

Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It #Chapter 137: Of Course, You Have to Sleep Together to See the Real Deal - Read Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It Chapter 137: Of Course, You Have to Sleep Together to See the Real Deal

There were many ways to keep Nathaniel Sloan from leaving the house, such as faking an illness.

In Zachery's mind, the young master was both smart and resourceful. Keeping their scumbag of a father at home should have been a piece of cake. Faking an illness would be a walk in the park! But what in the world was he doing right now? Christian was holding a water pitcher, expressionlessly pouring water all over Nathaniel's bed. Soon, the duvet and bedsheets were soaking wet. No one could possibly sleep on it tonight.

Christian pulled his hand back, completely unfazed by how shocking his actions were, and said calmly, "Done."

Zachery was speechless. Wait, what? His eyes were filled with foolish innocence as he asked, "So... if you do this, the scumbag father won't go out?"

Christian looked back at him with an unfathomable expression.

Meanwhile, Nathaniel saw his soaking wet bed. He didn't even need to check the security footage to know that it was likely the handiwork of those three rascals. The man clicked his tongue, walked over to another room, and knocked on the door unhurriedly.

Estelle Lockwood was just about to go to bed. Hearing the knock, she paused in confusion for a moment. "Yes?"

Nathaniel kept his hand in the knocking position and nodded. "Miss Lockwood, would you allow me to crash here for the night?"

Estelle tried to shut the door without a second thought. "If you're sick, go see a doctor."

Nathaniel curled his lips into a faint smile and propped the door open with his hand. "My bed is un-sleepable at the moment, and the other rooms don't have beds either. You can't expect me to squeeze into the same room as Chapman."

Estelle felt deeply perplexed. "Imperial Crest has so many guest rooms. How could there be no beds?"

Nathaniel replied leisurely, "Well, Ms. Riddle threw all the beds out last time."

Estelle scoffed. She didn't even know what kind of relationship she had with Nathaniel right now, but her mouth moved faster than her brain. "Who says Imperial Crest has no beds? Isn't there still a room upstairs? Noelle Lockwood's exclusive room. If Noelle knew you slept in her room for a night, she'd be thrilled beyond words... Let go!"

Nathaniel grabbed the hand she was using to close the door, his fingertips rubbing gently against her wrist. Then, he raised his other hand and pressed it against her lips, his voice deep and raspy. "Miss Lockwood, have you not gone upstairs to take a single look all this time?"

Estelle twitched her lips. Why would she go upstairs? The room on the east side of the third floor of Imperial Crest, the one with the wisteria balcony, had always belonged to Noelle. Out of curiosity, she had gone up there once in the past, only to have Rose Lowell point a finger at her nose and curse her out. Rose had screamed that Estelle already had everything, yet still wanted to snatch away the 'few' things that Noelle had left.

In her and Nathaniel's newlywed villa, there was a room dedicated exclusively to Nathaniel's childhood sweetheart—a room that she, the hostess, was forbidden to set foot in. The very existence of this room was a slap in the face. It was a blatant declaration to the world that Nathaniel did not love her. It was like that five years ago, and now that she was back five years later, she naturally had no interest in it.

Nathaniel chuckled and said with certainty, "It seems Miss Lockwood truly hasn't been there."

Estelle didn't know what nerve he had struck, but it felt as if all her unspeakable fears were surging up once again. A hint of impatience crept into her emotions. "Isn't it perfectly normal that I haven't been there? Why would I want to go to Noelle's room? Mr. Sloan, you can hop into anyone's bed, but not just any man can get into mine!"

As Estelle spoke, she looked him up and down. There was no denying that the man possessed an incredibly handsome face and a stunning physique, but she still lied through her teeth. "Only someone like Noelle would fancy you."

Nathaniel's eyes suddenly darkened, his voice lacing with danger. "Listening to Miss Lockwood, does that mean you've had other men in your bed over the years?" He emphasized the words 'other men', his eyes brewing with an impending storm.

Estelle ran a hand through her curly hair, fluttered her long eyelashes, and parted her lips lazily. "That's right. You could say I've experienced countless men over the years. What's the matter? Does Mr. Sloan have a problem with that?"

Nathaniel suddenly smiled. He abruptly closed the distance between them and stepped right into the room as Estelle stared at him with wide eyes.

Estelle subconsciously sensed danger and tried to back away, but the man locked her firmly in his embrace. His hug wasn't tight, leaving her some room to struggle. "What are you doing?!"

Nathaniel slowly curled his lips. "A problem? I don't have a problem."

"If you don't have a problem, then let me—"

"I'm merely a bit curious. Between me and those previous men in Miss Lockwood's bed, who is better?"

Estelle scoffed angrily, completely missing the deeper meaning behind his words in the heat of the moment. "Do you even have to ask? Other men are obviously better!"

Nathaniel spoke slowly and methodically. "Miss Lockwood, words are wind. Naturally, you have to sleep with me to know the truth. Since Miss Lockwood hasn't tried, how do you know I'm inferior to the others?"

Estelle instantly shut her mouth. Damn it, he had completely outsmarted her! With her cheeks slightly flushed, she held her breath for a long moment before letting out a cold laugh. "Fine, but Mr. Sloan, I have very high standards."

Nathaniel nodded. "I'm all ears."

Estelle was speechless. She was genuinely sleepy, and her brain wasn't processing things quickly enough. Seeing Nathaniel so unabashed, she was momentarily at a loss for words.

Nathaniel cast his eyes down at the vibrant woman standing before him—the woman he had lost and found again—and let out a silent sigh in his heart. He couldn't tease her anymore. If he pushed any further, this little hedgehog would explode.

Estelle had already looked away. "Fine, you take the bed, and I'll sleep on the sofa—Nathaniel Sloan!"

Nathaniel grabbed her and forcefully pulled her into his arms. Caught off guard, Estelle tumbled onto the large bed right alongside him.

"Nathaniel Sloan, do you have no shame?"

"None," the man replied with perfect composure, turning off the lights. "Go to sleep if you're tired."

Estelle struggled to break free for a while, only to hear the sound of even breathing coming from behind her. Perhaps shocked by his sheer audacity, she ground her teeth but ultimately couldn't fight off the surging wave of exhaustion, quickly drifting off to sleep. Once she was asleep, the man behind her slowly opened his eyes, tracing the outline of her lips bit by bit in the darkness.

Outside the door, Zachery and Christian high-fived each other.

"Young Master, you're amazing! I can't believe you anticipated the scumbag father's moves before he even made them!" He knew there had to be a reason behind pouring water on the bed. So this was the plan all along!

Christian nodded and cast an uncertain glance at Mia. "Now, we should be able to rest easy, right?"

The divination hexagram had said that as long as Daddy didn't leave the house tonight, Daddy and Mommy would be able to clear up their misunderstandings and get back together. Now that Daddy and Mommy were sleeping together, there was no way anything could come up that would force him to go out.

Mia hesitated for a moment. Truthfully, the time specified in the divination could be considered either late at night or early in the morning, but... but it should be fine. She comforted herself and nodded with certainty. "Yes, this will do perfectly!"

Early the next morning.

Estelle opened her eyes, checked the time, and was surprised to see it was only five in

the morning. It was so early; the sky wasn't even bright yet.

She had slept incredibly well last night. It had been five years since she had enjoyed such a deeply satisfying sleep. How strange. Why had she slept so soundly yesterday? In her dreams, it felt as though she had been hugging a giant hot water bottle.

Just then, the person behind her shifted.

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