

Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It #Chapter 146: Mr. Sloan, Why Don't You Be My Secret Lover? - Read Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It Chapter 146: Mr. Sloan, Why Don't You Be My Secret Lover?

Nathaniel gently hugged her waist. After a long while, the man's hoarse laughter finally rang out.

"It's my utmost honor."

Liam Sloan had heard about the incident at the hospital and rushed over to Imperial Crest at lightning speed. When no one answered his knocks, he let himself in, only to hear that exact sentence.

Ah. His brother had exhausted every possible scheme to keep Estelle by his side. Nathaniel seemed gentle and devoted, but in reality, the moment she let her guard down, he would devour her whole until not even her bones were left.

Then came that line: "Be my secret lover."

His brother said it was his utmost honor.

Liam scoffed inwardly. "Estelle, why are you still rewarding him?!" he thought.

He hesitated, opening and closing his mouth repeatedly. Finally, unable to hold back, he knocked on the door and cleared his throat loudly. "AHM!"

Estelle Lockwood and Nathaniel Sloan turned around at the same time.

Their posture was incredibly intimate. Estelle was completely enveloped in his arms. The moment she turned and saw Liam, her expression instantly stiffened.

Nathaniel, on the other hand, remained completely composed, his tone not shifting in the slightest. "Do you need something?"

"Haha, nothing," Liam replied. "I just came to check on you guys. Well... I won't disturb your alone time, then?" He tried to slip away as he spoke.

Estelle narrowed her eyes. Recalling what Nathaniel had just said and seeing Liam right there, a brilliant idea suddenly popped into her head.

"Ms. Sloan, you must have handled a lot of divorce cases. Do you have time? Let's have a chat." She paused for a moment before continuing. "I just suddenly remembered that I haven't gotten a divorce certificate with Mr. Sloan yet."

Liam stared in sheer panic. Help Estelle get a divorce? "Me?" he asked, pointing at himself.

Nathaniel narrowed his eyes. Sensing a dangerous aura closing in, Liam stammered, "Ah, well, I, um..."

"Mr. Sloan shouldn't have a problem with this, right?" Estelle smoothed her hair. "Don't forget, you're still on probation."

Nathaniel's expression instantly softened, and the invisible pressure dissipated in a flash. "No, I won't stop you."

Estelle's smile deepened. "Then I'll have to trouble you, Ms. Sloan. Mr. Sloan, go cook. By the way, do you still remember my preferences?"

Without missing a beat, Nathaniel answered, "You don't eat scallions, ginger, or anything greasy and spicy. You don't like food that's too salty or too bland. I'll remember to portion the seasonings carefully."

Estelle was speechless. She had spouted those exact words on her first day back in the country just to make things difficult for him. It was a wonder he actually remembered.

Nathaniel nodded and walked into the kitchen.

Liam's eyes widened in disbelief. He stammered, trying to say something. His brother had actually gone to the kitchen!

"Is it that strange?" Estelle asked casually.

Liam immediately shook his head. "No, no, no. Not strange at all."

"Mhm, I don't think it's strange either," Estelle replied methodically.

What else could Liam say? He could only sit nervously on the sofa, terrified of how he should respond if Estelle asked him about the fastest and most effective way to get a divorce.

However, Estelle was busy tinkering with something on her phone. Liam hadn't intended to pry, but he accidentally caught a glimpse of her screen and was instantly shocked!

"Is she... ordering takeout?!" he wondered. His brother was already cooking, so why was she ordering takeout?

"Takeout can't be delivered to Imperial Crest..." Liam muttered.

"I know. The private kitchen I'm ordering from has a specialized delivery service. I'm a regular customer." Estelle waved her phone. After placing the order, she made a call with practiced ease. "Yes, Imperial Crest again. That's fine. Make it extra spicy."

It was then that Liam finally saw her phone screen. She had ordered chili oil chicken, spicy fish, and boiled meat in chili soup—a complete feast of scallions, ginger, garlic, grease, and spice.

Who was it that just said she didn't eat scallions, ginger, or anything greasy and spicy?

"Estelle, um..." Liam hinted subtly. "My brother's cooking skills are... are actually quite decent."

Although he didn't want to meddle in their marital affairs, what if... just what if! This... this was blatantly disrespecting his brother's hard work! She had clearly already asked Nathaniel to cook, yet she still ordered takeout. What was this all about? Wasn't it just a way of saying that his brother's food was terrible and she looked down on it?

Estelle hummed in response but didn't say anything else. The two fell silent for a

moment. Liam sat on pins and needles, while Estelle maintained a calm and collected demeanor.

Not long after, the doorbell rang. Estelle opened the door and had the delivery person place the private kitchen takeout on the table.

Nathaniel walked out carrying the dishes he had prepared. He paused for a moment but didn't speak, silently placing his steamed fish right next to the spicy fish Estelle had ordered.

Liam gasped. To be honest, even he felt it was a bit too much and felt a pang of injustice for his brother. If she was so repulsed by his cooking, why did she make him go to the kitchen in the first place? Wasn't this... wasn't this...

Estelle was already sitting at the dining table, her eyes sparkling. "Mr. Sloan, you don't need to keep cooking. I ordered food from a private kitchen. Sit down and eat."

"You don't eat greasy or spicy food?" Nathaniel asked after a moment of silence.

Estelle's expression didn't change in the slightest. "I lied to you. What about it?"

"It's over, it's over! There's no way my brother can tolerate this anymore!" Liam thought, sucking in another breath of cold air.

However, Nathaniel actually let out a soft chuckle. "So you like eating these things. I'll keep that in mind. However, food that's too greasy isn't healthy. You can eat it, but not in excess."

Liam swallowed his gasp back down. Well, you had to admit it—the thought process of someone completely blinded by love really was different from a normal person's.

Estelle asked faintly, "Mr. Sloan, I asked you to cook, but then I ordered takeout. Do you feel like I don't respect you?"

Nathaniel's heart skipped a beat, filled with a tinge of bitterness and heartache. He wasn't aching for himself; rather, he realized just how absurdly wrong he had been in the past, because he had already guessed what Estelle was going to say next.

"But in reality, I just feel bad for you, Mr. Sloan," Estelle said. "There are so many things you could do at home. If you have free time, you could go out for a walk with friends, or at the very least, learn something new. There's no need to waste your time cooking. We have a chef at home and private kitchens outside anyway. Are you really so bored that you insist on being a chef?"

Was there anything wrong with those words? To the ear, they sounded absolutely flawless.

But back then, Estelle had cooked an entire table of dishes and waited all the way until nine o'clock at night for Nathaniel to come home.

She was only met with his remark: "I've already eaten. If you're that bored at home, you can go out more with your friends. We have a chef at home; there's no need for you to eagerly play the role of one."

He hadn't accepted her good intentions, instead telling her never to do it again. And so, that table of food had gone cold. The meal Estelle had spent an entire evening

preparing was never cherished.

Snapping back to reality, Nathaniel felt his heart ache and numb even more. When he spoke again, his voice was noticeably hoarser. "Miss Lockwood, I've said it before. No matter how you treat me, I will gladly accept it."

He wasn't afraid of her petty revenge; he was terrified that she would lose the desire to take revenge on him entirely. If she could slowly exact her payback from him, perhaps she could untie the knot in her heart. How could Nathaniel not be happy about that?

Liam was utterly dumbfounded.

While still recovering from his shock, he heard Nathaniel speak. The man sounded nonchalant and careless, but his tightening fingertips betrayed his anxiety. "What were you two talking about just now?"

Liam, who hadn't been talking about anything at all, was just about to open his mouth, but Estelle beat him to it.

"Ah, we were talking about divorce."

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