

HAPPY MOMMY HAPPY DADDY CHAPTER 11

Chapter 11 What Rights Do You Have

After leaving the set, Alora walked to the nearby fresh food market. She did not forget to make dinner for Steve and James at night. "Sir, Madam went to buy groceries." The black Bentley stopped, Mathias looked at the man in the back seat "Should we continue waiting, or.." Samir put down his phone, lowered the car window, and looked at Alora's back.

Along the way, he had already managed to find out the relationship between her and the two people. Boyfriend and best friend. They betrayed her and even showed off in front of her.

He thought that she would break down in tears just now because she had been heartbroken and wasted that night.

But... He watched the woman walk briskly, humming a song as she walked towards the fresh market. His eyebrows slightly knitted. After Alora bought ingredients for the two babies at the fresh market, she passed by the stall selling fish. She remembered that she had asked the housekeeper what Samir liked to eat before. The housekeeper said that he liked to eat fish. In fact, Alora had never made fish before because Truett was afraid of fish. He was so afraid that he would not even dare to touch the fish that she had made. Therefore, Alora instinctively resisted fish.

But Samir liked it.

She seriously chose a fresh fat fish and let the butcher kill it. After buying the food, the woman carried two big bags full of food out of the market. Just as she went out, she was dragged into a small alley by Truett's assistant "You really are here." Truett leaned against the car door and looked at Alora indifferently. "Let me send you home." Alora glanced at the car behind him and smiled faintly. "No need." "My husband and I live in the villa area in the west of the city. A shabby car like yours can't get in." "Since you know that I married Mr. Rowan, you should know that you will never be able to catch up with Mr. Rowan's wealth in this life." Truett's face suddenly became ugly. He stared at Alora, "So, you married Mr. Rowan because you want to cling to rich people?" Alora smiled.

"Yes."

She looked at Truett, and there was no longer the infatuation and madness she had for him in her eyes. Now, this man made her feel disgusted. "I just dislike you for being poor and you are not as rich as Mr. Rowan. Are you satisfied with this answer?" "You are lying." Truett stared at Alora's face. After a while, he smiled. "I know you. You are not such a person." Taking a deep breath, he said earnestly, "Alora, are you still angry about what happened just now?" "Everyone was in a bad mood just now. If I hurt you in

any way, I apologize to you.” “Since you don’t want me to send you back, I’ll make the long story short with you.” The man sighed, “Celia cried very sadly with me just now. She kindly offered three times the price to make you her substitute, but you made mistakes on set time and time again, delaying the filming progress, causing the chief director to have a problem with her.” Alora sneered. Why did the chief director have a problem with Celia? Wasn’t she the one who kept asking her to take a beating? Now it was her fault! “I hope you can take work seriously in the future and distinguish between work and private life.” “I know you. You can’t accept that I’m with Celia.” Truett pursed his lips.

“But we are truly in love.”

“If you want to blame me, then blame me.”

“I was too conservative and couldn’t accept my lover giving birth to someone else’s child. That’s why I went to Celia’s bed five years ago when you gave birth.”

Alora was stunned.

Her ears rumbled and she almost couldn’t hear what Truett was saying. Five years ago, she had a car accident. She had been in the operating room for a full day and night before she finally gave birth to the dead fetus in her stomach. The doctor said that she was lucky. If it were someone with a weak body, she would have died in the operating room.

The first thing she did when she woke up was to worry that something might happen to her child. If her patron didn’t pay, she wouldn’t be able to

wash away those scandals for Truett. But now, Truett told her that he was in bed with Celia when she almost died in the operating room for him! “So you and Celia hooked up five years ago.” She sneered and said in a sad voice. “Don’t make it sound so bad.” “What do you mean by hook up? You betrayed me first.” Truett frowned. “No man can stand his girlfriend...” “Pa!” Alora slapped her hard.

She used a hundred percent of her strength to slap him, and Truett was forced to take a step back. “Five years ago, when you used the money I earned to clear your name, you didn’t tell me that you disliked me. You were together with Celia!” She bit her lips tightly, “Took my money to clean up your scandals, enjoyed the glory I brought for you, and now you despise me? Truett, what right do you have!” “You gave birth to someone else’s child, and you still shamelessly stayed with me. So what if I used some money?” Truett covered his face with his hand, and his eyes were cold. Alora’s heart completely fell into an ice cave. Her five years of affection, five years of no regrets, all for what? Suddenly, she thought of the fish she just bought. Truett was really afraid of fish.

Alora gritted her teeth and threw the fish with blood onto Truett! “I’m giving it to you, no need to thank me!” The fish leaned into Truett’s embrace. “Alora!” the man screamed

miserably. "You're crazy!" "Assistant! Take this fish away!" The woman carried the ingredients and strode out of the alley. She took a taxi and left. "Alora, I won't forgive you..." Behind her, the man's voice faded farther and farther away. Leaning against the back seat of the taxi, Alora covered her eyes with her hands. However, tears still slipped through her fingers. She was the biggest fool in the world! She had been fooled by Truett and Celia for five good years! There was a traffic jam in the evening. By the time the taxi stopped in front of the Rowan family's villa, Alora had already stopped crying.

She adjusted her mood and got out of the car.

In the flower corridor at the entrance of the villa, Samir was on the phone. The man's extremely long legs were wrapped in white trousers. He was leaning against the porch, smoking a cigarette while talking to the person on the other side of the line. The light of the setting sun and the lingering smoke made his whole figure more slender and tall, and the outline of his body was even colder.

The cold masculine smell of the man made Alora's heart tremble. Carrying the ingredients, she walked over. She knew that he was busy, so she deliberately walked on the other side of the veranda. When she reached his side, he hung up the phone and raised his hand to stop her. "What's in your hand?" the man looked at her indifferently. "The dishes for Steve and James tonight." Samir narrowed his eyes slightly, lowered his head, and leaned close to her. "Only theirs, not mine?" The man's cold aura made Alora a little flustered. She lowered her head. "I bought you the fish you like to eat..."

"Where is it?"

She subconsciously raised her right hand. It was empty. Only then did she remember that the fish she bought for Samir was used to attack Truett. "I forgot to buy it. I'll make it up for you next time." The woman smiled awkwardly. "Okay."

"Remember, you owe me one." The man raised his hand and held her chin, his smile noble and charming. "... Alora. At a certain five-star hotel.

Truett sat beside a group of producers and sponsors, feeling that the fishy smell on his body had yet to dissipate.

Soon, food was served.

Truett looked at the table full of fish dishes with a pale face, but he did not dare to get any.

Everyone in the entertainment circle knew that he hated fish!

"Sorry, Mr. Uriel, someone asked you to only eat fish tonight." The producer smiled awkwardly.

