

Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It #Chapter 12: The Chief Perfumer - Read Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It Chapter 12: The Chief Perfumer

Noelle reveled in the crowd's flattery.

In the eyes of others, Estelle would always be an unpresentable adopted daughter, a country bumpkin. No one knew she was the true heiress of the Lockwood Family, nor did anyone know about her marriage to Nathaniel.

Noelle curled her lips in satisfaction. After a long while, she finally feigned an understanding demeanor and hypocritically explained, "Please don't say that, everyone. After all, my sister has passed away, and we should respect the dead. I've long since stopped holding onto what she did when she was alive..."

"You say we should respect the dead and that you don't care anymore, yet in reality, you drag out your 'dead' sister every few days just to belittle her and highlight your own naive innocence."

A sharp female voice cut Noelle off.

Estelle wore a smoky gray mermaid dress, her striking beauty matched only by her cold, aloof temperament. "What a coincidence, Miss Lockwood. We meet again."

Noelle's expression drastically changed. She thought, "Damn it, why is this woman here?"

Gritting her teeth, Noelle looked as though she was on the verge of tears. "You misunderstand me. I never wanted to belittle my sister to elevate myself..."

Desperate to save face, Noelle hatched a plan and abruptly changed the subject. "By the way, why are you here? I seem to recall that you don't have an invitation... Did you use Nathaniel's name to get in?"

Estelle couldn't even be bothered to look at her. "You don't have an invitation either. If you can come, why can't I?"

Noelle's eyes instantly reddened, making her look for all the world like a frightened little rabbit. "I didn't mean it like that..."

The anger of the bystanders was immediately ignited. "Miss Lockwood is Mr. Sloan's fiancée, and Mr. Sloan specifically brought her here to buy perfume! What the hell are you to dare speak to Miss Lockwood like that?"

Estelle raised an eyebrow, her interest piqued. She asked with a smiling face, "It seems Miss Lockwood hasn't introduced my identity to anyone. Why don't you tell them yourself what the hell I am?"

Looking as if she had suffered a great wrong, Noelle spoke with calculated ambiguity. "Please don't make things difficult for Yara. She... she's currently staying at Nathaniel's house. If she wanted to come to the banquet, Nathaniel wouldn't refuse her. Let's just drop it..."

Those words left far too much to the imagination!

Sure enough, her self-appointed protectors instantly blew up. "Staying at Mr. Sloan's house? Doesn't that make her a mistress? Noelle, you're way too easy to bully! Five years ago it was Estelle Lockwood, and now there's another woman. Are you people just so desperate that you insist on stealing Noelle's man?"

"Not to mention, this woman looks quite a bit like Estelle. If Estelle wasn't already dead, I would've thought that bitch had come back. As expected, all mistresses are cut from the same cloth!"

"Show some decency! Miss Lockwood and Mr. Sloan already have a child together. Seducing an attached man will bring down the wrath of heaven, don't you know that? So shameless!"

A flash of gratification crossed Noelle's eyes.

After a long moment, she finally spoke up with feigned anxiety. "You shouldn't talk about Yara like that. She isn't..."

Stopping halfway as if she couldn't explain it clearly, Noelle helplessly turned around. "Yara, how about you leave first? If you also want Star's perfume, I'll have Nathaniel buy a bottle for you too, but right now..."

Estelle scoffed inwardly.

Five years ago, when she was branded with titles like 'mistress,' 'shameless,' and 'bitch,' she had been confused and utterly at a loss. It clearly hadn't been her fault. Nathaniel was clearly her husband, yet she was labeled a mistress. Meanwhile, the real mistress had become the universally praised 'Mrs. Sloan.'

But five years later, Estelle found the entire situation rather amusing. "Oh? Nathaniel is going to buy you Star's perfume?"

"That's right. Nathaniel wants to collaborate with them purely because I like it..." Noelle offered an apologetic smile. "I'm sorry, I said too much just now. But Ms. Lockwood, you cannot afford to offend the people from the Star Group. If they find out you barged in here without an invitation, even I won't be able to help you..."

Before she could finish, a nearby socialite's eyes suddenly lit up. "Look quickly, is that Mr. Sloan?"

"Mr. Sloan is here!"

"Don't be afraid, Noelle. We'll have Mr. Sloan kick this woman out in a minute!"

Estelle subconsciously turned around.

Nathaniel was dressed in a custom-tailored suit that accentuated his tall, slender frame. The man stopped a short distance away, making it impossible to tell how much he had overheard.

Noelle took the initiative to step forward. "Nathaniel..."

"It's so lively over here. What is everyone talking about?"

Right at that moment, another male voice interjected. Only then did the crowd realize

that there was another man standing beside Nathaniel.

Someone recognized him. "That's Henry Kendrick! The Vice President of the Star Group!"

"Mr. Kendrick, you're here at the perfect time. This woman is addicted to being a mistress! Moving into Mr. Sloan's home wasn't enough for her—she actually followed them to the banquet to cause trouble for Noelle. Please kick her out!"

Nathaniel's eyes darkened.

Henry quickly exchanged a glance with Estelle, a smile lingering in his eyes. "A mistress? Mr. Sloan, this is where you're in the wrong.

"How is it that I heard Dr. Yara moved into the Sloan Family's home to treat your son's illness? The doctor makes a house call and is doing her job properly, yet Noelle paints her as a mistress.

"If the Sloan Family doesn't appreciate Dr. Lockwood, why doesn't she just resign and come to our Kendrick Family? The Kendrick Family certainly won't mistreat you, nor will we let any malicious rumors spread."

Nathaniel's gaze swept over Estelle. The face of his deceased wife once again overlapped with the visage of 'Yara.'

Even though this woman was obviously not Estelle, hearing Henry speak up for Yara like this unexpectedly stirred a trace of possessiveness in Nathaniel's heart.

The man's voice was calm and aloof, betraying no emotion. "Thank you for your kindness, Mr. Kendrick, but it won't be necessary. The Sloan Family will not mistreat Dr. Lockwood."

Noelle's face instantly drained of color. The surrounding crowd froze in stunned silence.

They wondered what that meant. Was this Yara really just a family doctor treating the sickly young master of the Sloan Family? But Noelle had clearly just said otherwise...

"Nathaniel, that's exactly what I meant earlier. I said Dr. Lockwood was living at the house... but it seems everyone misunderstood." Able to adapt to the situation, Noelle seamlessly shifted her tone. "Dr. Lockwood, I am truly sorry. I should have finished my sentence."

Estelle practically wanted to applaud Noelle. She was the one who had deliberately misled everyone's thoughts in that direction, yet now she managed to completely wash her hands of it.

The socialite who had just been slapped in the face with the truth flushed crimson. Extremely indignant, she gritted her teeth and held it in for a long time before finally choking out a retort.

"Even if she is a family doctor, Mr. Sloan brought Noelle to this banquet. There's no place for a mere doctor like you! You don't even have an invitation, yet you eagerly ran over here. And you still claim you don't have the intentions of a mistress?!"

Noelle's eyes flickered slightly, but she remained silent.

Nathaniel furrowed his brows slightly. "She is—"

Before he could finish, Henry interrupted him with a light chuckle. "An invitation? Since everyone came here for Star's perfume, do you really not know..."

As if recalling something highly amusing, Henry slowly delivered the rest of his sentence. "...that Yara is Star's Chief Perfumer?"

As his words fell, a dead silence washed over the hall.

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