

Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It #Chapter 1: Goodbye, Mr. Sloan - Read Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It Chapter 1: Goodbye, Mr. Sloan

"I am your mother! What kind of attitude is that?! Your sister is pregnant with Nathaniel's child. Hurry up and divorce him, and don't force my hand!"

SLAP.

Accompanied by the angry scolding, a harsh slap landed heavily across Estelle Lockwood's face.

Estelle looked up at Rose Lowell, the woman who claimed to be her mother. She was over nine months pregnant, waiting alone in the hospital to give birth. When the nurses mentioned she had visitors, she thought her parents had finally remembered her. She never expected to be greeted with the words, "Your sister is pregnant with your husband's child."

"Rose, what are you doing? Estelle is our biological daughter, after all," Mr. Lockwood said.

Yes, she was their biological daughter, while Noelle was not. When she was little, due to Rose's negligence, Estelle was abducted by human traffickers and had her life swapped with her so-called sister, Noelle Lockwood, for eighteen years. And she hadn't been brought home out of her parents' guilt, but simply because Noelle had fallen ill and needed her bone marrow.

Mr. Lockwood continued, "Estelle, I know you don't want a divorce, but don't blame us for being biased. If you hadn't come back, Nathaniel and Noelle would have been married a long time ago. "

"Your marriage to Nathaniel is a mistake. If you have any conscience at all, you should return him to Noelle, shouldn't you?"

Rose glared at Estelle. "Enough! Why waste breath on this ungrateful wretch? She refuses to do things the easy way, so she'll have to learn the hard way!"

Before leaving, Mr. Lockwood placed a divorce agreement in front of Estelle. "Look, Nathaniel has already signed it. Just be a good girl and do as you're told, and you'll save yourself a lot of suffering."

Estelle quietly watched them leave, the last shred of familial affection in her heart vanishing completely. She used to yearn for their approval and their love so desperately. Thinking about it now, this so-called familial bond felt like nothing more than a joke.

And then there was the man she loved so deeply...

Estelle looked down at the signed divorce agreement and dialed Nathaniel Sloan's number.

Outside the ward, two nurses chatting. "Guess who I just saw? Nathaniel Sloan and the

big star, Noelle Lockwood!"

Estelle's fingertips paused.

One of the nurses said excitedly, "Noelle said her stomach hurt, and her fiancé stayed by her side the entire time! They even took the VIP channel. He looked so incredibly attentive!"

"What do you mean 'fiancé'? Noelle is going to be Mrs. Sloan any minute now!"

A wave of bitterness welled up in Estelle's chest. "Mrs. Sloan? Then what am I?"

She had been married to Nathaniel for two years, yet to this day, the public still didn't know that she was his actual wife.

"Before getting married, she was protected by the wealthy Lockwood Family. After getting married, she's pampered by Mr. Sloan. She is the absolute epitome of a winner in life. Are all the Lockwoods this lucky?"

"You're overthinking it. There's another pregnant woman here, also a Lockwood. Her father doesn't care about her, her mother doesn't love her, and she's about to give birth, yet her husband hasn't visited her once..."

Her heart felt as if it were being eaten away by acid, a dense, throbbing ache spreading through her chest.

BEEP.

Right at that moment, the call connected.

Nathaniel's voice came through the receiver. "Estelle?"

"Where are you? I want to talk to you in person."

Estelle's voice sounded like fragile glass, ready to shatter at the slightest touch. This realization made Nathaniel frown. He began to question his decision to stay with Noelle. However, Noelle's pregnancy complications were related to Estelle. As Estelle's husband, he felt it was his responsibility to do something.

"I'm busy." His voice betrayed no emotion, but to Estelle's ears, it sounded like pure apathy.

Estelle's eyes reddened. "Busy? Or are you busy keeping Noelle company?"

At that moment, a soft, delicate, and overly sweet female voice chimed in from the other end of the line. "Estelle, it's not like that. I was suddenly injured, and Nathaniel was just too worried about me and the baby. Please, you must not misunderstand."

"Get some good rest first." Nathaniel calmly placated Noelle before taking his phone outside the ward. "Estelle, what exactly is the matter?"

Estelle's voice trembled. "Nathaniel, do you care about Noelle and her child that much? What about our child? Have you accompanied me to the hospital even once?"

"I've already arranged for the best caregivers and nannies to look after you. As for Noelle, the story about you pushing her down the stairs is all over the place. It threatened her pregnancy. Did you expect me to ignore such a huge mess you've made?"

"I told you, I didn't push her!"

A few days ago at a banquet, Noelle had staged her own fall, instantly turning Estelle into the target of everyone's condemnation. Rose had wanted to call the police on the spot, threatening to send her own biological daughter to prison.

Anyone could choose not to believe her, except for Nathaniel. He was her husband. He was supposed to believe her.

"I told you Noelle threw herself down the stairs, but you didn't believe me." Estelle found it laughable, her knuckles turning white as she enunciated every word. "Yet you believe whatever Noelle says. Do you realize that I am your wife?"

Nathaniel paused. "Whether I believe you or not, it won't do you any good if this incident gets any bigger. I will honor my grandfather's wishes and fulfill my duties as your husband."

Estelle's lips twitched, but she couldn't manage a smile.

Old Mr. Sloan had arranged a marriage between Nathaniel and the daughter of the Lockwood Family. In the past, everyone believed that Nathaniel's fiancée was Noelle, never expecting that Noelle was a fake heiress. After Estelle, the true daughter, returned, the marriage arrangement naturally fell to her.

However, Noelle refused to let go. She tried every possible means to become Nathaniel's woman, deliberately framing Estelle time and time again. Consequently, Estelle was reduced to nothing more than a foil for Noelle. Noelle was deemed kindhearted, while Estelle was considered venomous. Noelle was seen as gentle and generous, while Estelle was branded as cunning and malicious.

Even after the wedding, Noelle was still allowed to move into their marital home. She remained Nathaniel's constant female companion, and rumors about their affair continued to fly everywhere... Even though Estelle poured all her love into Nathaniel, she still couldn't change a single thing.

And this marriage, which she had painstakingly tried to build, was it really just "honoring his grandfather's wishes" in Nathaniel's eyes?

How silly she had been.

Estelle suddenly felt that it was all so utterly meaningless. She closed her eyes and made a decision in her heart.

Perhaps because she had stayed silent for too long, the man on the other end of the line slightly lowered his voice. "Get some rest. I'll—"

"Nathaniel. I agree to it. I'll sign."

Nathaniel sounded confused. "What are you talking about? Sign what? Wait for me to go..."

Estelle tucked away her vulnerability. Unwilling to waste even one more word, she cut him off completely. "Goodbye, Mr. Sloan."

Without waiting for Nathaniel to speak again, she hung up the phone decisively and lay on the hospital bed, staring calmly at the ceiling. This marriage had left her physically

and mentally exhausted. She no longer dared to hope for anything. From the moment Nathaniel chose to believe Noelle, she no longer needed him. She didn't want him anymore.

She wanted... to leave.

After the call disconnected, Nathaniel didn't know what had just happened. He simply assumed she was throwing a tantrum due to unstable pregnancy hormones. After instructing the nurses to take good care of Noelle, he left the hospital and headed to his company.

What Estelle had said wasn't entirely unreasonable. He had indeed never accompanied her to the hospital. Firstly, Estelle had always been considerate, understanding that he was busy with work, and had never made such a demand. Secondly, every time he wanted to accompany Estelle, he would inevitably receive a call from Noelle.

Thinking of this, he decided that once his current work was wrapped up tomorrow, he would bring a bouquet of flowers and go visit her. As a husband, he really hadn't been up to par.

Meanwhile, Noelle received a call from her parents. Upon learning that Estelle refused to sign the forged divorce agreement she had prepared, her expression instantly contorted.

She thought, "Why should that country bumpkin monopolize the man who belongs to me? Why did Nathaniel leave the second he got her call? Go to hell, you bitch!"

Fast asleep, Estelle was jolted awake by a sharp, cramping pain in her stomach. When she opened her eyes, all she saw was a sea of flames and the panicked silhouettes of the nurses.

"Fire! Everybody run!"

"There's a pregnant woman going into premature labor over here! What do we do? Somebody, help!"

An unknown amount of time passed before Noelle's voice echoed from afar. "Nathaniel said there's no need to save her! Since she refuses to get a divorce, she can just go to hell with her baby! Nathaniel will have my child, and that's enough!"

By the time Nathaniel rushed to the scene, all he saw was the delivery room billowing with black smoke, and Noelle, covered in blood and filth, holding a newborn baby in her arms.

Noelle produced a suicide note she claimed Estelle had left, explaining that Estelle had taken her own life and that her body had already been reduced to ashes in the fire. She added that if she hadn't risked her own life to rush in, Nathaniel and Estelle's only left child would have perished as well.

Nathaniel stood blankly in front of the ashes for a long time. He should have rushed over the moment he sensed something was wrong with Estelle.

A sudden emptiness hollowed out his heart. It turned out that Estelle was far more important to him than he had ever imagined...

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.