

Baby alliance: helping daddy get a rich mommy chapter 272

This had utter exhilaration flooding Meredith, and she instantly sent the time and venue to him. This time, Pierre didn't reply, but she knew that he'd definitely seen it.

On the day, Meredith arrived at the agreed-upon meeting place way earlier. She was dressed in black, naturally not daring to wear anything too ostentatious since she was going to the cemetery. However, she'd also put much thought into this dress.

This black fishtail skirt rendered her lower body long and slender, while the tight-fitting shirt on her upper body showcased her exquisite figure. Coupled with a British-style mesh black hat, she appeared mysterious and elegant. On the whole, it was a different allure altogether.

Upon seeing that it was almost time, she immediately took out the eye drops and dribbled some into her eyes. As stinging pain assailed her, her eyes instantly turned red.

The eye drops mixed with tears slowly trickled down, making it appear as though her eyes were swimming with tears. Then, she hurriedly fixed her makeup so that her face seemed a tad pale. It was all so unassuming that one would even think that she was barefaced.

When the car came to a stop beside her, Meredith instinctively acted as though she furtively dashed off her tears before facing the car with a smile. The car door then swung open, but only Joaquin stepped out, so she eagerly peered into the car.

"It's just me," Joaquin declared placidly, still as indifferent as ever, his voice devoid of inflection. "Huh? Did you come alone, Jojo? Where's your daddy?"

"Daddy is very busy, so he doesn't have time to come," Joaquin answered.

Meredith was naturally disappointed. If it weren't for the fact that they were going to visit Jameson's grave, thus forced to bring Joaquin along, she definitely wouldn't have brought this third wheel along. Now, however, the third wheel was here without the protagonist. Of course, she was belligerent. Nevertheless, she knew that she couldn't lose her temper. I've got to maintain my image in front of him, for this child's eyes are very sharp!

"Alright, then. Let's go and visit Jamie together." As she said that, she brought Joaquin into her car. In the car, they didn't say anything all the way to the cemetery. Meredith brought along a bouquet of flowers as well as some toys and snacks.

When they arrived at Jameson's grave, Joaquin stood before the tombstone, still as expressionless as ever. Meredith, on the other hand, acted like a grieving mother as she placed the flowers, toys, and snacks in front of the tombstone. "I miss you a lot, Jamie. I wonder whether you're doing well over there. Are you eating well and dressing warmly? You've always been worrisome since young, so make sure that you take good care of yourself."

Standing at the side, Joaquin stared at her. After turning it over in his mind time and again, he decided to tell her that Jameson was still alive. "Mommy...."

As Meredith lifted her head at this time, she suddenly saw that the photo on the tombstone seemed to be smiling strangely. "Ahh!" Fear struck her, and she fell to the ground on her butt.

Joaquin looked at her in surprise.

Meredith clutched her chest, shock still holding her in its grip. "Look! Jamie... Jamie's photo..." That smile seemed to be saying one thing—I knew it was you—rendering her terror-stricken. One who had a clear conscience need not fear the knock in the night, but as the mastermind of the incident, she was naturally terrified.

"What's wrong with Jamie's photo?" Joaquin stared at her dubiously.

When Meredith again looked at the picture, she didn't see anything amiss. "Nothing..." She gave an awkward chuckle. "The photo is a bit dirty, so I'll just wipe it." As she spoke, she took out a tissue and wiped the photo, finding nothing wrong with it. "It's about time, Jojo. This is a cemetery, so we'd better go back earlier. A child shouldn't tarry too long at the cemetery since it's not a good place."