

HAPPY MOMMY HAPPY DADDY CHAPTER 5

Chapter 5 Do You Know What True Bullying Is?

Samir opened the door with a grumpy face. The room was reeking of alcohol. On the coffee table, there were several bottles of wine that he had collected for many years. Each worth millions. At this moment, the bottles of wine were completely empty.

A certain woman was lying on the sofa, her cheeks flushed as she scolded a man. Occasionally, she would mention the name, Mr. Rowan,

It was a mess.

The man's face had a trace of displeasure.

She had just gotten a marriage certificate with him, and she was already revealing her true colors? Hearing the noise coming from the door, Alora burped and turned around, "Who are you?"

She was intoxicated and had already lost her sense of propriety. When she saw a person coming in from the door, she stood up and greeted

him

This was a man with a high nose, thin lips, and sharp eyebrows. His lines were as sharp as knives and he was a very handsome man.

He was as handsome as Truett. No, he was Truett... How dare he appear in front of her! Alora pursed her lips in anger. She raised her hand and wanted to slap him, but the man grabbed her wrist. "How much did you drink?" Samir asked with a hint of anger in his cold eyes. "I didn't drink..." Her body was so soft that she couldn't stand steadily after being held by him. "Truett, I miss you so much." She threw herself at him and wrapped her arms around his waist. "Truett, don't blame me for being dirty, okay? I didn't mean to..." she cried softly, her face flushed like a girl who had just fallen in love. The woman's tears, through the thin fabric of her shirt, dampened his strong waist. Samir frowned, his face gloomier than the rainy weather. He lowered his eyes to look at her. At this moment, the woman's small hands were tightly holding his waist. She was cute. However, she was looking at him with eyes full of love. Her little red mouth was calling out to another man.

The man reached out his hand and picked up the woman. He strode upstairs.

In the bathtub upstairs, there was hot water prepared by Alora for Samir.

At this time, the water was so cold that it was bone-chilling.

“Splash!”

The drunk and unconscious Alora was directly thrown into the bathtub.

The white T-shirt on her body clung tightly to her body after being drenched in water, outlining her graceful figure. Even though the bathtub was freezing cold, Samir felt some warmth because of her. He actually hated women. Ever since he hurt that woman five years ago, he instinctively disliked women. No woman could touch him, not even his sister. But today, being hugged by Alora, this little drunkard, he did not feel disgusted at all. He even felt a little... enjoyment. “It’s so cold...” In the bathtub, the woman curled up. She drank too much strong liquor, and the cold water not only did not wake her up, but it made her even more unbridled. “Truett.” Alora lay weakly in the bathtub and called out Truett’s name in a delicate voice. “I’m so cold.” She reached out and grabbed Samir’s trousers. “Can you hug me?” The woman’s eyes were blurred and her face was flushed. She looked at him like a spoiled child. “Can you carry me out? I’m so cold...” Her ending tone was like a touch of chocolate as it streaked across Samir’s heart. It had been a long time since he had felt this way. He had to admit that she was very different. However, she was still calling out to that man called Truett. “Who am I?” asked the man as he squatted down and held her chin with one hand. “You are Truett,” said Alora, pursing her lips. There was only Truett in her intoxicated eyes. The man frowned furiously and pressed her head into the bathtub.

The bone-piercing cold water surrounded her head, but she still couldn’t find her reason. Her entire body struggled helplessly in the bathtub. After a while, he let go and stared at her with his cold eyes. “Who am I?” “Ray, mond.” Again. Alora choked to tears. She looked at him with tears in her eyes. “Then tell me, who are you?” “Call me husband.” Samir raised his hand and rubbed her moist lips. “Hubby...” The woman was aggrieved.

This made Samir feel an impulse that he had not felt for a long time, “Don’t let me soak in cold water.” Alora reached out and held his face in her hands. “I’ve already called you husband. You can’t bully me.” She was beautiful, to begin with, and now, she was drunk and crying. Her entire being was like a rose. The man looked at her and said in a low voice, “Little drunkard.” “Do you know what bullying is?” Alora looked at him with her pure white eyes and shook her head. The man’s voice was hoarse. “I’ll teach you.” As soon as he finished speaking, there was another person in the bathtub.

The next day. Early morning arrived as promised. The dazzling sunlight pierced through the glass window and projected into the room. The curtains were pulled open and a man stood by the window. His back was facing her and he was looking out of the window. The man was tall and straight. His back alone revealed a lazy nobility and arrogance.’, Alora woke up from her sleep with a headache. Last night, she had a very wild dream. She actually took a romantic couple’s bath with a handsome man on her wedding night and successfully made Mr. Rowan a cuckold. Everything in the dream was too emotional. She pondered for a long time before slowly opening her eyes. When she opened her eyes, she saw the man’s cold back. Alora was so shocked that she could not even speak clearly. “You, you, you!” “Who are you!?” Why was there a man in

her room? This man was tall and straight. Even if it was a back view, she knew that it was definitely not Mr. Rowan! Who was that!? Could it be that she had really cheated on Mr. Rowan? Hearing the shocked voice of the woman behind him, Samir frowned and turned to look at her, "Don't drink in the future." Last night, she drank a few million yuan from him. Even if he didn't care about money, he still felt bad about those rare bottles. After that, he lifted his leg and left coldly. Alora was shocked on the bed for a long time. She remembered that she drank some wine last night because after seeing the news about Truett and Celia, she was a little uncomfortable.

Later...

"No way?" The woman looked at the bruises and scars on her body and wanted to cry but had no tears. Last night was the wedding night of her and Mr. Rowan. Not only did she not get Mr. Rowan, but she had also given herself to a stranger...

All the rumors about Mr. Rowan's ruthlessness instantly drilled into her ears. Alora even imagined that she would die a terrible death in the future... That pervert who cuckolded Mr. Rowan had even stayed behind to tell her not to drink in the future? In the future, even if she was given ten guts, she would never drink again! Just as she was clutching her head in frustration, the door was knocked open. "I'm hungry." Little Steve, who was dressed in light yellow, silently crawled in.