

My Babies, My Love Chapter 1

Chapter 1 The Triplets

“It’s so hot...” Patricia Aniston grumbled softly as she woke up dazedly in a hotel room.

She felt terribly uncomfortable, as though her entire body was on fire and it was scorching hot.

As she tossed and turned in bed, her face flushed so brightly that it was as though blood would ooze out, and she was breathless.

Slowly, she sat up, but her eyes were unfocused, and she couldn’t tell where she was.

The abnormal activity in her body was causing her a great deal of discomfort, and it was as though bugs were chewing on her; it itched so much that she reached out to tug at her clothes.

A few buttons popped off the red dress she was wearing, revealing the fair, white skin on her chest, but it made her feel more comfortable because it cooled her a little. She rubbed her legs together irritably, thinking this was an utterly peculiar feeling.

Uncomfortable, hot and irritating.

Then, she slid off the bed and searched for water. Not only was she thirsty, she was also hot, and she needed water. Maybe she would feel better after drinking some water.

A pair of slender, fair legs, which were shimmering with a translucent glow, stepped on the soft carpet.

Through her blurry gaze, she saw a water jug on a round table near her, and she stumbled

over, picked up the pitcher, and poured the water into her mouth. However, the jug's spout was wide, and the water that didn't flow into her tiny mouth flowed down her neck instead. As a result, her clothes were soaked, and they clung onto her body tightly, accentuating her figure, which was already stunning, to begin with. The bathroom door opened, and a man stepped out with only a white bath towel around his waist. His hair was drenched, and water dripped off the ends, falling on his muscular chest as droplets before they rolled down over his clear-cut abs and onto the loosely-draped bath towel.

At first, the man was stunned, but he frowned afterward. As he shook his jet-black hair, he felt something inside his body brewing, and when he opened his eyes again, they had turned bloodshot. He sensed that something was amiss, so he wondered, Is there a problem with the wine? Then, unwittingly, his eyes darted toward the wine glass beside the bed.

With his strong and firm grip, he grabbed Patricia and coldly asked, "Are you sent here by my grandfather?"

Without a doubt, his grandfather must have sent him a woman again. He must be going nuts thinking about having great-grandchildren that he actually drugged my wine!

Patricia fell into his embrace, and her hands moved against his skin wildly, causing his towel to slide off. Once she felt his cool, naked skin against hers, she felt the heat within her slightly subside.

She moaned in relief, then raised her hands and circled them around his neck so she could

stick her skin against his.

Isaac furrowed his brows. To begin with, he was already feeling hot and uneasy, but when this woman hugged him, he became even hotter and wanted to let off steam. With a soft and warm body clinging to him and rubbing against him from time to time, the drug in his body acted even more aggressively.

So, he lowered his head, took her lips in his, and kissed her fiercely, sucking her mouth like delicious candy. Initially, he was merely giving it a try, but slowly, it wasn't enough for him, and he started to lick and invade her mouth.

With a thud, both fell onto the big, soft bed, tangling in each other.

"It hurts..." Patricia gasped, her arms refusing to let go of his neck.

However, the man couldn't be bothered anymore as he met his demands quickly.

Neither of them knew how long nor how many times it was, but she couldn't take it anymore and had passed out.

The next day, she was woken up by the sounds of people knocking on the door, and she sat

up abruptly. Her mind was blank, and she had no idea what was happening. At this moment, the door burst open, and a group of people barged in, including journalists and the police.

"Don't move! This is a raid! Hands on your head and knees on the floor!"

Sent to the police station, Patricia was regarded as a prostitute, but she had no idea at all how things turned out this way.

The police informed the Aniston Family, and they bailed her out.

Nevertheless, everyone was critical of her when she returned home.

Seated at the main seat, Hendrick Aniston, the master of the family, pulled a long, solemn

face when he saw that his beloved granddaughter had done something so disgraceful.

“Grandpa...” She kneeled on the floor and explained, “I didn’t do it. I really didn’t. I was clearly

sleeping at home, but I don’t know why something like this happened!”

Until now, she was still unclear about the details.

Finally, her stepmother, Gwen, sneered. “You have no idea? Are you still trying to deny it

when you’ve already been arrested? If the police didn’t inform us, we wouldn’t even imagine

that the Young Lady of the Aniston Family would be involved in prostitution.

Just the thought

of it is humiliating for me!”

“Tricia,” Adeline chipped in. “Don’t you think that it’s disgusting? Are you okay with sleeping

with just anyone? Aren’t you afraid of contracting diseases?”

Hendrick sneered at those words. “That’s enough. Say no more. Tricia, tomorrow onwards,

you’re going to study abroad in Tamalom, and you’re not allowed to return without my

approval.”

After his declaration, he stood up and left as though he didn’t want to take another look at

Patricia.

“Grandpa!” Patricia called after him loudly, but he walked away without looking back.

Gwen didn’t believe that Hendrick was still siding with his beloved Patricia even when things

had come to this point; the objective of her plan was to have Patricia kicked out of the family.

In order to let her daughter, Adeline, hold the title of the Young Lady of the Aniston Family,

she had to destroy Patricia. Her eyes narrowed slightly. Study abroad? Don’t even dream

about it. I’ll make sure she dies on the way to Tamalom!

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Six years later, Patricia walked briskly out of the Appleby City Airport as she dragged her luggage behind her. Behind her, three adorable toddlers tagged along, attracting the attention of many people.

With almost identical appearances, the two boys were very good-looking, as beautiful as the characters in an animated series, while the girl was a sweet darling. Dressed in a warm yellow dress and her hair pulled into two high pigtails, she was very adorable as she held a Barbie doll in her arms.

There were even some passersby who couldn't help but snap pictures of them secretly,

whispering, "They must be celebrities! How good-looking they are!"

"I've never seen such a stunning family before!"

"Their mother is so pretty!"

Meanwhile, at the VIP exit on the other side, one could hear sounds of hurried footsteps as a group of men dressed in black walked out of the airport, and the most attention-catching of them was the one leading the pack.

Tall and well-built, he wore a black trench coat, and his face was breathtakingly charming. Yet,

the icy look in his eyes gave one the feeling that he was unapproachable.

Suddenly, everyone's attention was attracted to him, and when the cute little girl heard the

passersby's discussions, she also turned to look. Then, she gasped, "Daddy!"

That was because that gorgeous man looked almost the same as her two older brothers, so

that must be her daddy, whom she had never met before. Therefore, she ran after him with

widened eyes, and when Patricia noticed that she had left, she told her sons, "Scott and

Stellan, wait for me at the entrance. I'm going after your sister."

The handsome boys nodded. "Okay, Mommy!"

After she passed the luggage to them, Patricia went toward Sylvie. At the airport entrance, she grabbed her running daughter.

"Where are you going, Sylvie Aniston? Aren't you afraid of kidnappers?"

Since Sylvie was young, she had caused Patricia no less worry and was also very naughty. If

she was lost, Patricia felt that it would spell the end of her entire family, and all of them would cry their hearts out.

"Ah, Mommy! Let me go quickly! I saw Daddy. He looks a lot like Scott and Stellan! I want Daddy!"

The little girl was very anxious, and her large eyes were fixed on that stunning man's back, worried that he would disappear from her sight.

Patricia followed her daughter's gaze as she thought, Could it really be that man?

It so happened that she wanted to find him and ask what exactly happened back then.

Patricia held onto Sylvie's hand firmly as she paced to the car Sylvie had pointed out and

knocked on the car window as she wanted to see whether the man really looked like her sons.

Furthermore, if her mischievous little daughter didn't get a look, she would never give up and definitely refuse to leave.

The person inside slowly rolled down the window once they heard the knock on their window.

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