

## HAPPY MOMMY HAPPY DADDY CHAPTER 3

### Chapter 3 In the Future, I Will Protect You

Alora busied herself in the kitchen for twenty minutes. She made a Japanese rice omelet and some potato and cheese pancakes. Together, they were served at the dining table, "Little Steve, come and eat!" Steve glanced at the time. There were still fifteen minutes before eight. He jumped down from the sofa and gracefully walked over. He sat down at the dining table.

Upstairs, little James wiped the saliva from the corner of his mouth and snorted. "Although it smells good, it probably won't taste good."

"Delicious." Steve said as he took a bite of the food as if he had heard the voice of his brother upstairs. "If it tastes good, I will continue to cook for you in the future." Alora smiled. "Oh right, you're here so late at night. Where's your family?" she asked. "You're the child of Mr. Rowan's friend?" she asked. She had never heard of Mr. Rowan having a child before. The little fellow frowned and nodded. "Yes," she said. "Sure enough." "I didn't expect that although this Mr. Rowan is a little ugly, his heart is very kind." Alora nodded lightly. At the very least, his friend's child was at ease here like he was in his own home. This proved that Mr. Rowan was not as ruthless as the rumors said.

"He is not ugly." Steve took a bite of the rice as he said in a low voice. Upstairs, a man glanced at the little guy who was drooling beside him. His eyes seemed to say, "Look at your brother, then look at you." One tried his best to protect his noble appearance, and the other wanted everyone to know that he was a monster. "I just don't want a stranger to be my mommy," James pouted and said. Samir frowned slightly and turned to leave. Downstairs, it was already 8:10 when Little Steve finished eating. He ate very slowly and carefully. Finally, he packed the remaining two pancakes on a small plate and turned to go upstairs. "You should sleep early." When he reached the last step, he turned his head and glanced at Alora, who was still standing in the same place, and said coolly, "Don't worry."

"In the future, I will protect you."

Although he was young, it was difficult to hide his noble and proud temperament. When he looked back and spoke like this, his eyes were overbearing and he did not look like a five-year-old child.

Alora was stunned for a moment.

She looked at his little back and did not know whether to laugh or cry. Even if she found it difficult to adapt to this environment, she didn't need a child to protect her, right? Turning around, Alora began to clean up the kitchen and dining room. When everything was cleaned up, she did not dare to go back to the terrifying bedroom from before. In the end, the woman sighed and lay down on the sofa, covering herself with a coat. In

the children's room upstairs. Steve placed the fragrant cheese and potato pancakes on James' bedside. The little fellow faced the wall and turned his back on Steve. "I won't eat it."

"Oh."

Steve placed the plate of potato pancakes on his bed again. ..." James.

He pursed his lips and began to mutter, "Didn't you say that we should work together and not let a stranger be our mommy?" "You betrayed us so quickly, traitor!" Steve sat back on his small bed and glanced at his brother's back. "She cooks delicious food." "Even if she cooks delicious food, she is not our mommy!" "I want my own, my real mommy!" James scratched the wallpaper on the wall with his little finger. On the opposite bed, Steve sighed. He looked at the ceiling and said quietly, "But our biological mother is dead." He was more mature than his younger brother, so he knew very well that his biological mother would not be able to come back. Daddy should not be single for the rest of his life. The woman downstairs was not bad. "She is not dead." "Mommy is definitely still alive, and waiting for us to find her!" James clenched his fists. Steve closed his eyes and ignored him.

The children's room suddenly became quiet, and the fragrance of cheese floated in the air. In the end, the little bun got up from the bed, stood on his tiptoes, carefully moved to his brother's bedside, picked up a piece of potato pancake and ate it. The moment it entered his mouth, the little fellow's bright eyes instantly lit up. This was too delicious! It was ten thousand times better than the food cooked by the servants at home! "Take the plate down when you're finished." When James ate the second one, the tender voice of the little dumpling lying on the bed sounded, "Also, don't scare her in the future." "She's under my protection." James, ..." "Brother, you are being very abnormal." He pursed his lips. In the past, Steve was indifferent to his pranks. Why did he start defending that woman today? Was it because the food she made was delicious? With this in mind, he took a bite of the potato pancake. It was indeed delicious.

After eating the potato pancakes, James went downstairs to return the dish. Coming down from upstairs, he saw the woman sleeping on the sofa at a glance. She was curled up and shivering. He walked over and looked at her clean, pure, pale face. She was quite good-looking, and her cooking was delicious.

If only she were his biological mother...

In her sleep, Alora felt a gaze staring at her. She suddenly woke up and saw the little fellow from before. At this moment, he was holding a plate and staring at her. She rubbed her sleepy eyes. "You... haven't eaten enough?" Why was he looking at her with a plate? James pursed his lips. He knew that she had mistaken him for her brother, but he still nodded. He was indeed not full. Looking at the little fellow's handsome and cute little face, Alora's heart almost melted. She raised her hand and pinched his face. "Then Auntie will cook for you again." After that, she walked into the kitchen while silently

cursing. Didn't he say that he wouldn't eat past eight? Moreover... she had also cooked quite a lot before... Alora simply cooked some light food for him that was suitable for children to eat. The little fellow ate it all.

Alora was stunned,

This child's appetite... wasn't it a little too big? Especially when the little fellow in front of her handed her the bowl and asked her to add more rice. When he finished eating, Alora finally couldn't help but ask, "Little Steve, don't you think... your appetite is a little big?"

James was startled, and then he smiled slyly, "Yes, I can eat a lot." "Make me something delicious in the future. I want two servings!" he said as he stretched out two tender fingers. After saying that, he thought for a moment, afraid that his brother would leave him something he didn't like, so he emphasized, "Make two identical servings!" Alora was a little shocked, but she still nodded and smiled as she put away the tableware. "I understand. A child of your age is still growing." She handed the gift she had prepared for Mr. Rowan, a box of biscuits that she had personally made, to James. "This is for you," she said. With that, she smiled and raised her hand to rub the little fellow's head, James blushed and quickly went upstairs with the biscuits. Only then did Alora take a deep breath, return to the sofa and continue to sleep. Upstairs. The luxurious and expensive phone vibrated twice on the table. The man picked up the phone with his slender fingers and opened it. [Baby Steve: She passes.] It was a voice message. The little guy was eating the biscuits while saying, "She passes for now. I actually don't like her." "But her cooking is too delicious. For my stomach, I plan to compromise." The man put down the phone and raised his hand to point at the desk. "Arrange it. We will register our marriage tomorrow."