

## Baby alliance: helping daddy get a rich mommy chapter 597

Jude wheeled Satan in his wheelchair and stopped in front of the window to view the moon. “Look, even the moon is taking care of you, Satan. It looks so pretty tonight so that you’ll be in a good mood for the surgery tomorrow.”

Without saying anything, Satan merely stared blankly at the moon outside the window. Then, Jude lowered herself and rested her head on his lap. “You’ll recover, Satan. Trust me.”

Reaching out his hand, he stroked her hair gently and uttered, “Mmph.”

“Let’s go horse-riding after you recover. I’ve learned almost everything from you except horse-riding, which I never really mastered. Will you teach me?” she asked, lifting her gaze at him.

“Sure.” A genuine smile stemming from her heart spread across her face—gratifying and stunning.

“What will happen if the surgery tomorrow fails?” Satan asked calmly. In fact, he sounded so calm that it was as though he was asking an unimportant question.

“No, it won’t fail,” she murmured, still slumping on his legs.

“But what if? Have you thought about that?” He pressed on with his question, stroking her long hair gently; all he wanted was simply an answer.

Unsure of how she should answer the question, Jude thought for a long while before saying, “There won’t be any “what ifs”. I’m sure you’ll recover.”

Even though she knew it clearly in her heart that the surgery failing was a highly possible situation, she simply refused to think about it.

Actually, Wyatt had already told her that the success rate of the first surgery was very low, and even lower for the second one; the success rate was probably only twenty percent.

“Jude, if the surgery fails, will you have some sympathy for me and stay by my side for the rest of your life?”

Slowly, Jude raised her head. She couldn’t believe that those words came from Satan’s lips. The man who was once so arrogant that he wouldn’t even allow Wyatt to conduct the surgery because of that little bit of pride of his was now saying such a thing. Have some sympathy for me...

A bout of pain washed over her heart when she realized how much this accident had changed the situation, to the point that Satan was now a completely different person. Tears welled up in her eyes and she wanted to cry, but Satan merely smiled serenely. “Why are you crying? Are you that reluctant to stay by my side?”

“Of course I don’t want to! Not only do you have a foul temper, you’re also mean and would even hit me. Don’t you know that a man isn’t supposed to hit a woman? And you always hit me really hard each time. There’s no way I want to be with you. You’re also always showing your temper. Who would want to stay with a person like you?” Jude complained, but tears kept streaming down her face.

Meanwhile, Wyatt was making adjustments to the surgical plan, and that kept him busy until this late without him realizing it. At first, he just wanted to greet Jude, but he witnessed this scene through the crack of the door.

Quietly, Jude lay on Satan's lap as he kept stroking her hair with his hand; it was such a picture perfect and harmonious scene.

Right then, Wyatt wished so much to be the person sitting in the wheelchair.

"I'm telling you, Satan. Don't even dream that I'll get together with you. If you would like me to stop feeling guilty, you'd better get well soon!" Despite her tantrum, Jude continued to lie on his lap. "I promise you that I'll stay by your side forever if the surgery fails."

As Satan stared at her face, a soft smirk appeared on the edges of his lips. "Okay, and if the surgery is a success, then you'll return with Wyatt."