

## **Baby alliance: helping daddy get a rich mommy chapter 134**

“You have three days.” Selena was speechless at Pierre’s reply. “Isn’t this a bit too short?”

“What makes you think you have the right to negotiate terms with me?” he bit back. How dare she try to negotiate this when I am the one in charge? “You—”

“Give me an answer before you leave this island.” After turning his attention away from her, he went upstairs. Meanwhile, she gave him an eye roll before deciding to put the matter aside for the time being. It would be better use of time to give Juniper a call to tell her she was safe.

Back in Fowler Residence, John was pacing back and forth in his study, anxious over the lack of news of Pierre. By that point, he was starting to regret what he did, all the while wondering if he made a wrong move by forcing Pierre into a marriage. If he did intend to marry, he would’ve made sure nothing would go wrong. Pierre was a meticulous person, so an attack like that shouldn’t have happened during the wedding.

At that moment, Yoel came into the study after a knock.

“How is it? Do you have any news?” John shot up from his seat.

“Yes, Mr. Fowler. Young Master Pierre and Miss Yard were abducted by the group of people, but Young Master was witty enough to be able to throw them off and reach another island on a rescue boat. However...”

“What is it?” John’s eyes went wide. Perhaps due to age, he was no longer as firm as he used to be; all he prayed for was his son’s safety.

“Young Master was shot, but he was injured on his leg, so he should be alright.”

Only then did John sit down, figuring that all was well as long as Pierre was alive. At that moment, a figure could be seen dashing past the door. “Mr. Fowler, the Young Master Chris is home,” Yoel quickly reported. In response, John merely frowned without saying anything.

Sitting on the sofa in the living room was a man in ripped jeans and a long-sleeved T-shirt with unconventional prints. A strand of his hair was dyed blue, which gave him a rebellious and unruly appearance when coupled with his attire. He was none other than Pierre Fowler’s younger brother and Helen Fowler’s son, Chris Fowler. In contrast to his brother, he was of a totally different temperament. With his unassuming looks, he had a certain tenderness and delicateness about him, all the while bearing semblance to his mother due to him having grown up in a loving environment.

Meanwhile, Helen came downstairs while wearing a frown, which only deepened as soon as she saw Chris’ appearance. “Chris, what is with that look?”

Focused on playing games on his phone, he asked, “Don’t I look great like this?”

“You call that great?” Helen heaved a sigh. Chris had been studying in Springvale, so it had been a while since his last visit. Therefore, she didn’t intend to quarrel with him.

John came downstairs soon after. Upon seeing him, Chris tucked his phone away and tried to hide his strand of blue hair. "Dad, how is Pierre?"

Maintaining a serious expression, John replied, "We've found him. He only suffered minor injuries, so he should be alright."

"Great to hear that. News of his disappearance scared me, so I rushed back home." Chris heaved a sigh of relief.

Eagerly, Helen added, "Yeah. Chris caught a flight back home as soon as he heard what happened during the wedding."

However, John kept his silence while sitting on the sofa. Chris never liked to be in his presence, as the latter emitted an oppressive aura that was suffocating. "Dad, I will be going back to my room. I was in such a hurry to catch a flight, so I'm tired now."

"Go on."

With his father's permission, Chris went upstairs while yawning. On the other hand, Helen handed the tea that the servants brought to her to John. "Is Pierre really alright? Where was he hurt? Does he want to get some rest at home? Staying at home is always better than living outside. Is it not?"