

Baby alliance: helping daddy get a rich mommy chapter 129

While Selena was dreaming away in comfort, John was sitting on the sofa with a serious look on his face back in Fowler Residence, whereas Helen was sighing in despair. Yoel was bent over while standing in front of John. "Mr. Fowler, I already did a headcount on the people who were transferred back. Aside from Young Master Pierre, Miss Selena Yard, who is the president of JNS Corporation also went missing. However, the rest of them were all found, and were sent back to their homes."

"What?" Helen's head shot up.

On the other hand, Meredith was stunned motionless while descending the stairs upon hearing the news. Since both Pierre and Selena are missing, might they be together? Why were they together? Did the heavens arrange for this to happen, or was it mere coincidence?

Rooted to her spot, Meredith felt as if the world had lost its color. She was supposed to be enjoying her wedding night with Pierre, as well as indulge in the admiration and envy of other people for having become his bride and the woman blessed with the utmost bliss.

However, everything was ruined when someone suddenly fired a gun. She spent the night running for her life in a flurry of panic, only to find out later on that she had lost Pierre. At that moment, she was no longer concerned about the wedding, nor was she worried about looking like an idiot; as long as Pierre was safe, everything would be fine. In spite of her wishes, reports of his disappearance alongside Selena had her world crashing down. She couldn't help but think she might be a fool after all, and a hopeless one at that.

"Why are you standing there doing nothing? Go search for him! Seal off seas surrounding the island to make a blanket search! Mobilize all our men for the search, as well as start an investigation on whoever was behind this! Nobody is allowed to use the phone in the house. Just put up with it!" John sounded exasperated.

On one hand, he was angry that the enemy would choose to cause trouble at Pierre's wedding, but on the other hand, he was also worried about his son. Although they didn't share the best of relationships, Pierre was still his son. Meanwhile, Helen's nerves were all strung up.

Back on the island, there was a European-styled mansion built in minimalist fashion. In the brightly-lit living room, Pierre smashed a cup on the floor while bellowing, "You bunch of idiots! Did I not tell you to look before you shoot? Are you all blind?"

They couldn't help but feel aggrieved. In response, Pierre kicked the man nearest to him over. "How dare you find excuses for yourselves? You're just a bunch of trash! Get the f*ck out of here!" The men scrambled their way to the exit, leaving Pierre standing there, outraged. He didn't care if they hurt him, but they wound up hurting Selena in the process.

Selena woke up during noon the next day. As soon as she opened her eyes, she saw the sun outside the window. Its rays shone into the room, warming her up in the process. However, her eyes went wide by the next instant as she wondered where she was. Am I in a dream? Wasn't I on a deserted island with Pierre? So why am I lying in bed?

“Miss Yard, you’re finally awake. Would you like something to eat?” An unfamiliar voice came through to her.

Turning around, she saw a woman standing by her bed. She was wearing a facemask, so only her gleaming black eyes were visible. Judging from the wrinkles on her forehead, she didn’t seem that young.

“Where am I?”

“You’re on Mr. Pierre’s private island.”

Selena propped herself up on the bed.