

Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It #Chapter 147: Mr. Sloan Sets a Good Example - Read Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It Chapter 147: Mr. Sloan Sets a Good Example

Hearing this, Nathaniel narrowed his eyes slightly, but didn't press the matter. "Let's eat."

Estelle nodded and looked at Liam. "Let's go. Time to eat."

Liam couldn't shake an ominous feeling.

A momentary silence fell over the table as they took their seats. Liam let out a sigh of relief—only to suddenly find a piece of meat appearing in his bowl. Estelle had used the serving chopsticks to place some food for him.

Liam looked up, instantly meeting his brother's gaze. He gasped sharply.

"Wait, Estelle, what are you doing?" he thought frantically.

Acting on his survival instincts, Liam laughed nervously. "Haha, it's fine. Estelle, you don't need to worry about me."

Nathaniel's gaze darkened, though his expression remained unchanged.

Once the meal was over, Liam found an excuse to slip away. Only then did Nathaniel ask languidly, "Was Miss Lockwood trying to show off her compassion just now?"

"No, just showing a little care," Estelle replied naturally. "After all, Mr. Sloan set such a great example."

Nathaniel's thin lips parted slightly. "How so?"

"Don't tell me Mr. Sloan has forgotten?" Estelle feigned surprise. "Look, after we got married, you cared so much about whether my sister was eating well. You showered her with concern, terrified she might go hungry. By that logic, it's only right and proper that I show the same concern for your brother. I learned it all from you, Mr. Sloan," she added with exaggerated flair. "I'm simply carrying on your legacy of compassion. What, is there a problem?"

Nathaniel leaned his side against the wall. The interplay of light and shadow flickered across his face. After a long moment, he gave a soft chuckle. "No problem."

Estelle scoffed. Just as she was about to head upstairs, she suddenly heard Nathaniel ask, "How did your consultation with Liam regarding the divorce case go?"

Estelle raised an eyebrow, her tone meaningful. "Since Mr. Sloan is so curious, why don't you go ask him yourself?"

Nathaniel watched her retreating back in silence for a couple of seconds before dialing Liam's number.

Liam had just gotten into his car. Seeing his brother's name on the screen, he almost fumbled his phone. "H-hello?"

"I asked you a few days ago if you wanted to take over that major case in Sorhaven," Nathaniel drawled. "Have you thought about it?"

"The one in Sorhaven?" Liam frowned, fully aware of his own limits. "Forget it, it's too much of a hassle."

"You're more than capable." Nathaniel wouldn't have asked if he wasn't certain Liam could handle it, nor would he joke around with matters concerning Sorhaven. "Taking this case will boost your resume. You won't have to limit yourself to just handling divorces in the future."

Slumping back in his seat, Liam groaned like a total slacker. "But it's so tedious! I just want to handle divorce cases. The greatest goal of my life is to help people in need fend off scumbags!"

Nathaniel paused upon hearing that, choosing not to press the issue further. "If you ever need help, come to me," he finally said.

Liam offered a cheerful note of agreement.

After he hung up, his driver asked, "Mr. Liam, Mr. Sloan wanted to arrange a case for you. Why did you refuse?"

Liam waved his hand dismissively. "Ah, I don't have the skills for it. Best not to try and grab a piece of a pie I can't chew."

The driver was puzzled. In truth, this younger Mr. Sloan was outstanding in both ability and talent. Yet, he absolutely refused to take a single step forward in the corporate world. He wouldn't even accept the resources the Sloan family offered him. He was exactly... exactly like Nathaniel. To think that both of the Sloan family's sons were completely dismissive of their massive family fortune...

Later.

Despite Rose Lowell's threats keeping the witnesses silent about Noelle's scene at the hospital, the news still managed to leak out. Anything involving the big star always stirred up a commotion. The internet was buzzing with excitement as countless forum threads, Weibo posts, and videos popped up to analyze the situation.

In the middle of the night, an analytical post from a popular forum went viral on Weibo.

"Has Noelle Lockwood's true nature finally been exposed?"

"Just look at how many scandals she's had in the past few days! Her manager set a fire at the fabric market. Does anyone actually believe she had absolutely nothing to do with it?"

"She threw her manager under the bus as a scapegoat, and just days later, she's caught trying to steal someone else's son. Young Mr. Sloan clearly isn't her biological child, yet she and her PR team constantly promoted the narrative that she gave birth to a wealthy heir's son. She snatched up any resources she wanted, and if anyone questioned it, she just played the 'future Mrs. Sloan' card, acting like she was entitled to it all."

"And now the truth is out—the boy isn't hers; he belongs to Nathaniel's wife. She's been scheming left and right to climb the social ladder, leeching off the Sloan family's

influence to build up her public persona. So, when is she going to quit the entertainment industry?"

The post quickly blew up, with many netizens agreeing with its points.

When Estelle saw the thread, something felt off. While the analysis was perfectly logical, the whole post felt incredibly deliberate... almost as if someone was intentionally airing out all of Noelle's dirty laundry to set up a trap.

Sure enough, her instincts were right. After a few comments from random netizens bashing Noelle, an "insider" showed up to drop a bombshell.

The "insider" claimed to be part of their elite social circle. "You guys are completely misunderstanding Noelle. She's taking care of Christian Sloan because Nathaniel's wife died a long time ago. At the end of the day, Mr. Sloan is a single widower. She admires him, so how could she possibly be considered the mistress?"

The original poster heatedly fired back, "How is she not? If she wasn't scheming to secure a position in that family, why would she publicly claim to be Young Mr. Sloan's mother? Couldn't you see that the young master himself hated the idea?"

The "insider" replied, "Well, that's where things get complicated. Noelle was doing it for Young Mr. Sloan's own good, and the Lockwood family supported this arrangement. In this entire world, there's probably no one who treats the young master better than Noelle—because Noelle is his aunt!"

"What do you mean?" the original poster asked.

The "insider" explained, "Let me break it down for everyone. Many of Noelle's fans probably know that she has an older sister. Because this sister grew up on the streets, separated from her family, she had a terrible personality. The Lockwood family felt they owed her, so they accommodated her every whim. Noelle actually suffered a lot of grievances because of this.

"Back then, the woman who married Mr. Sloan was none other than this older sister. Christian Sloan is the son that she left behind. But the sister died. As for how she died... I'm sure you all have heard about the fire in the maternity ward at a certain Crestfall hospital five years ago, right?"

Fueled by the Lockwood family's intentional sensationalism, the fire from five years ago had practically become a national scandal. It had only been five years, so naturally, many people still remembered it.

The "insider" continued, "I'm sure you all remember without me having to remind you. That fire started because someone committed arson to commit suicide, and two newborn babies were found at the scene. And the woman who set the fire and took her own life was Noelle's older sister, Estelle Lockwood!

"Even Christian was almost thrown into the flames by her sister. It was Noelle who braved the blaze to rescue the child, which left her with trauma and a severe fear of fire to this day.

"Now do you understand why both the Lockwood family and the Sloan family want Noelle to take care of the young master?"

The original poster immediately apologized. "I'm sorry. So that's what really happened." Reading this, Estelle narrowed her eyes. She knew the original poster's words had felt strangely contrived. As it turned out, the whole thing was nothing more than a carefully orchestrated performance, directed and acted out by the same people.

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