

# Task NO.1 How to Pursue Miss CEO Chapter 91

## Chapter 91 Craving for Pineapple Rice

- "I want to eat the pineapple rice from the pretty lady." Jameson gulped at the thought of Selena's tasty cooking.
- Pierre was stuck in a difficult situation. That night, it took him a lot of effort to get Selena's consent to sleep with him, only to have his plans ruined by Jameson's sudden fever. However, if he brought Jameson to visit Selena, he would lose the upper hand in the game. Selena is shrewd and she'd definitely attempt to negotiate with me!
- Later, when Cora came upstairs with a bowl of hot soup, the father and son were gone from the room!
- On Selena's side, after much consideration, she decided to bring Juniper to visit Jameson. She was caught between her conflict with Pierre and Juniper's sincere concern for a friend, but the scale in her heart tipped in favor of Juniper's case. For her daughter, she was willing to endure the embarrassment in meeting with Pierre.
- Meanwhile, Jude only stayed over for a night before returning to the filming set. It turned out that she was briefly in Astoria for a shooting. Hence, later that day, Selena dressed Juniper up to head out. Due to the cold weather, she wrapped Juniper in many layers until the little girl waddled around like a penguin.
- "Juniper, are you sure you want to visit Jameson? Are you not angry at him anymore?"
- Juniper nodded earnestly. "Yes, I am not mad at him anymore. Mr. Handsome's mistake has nothing to do with the two boys. I really hope that he will get better soon."
- Pleased, Selena caressed the bangs on Juniper's forehead. "Good girl. Let's go."
- Then, Juniper held her mother's hand, and the idea of meeting her friend soon cheered her up greatly.
- When they opened the door to leave, however, they bumped into Pierre, whose hand was frozen mid-air in an attempt to press the doorbell. Selena stared wide-eyed at him, and he returned a blank stare at her. The expressions on their faces were amusing to watch, and an awkward air lingered around them.
- "Jamie!" Juniper jumped excitedly and gave him a big hug. "Are you feeling better?"
- Thanks to the children, the awkwardness between the adults dissolved in no time. Then, Selena quickly pulled Jameson into the warmth of the house. "Come in now. It's freezing out there."
- In the meantime, Pierre followed Jameson into the house even though he was uninvited.
- The moment the boy was inside the house, Selena was already at work. She deftly peeled off the layers of winter clothing on Juniper and helped Jameson to take off his jacket as well. Now that she had taken a closer look at the boy, she noticed his drastically thinner figure and felt sorry for him. Even though she knew that the twins were Meredith's

children, she did not have the heart to hold grudges against the kids just because she had a conflict with their parents.

- Then, she felt his forehead for his body temperature and commented, "You are still running a high fever—at least 38 degrees Celsius and above. You need to take medicine. Have you been to the hospital?"
- Although she did not look at Pierre at all, he understood that she was addressing the question to him. "Our family doctor has performed a check-up on him. He likely has Roseola, but it is not a confirmed diagnosis yet."
- Hearing that, Selena sighed in relief. "If it's Roseola, that is not a major concern at all. When his fever goes down and he develops rashes, he will recover fully, but he still needs to take paracetamol now." Next, she grabbed a thermometer to measure Jameson's body temperature. Indeed, just like she had guessed, his temperature was hovering around 38 degrees. Hence, she quickly found some paracetamol and made Jameson take it.
- Perhaps due to the change in environment, Jameson was more cheerful even though he was still feverish. "I want pineapple rice," he told Selena, looking at her with puppy eyes.
- In response, she sighed and rubbed his head. "No, pineapple rice is too heavy for you because you're sick now. How about this? I will make you something nice. Is that cool? You will not be disappointed."
- "Mommy is super good at cooking. You tried her food before, didn't you?" Juniper said.
- To that, Jameson nodded in agreement and waited to be served. Soon, the two kids were playing happily together, while Selena left Pierre alone in the living room and busied herself in the kitchen. Having nothing to do, he leaned against the sofa, feeling left out.

## Chapter 92 I Wish to Check on Him

- Judging from Jameson's thin figure, Selena could imagine how worried the Fowlers were. They had probably ordered the kitchen to only serve Jameson bland food. With that in mind, she specially prepared some handmade dumplings in warm soup for the poor kid.
- The dumpling soup was a hit; Jameson wolfed down a huge bowl of food until he was bursting at the seams. After he cleared the bowl, he patted his belly in satisfaction while belching.
- When night came, Jameson refused to leave Selena's place, and Pierre was at the end of his wits. Oh well, Jamie is the patient after all!
- When the words reached John, he threw a fit because Pierre had left with Jameson without consulting him. It was Helen who calmed him down. "Pierre is Jamie's dad. He wouldn't harm the child, so why are you getting all worked up?"
- Jameson's absence was a blessing for Meredith, who had lost sleep for three days in a row. Not only did she not object to Pierre's action, but she even welcomed it because she could finally get some rest time.
- After a much-needed long nap, she woke up to warm soups prepared by the servants. Now that she was finally energized, she decided not to let this opportunity go to waste.

- Later, Meredith went downstairs, where John and Helen were having tea together. The elderly couple had also lost sleep over Jameson's illness, so they had taken the chance to take a nice nap in the afternoon, and after the nap, they looked way more refreshed now.
- Upon seeing Meredith, Helen quickly waved her over. "Come here, Meredith! The last two days must have been tough on you. Your dark circles are still showing even after the long nap!" Then, she sighed and went on to say, "When a child falls sick, the mother suffers the most."
- Meredith joined the couple and took a seat. While she spoke, she kept her head lowered, looking bashful. "No, I wouldn't say it was difficult. I haven't been taking care of the kids much. If I'm still absent when they fall sick, I would fail as a mother."
- "You're doing really well. Young parents nowadays are unreliable snowflakes. Most would leave their sick child to their grandparents, nannies or the daycare center."
- Over the past few days, Helen heard a stream of compliments for Meredith from the servants.
- Although John did not voice his thoughts out, he was secretly satisfied with Meredith. The praises that the servants heaped on Meredith were conveyed to him by Helen.
- "You have gone through a difficult time." It was rare for John to address her directly, for he did not have much to say to her. Hence, Meredith felt quite honored to receive his praise.
- "No, it wasn't difficult for me at all! There's only so much I can do. However..." She kept her head lowered and added, "I'm a little worried about Pierre. He isn't experienced in taking care of the kids. I wonder if he could manage it. Is Jamie still feverish? Does he feel uncomfortable? Will he throw a fit?"
- Meredith sighed as she rattled out a list of her worries. Finally, she asked, "Mr. Fowler, Mrs. Fowler, may I visit Pierre to check on Jamie?"
- "Of course! Why not?" Helen then instantly called the family butler, Yoel to arrange for a chauffeur. "When you're there, you can at least take care of each other. Pierre is a man after all, and he doesn't know how to take care of kids properly."
- This turned out to be exactly what Meredith had planned. Before this, she had no idea where Pierre's private villa was located. With this opportunity, she could easily get hold of his private address, which would make things easier down the road.
- After that, the driver brought Meredith to the Dragon Gardens, much to her surprise. Since Megan and Finneas' newlywed house was in the same neighborhood, she made a mental note to inform Megan so that her sister could keep tabs on Pierre in her stead.
- When they reached the entrance of the neighborhood, Meredith requested the driver to stop there so she could walk her way into the area because she wanted some alone time with Pierre.
- Soon, she found her way to Pierre's villa based on the house number provided. After touching up her makeup, she pressed the doorbell and waited for a long time, but no one came to the door.
- Frustrated, she made a call to Pierre, only to hear his ringtone from within the house. Looks like he doesn't have his phone with him. Where could he have gone?

## Chapter 93 Living Next Door

- As Meredith thought about that, she wanted to leave, but the moment she glimpsed something out of the corner of her eye when passing by the adjacent villa, she could no longer move. She stood there stock-still as though she'd been rooted to the ground.
- The lights were turned on in the house while it was dark outside, so she could see everything as clear as day. Pierre was sitting on the sofa, while Selena was playing happily with Jameson and Juniper. And there was a smile tugging at Pierre's lips as though he was admiring something. Selena is actually living next door to Pierre? What a scheming woman!
- Meredith's knuckles went white from the force of her fisting her hands. Looks like she came prepared. Her goal is Pierre, and he's obviously taken the bait! No, I'll never allow it! Never!
- She took two steps forward, but she then stopped immediately after. I've got no reason to barge in. If I rush in like this, what would Pierre think? Men are keen on keeping on appearances, and they loathe clingy women. Thus, it'll only embarrass him and have Selena feeling all the more triumphant. As this thought came to her, she slowly backed away and instantly left Dragon Gardens.
- The driver was still waiting for her there. "Why are you done so quickly, Miss Yard?" The driver initially wanted to smoke, but he could only throw away the cigarette that had two-thirds left since she came out so quickly.
- "Fowler Residence, please." Meredith's expression was exceedingly grim, which the driver could see clearly via the rear-view mirror. Nonetheless, he was a mere driver, so he had no right to ask any questions. Thus, he obediently drove and sent her back to Fowler Residence.
- At this time, John had just returned to his room to rest, but Helen was still in the living room. When she saw Meredith coming back so soon, she was very much taken aback. It's rare for them to be able to get together, so why is she back so quickly? "Why are you back so quickly, Meredith?" Her shock multiplied upon seeing the damp tear tracks on her face. "What happened? Did you have a fight with Pierre?"
- Meredith forced a smile. "No, Mrs. Fowler. I just came back to take my leave from you lest you worry. I'll be going home first."
- "Don't go. Tell me what happened. Why are you crying after going over to Pierre's place?" Helen pulled her down onto the sofa.
- Lowering her head, Meredith covered her face with both hands even as she shed a few more tears. "Please don't ask further, Mrs. Fowler. I truly don't feel like talking about it."
- "Has Jamie's condition deteriorated? Or has Pierre bullied you? Tell me, and I'll stand up for you!" A wave of anguish swept across Helen as she looked at her delicate and fragile figure.
- "It's really nothing, so please don't pursue it, Mrs. Fowler. I'll be going home. Jamie... should be fine."

- Upon hearing this, Helen grew all the more puzzled. "What do you mean by saying he should be fine? It's either yes or no, so what does this in-between answer mean? Did you not see Jamie?"
- Biting her lip, Meredith looked like a wronged daughter-in-law, sticking to her guns and keeping mum.
- Anxious, Helen sprang to her feet and paced about. "Come on, Meredith. You're the future mistress of the Fowler Family, so just spit it out. Else, I'm going to go and get John!"
- All at once, Meredith grabbed her arm. "No, no! Don't disrupt Mr. Fowler since he'd just gone to rest. It's Pierre. Pierre..." At this, she threw herself at her and started wailing.
- Meanwhile, Selena's house was lively the entire night. With two children in the house, it was as though they were having a party. When Juniper and Jameson were worn out, she took them both upstairs.

## Chapter 94 Is Your Mommy Not Good to You

- After Selena bathed the two children and prepared them for bed, Juniper docilely took a picture book herself and got into bed. "Just read me one picture book today, Mommy. After that, you keep Jamie company."
- Jameson looked at Juniper's bookshelf in the room, the dazzling array of picture books on the shelf a sight he'd never seen. "What is a picture book? Is it a book?" He gazed at Selena with his head tilted.
- "Ha ha, you don't even know what a picture book is!" Juniper teased.
- "But I really don't know what it is. The teacher at my house doesn't teach us with such books. My brother's books, in particular, are really thick. It hurt badly when it hit my leg."
- "Oh yes, Jamie and Jojo are both incredible, Mommy! They know a ton of words, and they can even read a whole book!"
- Unbidden, a wave of anguish flooded Selena. *The Fowler Family must be very strict in their children's education.* She had a bit of an understanding of how things were after her interaction with them during this time. After all, they both hadn't even seen the cakes, bread, as well as dessert she made previously and loved them so much! In the beginning, she thought Pierre was strapped for cash, thus couldn't pamper the children, but she later understood that the Fowler Family was very strict and didn't allow them to eat sweets. The food they ate was also very dull, so they loved the myriad of designs and tastes of the food she made. *They must have started learning their alphabets and words very early, so Jojo probably learned even more.*
- Selena then read a picture book to Juniper. Thereafter, Jameson walked back and forth before the bookshelf, thoroughly captivated by the books with beautiful pictures. In the end, Selena allowed him to choose a few books before taking him to his room.

- Holding him in her embrace as she'd held Juniper, she then started reading him picture books, the interesting books making him double over in laughter. "We've already read many books, so are you going to sleep now?" Selena was a tad tired, and she noticed that it was rather late now, so Jameson needed to sleep since he hadn't fully recovered yet.
- "No! I want to continue reading. Juniper is asleep, so let's go to her room silently and get another two books, okay?" Jameson's eyes shone brightly, the picture books having a firm grip on his attention, especially the few three-dimensional books that had three-dimensional pictures popping up when he flipped the pages open.
- "Okay." Selena truly couldn't bring herself to turn him down, so the two of them crept into Juniper's room and grabbed a few more picture books.
- When they finished reading those few books as well, Selena knew that Jameson really had to sleep though he was still very reluctant to do so. "Jamie, it's time to sleep. You're still sick now, so you'll only get better if you have enough sleep. When you've recovered, you can eat and do anything!"
- Pierre was enticed by the laughter that drifted out from upstairs every so often. Stealthily going upstairs, he saw Selena holding Jameson in her arms, picture books scattered all over the bed through the crack of the door. The smile on Jameson's face was one he'd never seen before.
- Out of the blue, Jameson hugged Selena around the neck. "How I wish you're my mommy, pretty lady!"
- Upon hearing this, tears welled in Selena's eyes as she recalled her two twin boys who died when they'd just come into the world. *If they were alive, they'd be the same age as Jamie!*
- "I really want to have a mommy like you."
- A mix of feelings brewed within Pierre as he watched this through the crack of the door. He then left silently.
- As Selena stroked Jameson's hair, she asked, "Is your mommy not good to you?"

## Chapter 95 Children Uninvolved in Adults' Grievances

- After pondering for an eternity, Jameson answered, "Hmm... I'm not sure either, but I just don't feel as though I'm her child, nor does she feel like my mommy."
- A bolt of distress lanced through Selena. Perhaps Pierre and Meredith are too busy. Furthermore, they aren't married, so she didn't watch the children grow up. "That's because she's too busy. She's a superstar, so she's often very busy and exhausted. Thus, she doesn't have much time for you and Jojo." She didn't want to say anything bad about his mother before him, for she wanted a child to believe that this world was beautiful.
- Jameson sighed. "Okay, then."
- "Alright, it's late now, so sleep earlier. Good night and sweet dreams."

- “Good night.” Jameson lay down, and Selena then pulled the covers over him.
- Soon, she heard his breathing evening out. She stayed a while by his bed and touched his forehead again. He’s no longer running a fever. I’ve finally wrangled the child, but there’s still a big devil downstairs.
- Selena made a detour to the study first before she went downstairs, only to be greeted by Pierre sitting on the sofa, deep in thought. “Hey! Jamie is no longer running a fever. Antipyretic usually lasts for four to six hours, but he hasn’t had a fever despite the fact that eight hours had passed. Besides, tiny rashes have manifested on his face, so I believe that he’s fine. Thus, I can tell you that it’s most probably Roseola.” Her voice was exceedingly cold, for she truly couldn’t force any amiability before this man.
- Pierre lifted his eyes and glanced at her yet said nothing.
- At this, Selena simply plopped on the sofa though she chose a spot far from his. “I don’t want to involve children in grievances between adults. Their world is simple and beautiful. While this world isn’t beautiful at most times, I still think it’s more important than anything for them to believe that this world is beautiful at their age.” Instead of looking at him, she stared straight ahead, her words emotionless.
- “This is for you.” She handed a piece of paper to him, and Pierre reached out to take it. “I’ve written all the things you need to look out for during his recovery. There’s no need to feed him porridge all the time just because he vomited previously. Rather, a mild diet and balanced nutrition will facilitate his recovery. If he doesn’t want to eat, make the food more appealing, and I believe he will eat.”
- Pierre stared at Selena’s handwriting, the crooked characters amusing him greatly.
- “Don’t get it wrong. I’m only doing all this for the sake of the child. If you still have a shred of conscience left, let me go. It truly hasn’t been easy for me to be where I am today. Everything I have today is at the risk of my life. It’s a miracle that Juniper and I are alive to this very day.” Selena’s voice was neither servile nor overbearing. Rather, it was threaded with a hint of steel. “If you truly have no compassion, then just pretend that I’ve never said anything.”
- Pierre suddenly stood up, his tall figure blocking out the light, enveloping Selena in darkness. Selena lifted her head and gazed at him. “I’ll leave him in your care for the next few days.” After saying that, Pierre strode away and left.
- Selena stared at his retreating back, having no inkling of his thoughts. Did he agree to let me go? Or did he refuse? This man is always so difficult to figure out!
- Sure enough, Pierre didn’t come over the next day. Meanwhile, Jameson was also very happy to stay with Selena. There are delicious food and fun toys here in addition to having someone read me stories! How I wish to stay here forever!

## **Chapter 96 Can’t Show My Face in Public!**

- However, after Jameson looked into the mirror, he burrowed back under the covers.
- Selena asked Linda to send Juniper to kindergarten, and Juniper didn’t complain since Jameson was sick. When Selena went upstairs and saw that Jameson had again burrowed



under the covers, she walked over to him. "Are you sleepy, Jamie? If so, it doesn't matter if you sleep for a while longer. Here at my place, you can sleep all you want!"

- "I can't show my face in public anymore!" Jameson's voice drifted out from under the covers.
- It was only then that Selena realized this was all because of his handsome face. When she woke up this morning, she discovered that rashes had appeared on him, marring his entire face, stomach, and thighs. All at once, relief flooded her. Never had she imagined that he was so concerned about his countenance that he forbade any rashes on his face.
- "What should I do? Miss Yard, I wouldn't be able to get a wife in the future!" Jameson poked his head out from under the covers.
- "Don't worry. These tiny red marks will disappear after a few days."
- Blinking, Jameson gaped at Selena. "Really? You're not lying to me?"
- "Juniper also had rashes back then. Just like you, she ran a high fever for several days before developing numerous tiny red marks. But look, isn't her face just fine now?"
- "Juniper's face is white and supple, just like a deshelled egg!"
- "Thus, your face will also be the same, Jamie. It'll be fine. Trust me!"
- "Alright, then. However, I definitely can't go out these few days. I don't want people to see me like this."
- "Okay." Selena was torn between laughing and crying.
- Since Selena had to keep Jameson company, and he refused to leave the house, she could only work at home. Even when she had meetings, she had them via video conferencing. Fortunately, there were plenty of interesting toys at home, so Jameson had a lot of fun playing. Delight inundated Selena when she saw him so energetic.
- Meanwhile, at the Fowler Residence, John always sat in the sunroom early in the morning and read the newspaper while sipping tea. It was an unwritten rule that no one was to bother him. Smoothing her hair, Helen walked in and sat down on the other rattan chair. Then, she poured him another cup of tea. "There's something I'm not sure whether to tell you."
- "Tell me if you want, but if you don't want to, that's fine, too." Picking up his cup, John took a sip of tea without even looking at her. It seemed that he wasn't bothered by whatever she wanted to say.
- "It's about Pierre," Helen murmured carefully. She rarely spoke of Pierre's affairs since it was awkward for her when she was his stepmother.
- "What did he do now?"
- "He... has a woman outside." Helen poured herself a cup of tea as well.
- John stilled for a moment but said nothing. He's a man who's rich and powerful, so I don't want to interfere as long as he doesn't go overboard.
- "It's fine if he's simply messing around since he's just at the age where his blood runs hot. The thing is, he has even proposed to that woman."
- John immediately slammed his teacup onto the table. "What?"
- Helen hurriedly mollified him, saying, "Don't get worked up first. Listen to me. I don't think he's such an imprudent person. Perhaps there's a misunderstanding somewhere."



- “How did you know about this?”
- “Meredith went over to Pierre’s place yesterday to visit Jamie, no? She ended up seeing him with another woman, and the two of them were all over each other, looking extremely intimate. Even Jamie is very close with that woman. Meredith then said she’d once seen Pierre proposing to the woman, but she thought it was only a joke. Never had she thought that even Jamie is acquainted with that woman.”

## Chapter 97 That B\*stard!

- Helen then related everything Meredith told her to John.
- “That b\*stard!” John had no objections to his son having a few mistresses out there since it was indeed lonely to have no women at his age now. However, he would never allow Pierre to marry an indecorous woman!
- “Meredith also told me that it was a misunderstanding when Jamie proposed to her with a ring back then. It was an arbitrary action on Jamie’s part because that ring was actually meant for that woman.”
- The more John heard, the angrier he grew. “Why, is Pierre truly planning to be with that woman?”
- “That might very well be the case. Actually, Meredith is a very sensible child. She didn’t want to say anything in the beginning in consideration of his repute. After all, everyone would be embarrassed if she were to kick up a fuss, but she’d never expected that he’d already gone so far as to propose to her. Meredith is the children’s mother, so this is rather—”
- “That b\*stard!” John again cursed. “No wonder he was so blasé when I asked him about the wedding! It turns out that he’s so opinionated!” If it weren’t for the two children, I wouldn’t be very much concerned about Pierre’s marriage as long as he didn’t plan to marry any of those indecorous women. But since the two children exist now, his wife must be Meredith Yard!
- “Actually, the children are already four years old, so they’re slowly understanding a lot of things. Soon, they’ll probably ask why their parents aren’t living together when other people’s parents are doing so. I’m just worried that it’ll affect the two children aversely.”
- “Prepare a wedding for him immediately! The sooner, the better!” John firmed his resolve. Their relationship had been tense ever since Pierre reached 17 years old. Perhaps it was because he himself was up in years coupled with the fact that Pierre had been managing Empire Group and Fowler Corporation impeccably over the past few years, but he wanted to repair his relationship with his son. I don’t want to coerce him into doing anything unless I’ve got no choice, but for the sake of my two grandsons, I just have to bite the bullet!
- “You can lead a horse to the water, but you can’t make him drink. If Pierre doesn’t want to get married, we can’t tie him up and drag him to the altar, can we?” Helen brought up her concern.

- John contemplated for a moment. "Where are you, Yoel? Come here! Get Jamie back home!"
- Helen didn't say anything further, knowing that he must've had an idea. If father and son truly go head-to-head, it's uncertain who's going to win!
- When Pierre received news that John wanted to take Jamie home, he didn't think much of it, assuming that he was merely missing his grandson. Thus, he sent someone to get Jamie from Selena's place.
- Selena, on the other hand, was extremely chagrined upon seeing that he was suddenly picking up the child. He said he'll allow me to take care of Jamie, yet he's now going back on his word! Jameson was likewise upset, but there was nothing to be done about it.
- When Jameson was brought back to Fowler Residence, John and Helen were both shocked the moment they saw his face littered with rashes. "Darling, what happened to your face? It's fortunate that we brought you home, else it'll be bad if they leave scars on your face if not well taken care of." A wealth of fear swamped Helen.
- "It won't leave any scars. Juniper had rashes as well back then, but they didn't leave any marks on her. Her face is even smooth and delicate." Jameson was much calmer, and he reassured his grandmother instead.
- "Who's Juniper?"
- "She's the pretty lady's daughter. She's very beautiful, like her mother!" Jameson exclaimed naively.
- Helen lifted her head and glanced at John, only to see a livid expression on his face.

## Chapter 98 Clandestine Preparations

- What did that mean? It meant that Pierre was indeed with a woman yesterday, and that woman had a daughter! Pierre actually took an interest in a woman who'd been married and has a child? This is simply outrageous! His expression grim, he ordered, "Yoel, come to the study with me!"
- His breath catching in fear, Yoel meekly followed him to the study. However, he was then stricken by John's orders. "Old Mr. Fowler, b-b-but... if Young Master Pierre were to learn about this..." Although Old Mr. Fowler is still the head of the family now, Young Master Pierre is also someone whom I can't afford to offend!
- "Just do as I say. The earlier the date, the better! Settle everything as quickly as possible, and don't tarry for even a single second!"
- "Y-Yes, yes." Yoel left at once.
- Meanwhile, the meeting room at Empire Group was as silent as the grave, so much so that even a pin dropping on the ground could be heard. No one dared to say anything because they were all waiting for Pierre to speak. Their president had zoned out for a whole one minute now, merely staring at the document in his hands though no one knew whether he was reading the document or spacing out. The only thing they knew was the drumming of his fingers on the table that produced a rhythmic tap. Everyone

present didn't dare make a single peep, merely looking at each other and communicating with their eyes.

- At this time, Pierre's mind was filled with Selena. He realized that he'd truly been captivated by the woman, and her allure was like a drug that he'd gotten addicted to.
- Upon seeing this, Niall could only lean down and whisper into his ear, murmuring, "President Fowler, Vice President Lancaster is still waiting for your comment."
- Lifting his eyes, Pierre shot him a sidelong glance. "I have no comment. The meeting is adjourned." After saying that, he stood up and left the meeting room.
- When he'd left, the people in the meeting room started talking among themselves. "What's going on with President Fowler recently?"
- "Could it be that he's in love?"
- "Probably. I never thought that President Fowler would also be the kind of man who falls for a woman's allure."
- Back in his office, Pierre stood before the glass windows overlooking the entire Digton City. A few days ago, this is precisely where Selena and I were.
- Niall compiled all the documents used during the meeting and placed them on Pierre's desk orderly.
- "Has LAYA been acquired?"
- Niall was startled for a moment. "Y-Yes."
- Gazing out the window, Pierre narrowed his eyes a fraction.
- "Is there anything you'd like me to do, President Fowler?" Niall had no choice but to ask since Pierre was behaving so unusual these days that he could no longer use his thought processes of the past to make any predictions.
- "Go and inform JNS Corporation that LAYA wants to collaborate with them."
- Shock gripped Niall. "Sure. So, who do you want to appoint as the liaison for LAYA?"
- At long last, Selena and her team didn't have to cram themselves in the tiny office in Forever Gown. After intensive preparations, they finally moved into JNS Corporation's new building in Astoria. This building only had five floors in total, a far cry from JNS Corporation's office building back at Springvale, but it was sufficient considering they'd just started the business here. With the new building came a new outlook. The company also received new news, but it was uncertain whether it was good or bad.
- Selena was straightening things up in her new office since there were some things that she didn't allow anyone to touch when Linda barged without even knocking. "President Yard! President Yard! There's good news! Great news, in fact!" Linda propped her hands on the table, panting heavily.
- "What happened? What's this? Has the sky fallen?" As Selena spoke, she poured a glass of water for her.

## **Chapter 99 LAYA's Liaison**

- However, Linda was too excited to bother about drinking the water. "Fowler Corporation said that they want to collaborate with us in launching a clothing brand jointly and hope that we can come up with a proposal as soon as possible!"
- Selena was entirely stunned. Has that b\*stard, Pierre Fowler, finally grown a conscience? Is he feeling bad for treating me so because I'd taken care of his child? Or does he have some other ulterior motive? Her gaze went slightly out of focus. He's truly too difficult to grasp, so I don't dare simply draw my own conclusions.
- "President Yard. President Yard..." Linda had initially thought that Selena would jump for joy like her. After all, all problems will be resolved once Fowler Corporation collaborates with us. Not only that, but JNS Corporation can also go up a notch with the backing of Fowler Corporation! Thus, this is truly great news!
- "Huh?" Selena abruptly snapped back to her senses. "What did you say just now?"
- "I didn't say anything. President Yard, you must have been so ecstatic that you spaced out, huh?"
- Parting her lips, Selena forced a chuckle. "This isn't necessarily good news."
- "Huh?" Linda didn't really hear her clearly.
- "Nothing. Put Pauline in charge of this matter and have her liaise with Fowler Corporation in everything. If she can't make a decision, then have her come and see me."
- "Okay. I'll go and inform her immediately." Linda then left the office.
- Sitting on the chair in her office, Selena gently massaged her temples. Pierre's devilish face instantly took form in her mind. What is he scheming? But rumors have it that he's often at Empire Group, while John Fowler is still holding some authority at Fowler Corporation. Meanwhile, LAYA is under Fowler Corporation, so there shouldn't be much interaction. At this thought, her heart slowly settled back into her chest.
- To express JNS Corporation's sincerity, Pauline soon took her small team to Fowler Corporation to have a discussion with the LAYA's liaison. However, she had the door slammed in her face. Thus, she then slunk back with a crestfallen expression on her face.
- Selena happened to glimpse the dejected look in Pauline's eyes just after her meeting, so she instantly adjourned the meeting. Then, she summoned Pauline into her office. "What happened, Pauline? Did it not go smoothly? Or did they put forth some ridiculous demands?"
- "I didn't get to see LAYA's liaison." Leaning back against the chair, Pauline heaved a sigh. "President Yard, we've been working together for three years now, so I'll just speak my mind. Do you have some grudge with Pierre Fowler?"
- Selena gaped at her dazedly, never having expected her to ask such a question. "Why are you suddenly asking this?"
- "Why would Pierre Fowler keep targeting us if there's no grudge between the two of you? At first, he blocked off all our resources and told every company not to collaborate with us... And now, he's deliberately playing us for a fool!"
- At this, Selena breathed a sigh of relief. Looks like Pauline is merely taking a stab in the dark.

- “Do you know what they said to me when I went over, President Yard? I didn’t even get to see their liaison, for they requested you personally! I’ve seen ridiculous people but never any this bad! They actually demanded to have the president go in person!” Pauline was truly enraged this time after having hit a wall multiple times in this matter.
- “Alright, calm down first.” Selena poured her a glass of water. “Beggars can’t be choosers. Since they want me to handle this matter, then I’ll just do it. Anyway, there isn’t too much to do these days, so I can still manage.”

## Chapter 100 I’ll Handle It Personally

- When Pauline saw Selena agreeing without any hesitation, her anger that had just spiked dissipated significantly. “President Yard—”
- “You don’t need to say anything, Pauline. I understand your feelings. You’re a citizen of Astoria, so you want to make a name for yourself here. I know that, so when everything is on track here, I’ll put you in charge of everything.”
- Upon hearing this, Pauline looked at her with gratitude that extended beyond words.
- Springvale is a foreign country to her, so no matter how good she did over there, the sense of belonging is still missing. At the end of the day, Astoria is her home country. In this, Selena understood her very well. I feel the same way. If possible, everyone will rather stay in their own homeland, a place they’re familiar with.
- Pauline then promptly gave her proposal to her, and she then took her team to Fowler Corporation right away. They waited for a while in the waiting lounge downstairs before someone came over. “You may go on up, Miss Yard.”
- Everyone got to their feet together. “Only Miss Yard is invited, so others have to stay here.” The person who spoke had an extremely disdainful demeanor, seemingly looking down on those from JNS Corporation.
- This was the second time Pauline’s team had been treated such, so they were all the more infuriated compared to the first time. “President Yard, they’re clearly snubbing us!”
- “It’s okay. You guys wait here. I’ll go alone.” Selena then went upstairs with the other person. As the elevator slowly ascended, she inquired, “May I know if the LAYA’s liaison is here today? I don’t want to make another wasted trip.”
- “He’s here, waiting for you in the meeting room.”
- “That’s good.”
- Selena was led to a room. “This is it. You may enter without knocking, Miss Yard.” After saying that, the person left.
- Selena opened the door in puzzlement, but it was pitch dark inside! This room is either smack-dab in the middle, thus having no windows, or the curtains have been drawn since there isn’t a spark of light in here! Just when she was grousing inwardly, wondering whether she’d been brought to the wrong place, the room suddenly lit up, giving her a scare.
- As soon as she lifted her eyes, she was greeted by the sight of a man sitting at the huge table, his legs propped on the table as he stared straight at her with a nefarious look in

his eyes. And it was none other than Pierre Fowler! His profound and narrow eyes radiated an icy coldness that had her unconsciously shuddering. Nonetheless, she forced herself to calm down. "What are you up to now, Pierre Fowler?"

- Narrowing his eyes, Pierre folded his hands behind his head, looking all relaxed. He shrugged without saying anything.
- "Where's your liaison? I don't want to yak with you today!" Selena truly didn't want to waste time on this impudent b\*stard.
- "I'm the liaison."
- Her eyes bugging, Selena gaped at Pierre incredulously. Does he have nothing better to do? Is he not swamped with managing two conglomerates that he actually wants to handle a small company under his corporation?
- "Aren't you here to discuss the collaboration? Where's your proposal?" It seemed that Pierre wasn't interested in exchanging pleasantries with her, for he went straight to the collaboration and proposal.
- Selena knew that he wasn't that easily dissuaded, but she was indeed here to discuss the collaboration, so she had no other recourse. With the proposal and a small tablet in hand, she sat down. To avoid contact with him, she chose a seat far away from him. However, just when her butt had touched the chair, she heard his wintry voice. "I won't be able to hear you clearly if you're so far from me. Sit closer."