

## **Baby alliance: helping daddy get a rich mommy chapter 100**

When Pauline saw Selena agreeing without any hesitation, her anger that had just spiked dissipated significantly. "President Yard—"

"You don't need to say anything, Pauline. I understand your feelings. You're a citizen of Astoria, so you want to make a name for yourself here. I know that, so when everything is on track here, I'll put you in charge of everything."

Upon hearing this, Pauline looked at her with gratitude that extended beyond words.

Springvale is a foreign country to her, so no matter how good she did over there, the sense of belonging is still missing. At the end of the day, Astoria is her home country. In this, Selena understood her very well. I feel the same way. If possible, everyone will rather stay in their own homeland, a place they're familiar with.

Pauline then promptly gave her proposal to her, and she then took her team to Fowler Corporation right away. They waited for a while in the waiting lounge downstairs before someone came over. "You may go on up, Miss Yard."

Everyone got to their feet together. "Only Miss Yard is invited, so others have to stay here." The person who spoke had an extremely disdainful demeanor, seemingly looking down on those from JNS Corporation.

This was the second time Pauline's team had been treated such, so they were all the more infuriated compared to the first time. "President Yard, they're clearly snubbing us!"

"It's okay. You guys wait here. I'll go alone." Selena then went upstairs with the other person. As the elevator slowly ascended, she inquired, "May I know if the LAYA's liaison is here today? I don't want to make another wasted trip."

"He's here, waiting for you in the meeting room."

"That's good."

Selena was led to a room. "This is it. You may enter without knocking, Miss Yard." After saying that, the person left.

Selena opened the door in puzzlement, but it was pitch dark inside! This room is either smack-dab in the middle, thus having no windows, or the curtains have been drawn since there isn't a spark of light in here! Just when she was grousing inwardly, wondering whether she'd been brought to the wrong place, the room suddenly lit up, giving her a scare.

As soon as she lifted her eyes, she was greeted by the sight of a man sitting at the huge table, his legs propped on the table as he stared straight at her with a nefarious look in his eyes. And it was none other than Pierre Fowler! His profound and narrow eyes radiated an icy coldness that had her unconsciously shuddering. Nonetheless, she forced herself to calm down. "What are you up to now, Pierre Fowler?"

Narrowing his eyes, Pierre folded his hands behind his head, looking all relaxed. He shrugged without saying anything.

“Where’s your liaison? I don’t want to yak with you today!” Selena truly didn’t want to waste time on this impudent b\*stard.

“I’m the liaison.”

Her eyes bugging, Selena gaped at Pierre incredulously. Does he have nothing better to do? Is he not swamped with managing two conglomerates that he actually wants to handle a small company under his corporation?

“Aren’t you here to discuss the collaboration? Where’s your proposal?” It seemed that Pierre wasn’t interested in exchanging pleasantries with her, for he went straight to the collaboration and proposal.

Selena knew that he wasn’t that easily dissuaded, but she was indeed here to discuss the collaboration, so she had no other recourse. With the proposal and a small tablet in hand, she sat down. To avoid contact with him, she chose a seat far away from him. However, just when her butt had touched the chair, she heard his wintry voice. “I won’t be able to hear you clearly if you’re so far from me. Sit closer.”