

Baby alliance: helping daddy get a rich mommy chapter 414

She noticed one hickey on her chest that morning when she changed, but she didn't realize she had one on the neck as well. At the side, Joaquin took a glance and stared downward.

"Are you having an allergic reaction, Mommy?" Juniper was concerned instead. "Should you get that looked at in a hospital?"

"No," Juniper's parents said at the same time.

"Oh, this is your fault, Daddy. You should pay more attention to Mommy. It's times like this you should take her to the hospital. She should get an injection or some meds if it is an allergic reaction," Juniper lectured her father precociously, though it was born of concern.

"Oh, I took a look at it alright. I'll apply the salve when we get back." Pierre winked at Selena as he spoke.

"Really?"

"Yeah. I'm super great at this, you know. I go hard, straight to the point, and I give a lot of salve." At that, he gave Selena an alluring look.

Unable to handle the loaded sentence, Selena looked away. He's the one who should keep it down. Sexual innuendos in a conversation with kids right beside us? God help me!

They came to the Fowler residence not long after. John and Helen knew they would come, and Helen was prepared for it, though John didn't come out.

"You're all finally here. A perfect family, I see." Helen was still putting on her perfect stepmother act.

"I'll see Dad for a bit. You guys have a spin around." Pierre then went upstairs, while the kids went around the villa. It was the boys' turf, so they wanted to show their sister around.

Hence, only Helen and Selena were left in the living room. Understandably, the meeting was awkward, for Selena never expected Helen to become her mother-in-law. Well, strictly speaking, she was her stepmother-in-law, but still, Helen was her elder, and she threatened Helen once when she was trying to ally herself with the Fowlers.

"Never expected you to date Pierre." Helen knew Selena was aware of her past, so she dropped the act.

"Same here."

"You managed to bankrupt your whole family and make Pierre fall for you. That's talent right there."

Languidly, Selena sat on the sofa. "In that case, you're more talented than I am."

Helen's expression changed, but she wouldn't dignify that with a response; all she needed to maintain was the façade anyway. "You're being modest."

“Nope. I know I’ll get to your level soon.”

“We’ll see.” Then, Helen left too, leaving Selena alone.

Bored, Selena wanted to fool around with her kids, but she heard music coming from a room she was walking past, so she stopped. It was a calm, happy tune that buoyed her spirits. A smile curled Selena’s lips, so she halted her steps to listen, but then someone opened the door, much to her shock.

A man with a wild look in his eyes appeared, and he froze when he saw Selena.

“Sorry. I stopped to listen for a bit. That was so good,” she said awkwardly.

“You think that was good, huh?” The man was delighted.

“Yeah, it was, but I’ve never heard that song before. May I know who the artist is?”

The man scratched his head sheepishly. “I wrote that song.”

Selena was caught by surprise, but that was when she realized the man before her was probably Chris, Helen’s son. Before this, she heard someone mentioning him being a musician. “I see. And you are?”

Chris extended his hand. “Chris Fowler.”