

## Baby alliance: helping daddy get a rich mommy chapter 862

Oliver munched on the snack his wife had prepared while speaking in a muffled voice. “We struck gold this time!” he mumbled. Greta sent her husband a side-eye upon hearing his words. “Did you say that we’ve struck gold? We haven’t struck anything—the clan leader might even drop by later and strike us on our heads instead.”

Greta settled in her seat and began to work on patching up one of their clothes as she continued speaking. “Mayaboy is such a useless girl. When did she hook up with that man from town? What an embarrassment! She’s all grown up now; how could she still give us so much trouble?”

“She made a great choice! An amazing choice!” Oliver mumbled as he continued to stuff himself with food. “What did you say? Did you say that her hookup was a good choice?” Greta asked.

“Yeah.” It had only been minutes, but Oliver had already devoured two huge slices of bread. “That townsman is actually interested in Mayaboy, and he’s offering me 200,000 to get everything settled for them!”

“What?!” Greta couldn’t believe her ears then. “Are you sure you heard him correctly? Isn’t that guy bored of Mayaboy by now? Our daughter might be pretty, but I’m sure a man from town must have seen prettier women than her. Why would he pay so much just to get married to our daughter?” Greta asked.

“Exactly! That’s why I said that we struck gold this time! I’ll discuss this matter with the clan leader. Mayaboy has been working at their house for the past few years, so they can’t expect us to repay them the total sum of the bride price they paid, right? In total, I believe we can get them to spare us this amount,” Oliver said as he put his fingers up to show his wife a number.

Greta didn’t seem to care about the money then. “What is this man from town planning to do with our daughter? I heard that there are people around here who specialize in selling organs. Could he...”

“Why do you care about that? Don’t you want to buy your son a new house? Don’t you want to have grandchildren? Having grandchildren will cost us a great deal of money—children are expensive to own nowadays. We need the money for all sorts of things!” Oliver said.

Greta’s interest in the money seemed to grow after her husband brought up their son. “You’re right. We should consider buying a house for our son soon. With the way we’re living right now, we might not be able to buy a new house, not even in our next lifetime! Our son and daughter-in-law will never agree to have children if we don’t buy them a house,” she replied.

“Alright! I’ll head out right now! Just stay at home and wait for my good news!” Oliver chugged another bowl of water before he strutted over to the clan leader’s house while humming a tune.

The clan leader’s wife shrieked at Oliver the moment he stepped foot into their house. “Where is she, Oliver? Hand her over right now!”

“Calm down, Mrs. Bartley. Let me talk.” Oliver sat down as he continued to speak. “Mayaboy has been in your family for five years now, hasn’t she?”

"Five years!" Amanda Bartley turned to meet his gaze. "My poor son has been dead for five years now, and it's all because of that witch in your family! She cursed her own husband! She's the reason my son is dead! My poor son!" She felt tears welling up in her eyes whenever she spoke of this matter. If she had a choice, she would've beaten Mayaboy to death right there and then!

"Alright, alright. Hear me out, Mr. and Mrs. Bartley. The both of you have been feeling rather unwell recently, right?" Oliver asked in a caring voice.

"Of course. How could we be well when your cursed daughter is here in our home?" Amanda hissed.

"Exactly. I knew it. I went to get a tarot reading, and the master told me that Mayaboy isn't just a curse to her husband. She's also a threat to her elders!" Oliver cried.

Both Amanda and Henry Bartley exchanged glances with each other then. "That's why I'm here today to propose that she gets a divorce!" Oliver continued.

Amanda's face fell immediately. "Was that your plan all along? You must have found someone else who's willing to get married to your daughter, am I right, Oliver? You probably want to get her married again so that you can receive a bride price for a second time!"

"No, no. I'm doing this for the sake of you two! Think about it. If you guys keep her around, perhaps you'll get a maximum of two years before both of you... Am I right?" Oliver beamed as he turned to look at Henry.