

The Adorable Twins and Their CEO Daddy

Chapter 41 Take Responsibility For Her

In the old house of the Moran family, a gray-haired old woman was sitting on the sofa with a stern expression on her face. She was Maurice's grandmother, Nancy. Walking up to her calmly, Maurice greeted her, "Grandma." "Care to explain these?" Nancy tossed a stack of photos on the table. Maurice looked down,

The photos on the table were of him and Eliana from the night of the party. In these photos, they were holding hands, or his arm was wrapping around her waist, or she was in his arms. There was even a photo in which they looked like they were kissing. He picked it up and said, "It just looks like it because of the angle." "That's not what I asked, though." Nancy glared at him. Maurice grinned and replied in a serious tone, "Grandma, I don't want a political marriage with the Jarvis family." Nancy looked into his eyes. All of a sudden, she raised her hand and slapped his arm. "You b****d! The political marriage is not our biggest problem now." Maurice was a little stunned. "Grandma..." He couldn't figure out what his grandmother was saying. Nancy regretted that her grandson didn't live up to her expectations. "You brat, did you sleep with that girl?" Maurice did not move as he let her slap him. After all, her slap did not hurt him in the least. Nancy continued to ask, "You! Did you do something that you shouldn't have done?" Maurice felt that her question was a little unnecessary. Thus, he felt helpless. 'Wait... Why is she asking me such a question to begin with?' he wondered. "If you're not saying a word, then it proves that you did it." Nancy glared at him and pinched his cheek. "It doesn't matter whether you marry the daughter of the Jarvis family or not. But as a man of the Moran family, you cannot abandon a woman you've slept with. You must take responsibility for her!" Maurice retorted in a low voice, "It was an accident..." "Even then, you're responsible for it!" Furious, Nancy pinched him harder. Maurice couldn't help but hiss in pain. She immediately let go of his cheek, but by then his face was red. Her expression softened a little. "Bring that girl home. I want to see her." Maurice knew well about Nancy's temper, and he knew that if he refused, she would not just let it go. Closing his eyes, he said, "Alright, I will bring her to meet you." Hearing that, Nancy smiled. She looked at him and asked, "Does it hurt?" "No." Maurice shook his head, and found that his grandmother was looking at him expectantly. He was confused. "What's wrong?" Nancy pushed him to stand up and urged, "Hurry up!" Maurice's eyes widened. "Now?" "Yes!" With a firm look, she drove him away mercilessly. "If you don't bring her with you, then you won't be allowed to enter the house." Bang! She closed the door on him. Maurice was driven out. After seeing that, Corbin hung his head, but he could not help laughing. However, the cold gaze from Maurice's eyes frightened him. Maurice turned to look at him and asked, "Where is Eliana?" Corbin murmured, "She left this morning after sleeping with you. How can she be so shameless?" "What?" Maurice squinted his eyes at him, displeased with what he just said. Scared, Corbin immediately apologized and felt like slapping himself. How dare he talk like that? That moment, Maurice's phone rang. He glanced at the screen and saw that it was from Eliana. Corbin also seemed to be overjoyed when he saw her name on the screen. She was calling

Maurice right when they were talking about her. Maurice answered the call, but he did not hear her voice at all.

“Eliana?” Eliana’s weak voice sounded pitiful. “Preston, can you come to be with me for a while?”

for a while?” “Where are you?” Maurice immediately walked to the garage without hesitation. Corbin clicked his tongue. How could Eliana want to see the “gigolo” after sleeping with his boss? She was so sham In the heart of the city, Eliana stood alone by the street. 13 As soon as she hung up, she regretted what she did. Although she had no one to talk to, she felt that it was not appropriate for her to call Preston now. Covering her eyes with her hands, she recalled her passionate night with Maurice. She guessed that Maurice might be the culprit behind her father’s death. But how could she have slept with him?

5/5 - (1 vote)

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Chapter 42 The Treatment Exclusive To The Best Pimp

All of a sudden, a deafening honk roared amid the silence of the streets. The loud sound struck Eliana like a bolt from the blue. Startled, she snapped out of her daze and returned to her senses just in time for a car to brake hastily inches away from her. “Screw you!” the driver barked, furious. He shot her a fierce glare from the windshield. Eliana, despite having regained herself, was still stunned. She hurriedly looked around to ascertain her surroundings, and realized that she was standing smack dab in the middle of a busy road teeming with cars. “I-I’m sorry...” Facing the driver’s justified anger, she was quick to bow and apologize as sincerely as she could. Just then, someone grabbed her wrist from behind and pulled her away from the car-filled road. The palm wrapped around her wrist was large and masculine. It was the hand of a man. Eliana found herself dragged unwittingly from where she stood and to the safety of the sidewalk. Preston’s handsome face fell into her view. His attractive features were strained with concern and anger. “Are you crazy? What if you get hit by a car?!” Eliana stared at Preston’s furrowed brow and bright eyes, startled by his unexpected appearance. All the sorrow and misery in her heart washed over her like water out of a broken dam, and suddenly, she couldn’t control her emotions. Without an ounce of hesitation, she flung herself into his strong arms and dug her face into his warm chest. When she spoke, it was in a childish tone full of pleading. “Hey... Can I borrow you for a minute? Please...?” Maurice paused. At that moment, time stood still and silence reigned between them. The only clear sound was the subdued rhythm of their pulsating hearts. “What’s the matter?” Maurice closed his arms around Eliana’s waist and ran his hands through her soft black hair to comfort her. “I’m in a bad mood.” Eliana replied vaguely, not bothering to dive deep into the details. After all, she couldn’t possibly tell him what had taken place the night before. Despite her curt response, Maurice didn’t question her. Instead, he accompanied her quietly just as she had requested. A long

time passed before Eliana finally raised her head from his chest. Red dusted her cheeks as she muttered shyly, "Umm, you see... I want to get some drinks. If you pay the bill... Will you get a discount?" Maurice had waited for her to speak for quite a while, and didn't expect this to be the first thing she would say. He was caught by surprise. His lips quirked up into a smile before he burst into amused laughter. They entered his Aston Martin, and he drove to the Imperial Golden Club. Once there, he stopped the car right at the entrance. Eliana was about to get out but stopped instantly when Maurice interrupted her with a curt call. "One second." Eliana wondered what he was planning. He stepped out of the driver's seat, and then made his way to the passenger seat to open the door for Eliana from the outside. His charming, gentlemanly conduct surprised and flattered Eliana. Never did she expect him to be so attentive to her! As Maurice escorted Eliana out of the car, their gazes met. In his eyes, Eliana could see warm affection and adoration. The two stepped into the club's premises and soon passed the entrance gates. As Eliana and Maurice walked, the waiters passing by stopped briefly to give the two a short, respectful nod before returning to their tasks. Their show of respect puzzled Eliana, who couldn't understand why all of them were acting that way. She promptly tugged at Maurice's sleeve and whispered curiously, "Are they always like this?" Maurice turned briefly to her. His eyes shone with a mischievous glint as he grinned at her and said teasingly, "This is the treatment exclusive to the best pimp. They wouldn't do the same to others." "I see! You deserve it," Eliana replied seriously, her face the expression of dawning comprehension. Never in her wildest dreams did she imagine the most famous pimp to enjoy such a distinguished position in the Imperial Golden Club. A thought crossed her mind. What of the discount on the drinks later on? A little while later, Maurice and Eliana reached their private room. Inside, Eliana immediately ordered all kinds of alcohol without the slightest hint of restraint. Maurice couldn't stop her, nor did he have any intentions of doing so. After all, it was so much better for her to seek solace in drink rather than suffer the alternative of crushing misery. He didn't love best Pimp want her to remain in the throes of depression. It didn't take long for the thought to slap him in the face after the alcohol was served. Eliana's restraints were non-existent. She downed an entire bottle of wine in one go, and immediately opened the next with little reservation. She brought it to her lips and chugged it down with great relish, taking gulp after gulp without a moment's pause. In just a short while, empty wine bottles piled up into a small mountain. Maurice was beside himself with shock. Frowning, he finally decided enough was enough and grabbed the bottle in Eliana's hands, taking it away from her grasp. "What do you think you're doing?" Eliana, who was now more than a little drunk, was red all over from the intoxication. Her fair complexion was flushed a dark crimson, and her hazy eyes were unfocused from the alcohol. "Are you trying to kill yourself by drinking this much?" Maurice gritted his teeth in frustration and pressed her against the wall in warning

His reprimand had no effect on Eliana, who simply replied with a foolish smile. The next second, she passed out on the floor, muttering incoherently to herself as she lost all consciousness. Looking at the blacked out Eliana, Maurice felt his anger disappear. He sighed helplessly and helped her back up, putting her by his side. "What happened to you...?"

Had what occurred last night vexed her so much? As he pondered this, Eliana suddenly moved and raised her head. Her soft lips brushed his chin with such gentleness that his heart skipped an excited beat. Blood surged to his face, heating up his cheeks as his heartbeat thumped loudly. He lowered his head ever so slightly to stare at Eliana's closed eyes. They were so near that the distance between them was nearly non-existent. Suddenly, he found himself breathless. Unable to stop himself, he succumbed to his urges and bent down to give her a gentle kiss on the lips.

5/5 - (2 votes)

The Adorable Twins and Their CEO Daddy

Chapter 43 That B*****d CEO

In just mere moments, the two grew closer and the distance between them vanished steadily. In her drunken stupor, Eliana opened her bleary eyes and saw shadows lurking around her blurred vision. Despite her haziness, one thing remained clear: the bright, vivid gaze of a single man, shining like blessed light within creeping darkness. His gaze, so deep and bottomless... They were Maurice's eyes. Anger rushed through her veins and shot up straight to her head. Struck by a sudden inspiration of fury, Eliana rose with angry determination and pounced on Maurice like a scorned tigress. She pinched his neck, digging her fingers into his flesh as she roared a mighty yell, "You absolute b*****d!" Her unexpected fit of fury caught the shocked Maurice off guard. Unable to react in time, Maurice found himself pushed to the sofa. As he fell, he instinctively reached for Eliana and held her firmly so as to prevent her from falling with him. Eliana ended up straddling on top of Maurice, ready to launch her attack. But at the most crucial second, she froze in confusion. She stared at him, blinking her eyes, and mouthed, "Preston? Wait... Why is it you? Where's that guy?" "Eliana... You're drunk." "No! I saw him just now! I really did! Where did he go? Where is he?!" Eliana rubbed her eyes, still confused, and removed herself from Maurice. She stumbled to a halt, and then realized that aside from her and Maurice, there was no one else in the private room. The realization astounded her, she was so sure she saw him a moment ago... Maurice stared at her, unable to make head or tail of her puzzling actions. "Who?" His question fell on deaf ears. Eliana ignored him and promptly took out her phone, and then drunkenly went through her contacts list. The alcohol had gone to her head, giving her repeated pangs of dizziness. Her mind was clouded with a strange haze, and she couldn't think straight. For a long time she browsed her contacts, only to realize that she didn't have Maurice's number saved. With that, she hopped to the closest thing she had: Corbin's number. All the while, Maurice watched her silently. Her angry outburst reminded him of a temperamental cat, hissing and spitting with its fur standing up. It was both amusing and endearing, to say the least. Eliana waited for the call to connect. The moment it did, she hollered at the phone with a roar that sent the entire room shaking. "Hey!" Corbin, at the other end of the line, was simultaneously confused and horrified. "Corbin! It's you, isn't it? Listen up! Get... Get Maurice to answer the phone!" "I... I beg your pardon?" Corbin was understandably startled. Eliana's demand only served to further confuse him. "Hey, why do you want to talk to Maurice so badly?"

Maurice quickly approached Eliana and held her shaking body steady, for fear her drunkenness would lead her to falling to the floor. Eliana leaned against his chest, overwhelmed by her dizziness. She looked at him with a dissatisfied expression and pouted cutely, muttering crossly, "...I want to curse that guy. I'll curse that b*****d CEO roundly! How dare he take advantage of me when I was in deep trouble? I'll make him pay!"

Corbin listened to everything Eliana said from the other end, silent all the way. Privately, he thought Eliana had a lot of guts for being able to say all that about Maurice. "Preston! You're great with words. Curse that b*****d for me! Help me do it!" Eliana's eyes snapped wide open in wrathful determination. She pressed her phone to Maurice's ears, excited. Maurice, for his part, was rendered tongue-tied. What should he say now? His hesitation went unnoticed by Eliana, whose eyes were shining with eager expectation. "You're the only one I can rely on! If I'm really your friend, curse at him for me! Even just a bit is fine!" Corbin was shaking in fear, but at the same time, he was also quite curious. How on earth would his boss rebuke himself? Maurice's eyes turned red as annoyance seeped in him. Scowling, he clenched his teeth. "You're digging your own grave, Eliana!" "Huh...? What do you...?" Eliana stopped immediately as the alcohol finally got the better of her and struck her into a drunken faint. Her body went limp as her consciousness faded, and she fell on Maurice. Night soon bled into morning... Eliana slowly woke up, her eyes wide open. Before she could do anything else, a sharp pain banged her head like the blow of a sledgehammer. "Miss Pierce, you're awake. Have some honey water. It'll make you feel better."

An unfamiliar voice surprised Eliana as she was contending with her stinging headache. Next to her, a neatly-dressed maid placed a delicate porcelain bowl on the bedside table before leaving the room respectfully. Questions raced through Eliana's confused mind. Where was she? Unfortunately, her curiosity was trumped by her overwhelming hangover. As she got out of bed, her eyes swept around her surroundings. The room bathed in bright light, looking spacious and luxurious, and it was furnished with lavish furniture and exquisite decorations. There was a balcony with an excellent view overlooking a huge lawn meticulously decorated with various kinds of landscape plants. She could also see many uniformed servants walking around. Whoever owned this place, he must be either rich or powerful. Still... Wasn't she drinking with Preston at the Imperial Golden Club yesterday? She recalled the events. She'd chugged down bottle after bottle, and then got drunk to the world. Eliana gasped in shock as realization dawned upon her. Could this lavish place be Preston's house? Was he this rich?! In her shock, she rushed out of the room to look for him. The building was a magnificent villa with opulent decorations. Despite its vast space, the people were few and far between. The flawless floor underneath her reflected her lonesome figure as she walked around in aimless circles. Suddenly, the door to one of the rooms she had just passed by swung open. Frightened, Eliana jumped and retreated in a hurry. The opened door soon revealed a pair of long legs that belonged to an impeccably handsome man. He was clad only in a single bathrobe. His short black hair was drenched wet, and it seemed he had just stepped out of the bathroom. At his appearance, Eliana's eyes went wide with

shock. Unable to believe the sight before her, she stammered in confusion, "W why are you here...?"

5/5 - (2 votes)