

Baby alliance: helping daddy get a rich mommy chapter 802

Looking at his innocent face, she drifted into a state of illusion but soon composed herself and shook her head firmly. “No, I won’t do that.”

“Selena, I am serious.” He had no idea why he gave her the suggestion. Perhaps it was out of sympathy or atonement, mixed with his romantic feelings for Selena from the start. Anyway, he was speaking his heart when he suggested that they should live together as a family.

“If you sincerely want to help, you should tell me the identity of your biological father and what he wants from me! If you are sincere, you should support me instead of colluding with those b*stards!” She wanted so badly to wake him up from his wrong decision.

He merely lowered his head and muttered, “Selena, I’m sorry, but I can’t reveal that to you. It’s all for your own good.” After that, he stood up quietly with his head hung low, as though he was traumatized by the event.

“If you really care about me, you should tell me the truth,” she yelled at his back as he left.

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In Springvale, Jude was still embroiled in a battle with her morning sickness. She thought that life would be easier after she returned to Satan’s side, but the morning sickness attacked her relentlessly.

Whatever she consumed would be vomited out soon. Feeling lifeless, her only wish was to lie in bed—she had no energy to do anything else. On the days when her condition was slightly better, the only thing she did was to scold Satan.

One morning, she woke up and started heaving again even when her stomach was empty. She dry-heaved until she was puking bile. The acidic bitterness in her mouth tasted extremely awful.

Ever since Satan learned about her pregnancy, he stayed by her side at all times, only leaving for work when she fell asleep. Hearing the vomiting sounds, he rushed in to assist her by handing her napkins and water. Every time she was done with puking, she would enjoy a moment of comfort, which she would utilize to torture him.

“Did you not hear me vomiting? Where were you just now? I’m carrying your child, so please pay more attention to me! They were right when they said men are heartless! You have no conscience whatsoever!” She reprimanded him for no good reason as he stood there feeling aggrieved.

Am I not caring enough? I even wish I could suffer in her place!

Despite feeling wronged, he coaxed her with patience, “There, there. It’s my fault for not having a conscience. Come, let’s have something to eat. It’s morning now; you must feel uncomfortable on an empty stomach.”

“What’s with that attitude? If you’re already brushing me off in my pregnancy, how would you treat me after I give birth to the baby?”

"I didn't brush you off!"

"Why are you yelling at me? How dare you yell at me! Satan, you've changed. How could you yell at me..." She started sobbing and wailing like a spoiled child.

On the other hand, Satan was perplexed, having already endured a lot of her tantrums. A pregnant woman is difficult to deal with! Even so, he resolved to treat her with patience because she was carrying his child.

"I did not yell at you. Good girl, let's have breakfast, shall we?" After some time, he figured out the pattern of her temper. Since he would be incriminating himself no matter what he said, he had to admit to his faults and coax her like a child.

"No! I don't want to! How could you yell at me?! It makes me sad! I was already feeling horrible, and you came in to yell at me. You don't love me at all." The more she thought about it, the more aggrieved she became.

"Why would you say so? I love you the most. Jude, I'm sorry. It's my fault for making you pregnant. Good girl, let's have breakfast."

With unending patience, he led her into the dining hall, where she took some soup and vegetables. Then, he brought her back to the bedroom to rest.

After her energy had depleted, she drifted into sleep. Seeing that, he let out a long sigh, grumbling secretly about the challenges of dealing with a pregnant wife. Once she was sleeping soundly, he returned to his study with a cold and stern expression.