

Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It #Chapter 13: A Sweet Misunderstanding - Read Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It Chapter 13: A Sweet Misunderstanding

She was that genius Perfumer?! The perfume Noelle had been begging for so long was her creation?

The faces of everyone who had just mocked Estelle instantly drained of color.

Everyone knew that Star was here to select a business partner. They were all representing their respective companies and families at this banquet! Yet, the banquet had barely begun, and they had already offended Star's Chief Perfumer!

Noelle's eyes were practically bulging out of her head. "How is this possible?!" she thought frantically. "How could she be that mysterious Perfumer?! Doesn't this mean I'm being overshadowed by her once again?!"

"My apologies, everyone," Henry announced. "Yara is not in a good mood. She will be heading upstairs to rest for now. We can discuss potential partnerships later."

Henry waved his hand, and a waiter immediately stepped forward, gesturing politely for the crowd to step back. As the representatives from various companies watched Estelle's retreating figure, a wave of anxiety washed over them.

Simultaneously, they began to harbor resentment toward Noelle. Why hadn't she bothered to clarify when everyone was calling Yara a mistress? She had completely doomed them!

Nathaniel's gaze was cold and clear. He paused for two seconds before following after her.

Noelle gritted her teeth. 'No way!' she thought. 'I can't let Nathaniel be alone with that bitch!' Pushing aside any concern about losing face, she hurriedly chased after them.

Inside the lounge.

Estelle rested with her eyes half-closed. Suddenly, she heard a knock on the door. "Who is it?" she asked.

"Me," a cool male voice replied.

Estelle frowned in disgust. What was Nathaniel doing here? Was he trying to vent his anger on behalf of his precious first love?

"What do you want? Do you need something?"

Nathaniel's tone was entirely unreadable. "Open the door."

Estelle's brow furrowed deeper. Who did he think he was? Why should she open the door just because he ordered her to? However, with people constantly walking back and forth in the corridor outside, she didn't want to cause any unnecessary

misunderstandings. Getting up with an expressionless face, she opened the door.
"Make it quick."

"Dr. Lockwood, I'm truly sorry. Nathaniel and I came to apologize to you. Please don't take what happened just now to heart..."

The moment the door opened, she saw Noelle standing next to Nathaniel, her small face covered in tears as she apologized profusely.

Estelle found this highly amusing. A half-smile played on her lips. "Mr. Sloan asked her to apologize to me?"

Nathaniel's gaze was unfathomable. "Yes."

"Oh? And what if I don't accept?"

Nathaniel remained expressionless. "You can state your demands."

Estelle pondered for a long moment before a sudden idea struck her. "Then how about Mr. Sloan comes into my lounge so we can have a private chat?" She heavily emphasized the word "private."

Noelle immediately grew anxious. "Dr. Lockwood, what do you mean by that...?"

Estelle interrupted her with a beaming smile. "I don't mean anything by it. It's just that I've always been the type to believe in an eye for an eye. Miss Lockwood slandered me by calling me a mistress. If I don't act like a mistress, how can I do justice to the insults I just endured?"

As soon as her words fell, Estelle's body suddenly went limp. Nathaniel instinctively reached out to catch her.

Noelle's eyes widened in sheer fury, looking as if they might bleed. 'This bitch!' she thought furiously. 'She's actually throwing herself into Nathaniel's arms!!!'

Estelle's eyes glinted playfully. In the past, when the two of them had intimately hugged and cuddled right in front of her—the actual wife—she had managed to endure it. Yet now, Noelle, the mistress with no official title, couldn't even handle this? What kind of logic was that?

Nathaniel didn't know what had come over him. Seeing Yara lose her footing, his very first thought was actually, 'I can't let her fall.' Almost reflexively, he reached out and pulled the woman into his embrace.

Her soft, warm body carried a faint fragrance. Nathaniel was momentarily dazed before he heard Estelle breathe softly into his ear, "Mr. Sloan, won't your precious little sweetheart misunderstand if she sees you holding me?"

Nathaniel tightened his grip on her waist. "Dr. Lockwood, our three-point agreement clearly stated that you are not allowed to throw yourself at—"

Before he could finish his sentence, the door slammed shut with a loud BANG, completely cutting off Noelle's line of sight.

Estelle's smile vanished in an instant. Shoving the man away in utter disgust, she broke free from his embrace in less than half a second. If it weren't for the sake of provoking

Noelle, who would ever want to get so close to this scumbag?

Nathaniel suddenly felt an emptiness in his arms as the soft warmth slipped away. The man narrowed his eyes slightly, his voice dropping to a husky, dangerous register.

"You're using me?"

Estelle admitted it openly. "What else? Did you seriously think I fell for you? I haven't gone blind yet."

Nathaniel's expression became somewhat subtle for a fleeting moment. For reasons he couldn't explain, the indignation in his heart actually overrode his rationality. What did she mean by that? Falling for him meant she was blind?

Refusing to dwell on it any further, Nathaniel decisively cut to the chase. "Star is looking for a domestic business partner. Evernight International is the most suitable choice."

When the topic shifted to the serious business of making money, Estelle's demeanor turned stern. "But if I remember correctly, Evernight International doesn't have a fragrance division. On the contrary, the Lockwood family built their fortune on perfumes. Is Mr. Sloan negotiating this deal for himself, or for Noelle?"

Nathaniel ignored the blatant sarcasm in her words. "I am negotiating on behalf of my wife."

Estelle was nearly driven to laughter by this man. His wife?

When she had first been recognized and brought back to the Lockwood family, she had genuinely wanted to prove herself and had even secured a few business deals. However, her biological parents—who relentlessly favored their adopted daughter—had told her that what the Lockwood family needed most were perfume partnerships. They claimed that a country bumpkin like her knew absolutely nothing about perfumes and told her to give up on her delusions as soon as possible.

Back then, Estelle had dreamed of landing a perfume deal just to gain her family's approval. Where was Nathaniel's bleeding heart to help her back then? Now that she had been "dead" for five whole years, wasn't it a bit too late for Nathaniel to start shedding crocodile tears?

"President Sloan, if your ex-wife were still alive, I assure you she would never want the Lockwood family to secure Star's partnership!"

Nathaniel completely withdrew the trace of warmth from his eyes, staring coldly at the woman before him. This woman, no matter how much she resembled Estelle, could never be her. He had to remind himself of this fact at all times.

"Dr. Lockwood, the Lockwood family is my wife's maiden home. They were the people she cared about most during her lifetime. I must fulfill her dying wish."

He knew perfectly well just how much Estelle valued her family. She had deeply cherished the relatives she had finally reunited with. She had often murmured about her parents in her sleep, and even when she later committed suicide, she hadn't forgotten to ask him to take care of them. Because of this, whenever Rose Lowell and Noelle came begging for his help, he could never bring himself to refuse.

Estelle decided that this wasn't a deal she absolutely had to make. Too lazy to waste another breath on him, she pointed out, "The door is right there. Let yourself out."

A storm brewed in Nathaniel's eyes. "I am absolutely determined to secure this partnership."

After Nathaniel and Noelle left, Estelle took several deep breaths before she finally managed to calm her racing heart.

Care about the Lockwood family? Five years ago, she had been foolish enough to care about those heartless, ungrateful wretches. The Lockwood family had despised her. Noelle had framed her, repeatedly pinning the label of being ruthless and malicious onto her head.

If Nathaniel had ever truly cared about her, wouldn't he have been able to see that the Lockwood family's affection was entirely fabricated? If he wanted to help Noelle, he should just say it directly instead of using a "dead person" as a convenient shield.

She would absolutely never give Nathaniel this opportunity!

Half an hour later, at the open-air banquet hall.

As the sky darkened, the hotel's signature garden open-air banquet officially began. The guests began to file out of the indoor hall.

The people who had offended Estelle earlier were still fraught with lingering anxiety.

Noelle's gaze was venomous. She didn't know what that bitch had just done with Nathaniel alone in the lounge. How could she possibly swallow this humiliation?! As long as the Lockwood family could secure a partnership with Star, she would finally be able to establish a firm foothold in the socialite circle. But why on earth did Star's Perfumer have to be this exact woman?!

She had to figure out a plan...

Just then, someone nearby started gossiping. "Look over there! There's a swimming pool."

"It's just a swimming pool. What's the big deal?"

"Do you guys have any idea what happened in this very pool? It's quite a story! Seven years ago, didn't the Lockwood family take in an adopted daughter? They claimed it was to give Noelle a companion. When the Lockwood family came here to attend a banquet, that adopted daughter—Estelle—was probably jealous of Noelle. She actually threw herself into the pool and then claimed that Noelle pushed her!"

Quite a few people gathered around to listen. "What happened next? President Lockwood and Mrs. Lockwood didn't actually believe her, did they?"

"What are you thinking? Noelle is a precious heiress, while Estelle was just a tacky adopted daughter. I heard that before she was taken in by the Lockwood family, she was so poor she couldn't even afford to eat. What possible motive would Noelle have to push her?"

"Mrs. Lockwood immediately gave Estelle a vicious scolding! She yelled at her for being so young yet already knowing how to frame her own sister. Later on, Noelle even put in

a good word for Estelle... Ah, M-Mr. Sloan..."

The crowd turned around to see Nathaniel standing just off to the side. His expression was placid, making it impossible to read his mood.

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