

HAPPY MOMMY HAPPY DADDY CHAPTER 25

Chapter 25 Why Do You Like to Abuse Yourself So Much?

Celia's expression was even gloomier than the dark clouds in the sky.

"It's just for work. You won't be jealous, right?" Alora smiled.

Just then, Truett came over.

"Truett, Celia threw herself into his arms, feeling wronged. 'Alora was deliberately upsetting me,' she said. 'I told her to co-operate well with you in the show, but she said I was jealous...'"

"We've been together for so many years, so why would I be jealous of her?"

Truett frowned and glanced at Alora with a cold expression. "Although there was a conflict between us, we're working now." "Alora, I hope you can put aside your past prejudice, take your work seriously and be more professional about it."

"Sure."

"Since we have to take work seriously, isn't Mr. Uriel also very unprofessional to allow your girlfriend to order me around on set?" Alora stretched herself.

Her voice wasn't soft, thus attracting the attention of the other cast members.

Some of them had begun to discuss.

"That's right. So many actors have girlfriends in the entertainment industry, but I have never seen any whose girlfriends accompany them every day when filming."

"You don't understand, this is just hype. That Celia used to be a web celebrity who had no work at all. Without Truett, she won't get any film contract, so she has to do PDA every day to attract attention!"

"It's really disgusting. Without strength, she can only rely on crooked ways to get into the entertainment industry..."

The discussions of those people became more and more unpleasant.

Celia's face alternated between red and white.

"I'll be leaving first," she said coldly as she got out of Truett's embrace.

Truett quickly chased after her and held her hand for a long time.

Alora unhappily sat in the chair, flipping through the script while watching Truett who was coaxing Celia in the distance,

She and Truett had been together for six years. When had he ever treated her like this?

Ten minutes later, they started filming.

Alora stood there with her back to the camera as she watched Truett walk towards her step by step.

This was a modern drama in which Truett was playing a cold, ruthless, and overbearing president.

After putting on makeup, Truett wore a white suit and walked over to Alora with cold and heavy footsteps.

The surrounding people gasped. "So handsome..."

"Truett is indeed the number one actor of this year's Golden Ox Award. He is so cool!"

"I want to change my husband..."

Alora frowned and listened to these praises. She quietly looked at Truett's face.

The more she looked at this face, the more disgusted she felt.

She really didn't know what she had liked about him back then. She had actually wasted six years of her youth on such a man.

Not even half as good as Samir Rowan.

“Alora.”

Because there was no dialogue between them in this part, Truett lowered his voice when he held Alora. “You did it on purpose, didn’t you?”

“You deliberately said that it was unprofessional for me to bring my girlfriend here and deliberately let Celia be the topic of discussion.”

“I did it on purpose, Alora sneered. If Truett had not asked her to be more professional, she would not have deliberately targeted Celia.

She was not as idle as they were.

“I hope it won’t happen again.”

“Celia is shy, unlike you. You don’t care about how people talk about you.”

Alora’s heart felt like it had fallen into an ice cave.

Celia was a shy girl.

Was she impudent?

“If something like this happens again in the future, don’t blame me for being rude to you.” Truett was still stabbing Alora in the heart.

Before Alora could refute his words, the director had already called for them to stop.

“Okay, that’s enough for this set of scenes.”

“Remember what I said,” Truett coldly released Alora’s hand.

Standing in place, Alora watched Truett leave and bit her lip.

She couldn’t say whether she was sad.

She could see that in Truett’s heart, Celia was really important.

He was worried about her, he spoke harsh words for her and he had betrayed her for her.

But Truett had never done anything for her.

In those six years, she had completely lost.

After a day of work, Alora returned home sullenly.

“Mommy, are you unhappy?”

After eating dinner, James rested his chin on his hands, blinked his big eyes, and looked seriously at Alora’s face, “You only smiled five times tonight, and all five times were bitter smiles.”

“Do you have something on your mind?” Looking at the little fellow’s crystal-clear eyes, Alora shook her head helplessly. “I’m fine.”

“It would be strange if you were fine!”

James curled his lips and teased Alora while taking out his phone to send a message to his brother.

“Brother, something big has happened! Mommy is in a bad mood today!”

Steve, who was reading a book upstairs, took a look at his phone and went straight to the study room.

In the study room, Samir Rowan was looking at the documents with his head lowered.

Hearing the voice at the door, he raised his bottomless eyes. “What’s the matter?”

“Hm.”

Steve walked over and climbed onto the chair with his short legs. Then, he climbed up from the chair to the desk. Finally, he sat in front of Samir and stared at him. “Your wife is not happy today.” The man frowned and picked up the phone to dial a number.

“Come up.”

A minute later, a tall and sturdy bodyguard knocked on the door and came in, putting a small notebook on the desk. "This is Madam's schedule today." Ever since Alora was kidnapped by Chairman Wang last time, Samir had arranged for special people to protect Alora in secret every day. Steve frowned and picked up the small notebook. "Ex-boyfriend and ex-friend PDAed," "That's why Mommy is unhappy." Samir frowned slightly.

That day, when he was on set, he had clearly seen Alora's carefree expression when she saw Truett and Celia

Why was she unhappy about this now?

Was that Truett really so amazing that she still couldn't forget him?

The man tugged at his collar in frustration, lowered his head, and continued working.

"Mr. Samir." Steve grabbed the document.

"As a husband, what you should do now is to go back and make your wife happy."

"Instead of working here." "You have to understand the current situation. You have a lot of money, but you only have one wife." Steve rarely spoke so much.

Samir looked at his serious little face and smiled. "Ever since Alora married into the family, you've become more talkative."

"Have 1?" Steve was stunned and his face turned red.

"Yes."

"You like her a lot, huh?" the man said as he swiftly took the documents back and placed them on the table.

"Mm..."

"I don't know why," Steve said as he pursed his lips and lowered his head. "I just feel that she's very kind and more like a mother than others."

Samir sighed and carried the little fellow out of the study. "I'll go coax her now," he said.,

"Yes."

"Daddy, I am very happy that you are willing to treat her well."

"Since you have decided on her, I have decided on her." Samir smiled helplessly.

"She is my wife. Of course, I should coax her."

After sending Steve back to his room, Samir returned to his bedroom.

In the bedroom, Alora had her eyes closed. She was listening to the news broadcast with a facial mask on.

When Samir entered the room, the broadcast had just reached the entertainment section.

"Mr. Truett Uriel, there are many speculations about your recent relationship. What do you think of it?"

"Others say that Celia is trying to gain favor with me. Actually, that's not the case. We have been together for five years. When she was with me, I was still an unknown nobody..."

"Pa!"

A slender big hand directly turned off the broadcast.

Alora hurriedly opened her eyes.

In front of her was Samir, who was several times more handsome than Truett. The man frowned slightly and looked at her. "You watched them show off on set during the day, and you

still want to listen to anything about them at night?" "Alora, do you like to abuse yourself so much?"

HAPPY MOMMY HAPPY DADDY CHAPTER 26

Chapter 26 What Kind of Coaxing Was This

Self-abuse? "No. Why?" Alora pursed her lips.

She was only applying a facial mask while listening to entertainment news.

Truett and Celia were popular actors for this year, so it was inevitable to hear news about them.

Although it still sounded sort of uncomfortable, she no longer had any feelings for Truett.

"You can't just let it go?" Samir frowned slightly.

"What do you mean?" Alora paused.

Before she could finish speaking, the man had already strode over, grabbed Alora's wrist, and pulled her downstairs.

"What are you doing?" Seeing Samir pull her out of the door, Alora couldn't help but struggle. "Where are you taking me?"

She was still wearing her rabbit pajamas and a mask on her face!

The man threw her into the car without any explanation.

The car started.

Alora sat in the front passenger seat and looked at the reflection on the car window.

She was still wearing a facial mask!

She took off the facial mask and found that there was no garbage bin in the car. She had to hold it in her palm. "What are you doing?"

The man looked ahead indifferently and stepped on the accelerator.

The car stopped at the entrance of a five-star hotel in Banyan City.

"Get off."

Samir held the steering wheel, his face was very cold.

Alora: "..."

So late at night, he brought her out in pajamas... to a hotel?

Subconsciously, she covered her chest with her hand. "Mr. Rowan, I am not a casual woman."

The man looked at her with disdain. "You sleep in my bed every day. If I want to touch you, there would be no need to go through so much trouble."

Alora: "..."

It seemed to make sense.

However, since it was not for that, why did he bring her here in the middle of the night?

"Get out of the car."

The man spoke coldly again. Alora pursed her lips and obediently got out of the car.

As soon as she got out of the car, she was pulled by the man again and quickly went upstairs.

Samir brought her to a suite.

After entering the room, the man gracefully sat down on the sofa, took the remote control, and turned on the screen on the wall.

On the display screen was a real-time surveillance camera.

In the surveillance camera, Truett and Celia were carefully sitting on a sofa, listening to a man admonishing them.

From the decoration of the room they were in, they should also be in a room in this hotel.

The woman in the rabbit pajamas stood where she was and looked at Truett and Celia in the surveillance camera. "This..."

"They are next door."

"Since you can't let go of Truett, I'll give you a chance." Samir raised his hand and rubbed his aching forehead.

*You can go over now, beat him up, scold him, and let him return what he owed you." Alora was stunned.

Did he bring her out so late just for this?

"Forget it, I don't want to do this." The woman pursed her lips and waved her hand, She didn't want to do this?

"You want to reconcile with that man?" Samir narrowed his eyes slightly.

The air around them suddenly turned cold.

The light in the man's eyes was cold and dangerous. "I advise you to give up."

Alora was dumbfounded.

When did she say that she wanted to reconcile with Truett? Since she had known that Truett and Celia had been together for five years behind her back, every time she saw Truett, it was as disgusting as eating a fly!

The woman curled her lips. "Don't worry. Even if Truett kneels down and begs me, I won't be with him again."

Samir looked at her indifferently.

After a while, the man's lips curved. "This is more like it." Alora: "...". The woman yawned and sat down on the edge of the sofa.

So sleepy.

"Mr. Rowan, did you pull me out so late because of this?"

"Steve said you were unhappy," the man frowned.

"Because Steve said that I was unhappy, you brought me out here to settle accounts with Truett?"

"He asked me to coax you." Samir paused.

Alora: "...".

What kind of coaxing was this?

Because she was unhappy, he had brought her to settle the score with her ex-boyfriend? She did not know whether to laugh or cry as she looked at the noble and lazy man in front of her. Was this how a cold and ruthless president like him coaxed a girl?

"Mr. Rowan, I am very curious." She sighed and said in a joking tone.

"Did you get Steve and James' mother in such a coaxing manner back then?" Hearing her mention James and Steve's mother, Samir's expression instantly turned cold. After a long while, he stared at her face and said word by word, "I didn't go after her." Alora was startled.

A moment later, she came to a realization. That was right. With Samir's identity and appearance, there was no need for him to take the initiative to go after a girl. If not for the rumor that he was ugly and brutal, the women who wanted to

marry him would definitely have lined up from the south of the city to the north of the city, so how could she have been so lucky? “I had never gone after her or coaxed her.” “I owe her a lot”

This was the first time Alora heard Samir mention Steve and James’ mother. According to the housekeeper, James and Steve’s mother were not married. She pursed her lips. “Then she...” “Died”

The man turned his face away and coldly spat out the word.

Alora’s heart suddenly stopped. “I’m sorry.” She bit her lips. Although she felt that it was inappropriate, she still could not hold back her curiosity. “How did she die?”

“Fire.”

The man closed his eyes. “After she died, I swore to never get married.” “But...” He had never thought that there would actually be a woman in this world who would not be afraid of the rumors outside and be able to pass the double test of Steve and James and successfully marry into his world.

Alora was an accident. However, when he thought of Steve and James...

“You and the two children are fated.”

If not for Alora, he wouldn’t have known that Steve could actually be so talkative. He also wouldn’t have known that James could be so obedient.

Alora smiled, “En, I also feel that I am fated with them.”

Five years ago, she had lost her child because of a car accident.

Five years later, she met Steve and James, who were extremely close to her.

This should also be a kind of fate, right?

“En.”

Samir lightly acknowledged.

Alora suddenly did not know what to say.

1 Was

She did not speak, and he did not speak either. The room was so quiet that one could hear their breathing clearly. “Truett, be gentle...” “No, no, um...”

Suddenly, an ambiguous female voice sounded next door, Alora suddenly raised her head. In the surveillance video, the man who had just lectured Truett and Celia had disappeared. At this time, on the sofa, Truett and Celia were acting in an X-rated film.

As the aroused voice entered her ears, Alora’s face instantly flushed red!

She hurriedly turned around, wanting to look at Samir’s face. Just as her gaze touched the corner of his clothes, the man had already stood up. He directly turned off the big screen, grabbed the back of Alora’s neck with one hand, and clamped her out the door.

The two of them entered the lift in a strange position.

Alora felt uncomfortable and tried to struggle free. As she struggled, her hand touched the man’s body. “Don’t move.” “If you don’t want me to do anything that I shouldn’t do to you, then don’t move.” The man’s low and hoarse voice came from behind her. Alora paused for a moment, and then she understood what he meant. Her face immediately turned red! She bit her lips, and her face was so red that it was about to drip blood.

The man narrowed his eyes, leaned down, and bit her earlobe. “If you move again, I will really do it to you.”

HAPPY MOMMY HAPPY DADDY CHAPTER 27

Chapter 27 The Improvement

The air in the lift was so ambiguous that people couldn't breathe. Finally, with a "ding" sound, the lift door opened. Alora rushed out of it as if she was running for her life.

"Achoo-!"

Coming out of the hotel, Alora sneezed hard.

It was already late at night, and the night wind made her shiver all over.

She was wearing cartoon rabbit pajamas. Standing at the entrance of the hotel she looked particularly funny. Alora wrapped her pajamas tightly and walked towards the parking lot.

She had just taken a few steps when someone grabbed her bunny ear hat from behind.

Before she could turn around, her vision suddenly turned black.

The suit jacket with a man's cold and handsome aura was thrown on her head.

"Put it on." She pulled off his jacket and looked at the tall and straight back of the man.

"No need."

"If you are sick, they will blame me." Samir did not stop.

Alora pursed her lips and could only obediently put it on.

The clothes still carried his temperature and the unique peppermint scent of a man.

For some reason, she felt that her face was a little hot.

There was no car at night, so Samir drove very fast.

On the way back, she sat in the back seat of the car and carefully looked at him through the rearview

mirror.

When he looked ahead seriously, his angular face was particularly cold and proud.

Alora's heart skipped a beat.

She was sure.

Samir was much more attractive than Truett.

Soon, they arrived at the villa.

He parked the car at the door and said, "I want to go back to the company for a meeting. You go back by yourself."

"You still have a meeting this late at night?" Alora frowned as she unfastened her seatbelt.

"International meetings, there is a time difference."

"You work so hard..." "It's better for me to stay up all night alone than to let the dozens of executives overseas stay up all night." The man's deep voice was charming.

Alora felt a slight warmth in her heart.

She didn't expect a person of such status as Samir to have such a warm side to him.

After getting out of the car, she looked back at his face seriously. "Come back early to rest after the meeting."

Samir paused, probably not expecting that Alora would say this. After a while, his bottomless eyes quietly looked at her.

The car started up again. "And..."

Before he stepped on the accelerator, Alora took a deep breath. "Thank you for tonight."

Although his way was not quite right, he still gave her an unforgettable experience. The black Maserati rumbled away.

Alora looked in the direction he left and sighed silently.

She did not know if he had heard her thanks. Another gust of night wind blew, and she

subconsciously tightened her clothes. When her fingers touched his coat, the woman's lips inexplicably rose.

The next morning, when Alora woke up, the man beside her was still sleeping quietly.

The early morning sun made the corners of his face softer.

His eyes were closed and his face was full of tiredness. It seemed that he had just fallen asleep.

Alora lightly stepped off the bed, tucked him in the corner, and went to the servant's room to wash up with the toiletries.

When making breakfast, Alora specially prepared a portion for Samir and told the servant to heat it up for him when he woke up. "Not bad, not bad. Mommy knows how to love Daddy. Their relationship has improved a step further!" Sitting at the dining table, James bit his small spoon and stared at Alora's face with a smile. "Mommy, when can I have a little sister?"

Alora blushed. She did not want to answer directly, nor did she want to embarrass the little fellow. So she smiled and changed the topic. "Why do you want a younger sister and not a younger brother?"

"I am the younger brother of Steve, and I can do whatever I want to Steve every day."

James rolled his eyes. "If you give me a younger brother like me, I will be annoyed to death!" "It's good that you know." Steve looked at him indifferently.

After breakfast, the driver sent Alora to Film City. As soon as she entered the set, she saw Celia sitting on the set with her legs crossed proudly and with a script in her hand. The other performers on the side complained with a face full of resentment, "This online celebrity is disgusting. I wonder how she became the second female lead overnight."

"It seems that Truett really loves her. He actually made the producer replace the original second female lead with her..."

As Alora flipped through today's filming arrangements, she listened to the gossip of the performers and sighed in her heart.

It turned out that the one that Truett and Celia met last night was the producer of the TV series *White Hair Like Snow*.

It turned out that Truett had been groveling to help Celia get the role of the second female lead.

In the past, when she was with Truett, he was the apple of her eye. She had taken care of him in all possible ways. On the surface, Alora had been Truett's girlfriend. As an inconspicuous substitute for difficult martial arts moves in the crew, she used to be his agent and assistant. She had done all the work that could be done for him.

Now, Truett was willing to risk everything for Celia.

By the time she finished sighing, the filming had been completed.

Today, most of the scenes in this studio were scenes of Truett and Celia. Without Sherry's part, there was no need for a substitute.

Therefore, Alora stretched, informed the deputy director, and got up to leave. "Are you going to Sherry's studio?" a familiar little performer greeted her.

"Yes."

"There are no scenes for her here. I'll go over there to see if I can help." Alora smiled.

"You are really attentive." Just as she finished speaking, a cold voice rang out.

It was Celia.

Alora ignored her and prepared to leave. "Don't think that you can rest assured just

because you have someone like Sherry as your backer.” Celia crossed her arms around her chest and looked at Alora’s back arrogantly. “A substitute will always be a substitute.”

Alora smiled. “A third party will always be a third party. Even if she is the real girlfriend now, it won’t change the fact that she had seduced someone else’s boyfriend.” After that, she lifted her leg and strode away. Celia stared at her back with eyes full of hatred. “What does she mean? Celia is a third party?”

“That seems to be the case, but didn’t Truett have no girlfriend before?” “Could it be that Truett had hidden his relationship before, and then...” Behind her, a few female actors gathered together and discussed in low voices. Celia turned around and glared at them fiercely. “Mind your own business!” “We didn’t say it. It was Alora who said it. If you want to vent your anger, don’t aim it at us.” Celia narrowed her eyes.

Alora!

It seemed that she had been too kind to her before!

HAPPY MOMMY HAPPY DADDY CHAPTER 28

Chapter 28 Why Should I Help Her?

When Alora arrived at Sherry’s studio, she found that the atmosphere in the studio was oppressive and terrible.

The director was drinking tea in a huff.

Sherry sat in the corner with a pale face, her fingers tightly holding the script.

“What’s going on?” Alora carefully moved to Henry’s side and asked in a low voice.

“It’s an inner monologue.” Henry lowered his voice, “This scene needs to focus on Sherry’s emotional changes. She needs to go through anger, ecstasy, despair, and relief in one go.” “Sister Sherry took this scene five or six times yesterday, and the director asked her to go home and calm down. Today she still couldn’t make it.” After saying that, Henry sighed with emotion, “It’s not Sherry’s first-day filming. This kind of performance is really too difficult.”

Alora pursed her lips and slowly walked towards Sherry. She sat down on the chair beside her.

“Is it okay if I could take a look?”

Sherry was extremely annoyed. She was even more annoyed when she heard Alora. Feeling upset, she was too lazy to care about the identity of the woman in front of her.

Sherry directly threw the script at Alora, “let’s see.”

“What do you know as a stunt double?”

Alora pursed her lips and took the script. She simply glanced at it and combined it with the plot. She asked Henry for paper and a pen to write and draw on the paper. There were people around to comfort Sherry, but they were all coldly rejected by Sherry. In the end, the director came over and gave Sherry an ultimatum, “This scene must be finished this morning!”

Sherry was not satisfied with her act in front of the mirror. In the end, she angrily smashed two mirrors.

“Try this.”

When Sherry broke the second mirror, Alora finally stopped writing and smiled at Sherry. “The female lead is supposed to have these emotions because she is thinking

of these three moments.”

“I hope this can help you,” she said as she handed the paper over. “Miss Van, don’t make things worse.” Henry rolled his eyes at her. “Sherry is already annoyed enough.” Sherry pursed her lips and took the paper. She glanced at it casually. Suddenly, her eyes began to shine. Why hadn’t she thought of it?

So she faced the mirror and began to perform again.

This time, she didn’t throw the mirror.

Half an hour later, Sherry sat in front of the camera and finished the performance.

She did not waste any more time and film.

The director gave Sherry a thumbs-up. “As expected of the film queen, Sherry, you can adjust your state so quickly. Amazing!” “Thank you.”

At lunchtime, Sherry brought Alora to a high-end restaurant opposite Film City. “I underestimated you in the past.” She smiled and looked at Alora. “However, you have such a good ability to understand and empathize. Why do you always have to be a stunt double in Film City?”

“With your looks, temperament, and your skills, if you really want to establish yourself in the entertainment circle, you will be very good.” “I don’t intend to be an actor. It’s good to be a stunt double.” Alora smiled as she ate the boiled fish.

“You do this for money, right?” Sherry frowned. “As an official actor, you can earn a lot more than being a martial arts substitute.” “I have a past. If I offend someone in the future and get exposed, I won’t even be able to be a stunt double.” Alora smiled.

“I am happy with what I have now.”

Sherry did not expect this reason. After a long silence, she raised her head and looked at Alora. “In the future, if I have such a problem again...”

“You can ask me anything.”

“I have experience in this field,” Alora said hurriedly.

After all, even Celia, who hadn’t graduated from junior high school, had become Golden Ox Award’s best candidate with the help of Alora.

“Then why don’t you be my exclusive stunt double in the future. I won’t treat you unfairly.”

“Thank you, boss!” Alora nodded as she ate.

Sherry smiled and took out her phone to send a message to Alexander Rowan. “What kind of history does your little aunt have?”

Her history?

Looking at the message on the phone, Alexander frowned and glanced at the man who was still working in the distance. “Uncle.”

“Speak.” Samir did not look up.

“What kind of past does your wife have?”

“Her past?” the noble and proud man stopped writing.

“Yes.”

Alexander got up from the sofa and showed the phone to Samir, “The person I arranged has already suggested that she should be an official actress, but she refused, saying that she had a dark history.”

The man raised his hand and closed the document lightly. “I have known her for less than a month, I am not sure.”

Alexander: “...” “Uncle, you don’t even know her, yet you married her?” The noble and

proud man picked up another document and opened it. He nodded as he looked at it. "Then why did you marry her?" Alexander rolled his eyes. "Steve likes her."
"James likes her too."
The man looked up at him indifferently. "Is this reason enough?" Alexander: "..."
"This reason is enough." "It's just that Little Uncle, you are the one who married her, not the two little brats. You only think about them and don't consider whether you like her or not?" "I won't like any woman." "So whoever Steve and James like is the suitable one."
As he spoke, the man picked up a pen and began to edit the numbers in the document. "I'll leave it to you to investigate."
Alexander: "..."
It was as if he had dug a pit and buried himself?
In the afternoon, Alora continued to help Sherry analyze the script. While Sherry was filming, Alora went to the supermarket outside the set to buy water. When she returned to the set, she passed by Truett and Celia's film studio. A few performers were gossiping. "Truett's girlfriend really makes me laugh to death. She can't even perform such a simple character!" "With this acting ability, she is actually the hot candidate for this year's Golden Ox Award." "I really don't know how she became an actress."
Hearing their words, Alora couldn't help but laugh.
Celia had never got professional training. She could act in the past because of the emotions and character analysis that Alora had done for her! Now that she had left her, she didn't expect Celia to be so disappointing.
"Alora!"
Just as she was about to leave, a male voice called out to her. It was Truett. He strode over and pulled her to the side. "I know that Sherry doesn't need a stunt double today. You are free all day today."
With that, he stuffed Celia's script into her hands. "Go and analyze it for Celia. The sooner the better." "She can't continue acting anymore!"
"Why should I help her?" Alora glanced at the script in her hand and smiled.

HAPPY MOMMY HAPPY DADDY CHAPTER 29

Chapter 29 Bitch! How Dare You Seduce My Boyfriend?

"Back then, when Celia was planning to enter the entertainment industry, you were the one who said that you would help her," Truett said with a displeased expression. "It's only been a year, and you're already going back on your word?"
"In that case, you also said that you would marry me and be with me for the rest of my life." Alora sneered.
What she wanted to say was, since Truett could go back on his word, why would she have to keep her promise?
However, to Truett, these words had a different meaning. "Alora, I've made it very clear. With my status and identity, I won't marry a woman who has given birth to a child."
"I understand your feelings for me, but I'm already with Celia. Let's be friends in the future."
Alora was stunned. After a while, she finally understood what this man meant. Did he think that the reason she brought up his previous promise was that she was still reluctant to part with him? What kind of peerless fool was this?

"Moreover, you are already married. You betrayed me first. You can't criticize me and refuse to analyze the script for Celia because of this."

Alora: "..."

She snorted coldly and threw the script at Truett. "Take your script and get lost!"

She had really been blind back then to have loved such a man!

"Alora!"

Seeing that she was about to leave, Truett gritted his teeth and rushed forward again with the script in hand. "I will pay you!"

"Help me, for the sake of money, okay?"

Money?

Alora paused. She took a deep breath, turned around, and smiled at Truett. "Speaking of money, I remember now." "Five years ago, when Mr. Uriel used the money I earned, you once said that when you had money, you would pay it back double."

"When is Mr. Uriel going to pay back the one million you owe me?"

"Okay, I can analyze the script for Celia this time, for two hundred thousand."

"If Mr. Uriel gets the 1.2 million ready, I will make this analysis for her. How about it?"

Truett's face suddenly became ugly!

He gritted his teeth and stared at Alora fiercely. "You are asking for too much!"

"Not willing?"

Alora combed her hair and smiled faintly. "Then go find someone else."

After that, she turned around and strode away. Truett stood in place and stared at her back.

In the evening, just as Alora left Film City, she was stopped by someone.

"The director wants to add a temporary set of scenes. Sherry has already left, so only you can go to replace her."

The woman frowned. Before she could speak, the man gasped and added, "There is an extra overtime fee."

"Good!"

After following that person to the set, Alora regretted it.

This temporarily added scene was the scene between Sherry and Truett.

It was already a little dark. In addition to the director and two stage supervisors, there was only her, Truett, and Celia who had been drinking milk tea in the distance. "Go get changed!"

The director hurriedly pushed her to the dressing room.

Alora sighed.

Although she was unwilling in her heart, since she was already here, she still had to do what she needed to do.

As soon as she took off her shirt, the door of the locker room opened. Alora almost instinctively protected her chest. "So flat-chested, and yet you are afraid of being seen?"

Celia stood at the door with her arms crossed. Her cold gaze swept over the wound on Alora's shoulder that was bandaged. "Tsk tsk, it's been so many days, and the injury hasn't healed yet?"

The injury on Alora's shoulder was the result of Celia having changed the fake prop into a real knife with a sharp edge the other day on the set next door. Frowning, Alora turned around and began to change into her costume with her back to Celia. "You have specially come to the locker room to see if my injury has healed?"

"Of course not." "Alora, you'd better shut your mouth in the future." Celia crossed her arms around her chest and said with a hint of ridicule on her lips. "What you said today has already caused a bad impact on me." Alora smiled.

"What did I say today?" she asked, pursing her lips as she buttoned up her clothes.

"The third party part?"

After that, she turned to look at Celia's flustered and exasperated face. "Aren't you though?"

"I'm just warning you not to talk nonsense. If you make things difficult for me, I won't let you have a good time either."

"You just got married to Mr. Rowan. If he knows that you were pregnant with another man's child five years ago, and that you gave birth to a stillborn..."

"Won't he think that you are dirty and that you are unlucky?" Alora's hand, which was changing into a costume, suddenly stopped.

When she married Samir, she had really thought that he was as ugly, old, and cruel as the rumors said.

Therefore, she did not think that her past would have any effect on him.

But in fact, Mr. Rowan was young, handsome, calm, and responsible. He was patient and serious about the two children, and he was also guilty and loyal to Steve and James' mother.

And she... had once done something that would be despised and undignified for a scumbag like Truett.

If he knew about her past...

Alora gritted her teeth and did not dare to continue thinking about it.

Seeing that Alora did not speak, Celia smiled proudly. "Scared? If you're scared, then shut your mouth!" After saying that, she proudly left with her head held high. Alora was alone in the dark dressing room, staring blankly for a long time. It was not until the staff outside knocked on her door to let her go out to film that she came back to her senses and hurriedly ran out. What the director wanted to film was a scene where the male and female lead confronted each other. With her back to the camera, Alora looked at Truett in front of her, and what appeared in her mind was Samir's cold face.

Truett sneered, raised his hand, and grabbed Alora's left shoulder. His fingers directly pressed the wound on Alora's shoulder!

Her face turned pale from the pain, and she lost her balance and fell forward. Truett held Alora by the waist like a hero saving a damsel in distress.

A strange smell came from the man, and Alora turned pale and instinctively began to reject his touch.

Her stomach was rolling with nausea.

She hurriedly raised her hand to push Truett away, but Truett held her tightly. No matter how she struggled, she could not struggle free!

Until Celia rushed over and slapped Alora hard in the face. "Bitch! How dare you seduce my boyfriend?"

After she slapped her, Truett, who had been holding Alora tightly, suddenly released his hand. Alora was hit hard enough to stagger back a few steps, and hit her head directly on the camera behind her. The intense pain made her involuntarily bend down, hugging her head and squatting on the ground, unable to stand up for a long time. Her head was pounding, but she could vaguely hear the sounds of Celia scolding Truett and him

fawning over her. She was helped up by someone and sent to the lounge backstage. Alora rested on the dressing table for a long time before she finally recovered. When she looked up again, it was dark in front of her and the outside was also dark. She turned on the flashlight on her phone and went out, only to find that the door of the lounge could not be opened.

Looking out of the window, the set was also silent and dark. She had been locked in an empty set.

HAPPY MOMMY HAPPY DADDY CHAPTER 30

Chapter 30 Daddy, You Are Despicable and Shameless

There was only the sound of the wind and the sound of Alora's even breathing.

"Ding-"

There was a notification from the phone that the battery was too low.

Alora was stunned and quickly turned off the flashlight, wanting to call her friend with the last bit of battery.

But as soon as the number was dialed out, the screen of the phone turned black.

There was no electricity.

Endless darkness engulfed her. . Alora felt like her heart was about to jump out of her chest. The silent air and silent darkness around her were like a giant beast with its mouth wide open, about to swallow her!

She was afraid of the dark.

The woman looked at the moonlight outside the window in despair and began to cry for help like a madwoman.

"Is there anyone?"

"Someone come!"

"Is anyone here?" She knocked on the locked door with all her might, trying to make a louder noise. Until her hands hurt and her throat was hoarse, but no one came. In the end, Alora leaned against the door in despair.

The wound on her shoulder began to hurt again.

The strength that Truett had used to pinch her shoulder was too great. She could even feel that her wound had been torn open by Truett's fingers.

However, when she just woke up, the fear of darkness surpassed the pain on her shoulder.

Now that it was quiet, she could clearly feel the unbearable pain.

She closed her eyes. The experience from five years ago began to replay in front of her eyes, the man from five years ago, and the dead fetus in her stomach five years ago.

"Your lips are so soft, so sweet..."

"Shameless bastard!"

"You don't have any personality at all!"

"You can't even protect a child. Why don't you die?"

"The child is dead, and you still want money? Bah!"

She was so stiff that she didn't dare move a muscle, as if the past would press down on her and make her unable to breathe. Her tears began to fall silently. She gripped her hair tightly with her fingers, trying to wake herself up with the pain.

But all of this was futile... After an unknown period of time.

“Bang-!” the door to the lounge was kicked open. As the door opened, everything around lit up in an instant. Alora quickly raised her head.

At the door stood Samir, who was wearing a military green windbreaker. His body was tall and straight.

The lights in the corridor illuminated his entire body. She looked at him and saw him approaching her step by step. It was as if her heart had been fiercely hit by something. At that moment, she felt that he was light.

That light could dispel all darkness and nightmares.

“Alora.”

He walked to her side and called out her name in a low voice. Her nose instantly turned sour.

Almost instinctively, she opened her arms and threw herself directly into his arms. “Mr. Rowan...”

The woman’s arms hugged him tightly. From her trembling body, he could feel her fear. The man lowered his eyes. “You’re fine now.” His comforting words caused Alora’s tears to surge as if they had broken a dike.

The woman’s tears soaked his windbreaker, wetting his chest. “Fortunately, you came...”

“I thought I was going to die!”

“You won’t.” “Let’s go home,” the man said as he picked her up.

“Yes.”

The woman nodded her head vigorously. Her small hands gripped his shirt tightly as her body trembled.

Samir carried her and strode out of the lounge.

Outside, Film City’s boss, the person in charge of the set, and all of Film City’s management were respectfully divided into two rows and guarding the door. When they saw Samir walk out of the lounge with a woman in his arms, they lowered their heads and held their breath, not daring to breathe.

It was not until the man carried Alora to the side of the car that the Film City’s boss summoned the courage to catch up, “Mr. Rowan, it was really an accident.”

“Normally, such an accident would not have happened...”

Samir raised his head indifferently. His gaze and voice were sharp, “Usually, this kind of accident would not have happened to others. Is this a special gift for me?” The man’s voice was indifferent and cold, but the deterrence contained in it made the boss’s heart fiercely tremble!

He hurriedly shook his head, and his voice trembled. “I will investigate it thoroughly...”

“You have one day to do it.”

Someone opened the car door. Samir gently placed the woman in his arms on the back seat of the car. “If I can’t find the specific person, I will assume that you are targeting me.”

After that, he gracefully got into the car and the black Maserati drove away.

Boss Taylor stood there humbly until the shadow of the car could no longer be seen. Only then did he let out a long sigh of relief. Check it for me! Check it all night!”

“Do you want to check who the woman just now is and what is her relationship with Mr. Rowan?” Someone carefully came over.

Boss Taylor gave him a cold glance, "Do you think you have lived too long? How dare you investigate the matter of Mr. Rowan?"

The man left dejectedly.

However...

Boss Taylor slightly raised the corner of his lips. Since the person that Mr. Rowan loved was in his Film City, this was his opportunity to rise up!

The Maserati sped on the empty street at midnight.

Alora laid in Samir's arms and fell into a deep sleep. The woman's fair and small hands tugged at the fabric on the front of his windbreaker. Even though she was asleep, her small hands were still tightly clutching his clothes, not relaxing in the slightest.

Samir raised his hand and tucked the hair on her temples behind her ears.

The woman's facial features were small and delicate. When she was asleep, her long eyelashes were like butterflies that gently trembled on her face.

"Don't touch me!"

"No, I beg you, please don't..."

As if having a very difficult nightmare, the woman tightened her grip on his shirt, her face full of pain.

Samir frowned and tightened his grip on her arm.

"She should be afraid of the dark."

After giving Alora a system check, Mark Edmundson sighed lightly, "Her symptoms are her stress reactions to darkness."

After saying that, he looked up at Samir, "Has she suffered any stimulation in the past?"

"I don't know," Samir shook his head.

His understanding of her was limited to the information provided by the Van family.

Today, Alexander had asked him about her past, but he did not know.

Now that Mark asked him, he still did not know what kind of stimulation she had suffered.

In the past, he only thought that she was a simple girl like a piece of white paper, but now, he found that he really did not understand her past at all.

This kind of feeling made him inexplicably a little agitated. "What kind of stimulation could make her become like this?"

"Are you sure you want me to tell you?" Mark was silent for a moment.

The man glanced at him coldly. His eyes seemed to be able to kill.

"You were the one who asked me to say it."

"Actually, there is no pattern to this reaction." Mark cleared his throat.

"Like that woman's death became your trauma, in that respect, she has a stress reaction to darkness because something bad must have happened in the darkness."

Even the sound of a needle falling to the ground in the study room could have been heard clearly.

"I will say it again, I have no problem in any respect." The man sitting on the main seat was cold.

"Hmph, bragging!"

As soon as the man finished speaking, the door to the study room was pushed open. "If you have no problem, why don't you get Mommy to give me a sister?" James stood at the door with his hands on his hips.

Mark: "..."

This little brat really dared to say it! Samir took out his phone and dialed a number.
“Your good grandson James will play chess with you for a whole day tomorrow.”
James: ”
“Daddy, you are despicable and shameless!”