

Chapter 42

Some of the other people in the crew were laughing about the situation. "My God, today is just so embarrassing. If it were me, I would've cried to death on the scene."

"That's right, Meredith is also one unlucky woman. It's a widely-known fact that she's the young-mistress-to-be of the Fowler Family, yet Pierre went and proposed to someone else."

"Well, a man like Pierre must be surrounded by a gaggle of women!"

Meanwhile, Meredith could hear everyone talking as she sat in the car, and she was so embarrassed that she wished the ground would just open and swallow her up!

At this point, Noelle had gotten into the car as well, and she repeatedly urged everyone not to say anything more about what just happened earlier. After all, she was the one who had kept harping on about the proposal just now, so she wondered if Meredith would explode at her.

"Meredith, I'm so s—" Before she could even finish, Meredith had turned toward her and gave her face a hard slap!

Even the driver in front was shocked; he had been sitting in his seat waiting, so he had no idea about what had happened inside. However, he had driven Meredith around for a period of time, and this was the first time

ever that he saw her being so angry. Isn't she a goddess? Isn't she supposed to be the gentlest soul ever?

Noelle's tears welled up at once after getting slapped by Meredith. Trying to withstand the pain, she covered her face and struggled to control her tears, then she looked at Meredith aggrievedly. "Meredith, I really thought that—" "You shut up! How dare you talk nonsense without really knowing what's going on! And you! Drive!" Meredith's snarl startled the driver, who quickly drove off.

While they were on the road, Meredith glanced out of the window, but she then suddenly withdrew her gaze. Shutting her eyes, she silently clenched her teeth. Who was that woman? Because her small figure was blocked by Pierre's taller figure, she didn't see clearly at all who it was, and in that situation, she couldn't possibly rush over to get a better look. But I must know who that b*tch really is!

Meanwhile, the proposal on the top floor was almost over. Everyone sang a birthday song for Selena and ate the birthday cake together, then the whole place was turned into a cake fight arena, with Pierre and Selena naturally getting the worst of it.

The joyful event lasted well past ten o'clock, then everyone happily left. Pierre drove and Selena sat in the passenger seat, while Juniper had fallen asleep in the back.

While she was in the car, Selena took a look at the ring on her hand. She never dreamed that he would propose to her on her birthday. Thus, it had been such a dream night for her.

When they arrived home, Pierre carried Juniper upstairs, and Selena kissed the little girl goodnight before she walked out of the room.

Pierre's black suit was stained with a lot of cream cake, and it looked very colorful, like he had gone into a dyehouse. Also, his handsome face was not spared either, but he still looked gorgeous.

At the sight of him in this state, Selena snorted in laughter. In response, Pierre chuckled as well and said, "You should take a look at yourself."

Naturally, Selena was in the same condition, so she immediately took a towel and handed it to Pierre. "You should wipe it off first. You didn't eat anything just now, not even the delicious cake. Should I go and cook a bowl of noodles for you now?"

Pierre originally intended to leave after sending them back as he had to make a trip to the base on the next day, which was a plan that had been delayed for a long time. However, when Selena said this, he almost instinctively said 'yes'.

Before she got his answer, Selena left to go into the kitchen, while Pierre wiped the cream off his clothes with the towel. But the cream was too slick and difficult to get

rid of, so he gave up in the end. It was the first time in his life that he had made such a mess.

Suddenly, he heard a bang, and he immediately walked into the kitchen. Selena was standing in the middle of it while donning an apron, and at her feet were shards of what used to be a glass plate. Also, crimson liquid could be seen flowing from her fingers.

"It's okay. My hands were too slippery just now, so I accidentally dropped the plate." As Selena spoke, she hurriedly drew a piece of kitchen towel from the shelves to wipe the blood from her wound.