

## Baby alliance: helping daddy get a rich mommy chapter 567

Before that, it was Jude who would come hopping into his room, as happy as a lark, whenever he pressed on his bell. However, she didn't show up that morning. Instead, it was the servant who used to attend to him. Politely, the servant asked, "Sir, would you like to get out of bed?"

"Yes." Satan didn't inquire about Jude's whereabouts, figuring that perhaps she could no longer stand taking care of him. After all, he wished more than anything for her to leave voluntarily after being fed up with everything. It's for the best that she left.

After that, the servant helped him get out of bed, have his meal, as well as push him out on a stroll to get some sunshine. Without Jude, nothing seemed different, but nothing felt exactly the same either. It wasn't until the afternoon that Satan finally asked his servant, "Where's Jude?"

"Oh, Sir, do you mean Miss Knight? She's ill."

All of a sudden, Satan was feeling nervous. "Ill? What kind of illness did she catch?"

"She caught a cold, and her temperature was high. She couldn't get out of bed this morning, so she didn't come today," the servant replied in earnest.

"I see..." Satan realized he might be worked up over nothing, so he tried to relax. "You can leave now. I would like some time alone."

"Alright, Sir. Get me if you need anything." The servant left his room.

After some thought, he pressed on the button on his wheelchair to move toward the direction of Jude's room. Fast asleep, Jude's figure made a tiny lump as she huddled up in bed, which seemed adorable.

His wheelchair made no sound as it brought him to the side of her bed. It wasn't until then that he saw the deep frown that she wore, which seemed to indicate that she was suffering. She must have caught a cold because she didn't wear enough clothes when she brought me on a stroll last night. Besides, she never got much rest when she took care of me.

"W-Water..." With a muffled voice, Jude was sleep-talking.

Upon scooting himself closer and hearing what she said, Satan searched around for water, which he found out was on the table. He pressed on a button to move toward the table. However, it turned out that the table was a little higher than he could reach, and the water bottle was put in the middle of it, so he couldn't reach it even after he extended his arm.

He couldn't reach the bottle despite having put in all his might in reaching out. Seeing that he could almost touch it, he used the last of his strength to extend his arm even further. However, he didn't get the bottle, but toppled the glass beside it over, and the glass ended up falling on the table.

The noise woke Jude up. As soon as she opened her eyes, she saw Satan in the middle of the room as well as a glass that was toppled over on the table. She quickly sat up. "Satan..."

On the other hand, Satan was behaving like a kid who was caught red-handed after making a mistake. Turning his wheelchair around, he was about to flee the scene. He couldn't even pour a glass of water; never had he ever felt so useless in his life.

"Running away from your problems won't solve them." Jude's voice came from behind him. Although she was aware that it was a cruel thing to say, she knew he would never get better if she minced her words. "Satan, I'm thirsty. Can you pour me a glass of water?" Immediately, she switched to a cheeky tone.

There was a brief pause before he turned around to return to the table. He could reach the glass now that it had fallen over. Then, he went around the table to fill up the glass before bringing it over to Jude across the room.

Her throat felt parched, while her mouth was both dry and bitter due to the cold, so Jude chugged down the glass of water before letting out a satisfied burp. After setting the glass down by the bedside table, she picked up the face mask on the table. "I was thinking of wearing a mask before going to your room, but I don't even have the strength to get up."