

Chapter 50

The housekeeper hurriedly shook her head. "Miss Yard, I beg your pardon? Mrs. Fowler's son, Chris, is twenty-three this year. This is Young Master Pierre's son, one of the twins."

After that, the housekeeper realized that she had revealed too much information, so she quickly added in a low voice, "Miss Yard, this isn't a fact known to the public, so please..."

"Oh, I understand. Don't worry. I won't tell anyone."

"This way, please."

Selena tried to look into the house with the corner of her eye, but the residence was designed in such a way that there was a corridor before the living room, so she practically saw nothing. Left with no choice, she left the place.

Feeling bored, Jameson crashed into Helen's embrace. Helen helped him wipe the grease off his mouth and asked, "What did you eat? Your mouth is greasy."

"Grandma, I heard there were guests. Where are they?" Jameson let her clean his mouth.

"They're gone."

Jameson pouted in disappointment. "I feel so bored. I wanna go to the kindergarten to meet Juniper and the

pretty lady.”

Helen stroked his head. “Have you finished your homework? If you haven’t, Grandpa might spank you when he comes home.”

Jameson pursed his lips. “I’ll play with someone else!”

Upon finishing his words, he turned and ran away.

The housekeeper, who saw Selena off, returned. In an instant, the smile on Helen’s face vanished, and it was difficult to tell what was on her mind.

“Did you give it to her?” Helen took a sip of the tea slowly.

“Just like what you had told me, I passed the gift to Miss Yard.”

“Did she say anything?”

“No. She just told me to thank you.”

Helen’s lips curved into a mysterious smile. “I didn’t expect that she’d be so young and capable. It seems that the peace in Digton City will be disrupted.”

The housekeeper didn’t understand what Helen had said, but she didn’t ask further.

On their way back, Linda, who was in the passenger’s seat, kept praising that Helen was beautiful, elegant, well-mannered, and benevolent. It was as though Helen was the best lady in the world.

“She’s also good to you. Look what she’s given you.”

A gift box, which was placed on her lap, contained many exquisite items. When the housekeeper passed the box to Selena, she just said that these were little things Helen bought during her trips, which were mostly cheap, but she was sure that Selena would love them.

Indeed, these things were all delicate. Even the tea bags were tastefully designed, so Linda was really envious of Selena.

"Oh, isn't this bookmark made from pansies? But, pansies mean love in floriography. I wonder if Mrs. Fowler just put it in without much thought?" Linda giggled.

Hearing that, Selena, who was driving, took a look at the bookmark. It was indeed made from purple pansies.

However, the floriography of purple pansies was silence, not love.

At that instant, she understood what message Helen was trying to convey to her.

"Just choose whatever you like."

Hearing that, Linda became excited. "Really? Oh, it's not appropriate... These are all Mrs. Fowler's gifts to you. I don't—"

"You're my friend. Just take anything you like."

Since Selena had decoded Helen's message, she didn't need to keep these things.

For the following days, Selena had been discussing with

her team members about the possibility of creating their own fashion brand. Because they hadn't been able to contact Pierre, they could only wait for him to return if they wanted to cooperate with Fowler Corporation or Empire Group. In the meantime, they couldn't sit back and do nothing.

On the other hand, Megan was busy preparing for her own wedding, which was around the corner. Since her plan on destroying Selena was ready, she had to make sure that she would be the most beautiful bride on her wedding day.