

## Chapter 211

"Beau."

As soon as Beau and Eliza entered the mansion, Beau received a call from Matthew.

"Elias has been beaten away by Julian's men."

Matthew sighed and said, "Beau, how did you convince your rival in love to help you?"

Beau smiled faintly and turned to look at the little girl who was drawing on the carpet next to the sofa with the drawing board in her arms. "The credit of Liliana."

Matthew paused. "By the way, Julian asked me to discuss with you just now. He wants to bring Lucija back to the Benton family."

"He said that he has something to do in Puskia. He's afraid that I can't watch after Lucija if she continues to stay here."

"He also said..."

Matthew was silent for a moment before he said slowly, "He said he wanted you to go to the Benton family in Puskia to return to your family."

Beau's hand, which was holding onto his phone, froze slightly.

"Return to my family?"

"That's right."

Matthew, who was on the other end of the line, sighed and said, "Elias quarreled with grandpa today. He spilled the truth in agitation..."

"He said that he and my dad had already done DNA test for you. You are indeed not grandpa's biological son."

"Julian happened to be here, so Grandpa chatted with Julian alone."

"Later, Julian told me that he wanted you to return to your family..."

Beau narrowed his eyes and remained silent.

Matthew also felt that it was not a good topic to talk about on the phone, but since he had mentioned it, he had to continue, "Beau, have you known that you are not a member of the Valentine family?"

Beau had taught Matthew how to do business since he was young.

Although he agreed in his heart and he was learning seriously, he was afraid that if he really excelled, Beau would pass him the heavy burden of the Valentine family.

Therefore, he chose to stay in the entertainment circle and fooled around.

Beau had always been lenient with him. He always said that even if Matthew chose to fool around, he would still be the one who had to manage the Valentine's Group in the future.

Matthew didn't know much in the past. He thought it was Beau who wanted to be free and unfettered.

It was only now that he knew...

"No."

Beau firmly denied his words.

He held his mobile phone and slowly lifted his leg. "I have never doubted whether I am a member of the Valentine family."

Matthew was stunned on the other end of the line.

"But ..."

Beau's previous actions did seem like he had known that he was an outsider who was nurturing the future person in charge of the Valentine family!

"Only those who are not happy and not loved by their parents will doubt whether they are their parents' biological children or not."

"But your grandfather is very kind to me."

Matthew was stunned.

Beau on the other end of the line said in a flat voice, "Previously, the reason why I wanted to train you... is because I feel that the Valentine's Group has existed for too long, and its business and market are too limited."

"It's a good place to retire for a child like you who's a little lazy."

"Snap!"


Matthew's phone fell to the floor.

Valentine's Group was the richest group in Krine!

The Valentine's Group was respected by everyone in Krine, even in the surrounding cities.

In the end, the Valentine's Group was rejected by its current president, Beau?

"You just said that Julian wanted me to return to my family?"

When he heard the words on the other side of the phone, Matthew quickly picked up the phone and nodded frantically. "What he means is, Beau, you are from the Benton family..." 

"All right."

Beau hooked his lips and said, "I will go back to my family."

Then, he hung up the phone.

When he was on the phone, he had already walked to the front of Eliza's door.

A loud sound of music came from her room.

Beau frowned slightly and knocked on the door.

But there was no response from the room.

Most probably the sound of the music covered the knocking sound.

Beau was not angry.

He took out the key, gently opened the door and walked in.

In the room, Eliza was faintly doing exercise.

She was wearing a very short sports bra and pants. Her white long legs and slender waist were exposed in the air, and the fine beads of sweat slowly slid down with her skin.

At this moment, Eliza, who was in front of him, was terrifyingly charming.

Beau's throat turned dry the moment he stepped through the door.

He stood at the door, squinting at her back as she jumped up and down with the music, his eyes deep and bottomless.

After who knows how much time had passed, Eliza finally stopped the music and gasped for air.

She turned around and was shocked by Beau who was behind her.

She twisted her eyebrows, opened the mineral water and poured a mouthful into her mouth. Then she looked up at him coldly and said, "I remember I locked the door."

"You remember wrongly."

He walked over and took a towel to gently wipe the sweat from her forehead with a smile. "It seems that memory loss is also good a good thing."

"You've never exercised like this before at home."

Eliza rolled her eyes at him. "I'm bored."

"Although I lost my memory, I know that my main profession is acting."

"I can't act now, and I can't do anything else too."

"Sergey asked me to do business, but I'm not good at it."

After that, she sighed helplessly and sat in a comfortable position on the carpet as she placed a pillow behind her back. "I have nothing to do, so I exercised."

Beau calmly curled his lips and sat down beside her. "Ethan said that you just don't remember anything related to me, but you should remember, your dreams in the past."

"Is being a movie star your dream?"

Eliza furrowed her eyebrows and thought for a moment before shaking her head.

She sighed. "I learned to perform because I knew Jay and Madeleine."

"One of them is my lover, and the other is my best friend. Both of them want to enter the entertainment circle, so I studied in the faculty of performance, learned how to perform, and became a movie star with them."

"Unfortunately, I was the only one among the three of us to have passed the exam."

"So while I was studying, I gave them some acting guidance..."

After that, Eliza shook her head. "I was really stupid at that time."

"If you are talking about my real dream..."

She turned her head and looked at him. "Maybe I want to be a jewelry designer."

"But I don't have any basic knowledge of the art. I tried a few times and gave up."

Beau smiled. "It's not too late to work hard now."

"It's too late."

Eliza rolled her eyes at him. "How old am I? It'll be a joke if I'm still learning the basics of art."

He hooked his lips. "I'll teach you. I won't make fun of you."

There was a moment of silence in the room.

Eliza glared at him. "If you were to teach me, I wouldn't even dare to learn."

"Just now, Noah told me that you have a lot of companies and you're busy every day making tens of millions of dollars in minutes..."

"The tuition must be very expensive if you were to teach me, right?"

Beau curled his lips. "I don't want your money."

"Then what do you want?"

He raised his eyes and glanced at her long legs. "I'll tell you next time."

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Eliza was stunned for a long time before finding that Beau's eyes were actually fixed on her... She raised her eyebrows and covered her long legs with a pillow. "If you look at it again, I'll gouge your eyes out!"

He smiled faintly and leaned against the edge of the bed in a comfortable position. "I'm looking at my own wife, not others."

Eliza pursed her lips and helplessly rolled her eyes at him.

The atmosphere in the room was inexplicably ambiguous.

Eliza really couldn't stand this atmosphere.

She frowned and turned to look at Beau. "Back then... why did I marry you?"

"Because you like me."

He began to tell a lie with a calm face and composed mind. "You fell in love with me at first sight, and we got along well."

"So we got married after you took the initiative to propose to me, and also took the initiative to get the recognition from Braint and Demarion.

Eliza: "..."

Even though she used to be infatuated by him, she should have been...more reserved, right?

Although she was skeptical, she was not convinced at all. "I'm not that kind of person!"

Beau gave her an indifferent look. "What kind of person are you then?"

"You drank my million dollar wine on our wedding night and pestered me to take a shower with you, and then in the bathtub, you forced me..."

"You're the one who did all of this."

Eliza: "..."

Was she... so sturdy?

But his sincere eyes were not fake.

The more she thought about it, the redder her face became.

In the end, she turned her face away. "I would never do such a thing."

"You're lying to me!"

Even if she lost her memory, she believed that she would not do such a thing herself!

Looking at her lovely reaction, the smile in Beau's eyes widened. "Then faster recall your memories and you'll know if you're that kind of person."

Eliza bit her lips and glared at him. "You're really lying to me!"

"If it is so simple to recall the past, Do I still need to ask you about it?"

The more she said, the angrier she became. She felt that Beau deliberately said such things to frame her.

"Anyway, there is no evidence and no witness. You can say anything you want!"

"What if I can find evidence?"

Eliza rolled her eyes at him. "The witness you mentioned is Braint and Demarion, isn't it?"

"Even though I'm their mommy, you've raised them since they were young. They're definitely closer to you and will help you!"

Beau continued to smile faintly. He looked at her angry little face and said, "Besides them, I have other witness."

After that, he looked at the time. "They should be here."

As soon as he finished his sentence, the sound of the car engine being turned off could be heard from outside the villa.

"My witness is here."

Eliza frowned and stood up to take a look at the window. At the same time, she asked in confusion, "Who's coming?"

At a glance through the French window of the bedroom, she saw a woman getting out of the car.

Her hair were just as jet-black as Eliza remembered, shining with a moving luster.

"Graciana!!"

She opened her eyes wide in surprise.

She was about to go out.

Beau stopped her.

He hooked his lips and handed her a windbreaker. "Are you going to go out like this?"

Only then did Eliza recall that the clothes she wore were still the short sports bra she wore during her earlier exercise!

She bit her lips, took the windbreaker and put it on. After wrapping herself up tightly, she quickly went downstairs.

"Graciana!"

Downstairs, as soon as Graciana entered the door, a figure suddenly jumped out of the upstairs and threw herself into her arms.

Graciana was knocked back a few steps.

After a long while, Graciana sighed helplessly. "Eliza, it's only been a month. Why are you so excited?"

"I'm just very excited."

Eliza bit her lips and held Graciana's hand tightly. "It's really good that you can come!"

Although there were children here, for Eliza who had lost all his memories related to the Valentine family, neither the children nor Beau could give her hundred percent security. 📌

Even Luca and Ethan couldn't do it.

But a Graciana was could.

Graciana's friendship with her was firm.

Looking at her excited face, Graciana pursed her lips. "On the way here, Mr. Valentine said... you lost your memory?"

She was prepared for Eliza to not remember her at all.

However, as soon as she entered the door, Eliza came forward firmly.

Did she... really lose her memory?

"Eliza just can't remember all the memories about me."

Beau slowly walked down the stairs. "She remembers all of you very clearly."

Graciana: "..."

Was there such an amnesia? 📌

She knew that Eliza had lost her memory. If she didn't know about it, she would think that

Eliza was having an argument with Beau and pretended to lose her memory and ignore him.

"By the way."

Beau walked down the stairs quietly. "Miss Ryan, what do you feel about being an artist agent recently?"

Graciana nodded quickly. "I feel very good, very good!"

During this period of time, Graciana had not been in contact with Eliza. On the one hand, it was because Eliza went to the village to shoot a film.

On the other hand, Graciana had said to Eliza that an artist agent was also a good occupation... She was inexplicably headhunted and became an agent.

After more than a week, she only knew from the conversation she had with her boss that this was the opportunity that Beau had given her.

If it weren't for Mr. Valentine, for a person like her who had no qualifications, if she wanted an official artist agent post, she would have to work for at least a few more years.

Therefore, when Beau brought up this matter, she was filled with gratitude. "Mr. Valentine..."  
"Graciana."

Beau calmly interrupted her. "I have a question for you."

"Go ahead!"

Beau leaned against the railing of the stairs. His lips curled into a smile as he glanced at Eliza. Then, he turned to Graciana and said, "The reason why Eliza and I got married at first sight was because she fell in love with me and proposed to me?"

"What's that?"

Graciana was stunned for a moment. After their eyes met, she quickly bit her lip and nodded. "Yes, yes, yes!"

"When Eliza met Mr. Valentine for the first time, she told me that you were very handsome. She really wanted to give you a family!"

"Then she proposed to you, and you agreed without hesitation. Then you got married after getting the marriage certificate!"

Graciana's words made Eliza's face instantly turn red again!

Could it be... that Beau was telling the truth?

Was she really that sturdy?

Looking at Eliza's blushing face, Graciana coughed lightly. "Eliza, you don't have to feel embarrassed."

"After all, you two have given birth to three children. It's understandable that you fell in love with him at first sight, isn't it?"

Eliza's face turned even redder.

She looked up and glanced at Beau's satisfied face. She glared at him angrily before pulling Graciana out of the door.

On the railing of the stairs on the second floor.

Braint sighed faintly and said, "You are cunning."

Demarion put his chin on the wooden railing and said, "Daddy is still a jerk." 1

Liliana rolled her eyes at her two brothers. "But based on mommy's current situation, if we don't tell her that she fell in love with daddy first, she will definitely distance herself from daddy."

"Only when she completely agrees that she took the initiative first, and she pursued daddy,

15:30 

then she won't feel too embarrassed and push daddy away after losing her memory."

## Chapter 213

The words of the three little children upstairs made Beau's lips curl up involuntarily.

"Liliana knows me better than anyone else."

He walked upstairs to Liliana, gently lifted her up and said, "No wonder people say that daughters are the apple of parents' eye."

Liliana pursed her lips as she was carried in Beau's arm. She gently pulled on her daddy's collar with her fingers. "But some people also say that a daughter is her father's lover in his past life."

Beau slightly hooked his lips. "You are not my lover in my past life."

Liliana pursed his lips. "How do you know that it's not?"

"Because the lover and wife of my previous life must also be your mommy."

"In your last life, you should be my daughter too."

Beau's words made Liliana pause.

A moment later, she smiled and approached Beau and kissed him on the face, "I think so too!"

"Tsk tsk tsk."

Demarion who was nearby sighed. "You will forget your son as soon as you have a daughter."

With this, he turned to look at Braint. "Brother, we are miserable!"

"You are the only one in misery." 2

"I also love Liliana."

Braint looked up at him indifferently and walked into his study. "I'm going to read."

Demarion, "..."

He was just joking!

Moreover, he did not say that he did not love his sister!

...

In the garden behind the villa.

Eliza sat on the stone bench in the small pavilion and gazed at the distant trees. "Did I really like Beau that much before?"

"That's right."

Graciana sighed. While eating the fruit on the stone table, she shrugged lightly. "He has done a lot of things for you."

"He helped you deal with Jay and Madeleine."

"And Esme, Lucija..."

Graciana sighed. "I know how much Beau likes you..."

Eliza knitted her eyebrows.

"Why is it only Beau who helped me..."

"I... didn't do anything for Beau?"

Graciana knitted her eyebrows awkwardly.

After a long time, she shook her head. "I didn't hear you mention it."



"However, you have always liked him. You often cook for him, and often help him take care of the two children..."

"I... I can't remember anything else."

Eliza fell silent.

After a while, she looked up at Graciana's face. "So, you mean..."

"Beau has done a lot of things for me, including my career and families."

"But I... apart from cooking for him and taking care of the children, I basically didn't do anything for him?"

Graciana paused.

Although this was not very appropriate, but...

"Here's the thing."

Looking back, Eliza had indeed not done anything for Beau compared to what Beau had done for her.

"But I don't think it's important."

Graciana shrugged. "You and Mr. Valentine are a couple anyway. He's so powerful that he doesn't need anyone's help."

"As long as you stay with him, it will be his greatest help, won't it?"

Eliza was silent for a long time before slapping the table.

"I was too outrageous in the past!"

The sound of her slapping on the table was so loud it scared Graciana. The grapes in her mouth fell on the stone table. 1

The grape rolled down the stone table and fell to the ground.

Graciana's heart ached.

She stuffed another grape into her mouth and asked, "What are you doing?"

Eliza rubbed her painful hands and said, "How could the I enjoy Beau's help so easily in the past?"

"Even if we are husband and wife, we should be helping each other out and be equal on terms!"

After saying this, she raised her head and looked into the distance. "From now on, I will protect Beau and be his bodyguard. I will return his favor!"

Graciana had just stuffed a grape in her mouth and fell to the ground again.

She coughed softly. "I think... Mr. Valentine may not need it."

If she remembered correctly, it was Beau who had protected Eliza when she was being chased by killers while filming in the village...

Beau was even injured for her. His hand was still wrapped in gauze.

She did not think that Eliza had the ability to protect Beau...

"If he doesn't need it, it's his own business. I've already made up my mind to be his bodyguard."

Eliza took a deep breath. "It's decided."

"From now on, I'll be Beau's personal bodyguard and assistant. I'll take care of him whenever and wherever."

"Otherwise, I won't feel at ease!"

Graciana slightly frowned. As if remembering something, she lowered her head and began to

fiddle with the phone. "Eliza, what did you just say?"

Eliza rolled her eyes at her. "Did you forget about it as soon as I finished speaking?"

"I just said that I would return the favor I owed to Beau. I would be his bodyguard and assistant in the future and take care of him at any time!"

After that, she turned to look at Graciana. "Keep it a secret for the time being."

"I don't want Beau to know that I think I owe him something."

Graciana paused and nodded quickly. "Okay, okay."

As soon as she finished speaking, her voice message had been sent out.

At the same time, on the second floor of the villa.

Beau had just brought Liliana back to her room and was about to turn around and sit down in the study.

Suddenly, his cell phone rang.

It was Graciana's voice message.

He turned on the computer while he casually clicked on the voice message.

"I just said that I would return the favor I owed to Beau. I would be his bodyguard and assistant in the future and take care of him at any time!"

"Keep it a secret for the time being."

"I don't want Beau to know that I think I owe him something."

...

Beau's hand paused when he was about to click on the email.

A moment later, he curled his lips and replayed the voice message again.

He repeated it again and again.

Until Ethan's call interrupted his thoughts.

He picked up the phone.

"Mr. Valentine, I've already found an expert to verify this. I've confirmed that the drug I gave Eliza to restore her memories was mixed with the drug that cause her amnesia."

"And this drug seems to be a directed amnesia. The more you care about it, the easier it is to forget it."

After saying that, Ethan heaved a sigh of relief. "I have already arrived at my teacher's research institute. My teacher said that he has never seen this medicine before. He needs to study its components to determine how to restore Eliza's memory..."

Beau smiled in a good mood. "Thank you for your hard work."

This was the first time Ethan had heard Beau's pleasant voice.

He almost thought he had heard it wrong.

Ethan, who was on the other end of the line, was stunned for a long time. He felt that Beau must have wanted to encourage him!

So he took a deep breath and said, "Mr. Valentine, you can rest assure that I will work hard with my teacher to restore Eliza's memory as soon as possible..."

"There's no rush."

On the this end of the line, Beau's voice was calm as he said, "You guys take your time to research."

"Now I find..."

"She's quite cute after losing her memory." 📱

## Chapter 214

On the other end of the line, Ethan was so frightened that he almost couldn't hold his cell phone.

"Mr. Valentine, are you... joking?"

Eliza who lost her memory, cute!?

He recalled the scene where Eliza had strangled him and pressed him against the wall, almost killing him.

This kind of woman...

How could she have anything to do with cuteness? <sup>4</sup>

Had Mr. Valentine been beaten until he became silly?

Therefore, he took a deep breath and said, "Mr. Valentine, don't worry. I will find a way to restore Eliza's memory as soon as possible so that you can get out of the misery earlier!"

After that, he directly hung up the phone and rushed into the institute. "Teacher, we have to speed up the progress."

"I think this patient's husband has a problem after getting beaten!" <sup>6</sup>

...

Although Eliza had already made up her mind to take good care of Beau and protect him.

But it was still a little difficult to actually implement it.

Standing at the door of Beau's study, she hesitated for a long time before knocking on the door. "Beau, are you there?"

Beau's indifferent voice came from inside the door. "Come in."

After taking a deep breath, Eliza carried the tray and carefully opened the door.

On the tray in her hand, there was a cup of tea that Graciana had taught her to make.

Holding the tray, she slowly walked to Beau and put the cup of tea on the table.

"I've prepared it for you. Have a try."

He glanced indifferently at the tea that Eliza put on the table and then looked up at her face.

"What did you just call me?"

Eliza paused. "I called you Beau."

He was sitting on the executive chair as he sighed in disappointment. He brought over the cup of tea and blew on it gently. "You've never called my name before."

Eliza's body trembled slightly.

She looked at him puzzledly. "What did I call you before?"

If he wasn't called by his name, then what was he called?

Beau?

Mr. Valentine?

"It's not Beau, nor is it the Mr. Valentine. It's an exclusive name no one can simply call out."

He seemed to have guessed what she was thinking. He curled his lips and said blandly.

It was a term that others could not just call out...

Eliza frowned and thought for a long time.

"I used to call you... honey?"

"That's right."

Beau's eyes sank as he sipped his tea. A hint of craftiness flashed across his eyes. "You used to call me like this and now you're calling my name. I'm not used to it."

Eliza: "..."

But if he suddenly asked her to call him 'honey', she would not be used to it, would she?

But...

She recalled what Graciana had told her this afternoon. What Beau had done for her...

She bit her lip.

"Forget it, I'll call you honey!"

It was because she was not reserved before and fell in love with him at first sight.

"Hon... Honey."

She bit her lips and stammered, "Is tea I made okay?"

"Not bad."

He put down the empty cup gracefully. "Why did you think of making tea for me?"

Eliza coughed lightly. "Graciana said that she felt uncomfortable and wanted to make some tea."

"I saw her making tea, so I learned it from her."

"She said that the taste of the tea is not good, so..."

Beau's face suddenly turned green.

"Did she give it to him because it didn't taste good?"

"Luckily, you like it!"

Eliza took a deep breath. "I told Graciana that not everyone is as narrow minded as Graciana!"

He was about to reprimand her but he swallowed his words.

He raised his lips. "Whatever you make is good."

When he said this, his eyes were shining with tenderness.

Such deep affection and tenderness in his eyes coupled with his low, magnetic voice...

For a split second, Eliza felt as if her heart had been struck.

Her face inexplicably turned red, and her heart began to beat wildly.

She bit her lips, afraid that he would see her shyness, she quickly picked up the empty teacup and the tray. "I... I'm going downstairs!"

After that, she quickly walked out of the room.

But probably because she was too nervous, she tripped and fell down hard on the ground.

In a blink of an eye, Beau dashed over and tried to hug her to save her.

However, just as she was about to fall...

Eliza unexpectedly used her solid martial arts skills to support her body with her arms. Then, with a kip-up, she stood up.

However, even though Eliza did not fall, the tray and cup in her hand flew out.

With a "bang", the broken pieces of the teacup flew everywhere.

Beau's hand, which wanted to save the damsel in distress, stopped in midair.

Eliza looked at the distant piece of porcelain and hurriedly walked over, wanting to pick it up.

But she didn't expect that when she picked up the seemingly harmless porcelain chip, she

would cut herself in her hand.

"Put it down!"

Seeing the blood on her fingertips, he frowned and pulled her up with his left hand.

He pulled her, pressed her down on the couch, and then turned around to look for the first-aid kit. "Children like Demarion and Liliana knows that you can't pick up the porcelain pieces casually. You've grown so old already and yet you don't know?"

There was reproach in Beau's voice. "Or is it because of your amnesia that you forgot common sense?"

The pain at her fingertips and the blame from him caused Eliza's nose to irritate slightly.

She bit her lips and stared at his back. "I thought I have rough skin and thick flesh so I wouldn't be hurt."

"Rough skin and thick flesh?"

Beau narrowed his eyes.

She recalled the time when they were just married.

At that time, she was still a small martial arts substitute.

She got hurt in the set during the day and went home to apply ointment at night.

Every time he asked, she smiled and told him that she was not injured.

Now, hearing this word again...

He shook his head in resignation, carried the first-aid kit to her and said, "Who said you have rough skin and thick flesh?"

He used his uninjured hand to take out the disinfectant from the first-aid kit, and handed it to her. "Take care of it yourself."

Eliza bit her lips, and only then did she notice Beau's hand wrapped in bandages.

"Your hand..."

She sniffed and said in a muffled voice, "Graciana said..."

"You were injured because you protected me?"

Beau paused for a moment, then smiled and said, "It's not serious. I'll recover soon."

"It's just not convenient for the time being."

Eliza lowered her head and remained silent for a moment.

In fact, from the thickness of his bandage, she knew that his hand must be seriously injured. 2

But he was so easygoing...

After a while, she looked up. "Do you apply medicine to your hand every day?"

Beau nodded.

Eliza took a deep breath and, as if she had made up her mind, reached out with both hands to grab his injured right hand and began to open the bandages around his hand. "Can I... have a look?"