

Baby alliance: helping daddy get a rich mommy chapter 257

Joaquin looked into her sincere gaze, her puffy eyes, and her tears, and he finally nodded. As long as she knows repentance. Maybe she just cares about Daddy too much. Besides, Jamie only suffered diarrhea, nothing much. And she knows what she did was wrong. I can give her a chance.

Meredith hugged him. "Thank you, Jojo. Thank you for forgiving me. I'll do my best to be a good mommy from now on. You're all I have left, so let's support each other, huh?"

Joaquin caressed her back gently. For the first time in his life, he thought of Meredith as his own mother. At the Fowler Residence.

John sat on his rocking chair at the balcony, his eyes closed. He had aged a lot over these few days. As he reminisced about the past and saw Jameson in his memories, he felt suffocated.

John had always loved Jameson that bit more than Joaquin, for the boy was a smooth talker, a cheeky little brat, and a persistent boy. He could always make people laugh, lightening everyone around him up, especially an old man like him, but then, he was gone just like that.

Helen walked in without a sound and put a teapot on the coffee table. "Have some tea. Are you still missing Jamie? We can't bring back the dead. Be at peace." John's eyes were still closed. "How is he?"

John never wanted to beat up his son so badly. He knew Pierre was already awake, but he didn't have the courage to visit him at the hospital. Pierre was his son, but he let Jameson's murderer go. That put him in a dilemma.

"He's already awake, and all seems well. The doctor says they need to observe him though," Helen answered. "I see." John cared about Pierre, but he didn't show it.

"By the way, since Chris has graduated and Pierre's hospitalized, I was thinking, why not let Chris work in the company and gain some experience? He should've been doing that a long time ago. Pierre wouldn't have to work that hard if Chris did his part." Helen was testing the water.

John's silence made her nervous, and she added, "I don't mean anything, really. Chris majored in this, so if he isn't going to work in the company, I don't think anyone else would hire him because of who he is. We can't just let him stay at home and do nothing."

"Of course. I'll ask the secretary to arrange it." John didn't want to argue. He was too old for that.

All at once, Helen smiled. "Sure. I'll tell Chris about it." Finally, I did it.

When Helen told Chris about the news, he looked scandalized. "Mom! I've told you I'm not a business guy! Why do you want me to handle the company? Besides, Pierre's there! They don't need me!"

"Of course they need you. Pierre's hospitalized, so this is your chance to shine. You've got to do it perfectly. This chance doesn't come every day." As she spoke, Helen patted Chris' head, her gaze loving.

“What are you talking about? You know I hate doing business. I want to form my own music band, get it?”

“Music band this, music band that. Is your band all you can think about? Can your band feed you? Can your band make you into an heir?!” Helen let her secret out in an instant of uncontrollable rage.

“Heir? What heir?” Chris was flummoxed.