

Baby alliance: helping daddy get a rich mommy chapter 550

“Spill it out!” Selena knew early on that it was a trap. After all, Linda spent so much effort to prepare as well as lure Pierre and her in, so of course she wouldn’t be letting go of the bracelet so easily.

Therefore, Selena knew the whole thing was an ambush. Sure enough, she noticed upon entering the room that the fragrance of the incense smelled odd, prompting her to take precautions.

“The bracelet is at—” All of a sudden, Scott felt that his chest was constricting, which caused him to gasp for air while seemingly in much agony. “Where is it? Tell me!” Selena was getting impatient. “I’ll pull the trigger if you don’t speak!”

However, Scott didn’t seem to care as he clutched his neck as if being suffocated. Then, he began scratching and scraping at it, leaving on it red scratch marks.

Selena noticed that something was wrong, but she dared not let her guard down, as she wasn’t sure if he was indeed the one who lured Pierre and her in. “Hey, don’t play games with me! I will put a bullet through you! Do you hear me?”

However, it was as if her orders had fallen on deaf ears as all Scott did was gasp for air while scratching at his neck. By the end of it, he seemed to be wheezing.

“Hey!”

Without warning, Scott’s eyes widened before falling over stiffly in front of Selena. Upon witnessing that, she gave him a kick, but he remained still. It wasn’t until then that she crouched down to put a finger below his nostrils, only to find that he was no longer breathing.

He’s gone! He just dropped dead like that! Selena cried, “Hey, don’t you die on me! Where’s my bracelet? Tell me where it is!” She patted his face hard, but he was already dead before even finishing his sentence.

In the meantime, Pierre was still dealing with Bradley, who was sitting on a couch in a hotel while wearing a humble smile on his face. After all, he had a favor to ask Pierre. “Mr. Fowler, I know my daughter did you wrong, so please accept my apology on her behalf to you and your wife. She’s young and ignorant, so please show leniency. Please forgive her for what she had done.” Although Bradley was smiling, his smile seemed awkward. It was as if he were reluctant to do so.

“Oh, Mr. Oberlin, you don’t have to say that. Your daughter is neither young nor ignorant. In fact, she is anything but that, considering how familiar she is with such underhanded tactics. She bribed the shopkeeper in my wife’s bridal shop to prepare an identical gown, which proved just how much of a visionary she is. I admire her, and I think you’re fortunate to have a daughter like her.”

What Pierre said had Bradley looking discomposed. Although it was apparent that Pierre was mocking him, he couldn’t actually bite back. “Mr. Fowler, judging from your tone, should I assume that you’re still angry at my daughter? What should I do in order to appease you and your wife?”

Hearing that, Pierre only waved a hand. “We’re not mad. After all, our trip to Yucaria was eye-opening. It’s all thanks to you and your daughter! We sure learned a lot from you.”

Pierre's sarcasm made Bradley uncomfortable. For a moment, he didn't know how to deal with the young man before him. "Mr. Fowler, I'll be honest with you. The scrolls your wife took from me are precious to me. I only managed to get my hands on them after much effort, and I had been keeping them as a collection ever since. Therefore, I hope you'll return them to me. If you have any requests, I'll do my best to fulfill them."