

Baby alliance: helping daddy get a rich mommy chapter 368

Once again, Pierre returned to Satan's turf through the night, and he knew that he would come. In the dimly-lit room, only the light from the man's cigar kept flickering. When Pierre walked in, Satan was seated on the couch, smoking his cigar idly.

"I didn't think that we would meet again so soon," Satan said, opening his arms as though he was welcoming an old friend.

Although they weren't old friends, they had been acquainted for a long time. Pierre was responsible for weapons development in his base while Satan had been trying ways and means to acquire the weapons from his hands. For many years, they had been pitting their wits and courage against each other.

"Where's my son?" Pierre asked straightaway. There was no point to have any excess chit-chat with him since they both knew what was on the other party's mind.

"Your son is in my hands, but what do you have in exchange for him?" Satan asked with a sly smirk.

Seeing that there was another single-seater couch, Pierre plopped himself on it and asked instead, "What do you want in exchange for him?"

Even though they were old opponents, they could only guess what the other was doing.

"I heard that the artillery you're developing, TR300, has just completed its upgrade to a new version. It has a further range and is more accurate, the most developed of its kind in the world right now."

Pierre snorted. "Looks like you're very well-informed. Why? You want it?"

Shaking his first finger, Satan said, "No one can be compared to General Fowler, am I right?"

So what Satan wanted was him.

What was the point of having the weapon which was always being updated? A better one would always emerge even after having a good one. But if Pierre pledged his alliance with him, it was as good as owning the entire research and development base, and he would forever be ahead of everyone else.

Narrowing his eyes at Satan, Pierre didn't imagine that he was actually so ambitious. "Have you heard of a saying, Satan?"

Satan tilted his head, waiting for his answer.

"Don't bite more than you can chew," he sneered. "Aren't you afraid of overstuffing yourself by having such a big appetite?"

But Satan wasn't afraid. Of course he knew what Pierre meant; the more ambitious a person was, the more he had to pay and take greater risks. He was already leading a life so brutal that just one wrong step would cause him death, but with such a huge appetite now, it might turn his life ten times even more dangerous than before.

"It's your choice if you want to agree to my term, and it's my business if I can swallow this bite. I don't wish to chat unnecessarily with you, General Fowler. If you're willing to work for me, then I'll return your son to you safe and sound. But if you're not..." he trailed off. Without the need to finish his sentence, they both knew what he meant.

Being the savage man that he was, only death awaited Jameson who had fallen into his hands.

"Give me some time to think it over," Pierre said, standing up.

"Sure, no problem. This is a huge decision, so of course you need to think about it carefully. But your son may not have so much time waiting for your consideration. There's a limit to my patience."

Taking a deep breath, Pierre then spun around to leave.

"Let me remind you, don't be up to any tricks. We're old acquaintances, after all."

With Satan's final words echoing in his ears, Pierre left the place without anyone ambushing him nor any difficulties.

Pierre knew that Satan didn't prepare any other plans because he was betting if he would give up his son for his own country.

The moment he walked out of the place, he turned back to look at it as though he was bidding his farewell, knowing that he might have to bid his son goodbye, too. However, he didn't know what he should tell Selena when he returned.

Very quickly, he left the place, and not long after he was gone, Jude arrived. After disembarking the plane, she didn't stop for a moment and came straight to look for Satan.