

Chapter 116

"Young Lady Meredith, Young Master Pierre is here," a servant said as she knocked on the door. People were all talking about Meredith's wedding last night, so everyone in the house was aware of it. Roland and Jezebelle even groused that Meredith was too tight-lipped about the matter.

When she heard those words, Meredith's hand trembled. He's here. Everyone received their invitations yesterday, so he surely knows about this now. Thus, he has come to interrogate me? She hurriedly stood up. "Got it."

Looking at her reflection in the mirror, she quickly picked up the powder puff and touched up her makeup. I've been putting on a pale countenance back when Jamie was sick, but I can now revert to my initial beauty in front of him. Just when she was about to leave the room, Pierre had already walked to the door. Her heart jolted when she glimpsed his sharp gaze. "You're here, Pierre?"

The moment Pierre walked in the door, he spotted the mannequin in her room. The mannequin had a wedding gown on it that was covered with a transparent plastic film, probably to avoid dust.

Upon seeing that he was staring at the wedding gown, Meredith instantly blocked his line of sight with her head ducked as though she was a shy lotus, her face stained with a hint of pink. "Don't look at it. I want to let you see it during the wedding, or else there won't be a surprise."

"When did you get to know about the wedding?" Pierre retracted his gaze since he wasn't at all interested in her wedding gown.

Lifting her head and tilting it to the side, Meredith gazed at him with an innocent expression on her face. "What do you mean by that? Mr. and Mrs. Fowler called me over and told me about it. They asked me to prepare whatever's necessary. Since you're too busy, I've been making the preparations all this while. The timeframe is really tight. Why did you choose such an early date?"

Pierre pinned his darkened eyes on her. I initially thought that she plotted the wedding with John Fowler, but it now seems as though she doesn't know anything about it.

Meredith met his gaze. "Are... you done with all the preparations? How does your tuxedo look? I'm really looking forward to it since you'll definitely look handsome in it." In reality, it was her who chose the tuxedo, so she'd long since known how it looked, but how could she possibly dupe him if she didn't say such a thing?

"I didn't prepare anything."

Meredith gaped at Pierre with a stunned expression. "You didn't prepare anything? Why? This is our wedding!"

"Because I only knew about the wedding yesterday." Pierre spoke extremely slowly as though he was feeling her out, his eyes never once leaving her.

All at once, Meredith's eyes went wide. "Huh? Are you saying that Mr. and Mrs. Fowler prepared the wedding behind your back?"

Pierre said nothing, tacitly confirming her conjecture.

As if she was at a loss for words, Meredith's eyes darted around. Then, she opened her mouth, yet she didn't know what to say, her panicked expression flawless. All of a sudden, she lifted her head, her eyes brimming with tears. "Pierre, perhaps Mr. and Mrs. Fowler feel that the children should be with their parents. They only hope that we'll be together as a family. They're not doing this maliciously, so please don't blame them. At worst... At worst..." She again lowered her head and bit her lip so hard that it almost bled. "At worst, we'll just not get married. If you're unwilling, you can call off the wedding!" she declared resolutely after what seemed like an eternity as she raised her head.

At that moment, their eyes met. Meredith could hear her heart pounding wildly, so she tried her best to control herself as though afraid that he would be able to hear her heartbeat.

Meanwhile, Pierre stared into her eyes for a long time.

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"No need for that. The wedding will be held as usual." After saying that, Pierre immediately whirled around to leave.

Meredith took a step forward. "Pierre, do you not want to get married? I don't want to force you, so if you truly don't want to do so—"

Stopping short, Pierre tilted his head a fraction. "I said, the wedding will be held as usual." When he'd said that, he strode away from her room.

Meredith's knees went weak, and she slumped down onto the chair beside her, panting heavily. Undeniably, his eyes were truly oppressive. I felt as though I couldn't breathe. If I hadn't been prepared beforehand, I would've truly given the game away! I can't allow him to know that I'd known about the wedding in advance, or else there'd be another problem between us.

Nonetheless, she was still imbued with joy. He said that the wedding will be held as usual! I trust it's not just because of the Fowler Family's reputation. Rather, it naturally encapsulates his feelings for me as well! The corners of her mouth curved into a sweet smile as she thought, I'm going to be his wife. My dream is really going to come true very soon!

On the day of the wedding, all cruise ships belonging to the Fowler Family's docked to ferry the invited guests to Sterne Island. Selena initially didn't want to attend Pierre's wedding, but this wasn't just a personal invitation. Rather, it

was also an invitation for JNS Corporation, and they'd even started a collaboration with Fowler Corporation, so she had to go no matter what. Hence, she entrusted Juniper to Linda and boarded the cruise ship to Sterne Island.

As Sterne Island was a three-hour trip from shore, the guests were going there a day in advance and staying the night there. Selena stood on the deck and gazed at Sterne Island from afar. The afterglow of the setting sun added a brush of flaming red to the alluring island, rendering it a passionate and vivid maiden who was awaiting their arrival. She kept a very low profile throughout the entire ride, checking into her room according to the arrangements made after disembarking from the ship.

There was a welcome party that night. Standing before the window, Selena admired the starry skies of Sterne Island. It's really beautiful. No wonder they're having the wedding here. The starry sky here is the most beautiful I've ever seen. All of a sudden, a round of applause rang out, which made Selena turn around and look at the entrance.

Pierre was wearing a black tuxedo. Unlike his usual dull and aloof style in the past, the black this time was embellished with stripes that even glimmered under the lights; he was the groom after all. Against the backdrop of the lights, his innate majesty radiated infinitely, his countenance striking and posture straight. There's probably no one else like him in this world. Beside him, Meredith was in a white evening gown, looking very much like a proud swan. With a hint of shyness particular to a bride on her face, she delicately held onto his arm. His shirt was white, the exact same shade as her evening gown. Ah, what a perfect couple!

Nonetheless, Selena merely felt her eyes stinging.

Naturally, the limelight turned upon them as soon as they made an appearance. Everyone gathered around them though some found it too crowded there, so those people chose to look on from the side.

"Pierre Fowler is truly handsome. I didn't know about it previously, but I've finally witnessed it now. They're truly a match made in heaven."

"Indeed. I don't know who else in this world is worthy of him besides this goddess. While the Yard Family is somewhat beneath him, Miss Yard is an award-winning best actress and the perfect goddess as acknowledged by the public. They're truly an ideal match."

"I heard that his biological mother was also an award-winning best actress and was once involved in the film industry. It's truly a pity that she passed away early. I bet he took a fancy to Miss Yard because of her similarity to his mother."