

Chapter 110

After saying that, Selena inserted the key into the keyhole. At the same time, she heard Finneas speak. "It's impossible between the two of you, for Pierre Fowler is getting married." It was as though she was frozen to the spot at once. He's getting married? "It's at the end of this month, and I'm not lying."

Although she'd known that Pierre would be marrying Meredith sooner or later since they had two children together. Besides, Meredith was a goddess adored by all, so it made no sense that he wouldn't marry the biological mother of his children. However, she still felt shaken upon hearing that he was getting married for real.

When Finneas saw her stilling, he realized that she might have truly fallen for Pierre. The news of Pierre and Meredith getting married was actually one he inadvertently heard when Meredith and Megan were whispering about it. "A relationship between the two of you is impossible. Besides, you have a daughter, so you can't possibly marry into the Fowler Family."

His words had Selena sobering up time and again. Then, she whirled around, the smile playing on her lips tinged with a hint of sarcasm. "Then, can I possibly marry into your family? Will your family accept the fact that I have a daughter?"

Awkwardness struck Finneas. "I can promise you to treat your daughter like my own biological daughter, and I will provide her with all the basic necessities. However, she

can't possibly enter my family since we don't even know who her father is."

Selena felt that he was truly a scumbag. He's an utter scumbag! When he said that, he must have felt particularly open-minded and thought that he's being extremely compassionate to me! "Finneas Lake, I don't want to say a single word to you now! Buzz off right this second!" When she'd finished speaking, she opened her house door and stalked in before slamming the door shut with a bang.

Finneas lingered for a long time before he left. It won't be easy to convince her to change her mind, but once she takes me back, everything will be smooth sailing.

After she entered her house, Selena sat on the sofa to calm herself for what felt like an eternity as Finneas' remark echoed in her mind. It's impossible between the two of you, for Pierre Fowler is getting married. Yeah, he's getting married. Even if he doesn't get married now, he'll still be getting married in the future. Dipping her head, she chuckled bitterly. What was I thinking? Was I hoping to marry him? How laughable! After letting out a bark of self-deprecating laughter, she gathered her things and left the house.

Pierre's house was unlocked, and it seemed as though he deliberately left it open for her. When she entered his house, she saw that the place was in shambles, the trash can overturned and the trash inside scattered all over the floor. Then, Selena spotted him standing in front of the wine cabinet, his tie a tad messy as though he'd yanked on it yet didn't pull it off entirely.

"What was it that you couldn't understand? I'll explain it to you." Selena had long since braced herself for this, knowing that the collaboration with Fowler Corporation wouldn't be a breeze.

Pierre slowly walked over to the sofa and sat down. Repeating his scrutiny of her at Fowler Corporation that day, he propped his legs on the coffee table and reclined back against the sofa. "Why, you're done with your little reunion with your old flame?"

"Does that have anything to do with you?" Selena strode over to the sofa and plopped down. "What was it that you couldn't understand? I'll explain it now. I still need to go back to my place when I'm done explaining."

"Why do you need to go back? In a hurry to climb into bed?" Rancor showed plainly in Pierre's eyes.

"Did you think everyone is as depraved as you?" Selena detested him for poking fun at her with her past relationship, especially when he kept mentioning climbing into bed every so often.

"Depraved? Am I the depraved one, or are you? Finneas Lake is already married, and his wife is even your half-sister. Isn't it rather inappropriate that you're now carrying on with him? Don't you think that's rather—"