

Chapter 5

Later, a line of people surrounded Villa No. 3 in Dragon Gardens. Then, Pierre could be seen getting out of the car, and his dark eyes flashed with a chilly light as he surveyed the villa.

Last night, the spy's GPS information was located in the bar, and the woman just so happened to be there and even took the initiative to appear before him. Now, his sons had disappeared with this woman, and it just so happened that this woman was also neighbors with him. This was all too much of a coincidence.

Niall came forward and asked, "President Fowler, should we go in?"

"Retreat."

"What?" Niall couldn't believe his ears. It had been so hard for them to locate them and carry out the blockades, but now, they were to retreat?

"Retreat," Pierre repeated, his voice devoid of all emotion. He had never liked to explain anything to other people.

Naturally, Niall understood Pierre's character. Any decision Pierre made naturally had its reasons, so Niall had no choice but to get everyone to retreat again.

After that, Pierre walked directly to the door and easily opened it. The decorations in the room also surprised him, but then suspicion rose in him at once. This place

was specifically prepared for children! How much more obvious this woman's intentions could get?

His footsteps were light and soundless as he sneaked into the place. Soon, he reached the middle of the living room and stood still. Suddenly, he could clearly feel a chill coming from behind him.

"Where did you come from, thief? How dare you break into my place?!" Selena had just turned off the stove and came out of the kitchen when she felt that something was not quite right.

Upon hearing that voice, Pierre smirked, and he slowly turned around.

When Selena saw that face, the gun in her hand almost fell to the ground. Isn't this the same gigolo from last night?

She slapped one hand on her forehead. "Hey you, are you crazy? I gave you all the money, so isn't it a bit too much for you to come chasing me to my house?" Then, she hurriedly put away the gun. "People of your profession should be very observant of professional ethics, right? After the night, you'll take the money and leave. We don't owe each other anything. So why are you coming for me again?"

Seeing the man, Selena felt like breaking down. It was just drunken misconduct last night, so how could he chase her all the way here? Fortunately, Juniper was not at home at the moment.

Meanwhile, Pierre stared at the woman in front of him, but he could not see through her at all. He didn't know if the woman was just too good at acting, or if it was all just a coincidence.

The woman folded her hands, and she looked at Pierre pitifully. "I'm begging you; just tell me how much money do you want? Can't we pretend that we have never met? I'll just introduce you to a few other rich women later, okay?"

In the meantime, Jameson rubbed his eyes while walking out of the room upstairs. The two of them were tired of playing, and they had stayed up all night last night, so they fell asleep upstairs. "I need to pee," he called out.

When Selena heard that, she hurriedly prepared to go upstairs, and when she passed by Pierre, she remembered to whisper, "There are children at home, so watch your words."

After saying that, she hurried upstairs. "Okay, I'll take you to the bathroom."

Jameson dazedly rubbed his eyes, then he fixed his gaze on the man downstairs. "Daddy?"

Selena stumbled and almost toppled over when she heard that. Holy sh*t! What is the situation?

At the same time, Jameson thought he was hallucinating, so he once again rubbed his eyes and found that his ferocious father was really downstairs. "Daddy!"

If Selena thought she was hallucinating earlier, then she was completely sure of her hearing now. She turned her head to look at Pierre incredulously. For a moment, she pointed at Pierre, then she turned to point at Jameson, so utterly shocked that her lips were trembling.

"Come here." Pierre's voice did not carry any emotion, yet these two ordinary words could cause people to shiver when they left his mouth.

"I don't want to!" Jameson quickly ran back into the room and closed the door with a loud bang.

The entire living room fell silent, and Selena gave Pierre a quick glance. "Those twins are your sons?"

"Yes."

Selena looked at Pierre's good looks and thought that only such a handsome man could give birth to such beautiful sons.

"Then I'll have to reprimand you. You're so handsome, and you have such a good body, but why do you have to become a gigolo? Do you know that your children's peers will look down on them at school?" Selena crossed her arms and admonished him. Suddenly, she wondered out loud, "Wait, people in your profession don't marry, right? And it's also impossible for you to have a girlfriend. Could it be..." Her voice trailed off as she thought, I guess I somehow got knocked up as well? When it comes to this kind of thing, both men and women can be victims.

Then, Selena went over and patted Pierre's shoulder, while the latter looked at her hand in slight disgust.

"I have deep sympathy for you, but since the children were born, we as parents should be responsible for them until they grow up. Why did you send them to a rich family to become young masters? And to become sons of a bad old man too! Although they can live in luxury, will they be truly happy in that environment? What children need is companionship."

"Bad old man?" Pierre looked upstairs with a deep gaze. It wasn't until now that he realized that his sons had the ability to make up stories like this.

Selena rubbed her chin and replied, "I guess we're fated to meet. How about this? I will give you a sum of money for you to start a small business. You should go to a small town and not let that bad old man find you. I'd love to see them live well."

As he looked at Selena's sincere gaze, Pierre almost thought she was being earnest. "No need for that. He already gave me back my sons."

"Gave them back to you? What do you mean?" Selena did not quite understand what he was saying.

"His... wife is pregnant."

When Selena heard that reply, her face was filled with surprise.

"Really? That's great then. This bad old man is very lucky

to be able to make his wife pregnant at such an age. Good, good. At least you won't have to sacrifice your own sons."

"So I'm here to take them home."

"I'm not going back with you!" Jameson's voice came from upstairs. "I want to be with my pretty lady!"

"You'd better come out now, or else!" Pierre yelled toward upstairs. He never spoiled his sons, unlike their grandfather at home who spoiled them rotten. Besides, he was often on business trips, so his two sons were not very close to him.

However, this yell startled Selena. "Hey, you'll frighten them like this! Ugh, you act like you're their stepfather! Forget it. I'll do it!"

Then, she went upstairs and knocked on the door. "Are you hungry? I've made a delicious meal. It's pineapple rice. Do you want it? There are also freshly baked tarts, and we can make bread together later, okay?"

Upon hearing this, Pierre felt like laughing. This woman was so fierce, but he didn't expect her to talk so gently to children.