

# Daddy, Chasing Mommy Back Is On Us Novel

Chapter 95

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After pondering for an eternity, Jameson answered, "Hmm... I'm not sure either, but I just don't feel as though I'm her child, nor does she feel like my mommy."

A bolt of distress lanced through Selena. Perhaps Pierre and Meredith are too busy. Furthermore, they aren't married, so she didn't watch the children grow up. "That's because she's too busy. She's a superstar, so she's often very busy and exhausted. Thus, she doesn't have much time for you and Jojo." She didn't want to say anything bad about his mother before him, for she wanted a child to believe that this world was beautiful.

Jameson sighed. "Okay, then."

"Alright, it's late now, so sleep earlier. Good night and sweet dreams."

"Good night." Jameson lay down, and Selena then pulled the covers over him.

Soon, she heard his breathing evening out. She stayed a while by his bed and touched his forehead again. He's no longer running a fever. I've finally wrangled the child, but there's still a big devil downstairs.

Selena made a detour to the study first before she went downstairs, only to be greeted by Pierre sitting on the sofa, deep in thought. "Hey! Jamie is no longer running a fever. Antipyretic usually lasts for four to six hours, but he hasn't had a fever despite the fact that eight hours had passed. Besides, tiny rashes have manifested on his face, so I

believe that he's fine. Thus, I can tell you that it's most probably Roseola." Her voice was exceedingly cold, for she truly couldn't force any amiability before this man.

Pierre lifted his eyes and glanced at her yet said nothing.

At this, Selena simply plopped on the sofa though she chose a spot far from his. "I don't want to involve children in grievances between adults. Their world is simple and beautiful. While this world isn't beautiful at most times, I still think it's more important than anything for them to believe that this world is beautiful at their age." Instead of looking at him, she stared straight ahead, her words emotionless.

"This is for you." She handed a piece of paper to him, and Pierre reached out to take it. "I've written all the things you need to look out for during his recovery. There's no need to feed him porridge all the time just because he vomited previously. Rather, a mild diet and balanced nutrition will facilitate his recovery. If he doesn't want to eat, make the food more appealing, and I believe he will eat."

Pierre stared at Selena's handwriting, the crooked characters amusing him greatly.

"Don't get it wrong. I'm only doing all this for the sake of the child. If you still have a shred of conscience left, let me go. It truly hasn't been easy for me to be where I am today. Everything I have today is at the risk of my life. It's a miracle that Juniper and I are alive to this very day." Selena's voice was neither servile nor overbearing. Rather, it was threaded with a hint of steel. "If you truly have no compassion, then just pretend that I've never said anything."

Pierre suddenly stood up, his tall figure blocking out the light, enveloping Selena in darkness. Selena lifted her head and gazed at him. "I'll leave him in your care for the next few days." After saying that, Pierre strode away and left.

Selena stared at his retreating back, having no inkling of his thoughts. Did he agree to let me go? Or did he refuse? This man is always so difficult to figure out!

Sure enough, Pierre didn't come over the next day. Meanwhile, Jameson was also very happy to stay with Selena. There are delicious food and fun toys here in addition to having someone read me stories! How I wish to stay here forever!