

Baby alliance: helping daddy get a rich mommy chapter 375

If she had known of Satan's feelings for her, would she have made a different choice?

"You're not willing?" Satan asked abruptly when he noticed Jude's hesitation. With a snort, he snapped, "Forget about it then!"

Actually, he didn't know why this sudden and random thought crossed his mind. How can I have a child? If I have a child of my own, then I'd probably end up like Pierre Fowler. My child will be taken hostage by someone else to threaten me. At the thought of it, he brushed the idea aside.

"Sure! Do you want a son or a daughter?"

Just when he was about to drop the idea, Jude smiled and blurted that out. The moment she said that, Satan froze. This time, it was his turn to be completely dumbfounded.

Blinking her eyes playfully, Jude asked, "What's wrong? You don't want a child anymore? Fine then! I'll bear someone else's child." "What did you say?" Satan seized Jude by her chin. "Say that again!"

"I wish to bear your child." With her eyes filled with gentle and sweet affection for him, she smiled and gazed at Satan. How I wish to bear your child, but... am I able to do so?

"Let's get it done!" Once again, Satan pinned Jude beneath himself.

Meanwhile, in Digton City of Astoria, Selena was gazing at the night view. There wasn't a single star in the sky, and the night was so dark that it was as though the darkness could swallow a person whole.

When Pierre came back, he hugged Selena from behind, entwining his arms around her waist. As she felt the chill from his body, Selena gasped and shivered a little. "How's it?"

"I'm hungry. Can you prepare something for me to eat?" said Pierre as he let go of Selena.

Without asking further, Selena already knew the answer—it didn't go well. Satan had probably listed some really demanding conditions, and by now, Selena could guess what were his conditions. They were archenemies, with much antagonism between them. Most probably, Satan had asked Pierre to betray his country, but knowing Pierre, she believed that he wouldn't agree to it.

"Sure." Selena pivoted and headed to the kitchen. Deep down inside, she could tell that Pierre was feeling miserable, because no one would be willing to give up on their own son, but he had no other way.

After heading into the kitchen, Selena checked the things in the refrigerator and decided to cook pasta for him. Not long later, Pierre joined her in the kitchen and held her gently by the waist; wherever she went, he would follow her around.

Though it wasn't convenient and her movements were restricted, Selena didn't utter a word of complaint and allowed him to have his way.

As the plate of freshly-made creamy tomato pasta was served on the table, Pierre began to eat up. "Why didn't you ask anything?" At last, he spoke.

Holding her phone in her hands, Selena said, "I know that it's not easy for you." Indeed, it's difficult for me; so, so difficult! Then, Pierre asked, "Will you blame me?" Only after that question had left his lips did he feel that he had asked the dumbest question ever.

"Hurry up and eat up. The food will get cold," Selena urged.

Frankly, Pierre was hoping that Selena would chew him out or hit him, or even cry out loud in his arms. However, she was so calm; she didn't say or do anything, and this made him feel worse. For God's sake, that's our son! Our son!

Just then, someone knocked on the door. Pierre continued with his meal, whereas Selena went to open the door. "Mommy!" cried Juniper. Startled, Selena was so surprised to see her. "Juniper, how did you get here?"

"Godfather got someone else to send me here! Aren't you happy to see me?" said Juniper as she threw her arms around Selena.

Carrying Juniper in her arms, Selena walked toward the dining hall. The moment Juniper saw Pierre, who was eating, Juniper immediately struggled to get herself down and leaped into Pierre's embrace.