

Baby alliance: helping daddy get a rich mommy chapter 116

"Young Lady Meredith, Young Master Pierre is here," a servant said as she knocked on the door. People were all talking about Meredith's wedding last night, so everyone in the house was aware of it. Roland and Jezebel even groused that Meredith was too tight-lipped about the matter.

When she heard those words, Meredith's hand trembled. He's here. Everyone received their invitations yesterday, so he surely knows about this now. Thus, he has come to interrogate me? She hurriedly stood up. "Got it."

Looking at her reflection in the mirror, she quickly picked up the powder puff and touched up her makeup.

I've been putting on a pale countenance back when Jamie was sick, but I can now revert to my initial beauty in front of him. Just when she was about to leave the room, Pierre had already walked to the door. Her heart jolted when she glimpsed his sharp gaze. "You're here, Pierre?"

The moment Pierre walked in the door, he spotted the mannequin in her room. The mannequin had a wedding gown on it that was covered with a transparent plastic film, probably to avoid dust. Upon seeing that he was staring at the wedding gown, Meredith instantly blocked his line of sight with her head ducked as though she was a shy lotus, her face stained with a hint of pink.

"Don't look at it. I want to let you see it during the wedding, or else there won't be a surprise."

"When did you get to know about the wedding?" Pierre retracted his gaze since he wasn't at all interested in her wedding gown.

Lifting her head and tilting it to the side, Meredith gazed at him with an innocent expression on her face. "What do you mean by that? Mr. and Mrs. Fowler called me over and told me about it.

They asked me to prepare whatever's necessary. Since you're too busy, I've been making the preparations all this while. The timeframe is really tight. Why did you choose such an early date?" Pierre pinned his darkened eyes on her.

I initially thought that she plotted the wedding with John Fowler, but it now seems as though she doesn't know anything about it.

Meredith met his gaze. "Are... you done with all the preparations? How does your tuxedo look? I'm really looking forward to it since you'll definitely look handsome in it."

In reality, it was her who chose the tuxedo, so she'd long since known how it looked, but how could she possibly dupe him if she didn't say such a thing?

"I didn't prepare anything."

Meredith gaped at Pierre with a stunned expression. "You didn't prepare anything? Why? This is our wedding!"

"Because I only knew about the wedding yesterday." Pierre spoke extremely slowly as though he was feeling her out, his eyes never once leaving her.

All at once, Meredith's eyes went wide. "Huh? Are you saying that Mr. and Mrs. Fowler prepared the wedding behind your back?"

Pierre said nothing, tacitly confirming her conjecture.

As if she was at a loss for words, Meredith's eyes darted around. Then, she opened her mouth, yet she didn't know what to say, her panicked expression flawless. All of a sudden, she lifted her head, her eyes

brimming with tears. "Pierre, perhaps Mr. and Mrs. Fowler feel that the children should be with their parents.

They only hope that we'll be together as a family. They're not doing this maliciously, so please don't blame them. At worst... At worst..." She again lowered her head and bit her lip so hard that it almost bled. "At worst, we'll just not get married. If you're unwilling, you can call off the wedding!" she declared resolutely after what seemed like an eternity as she raised her head.

At that moment, their eyes met.

Meredith could hear her heart pounding wildly, so she tried her best to control herself as though afraid that he would be able to hear her heartbeat.

Meanwhile, Pierre stared into her eyes for a long time. "Young Lady Meredith, Young Master Pierre is here," a servant said as she knocked on the door. People were all talking about Meredith's wedding last night, so everyone in the house was aware of it.

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