

Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It #Chapter 136: The Three Little Ones Have Another New Plan - Read Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It Chapter 136: The Three Little Ones Have Another New Plan

Noelle's face turned pale then flushed. Finally, she put on a meek expression, biting her lip in grievance. "I'm sorry. It's all my fault..."

Laura Jennings stomped her foot. "Noelle, this isn't your fault! Nathaniel, how could you not help Noelle? You're too heartless!"

Nathaniel Sloan ignored Laura's screams. He raised his hand lightly, and bodyguards quickly stepped forward.

Laura covered her ears and shrieked, making many onlookers frown.

How could the dignified wife of the Sloan Family Head behave... like this?

Nathaniel alone remained composed. He leisurely toyed with the watch Estelle had given him. "Mother, the only leverage you have for your arrogance is your title as the wife of the Sloan Family Head. But I recently learned something interesting. Would you like to hear it?"

At these words, Laura choked as if she were a duck grabbed by the neck, her face flushing beet red. "You, you..."

She stammered for a long time but couldn't get a coherent sentence out. Perhaps realizing something, Laura didn't even bother to check on Noelle; she simply turned and fled.

The farce ended, and the crowd in the corridor dispersed. Soon, only Eleanor Vance and Nathaniel Sloan were left.

Nathaniel felt that Eleanor's gaze was less than friendly. He leaned in slightly, his attitude respectful. "Ms. Vance, I'm here for Yara."

Eleanor looked at him with sheer disdain. She looked him up and down before feigning surprise. "How rare. You actually grew a brain and didn't run off after Noelle."

"..."

Perhaps picking up on the sarcasm in Eleanor's words, he chuckled softly. "You are right to lecture me, Ms. Vance."

This time, it was Eleanor's turn to be surprised. "You're not angry?"

A lump of inexplicable bitterness rose in Nathaniel's throat. "I should be thanking you."

Eleanor raised an eyebrow. "Oh? Thanking me for what?"

Nathaniel said earnestly, "Thank you for taking care of her and protecting her all these

years."

Eleanor dropped her careless, disgusted look and faced the man properly. She had never seen Nathaniel in person before. The man in charge of the Sloan Group and Evernight International, as seen in the papers and online, was always meticulous, icy, and aloof. Coupled with all the grievances Estelle had suffered, Eleanor had developed a natural disgust for this man.

However, his behavior today caught her somewhat by surprise.

Just then, Estelle finished her physical examination.

Eleanor looked at Nathaniel steadily. "Mr. Sloan, allow me to remind you of something. When a lost thing returns, it's never the same as before. Even if a shattered mirror is mended, the cracks remain. You'd best think clearly. Do you want the stagnant person she used to be, or the independent woman she has grown into today?"

In the past, Estelle had been fragile, soft, and naive. Her entire world had consisted of only Nathaniel; he was her everything. The current Estelle had a career, friends, and family. Nathaniel was no longer her everything, but her life was brilliant enough. Two completely different versions of Estelle—which one did he want?

Although the saying went that loving someone meant loving all of them, Eleanor still worried. Did Nathaniel only love the Estelle who devoted herself entirely to him and would forgive him no matter what he did? If that were the case, it would be better if this shattered mirror was never mended.

Unexpectedly, Nathaniel gave Eleanor a look and spoke with utmost solemnity. "I loved her past softness, and I love her current resilience. Both are her. There is no conflict."

Eleanor nodded inwardly. He spoke well, but... there were still so many things left unexplained, and the grievances Estelle had suffered five years ago were real.

At this thought, Eleanor turned around nonchalantly. "Well then, you can go love her all by yourself. Yara." She called out to Estelle. "I just squeezed a credit card out of your older brother. Come on, I'll take you on a shopping spree."

Estelle was a bit surprised to see Nathaniel here. Before she could speak, she heard Eleanor speak in a mocking tone.

"Even your brother knows to earn money for you to spend, yet a certain someone's salary card is nowhere to be found... I remember there being some entertainment news back then... Oh, Lynn, do you remember?"

Lynn, Eleanor's assistant, knew all of the Kendrick Family's gossip by heart. "I remember. Of course, I remember. It seems Mr. Sloan of Evernight International spent a fortune on a certain actress, investing eighty million to secure the female lead role for her."

Eleanor played along. "Yeah, who was that actress again?"

"I heard it was someone named Noelle Lockwood," Lynn replied.

Eleanor gasped in mock shock. "Oh my god, no way! How could Mr. Sloan have never spent money on his wife, but invested eighty million in Noelle? He's far too rich!"

Estelle was utterly speechless. Her godmother's unhinged behavior perfectly matched the mental state of a doctor on the edge. She was at it again.

Nathaniel, however, immediately looked at Estelle to gauge her reaction.

The eighty million hadn't been an investment in Noelle, but rather in the project itself. However, the Lockwood Family had embellished the story and spread it far and wide. Nathaniel had never cared about external rumors, so he hadn't bothered to explain.

He wondered what kind of expression Estelle had when she first heard the news back then. Had she been sad?

He only remembered that one evening, Estelle had seemed a bit down. He had caught a glimpse of the words "eighty million" on her phone screen and casually asked about it.

How did Estelle reply?

"Nathaniel, I know you have your own plans. I don't care what others say."

Nathaniel's thoughts were interrupted by Eleanor. "Yara, tell us what you think. Was Mr. Sloan's behavior back then decent or not?"

Estelle curled her lips into a slight smile. Leaning against a nearby chair, she smiled with captivating charm. "Godmother, Nathaniel has his own plans. He doesn't care how others judge him."

"Ah, is that so?" Eleanor exaggerated. "No wonder, no wonder. I was just about to ask Mr. Sloan how he maintains such flawless skin, but now I know I was being presumptuous. With skin that thick, you can do whatever you want."

After she finished speaking, Eleanor smoothed her hair. "Mr. Sloan, I won't keep you company. Suit yourself."

Nathaniel watched their retreating backs. A moment later, he curled his lips into a faint smile.

Later that evening, the three kids gathered for a secret meeting.

Mia had three copper coins laid out in front of her. Zachery couldn't help but ask, "Well? What do the trigrams say?"

Mia's eyes lit up. "The reading says that as long as scumbag Daddy doesn't leave the house tonight, everything will go smoothly and be perfectly fine!"

"Not leaving the house, huh? Great." Zachery rubbed his hands together. "I'll stand guard right here tonight. He can forget about taking a single step out of his room!"

Christian pondered for a moment before suddenly speaking up in a calm voice. "I have an idea."

Zachery immediately leaned in closer. "Tell us, tell us." The little young master was so smart, his idea had to be brilliant!

Five minutes later, Zachery and Mia stared at Christian's actions, utterly dumbfounded.

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