the bed in the bedroom.

She laid down on the bed.

After a whole day of work, she needed to lie down and rest.

"Hiss— !"

As soon as she laid down, her head slammed into a hard object.

She instantly sprang up in pain.

"You're so stupid."

Behind her came the low voice of a man.

Eliza was startled and hurriedly got off the bed.

When she stood on the ground, she found that there was a person lying on the bed!

Beau slowly sat up from his bed and looked at her helplessly. "Demarion said that this is more romantic."

"I listened to his nonsense and hid in the quilt to surprise you."

"But I was almost killed by you." 2

Eliza rubbed her head and looked at him with an aggrieved expression. "How would I know that you were hiding under the blanket?"

"Does it hurt a lot?"

He sighed helplessly and waved at her. "Come here."

Eliza pursed his lips and carefully walked over.

Beau stretched out his long arms and pulled her into his embrace.

His big hand gently rubbed her head. "Where did you get hit?"

His gentle actions and voice made Eliza feel the pain in her head.

She felt wronged. "Here."

His big hand was pulled by her to the back of her head and he gently rubbed. "Do you feel better?"

"Yes!"

Eliza closed her eyes and enjoyed his services.

Suddenly, she seemed to recall something and asked him, "It hurt so much. What did I just hit?"

He did not stop massaging her head. "My head."

Eliza: "..."

She looked back at him and asked, "Don't you feel pain?"

Beau pulled her head back and continued to rub the back of her head. "It doesn't hurt."

"You're lying. How can it not hurt?"

"Well, it actually hurt."

"Then why don't you rub your head? Don't keep rubbing my head."

"There's no need."

Beau's voice was still faint. "I'm smarter."

"As for you, you are stupid." 1

"What if the collision made you more stupid?"

Eliza, "..."

He was obviously concerned about her, but why did he want to make her angry!

Just as she was feeling aggrieved, the lights in the room were all switched off.

The projector casted the image on the wall in front of her.

The video was similar to a press conference.

The handsome man sat on the chair and said lightly, "Eliza is my wife."

"About the video you all saw today, I took the initiative to be a substitute for the kissing scene."

"I have a strong possessive desire. I can't stand other actors kissing my wife."

"I saw many people online saying that her kissing skills are not good."

"As the only one who experienced her kissing skills, I can proudly tell everyone that her kissing skills are very good." 2

"But, except for me, no one has the luck to enjoy it. Even if it is a film, it wouldn't happen."

Beau looked at the camera seriously. "So, I, Beau, announce here that my wife does not participate in kissing scenes with other actors. It doesn't mean that she is incapable, but because she has a strict husband."

"But... "

As soon as he finished his words, a male reporter stood up and said, "Mr. Valentine, don't you think that your behavior will affect her career development?"

Beau's gaze was indifferent. "I don't think so."

"Of course, even if there is any impact, I will solve it for her."

After that, he looked at the male reporter coldly, and there was a dangerous aura in his eyes.

"Is there any other problem?"

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The male reporter was frightened by Beau's dangerous gaze and quickly took a step back. "No... no more."

Beau's deep gaze swept around the hall, "Is there anyone else who wants to ask other questions?"

The reporters present looked at each other. No one dared to make a sound.

"Since you do not have any other questions."

Beau cleared his throat and looked down at the cameras as if he was the ruler of the world. "Eliza is my wife. Whoever trying to do anything to her in the future, ask for my permission first."

On the surface, he was talking to those netizens who were eager to stir up trouble on the Internet. But in fact, what he said was meant for Julian, Lucija, and all those who wanted to hurt Eliza.

No matter what kind of "thoughts" they had, as long as he was there, no one could touch Eliza!

Intense applause rang out in the venue.

The chaos on the screen stopped.

Then, the scene of Braint and Demarion standing together appeared on the screen.

The two little guys stood against the white wall and looked at the cameras with smiles.

Demarion said, "Mommy, don't blame daddy for being a bit old-fashioned in romance. He only came up with this romantic confession after he had gouged out his work-like brain."

Braint said, "Although his way of confession is not up to expectation, Mr. Valentine is already so old. It's not easy for him to fall in love."

Demarion said, "So Mommy, you should know why we recorded this video, right?"

Braint said, "The old man is shy and doesn't want to confess his love, so he put us both on the stage."

After that, the two little boys looked at each other and sighed helplessly.

Demarion took out a banner from behind, stuffed one end into Braint's hand, grabbed the other end himself, and slowly spread it.

There were some yellow words on the red banner:

"Beau loves Eliza." ■

Eliza had originally been moved to tears, but this scene made her laugh out loud.

She laughed her head off and looked at Beau beside her. "Is this what you asked them to prepare?"

The blue veins on his forehead twitched.

He didn't know at all that these two little guys had recorded such a video!

He denied with a livid face, "I didn't."

He really didn't!

Although he felt that his confession and the way he announced their relationship were not romantic enough.

But he would never let the two little guys record such a video for him!

What a farce!

"I know that Mr. Beau will definitely be embarrassed to deny the fact that he had asked us to prepare this."

Demarion let out a light sigh. "Mommy, you have to get used to it. Mr. Beau is like that. He speaks one way and thinks another."

"He clearly likes you a lot. He also told us that he announced his relationship with you just because he doesn't want you to get into trouble."

Braint nodded in agreement. "Mr. Valentine is clearly only trying to make himself feel a little less jealous in the future."

"Mommy, it's his own way of romance."

"Do you feel Mr. Valentine's love for you?"

The video was finally over.

The light from the projector dissipated and the lights in the room lit up.

Eliza's face was still filled with tears, but her facial muscles were aching from laughing.

At first, Beau was a little displeased.

But when he saw how adorable she was, crying and laughing at the same time, making him want to bite her, he sighed lightly.

After a while, when she got tired from laughing, he took her into his arms and gently wiped the tears on her face with his big hand. "Are you this happy?"

"Yes!"

Eliza pursed her lips and boldly reached out her arms to wrap them around his neck.

"Honey."

She rarely called him that.

In the past, she felt that it was inappropriate to call him like this as they had no feelings for each other.

Later, she was used to calling him Mr. Valentine, so she could not call him intimately anymore.

But tonight, at this very moment, she only wanted to call him that.

"Yes."

Eliza's soft voice softened Beau's gaze.

He lifted his arms and gently embraced her. "Good girl."

His voice was deep and magnetic, with enchanting magic.

His embrace was extremely warm.

Eliza leaned against his chest. She wanted to say something but she couldn't say anything.

After a long silence, she finally looked up at him with those clear eyes. "Thank you."

She thanked him for everything he had done for her.

When she married him, she never thought that she could get his kind treatment.

All of this was like a dream to her.

"Don't thank me."

He calmly raised his hand and rubbed her head. "You are my wife."

He should do everything for her.

However ...

"I want to make something clear."

"Braint and Demarion's video just now... I didn't ask them to take it."

"I didn't know."

He was not that old-fashioned!

Eliza's face stiffened slightly.

He said that he didn't ask Braint and Demarion to take the video.

So did it mean that...

She lowered her head and said in a very low voice, "I know."

He was nice to her because he was her husband.

It was just a husband's responsibility for his wife.

He might like her.

However, it should not reach the level of love...

Thinking of this, her excited heart began to slightly tighten.

After a while, she raised her head and sniffed. "It's all right."

"I didn't think you would fall in love with me."

"It's pretty good to be like how we are now."

She shouldn't ask for more.

What she had obtained now far exceeded her expectations.

She must learn to be content.

Beau frowned. "That's not what I meant."

But Eliza couldn't listen to his explanation at all.

She lowered her head and shook her head silently. "It doesn't matter, you don't have to comfort me."

"Actually... Actually, I didn't fall in love with you either."

"We're fine just the way we are."

"Perhaps I don't deserve love..."

Beau furrowed his brows. He stared at her self-pity look and felt both sorry and amused.

He always thought that love was something that did not need to be said.

As long as it was shown by actions.

Everything he did for her, he thought that she could feel his love clearly.

But what was the result?

"Little idiot."

When Eliza heard his voice, she couldn't hold back her tears anymore.

She sniffed and tried her best to swallow her tears. "I'm indeed stupid. It's not your first day knowing me."

"In your heart, I am a little idiot who is not loved."

"I... "

"Oh... !"

Before she could finish her words, his big hand directly raised her chin and he kissed her hard.

His kiss was overbearing and arrogant, leaving her no chance to resist.

19:33 

She opened her eyes wide and wanted to struggle, but she couldn't.

In the end, she was pressed on the bed.

Beau pressed her hands on the top of her head with one hand and used the other to hold her slender waist.

She fell into his rhythm.

Beau kissed her earlobe and said in a low and evil voice, "In the future, don't let your imagination run wild."

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Bang—!

On the second floor of the Valentine family's old house, Lucija picked up a vase and smashed it hard on the ground.

One vase smashed, and she picked up the other.

"No matter how many vases you smashed, you can't deny the fact that it had happened."

Joye sat on the sofa, looking indifferently at her as she went mad. "If smashing a few more vases can get Beau to change his mind, divorce Eliza, and marry you. I support you to continue smashing."

Bang—!

Lucija gnashed her teeth and threw the last vase to the ground. She kicked the debris on the ground heavily and then sat down on the sofa beside her. She looked at Joye with a cold face. "Today, you told me that Gloria will make Eliza very miserable."

"Look what happened?"

"Beau and Eliza actually announced their relationship today!"

In the past, when Beau and Eliza had not made it public, she could still occasionally live in the upper-class society as Beau's fiancée.

But now, Beau's actions had severed all her connections in the business circle!

One day ago, she was still telling others about her engagement with Beau. However, one day later, Beau held a press conference and told everyone in the world that he and Eliza were a couple!

"Beau is too daring."

Joye sighed lightly. "I thought he would keep it a secret in order not to affect Eliza's career."

As long as Beau hid it, they would have the chance to create rumors.

Be it Eliza and Jay, or Eliza and Julian.

As long as they got the timing right, Beau and Eliza would get into a fight.

Who would have thought that Beau was not afraid of anything and gave them a final blow instead?

After this press conference, there would no longer be anyone on the Internet who would talk about Eliza and other men's anecdotes, and there would not be any negative news about her again.

There were not many people in the media who would dare provoke Beau.

In addition to acting skills being criticized by others, if there was no actual evidence, no one would make an issue of Eliza's private life anymore.

This was what made Joye and Lucija unhappy the most.

"I don't care!"

Lucija gritted her teeth and said, "I used to think that Eliza could be handled slowly. After all, she just married Beau."

"But now..."

She squinted her eyes hard.

If Eliza was still alive, she wouldn't feel at ease!

Joye sighed and patted her on the shoulder. "It's not over yet."

"We can still deal with Eliza."

Lucija frowned. "Do you have a way?"

"I don't, but you do."

Joye sneered. "Don't forget, in Beau's place..."

"Braint and Demarion's biological mother was once your best friend."

"You have such an important person in your hand. Are you afraid that you can't deal with Eliza?"

Lucija frowned. After a long silence, she heaved a long sigh. "Let me think about it."

Joye did not know that Braint and Demarion's biological mother was Eliza. 2

In Krine, there were only three people who knew that Eliza was Braint and Demarion's biological mother.

But even though only a few insiders knew about it, blood ties could not fool people.

Using Braint and Demarion's biological mother as an issue was too risky.

"But this is the only chance."

Joye looked at her. "If you can't do it this time, you may really have to kill Eliza to take back what you want."

"As a soldier's descendant, you don't want to trade someone's life for happiness, do you?"

"What's more..."

Joye sighed. "I just saw the second son of the Valentine family downstairs."

"Although he loves you and dotes on you, he is a man of integrity after all."

"If you use some tricks to deal with Eliza, he will still protect you. But if you kill Eliza..."

"I guess he'll still stand on the side of justice. What do you think?"

Joye's words completely eliminated the hesitation and doubts in Lucija's heart.

She was right.

It was always easier to use a "dead person" than kill a living person.

Furthermore, if something happened unexpectedly, Elias would support her.

"Think about it carefully."

Joye sneered, picked up her handbag, and turned to leave.

Lucija did not send her off.

When Joye went downstairs, Elias was sitting in the living room drinking tea.

Seeing her go downstairs, he smiled coldly. "I didn't expect that you are still in contact with each other."

Elias had seen her before.

She was the one who incited Lucija to find a surrogate.

At that time, she laid out a good plan for Lucija:

Get a surrogate to spend the night with Beau. Then, Lucija had to make it appear as if it was her who was with Beau. When the surrogate gave birth to a baby, she would take the baby as hers and force Beau to marry her.

Unfortunately, everything that happened afterward was not as wonderful as their plan.

That was because Beau could tell with a single glance that Lucija wasn't the girl from the night before.

No matter what Lucija said, he did not believe it.

In the end, Beau pulled off Lucija's collar and the neck below her collar was clean.

But that night, Beau bit the woman's neck and did it for the entire night.

Lucija could no longer disguise her lies, so she could only say that the girl from that night was her classmate.


As for Joye, she thought that Lucija would say that the classmate who slept with Beau was her.

But Lucija had seen through her thoughts and made up a story saying that it was her classmate whom he had slept with.

Later, the surrogate gave birth to the babies. Elias also saw some clues from Lucija's daily actions. After locking her up, he finally learned about Lucija and Joye's plan.

In the end, he found the woman and the two children.

He informed Beau and made him return that night and took Lucija away to lecture her for an entire night.

But it was not until the next morning that he knew that there was a big fire in the hospital yesterday. 

When Beau arrived, he had only managed to rescue the two children. He had not managed to save their mother.

That night, Lucija and Elias had been together.

It was clear who set the fire.

Thinking of this, Elias's eyes turned colder as he looked at Joye. "What are you planning again?"

"Are you planning to set fire again?"

Joye smiled faintly. "Elias, don't speak so harshly."

"We're on the same boat. Why are you so hostile to me?"

Elias put the cup on the tea table with a "bang" sound. The glass and the table collided, creating a loud noise.

He stared at her coldly. "Who's on the same boat as you?"

"You are."

Joye's laughter was like a silver bell. "If you are not with us, why didn't you reveal me and the Lucija at the beginning? Why didn't you arrest us?"

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The air in the living room suddenly quieted down.

Elias also suppressed his anger and coldly glanced at Joye. "Get lost."

"Elias, I know you look down on me, but what can you do? Lucija is in the same boat as me."

Joye waved her hand gently in front of him. "From the day you defended Lucija, you've become filthy. Don't think you're righteous."

"Get lost!"

Elias finally couldn't hold back his roar.

Joye smiled faintly and turned to leave.

After she left, Elias frowned and strode upstairs.

Upstairs, Lucija was sitting on a chair, and the ground was full of fragments of porcelain vases.

Seeing him come in, she curled her lips. "I will not give up."

He looked at her quietly and sighed. He picked up the broom to sweep the floor while saying with a low voice, "Beau and Eliza are fated."

"If they aren't, they wouldn't be married now."

"There are still many other men in this world..."

"I only want Beau!"

Before he could finish his words, Lucija interrupted him coldly.

"It was you who told me back then that Beau is your younger brother. He would listen to whatever you say."

"You are also the one who told me that as long as I like him, you will help me!"

"What are you doing now? You're here to persuade me to give up? But wasn't it you who asked me to marry Beau?"

"I've put in so much effort because of your words. Now that I've failed, you want me to give up?"

After that, she jumped off the chair. "By now, I have no way out."

"You either go on helping me."

"Or you can kill me!"

When she jumped off the chair, her bare feet almost stepped on the pieces of porcelain on the ground.

Elias swiftly picked her up and said, "Be careful."

"Let me go."

Lucija frowned and said coldly.

Elias, on the other hand, used a very restrained movement to carry her and put her back on the bed. "Don't move before I clean up."

"Oh."

Beau's face inexplicably appeared in front of Lucija when she saw Elias busy cleaning.

If...

If Beau could treat her just as well as Elias, how good would that be...

...

When Eliza woke up the next morning, she found that she had missed a lot of calls.

There were people who were close to her, and those who were not. All those who knew her called her, wanting to congratulate her.

"I didn't expect Mr. Valentine to be your husband! How blissful!"

"Eliza, I can treat you to dinner in the future. You'd better bring your husband with you. I might get a chance to work with him."

"Eliza, your husband is so overbearing!"

"Eliza..."

Facing so many messages, Eliza helplessly covered her face with her hands.

This was one of the reasons why she was unwilling to publicly announce the relationship between her and Beau.

Beau's identity was too illustrious, too dazzling.

And she was just someone simple.

If they rashly exposed their relationship, this would be the only result she could think of.

However ...

She let out a wry smile.

Although she did not like this feeling, she could not be too selfish.

If Beau wanted to announce it, then she would just let it be.

Although they had not been together for a long time, he had indeed done a lot of things for her.

She had no reason to refuse.

Moreover, it had been made public. Her refusal would be useless.

Thinking of this, Eliza sighed helplessly.

She replied the messages that those people sent her seriously one by one.

Whether they were familiar with each other or not.

It was time for lunch by the time she finished replying these messages.

Demarion outside the door began to knock on the door. "Mommy, time to eat!"

"Are you too exhausted that you can't even go downstairs to eat?"

"Mommy, why don't I ask Maya to serve you?"

"Although I think this is a good idea, I think you can't stand it and will be shy."

"If you don't come out, I will find Maya..."

"I'll be right there!"

Eliza, who was inside the room, quickly interrupted Demarion outside the door. "I'll change my clothes and go downstairs to eat now!"

She didn't want Maya to bring the food up for her!

After Beau made such a big scene yesterday, how could Maya, as an adult, not know what happened last night?

If Demarion asked Maya to bring the food to the room and serve her, she would be extremely embarrassed!

Demarion's unkind laughter came from outside the door. "Mommy, hurry up!"

"We are waiting for you downstairs!"

After that, the little fellow stepped on his short legs and left.

Eliza sighed helplessly. Just as she was about to put down her phone, a message came in.

It was from Lucija.

"Eliza, let's talk?"

"I know that you are unwilling to talk to me, but don't you feel curious about Braint and Demarion's mother?"

Eliza's hand that was about to put the phone down paused slightly.

About Braint and Demarion's mother...

She was indeed curious.

Neither Braint nor Demarion knew much about that woman, and Beau rarely mentioned her in front of her.

But she never knew that Lucija also knew about the woman.

She hesitated for a long time, took a deep breath, and replied, "What do you want to say?"

Seeing Eliza reply, Lucija seemed to be very proud on the other side of the phone. "You are really curious about that woman."

"I'll send you the location. Are you coming over now?"

Eliza smiled. "If you have something to say, say it here."

"I'm not interested in meeting you."

The last time she met Lucija in a place outside the Valentine family, was on the night when Roseane had an accident.

Although there was no definite evidence, Eliza was very clear that the reason why Esme was so malicious to her that night was all because of Lucija.

"Hehe, you are really noble."

On the other end of the line, Lucija replied quickly, "Did it make you very proud that Beau announced your relationship to everyone on the television?"

"Do you think that you're the happiest and most proud person in the world?"

"But Eliza, do you really think that Beau likes you?"

"The woman Beau likes will always be Braint and Demarion's mother."

"You are just a substitute. Why are you so arrogant?"

Looking at the words on the phone, Eliza's hand that was holding the phone paused slightly.

She frowned and hesitated for a long time, but still could not help replying, "What nonsense are you talking about?"

Beau told her that it was only an accident with Braint and Demarion's mother.

In fact, he had never had any feelings for her.

"I'm not talking nonsense. Don't you know how to go check it yourself?"

"Beau likes you only because you were once a surrogate. He has always felt guilty towards Braint and Demarion's mother, so he treats you as her to atone for his sins."

"Do you really think you are blessed?"