

Baby alliance: helping daddy get a rich mommy chapter 92

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?