

Baby alliance: helping daddy get a rich mommy chapter 252

"It's getting late. I'll be leaving now." Joaquin trotted toward the corner. Selena looked at the corner and whispered, "Take care." Then she took Juniper and boarded the flight.

Juniper looked up at her. "Mommy, you hugged Joaquin for a long time. I think I saw him whispering something."

Selena pursed her lips in a smile and went down to straighten out Juniper's clothes. I think Juniper shouldn't know about this. If it turns out to be a mistake, she'd be devastated. "Jojo told me he likes you very much, and he'll miss us."

"Really?" Juniper was overjoyed. Jameson was usually the one who'd say that, and Juniper knew Joaquin wouldn't. "Yes. He's just too shy to say it."

"Yeah! I like Jojo too, and..." Juniper looked crestfallen, and she whispered almost inaudibly, "Jameson." Selena looked back one last time and thought, Take care.

The business class cabin was silent. The moment the plane took flight, Juniper fell asleep. Sitting beside, Selena tucked her in and looked ahead.

I must find Jameson. She trusted what Joaquin said. If he said Jameson was alive, then Jameson had to be alive. I will find out about the truth and prove my innocence! I must find Jameson!

"Goddammit!" A furious roar shook the Fowler Residence, and everyone kept their silence.

John only mourned for a few days after Jameson's funeral. When he was finally going to kill Selena to avenge his grandson, nobody was there to be found in the basement.

He didn't think Selena could run away right under his nose, so the only explanation for it was that Pierre had helped her, and Pierre admitted to it.

"You b*stard! Did that temptress enslave you?! She killed your son! That's your son she killed! How could you let her go?"

John was furious, and he swung his bat against Pierre mercilessly, slamming into him. Pierre didn't retaliate nor retort, merely keeping quiet and enduring the pain. Thus, John, crazed and wallowing in fury, abused Pierre without holding back.

Everyone in the residence could hear the beatings, and they feared it, as if they were the ones being abused.

Pierre was harkened back to the year when he was seventeen. That time, John walloped him with the same bat in an attempt to force him to join the forces. Ah, memories.

"Why did you let her go? Tell me! Tell me why!" John roared, his voice hoarse. The old man wanted an outlet to unload his bereavement, and only his son was around for it.

However, Pierre said nothing, not even a word. His silence fueled John's anger further, and he kept walloping his son with the bat.

Helen heard the beatings, but she didn't even bat an eye. The woman sat down in her room and enjoyed her tea.

She was the only one who could calm John down at that moment, but she wouldn't do it. John wouldn't kill his son, but the tension between him and Pierre would grow to the point of no return, and that was exactly what she wanted.

At this time, Chris barged into the room. He had graduated university, but he kept finding excuses to delay his return. For the sake of attending Jameson's funeral, however, he couldn't delay it any longer.