

Baby alliance: helping daddy get a rich mommy chapter 72

“Yup, I’m doing this on purpose!” Pierre didn’t bother to hide his intention at all.

Staring at the man’s look, Selena felt a strong urge to punch him in the face. I wish I could just slam my fist into his face until no one recognizes him! In this way, he could never harm anyone ever again.

“Do you think this is fun, Pierre Fowler? You knew my relationship with Meredith all along, didn’t you? She is my half-sister, and I can tell you that we both could have lived peacefully without a bitter history, but because of you, I became your mistress!”

Well, I might as well keep this going.

“Furthermore, she gave birth to a pair of twins for you! Anyway, you both are getting married sooner or later. So, please be a dutiful husband and stop fooling around for your children’s sake!”

Alas! I can’t help but feel sorry for the boys. They deserve a better father! But I guess having Meredith as their mother is something more pathetic!

“Yes, I do.” Pierre gave his reply in a glacial tone. “What did you just say?” Selena didn’t understand what he meant by that.

“I’m just answering your question.”

It wasn’t until a few seconds later that Selena came to understand that Pierre was referring to her first question. Yes, I do? Did he just say that? Wait a minute! I asked him whether he thinks this is fun or not, and he said that... Darn it! He didn’t even pay attention to the rest of my words.

“What a shameless jerk!”

Pierre soon pinched Selena’s chin and gently lifted her face. “I’m not just a jerk, but also a pervert. Would you like me to prove it to you?”

“You dare?!”

Oh gosh! He really meant it! As soon as Selena finished her words, Pierre lowered his head and pressed his lips against hers, kissing her for the second time. With her eyes left wide open in shock, Selena’s body stiffened completely. What’s he doing?! It’s not like nobody can see

In the meantime, Pierre had always been sure that there was nothing he’d ever get addicted to until his first kiss with Selena. As he recalled the first two kisses he had shared with her, he realized that they had acted more aggressively each time, starting from their first gentle kiss when he proposed to her, followed by their second make out session in the kitchen and their current intense moment of intimacy.

Meanwhile, Selena felt suffocated, as if Pierre was trying to suck the life out of her with his lips tightly clamped onto hers. While she tried to resist, her attempt was quickly nullified by the man who pinned her hand like a rock. Oh gosh! Somebody, please help me! I’m running out of breath!

Not long after that, they both heard some music from the kindergarten, which indicated that classes were over. While parents usually waited at the front entrance, there was no guarantee that no one would pass by the back alley behind the kindergarten. If anyone sees us...

At that moment, Pierre finally let up, panting a little, while Selena desperately gasped for breath. Feeling numb on her lips, the angry lady glared at Pierre in a hostile manner, but the man only curled his lips upward and smirked. "See? What did I tell you?"

"Idiot," Selena cursed with a soft voice. Judging from Pierre's muscular build, she knew that the man must have gone through some sort of professional training. Furthermore, Pierre had served under the special force for five years.

Thus, she knew she was no match for him should they ever choose to settle their impasse with a fisticuff. Nonetheless, she wouldn't want to go down that path either. Even if she could match Pierre's prowess, she knew that messing with him would only prove to be a grave mistake.

Soon, Pierre placed his arm behind Selena's head while inserting his other hand into his pocket. Then, he looked down and met her eyes. "You still wanna work with Fowler Corporation, don't you? Beg me." Pierre mischievously gazed at Selena, finding the look on the lady's face to be adorable.

"Hmph!" Selena responded by giving him a death stare like a blade that pierced through his skin. "Never in a thousand years!"