

## Baby alliance: helping daddy get a rich mommy chapter 137

Selena spoke in a slow and soft voice, but every word pounded on Pierre's heart while he ruminated on the fact that she had a phobia toward antique phones. "I'll have someone install a new phone."

All of a sudden, she realized it was pointless to talk about her past with him, seeing that he was a man who was all about benefits instead of emotions. Seemingly intent on changing the topic, he asked, "Is the meal to your taste?"

"Yeah." Selena didn't have much of an appetite as she was feeling upset. "I can cook for you if this isn't to your taste." He gave her a wink as he spoke.

How dare he keep flirting with me! However, she was also curious about how he learned to cook. "How did you learn to cook? I don't think you'd get a lot of chances to cook since you come from such a rich family."

"Nobody cares if you're from a rich family while in the military." He chuckled in good humor. "While I was in the military, I was assigned into the logistics troop."

Upon hearing that, she nearly spat out her meal, and she ended up laughing while experiencing a coughing fit. She thought it was hilarious that he was assigned to cook while in the logistics troop, which made her wonder if he had a hand in raising the pigs they butchered for meals. However, she stifled her laugh as soon as she saw him shooting her a glare.

"I was still on bad terms with my father back then, so I was the one who chose to help with cooking upon joining the logistics troop. It was nice while I was there, as I didn't have to worry about anything else other than focus on studying recipes and making meals." When he recalled those days, he had a nostalgic look in his eyes.

Back then, the feud between Pierre and his father just ended. Out of sheer anger, his father had sent him off into the military. Although Pierre's maternal side of the family had been in the military for generations, which meant John was actually able to have him assigned into better troops through connections, Pierre chose to join the cooking squad. It was while he was there that he developed a love for culinary arts.

"My mother liked to cook," he added. Selena was no longer laughing by that point, as she knew his mother passed away early on, while Helen, who was the family's current matriarch, was in fact his stepmother. It was the first time ever he mentioned his mother to her.

"Did... Did her cooking taste good?"

"No, it didn't," he replied bluntly. "She used to make a lot of weird dishes while spending long hours in the kitchen. The bin was always filled with her failed cooking." With that, he lowered his head to let out a chuckle.

Selena looked at him. While he smiled, he was no different from a shy big boy. For the first time ever, she figured he might not be as inhumane as he seemed. "So what's the reason behind your feud with your father? It was so severe that the whole of Digton City knew about it."

However, she regretted asking the question as soon as it rolled off her tongue, as she could see gloominess gradually taking over his features. She felt an underlying fear of him choking her by her neck for asking that question, but in the end, he didn't. Instead, his expression returned to normal soon after. "As my woman, you should know where to tread."

After heaving a sigh of relief, she continued eating. None of them spoke during the ensuing meal. Seeing that Sandra didn't attend to them after they finished their food, Selena said in a hurry, "I'll help do the dishes. Mrs. Yaxley must be busy." With that, she went into the kitchen with the utensils. As soon as she laid them into the basin, he hugged her from behind.

Before she could break free, she heard him whispering into her ear with a hoarse and weary voice, "Don't move. Let me hug you for a while."

She obeyed his command, as she figured their conversation earlier must have triggered some sad memories. To be honest, he is an emotional person, but he tends to keep them hidden deep within him.