

Baby alliance: helping daddy get a rich mommy chapter 219

However, her words didn't deter him from chatting away. "Are you touched by my actions? How are you going to thank me seeing that I've saved you once again?"

Rolling her eyes at him, Selena said, "I'll f*cking marry you, so you should shut up already! Get some rest!" It was exasperating to see how chatty he was despite having been operated on due to a stab wound on his stomach that made him bleed profusely.

"Do you think marrying me will be enough to free you of both of your debts?" Pierre snorted. "You need to come up with something else. There must be some other way that you can express your gratitude."

After heaving a long sigh, Selena asked, "What do you suggest then?" After all, he was the one lying in bed after taking a stab in her place, so he did get the right to boss her around.

"I'll have to think about it. You will have to fulfill my request when I do make it."

"If that's the case, you should take your time. I will fulfill whatever that I can fulfill, so all I ask of you now is to stop talking."

"Worry not; you will be able to fulfill it."

Somehow, she noticed that his gaze seemed more serious compared to before, as if he was hiding a secret. However, she didn't ask, considering that he shouldn't be speaking, and soon, she had forgotten about it.

Meanwhile, Selena had been thinking of informing his family about this, but Pierre insisted otherwise. He figured that the Fowlers wouldn't notice anything if they kept quiet, as it was normal for him to disappear for a month or two without notice. Therefore, nobody would come find him anyway.

Selena relented for selfish reasons. As the incident happened because of her, she supposed that it wouldn't be good for her if the Fowlers knew what happened, seeing that they already had a skewed opinion of her.

"Go ask the nurse how many more IV drips I have to go through. It's already ticking me off," he said indignantly.

"Okay." Selena left after that.

As soon as she left, his phone rang. His smile melted away to reveal a surly, and almost terrifying look on his face as soon as he saw the number displayed on the screen. Nonetheless, he still picked up the call. "Hello. I know, but I'm injured. I have a stab wound on my stomach, so I'll need a few days off to recuperate. I won't be able to go to the base. Sure, I'll try my best." After hanging up, he cast the phone aside while heaving a sigh of relief.

In the meantime, Selena arrived at the nurse station. "Can I know how many more drips Pierre Fowler will have to go through?"

"Um, we have here one, two... He has two more and we'll be done," the nurse replied with haste.

“Great, thank you.”

Just when Selena was ready to leave, the nurse held her back. “Hold on, Miss Yard.”

“What is it?”

“Has Mr. Pierre passed gas?”

“Pass gas?” Selena looked at the nurse in confusion.

“Has he farted?” The nurse was already used to saying that as it merely indicated a physiological phenomenon, so she said it without feeling shy at all. However, the same couldn’t be said of Selena.

“After an operation on their stomach, patients can’t ingest anything until they pass gas. You should tell us if he hasn’t, so that we can conduct a checkup on him.”

“I see... Okay, I’ll ask.” To be honest, she wanted to have the nurse ask in her stead, but she couldn’t bring herself to make that request, so she could only take on the task on her own.

But how the hell should I ask him that question? Pierre, have you farted? The mere thought of it made her blush. Considering that they were still in the early stages of their relationship, such a question was extremely awkward. Perhaps it wouldn’t be so if they had known each other for longer.