

Baby alliance: helping daddy get a rich mommy chapter 427

Selena playfully punched him in the chest. “You’ll need to spend the rest of your life compensating my losses, then.”

“I’ll do it right now!” Pierre lifted her into his arms and brought her over to their bed immediately. They were both panting when Pierre finally reached an arm over to get a condom for them.

They had an unspoken agreement on the topic of protected sex—they had always used protection, although they had never once discussed this matter. They both believed that they would need to have a plan before they got another child.

She held onto his arm to stop him. “It’s fine,” she uttered. “What?”

“We can just do it since I can’t get pregnant,” she replied.

“Well, it seems like that wasn’t entirely bad news. I’ve always hated wearing that rubbery thing!” Pierre looked as if he had just won a lucky draw as he pulled his hand away from the drawer.

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They received the notice from the higher-ups about a week later—they were allowed to proceed with their wedding procedures. The registration procedure was supposed to be a sacred and meaningful moment in their lives, so Pierre and Selena decided they would leave the children at home with the maids while they went off to spend some quality time with each other.

Who else brings their children along when they’re collecting their marriage certificate, anyway? Furthermore, it’s not just one child—we have three of them!

On the day itself, Selena woke up in the morning and pulled the blinds open to see that it was a cloudy day. She felt her spirits dampening at the sight of the gloomy weather. The skies looked as if it were opposed to their grand day, and the dark clouds made her feel more depressed than ever. “Should we do it another day instead?” Pierre asked as he yawned.

“No!” she immediately replied. “I want it today! I don’t want to delay it even for a single second!” She crossed her arms in front of her chest and growled at the cloudy skies in front of her window. “I’m going to get married today!”

Pierre burst into laughter. “I didn’t know you wanted to get married so badly!”

“Pfft! I’ve already given you three kids, and I still haven’t gotten the title that I deserve. I’m at a disadvantage here, don’t you think? Hurry up and get out of bed. Let’s go!” I’m not desperate to get married. I’m just worried that something else might occur and stop us from getting married to each other.

After breakfast, Pierre drove to the Civil Affairs Bureau with Selena in the passenger’s seat. They quickly found themselves caught up in the dreadful peak hour traffic jam. To Pierre’s surprise, Selena was in a great mood that morning—she didn’t lose her temper even once. He reached over and held onto her hand while they waited in the jam. “The road to happiness is strewn with setbacks,” he whispered.

“Don’t you think we’ve had a little too many setbacks?” We’ve been through so much—I think we’ve struggled more than we need to, she thought. Pierre smiled without saying anything else. He agreed that their relationship hadn’t been the easiest thing to accomplish.

It was nearly noon when they finally arrived at the Civil Affairs Bureau, but they arrived only to discover that the workers had gone out for their lunch break. The couple stared at the locked doors speechlessly before they exchanged glances with each other. “Do you want to have some lunch first?” Pierre shrugged. He could just give the bureau a call to have this entire matter handled, but he was curious to see how long Selena would be able to tolerate this hassle.

“Let’s go! I heard that couples should have noodles on the day of their marriage to ensure that their relationship lasts as long as the noodles that they eat. Come on! Let’s go eat noodles!” Selena dragged Pierre along as she strode around to look for a store that sold noodles. However, she couldn’t find a single restaurant that sold noodles near them. “These people are terrible businessmen, don’t you think? They should know that married couples would want to have noodles after getting married, so they should open a few noodle stores near the bureau. I’m sure they’d have customers no matter how bad their noodles tasted!” Selena was clearly agitated. All of a sudden, she turned around to look at Pierre. “My eyelid’s twitching. I feel like something bad is about to happen.”

He smacked her on the head. “Stop being so superstitious!” With that, he pulled his phone out to look for noodle stores that were close to them. He knew that he would have to satisfy her desire to have noodles for lunch. However, the search results showed that the nearest noodle store was about five miles away. It wasn’t far from their location, but the route to the restaurant was one of the most congested roads in town, and he wasn’t sure if he wanted to torture himself by sitting through that jam.