

## **Baby alliance: helping daddy get a rich mommy chapter 590**

“Yeah. They began to hiccup a lot during the last few months, and they would take turns to do it. It felt like they were playing drums inside my belly! Hahaha...” Selena chuckled.

Pierre threw her a glare. “You’re making this up, aren’t you? How would babies be able to hiccup in the womb? Even if they did, how would you be able to feel it?” This is all nonsense!

“I’m completely serious; I’m not lying to you at all! The whole process of getting pregnant and giving birth is a really miraculous experience. I would love for you to see it first-hand, and I want to show the children how they came into this world,” she said.

“Alright, alright. We can have a baby if you really want it. I’m not going to stop you.” He conceded to her requests as he knew that he couldn’t stop her. “I just don’t want you to put too much strain on yourself. I need you to know that I might have to leave without any warning.” He lowered his head and continued with his meal after that.

Selena was well-aware of this; she had even mentally prepared herself for the possibility that he might not be around throughout the entire course of her pregnancy. “I’ll just wait for you to come home,” she replied. In response, he let out a cold scoff, but his lips had curved into a slight smile. I just don’t want Selena—someone I care so deeply about—to go through any pain or suffering.

“Also, I don’t think there’s a need for us to fight over Juniper’s situation. We should just let the kids do whatever they want, as long as they like it, right?” she continued.

“Fine, fine, fine! We’ll just go with whatever you say!” Pierre had finally come to accept the fact that he was the member with the lowest position in their family’s food chain. Fine. I surrender.

The family then spent the next two days in the same place. The snow began to melt after that, and Pierre arranged for a few men to pick them up from the mountains once the roads were clear. Since the Spring Festival was coming soon, they promised Andy to send Juniper over after the celebrations. Before they left, Andy handed a book to Juniper and told her to study it for the time being.

During the drive back home, Selena looked out of the window quietly. Pierre could tell that something was bothering her. “What is it?” he asked.

“It’s nearly the Spring Festival. It’ll be my mother’s death anniversary soon.” Selena fell into a state of melancholy whenever she thought about her mother’s death.

Pierre wrapped an arm around her shoulder. “Should I go with you to visit her?”

Selena nodded. “Sure. I’ve always wanted to introduce my mom to her son-in-law anyway.” They both beamed as they exchanged glances with each other.

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Meanwhile, Linda’s illness dragged on for another whole week back in Yucaria. Lindsay felt sorry for her granddaughter, and she insisted for Linda to have a complete recovery before allowing her to move around. Linda had been faking it from the start, so she could naturally decide when she would fully recover.

The Murray Family immediately traveled to Astoria after Linda recovered, and they all stayed in a villa that Jason had prepared for them a while ago. Linda was the only person who had the address to the cemetery, so the family had to wait for Linda before they could all head over to the place together.

They all arrived at the cemetery after resting in the villa for one day. The weather had been bright and sunny for the past few days, but the skies were gloomy, and it looked like it was about to rain on the day they headed to the cemetery. Thus, it left everyone in a rather glum mood.

A series of tombstones were scattered all over the cemetery. Lindsay's eyes welled up with tears the moment she stepped past the gates. My daughter's buried right here, she thought. "Don't cry, Grandma. I wouldn't have brought you over if you're going to cry. If Mom's watching us from the skies, I'm sure she'd hate to see you acting like this too," Linda uttered. Everyone seemed to feel moisture gathering in their eyes, for the old lady's sadness felt contagious.

"Okay, okay. I'll stop. I'll stop crying." Lindsay fought back her tears and got Linda to lead her toward the tombstones. On this day, Linda walked at a languid pace, not just because Lindsay's legs were weak, but also because she felt burdened by her own thoughts. This visit is going to determine whether I succeed or fail.