

Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It #Chapter 15: Gaze on Her Chest - Read Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It Chapter 15: Gaze on Her Chest

"Who are you?"

A tear ripped through her dress, leaving almost her entire back exposed to the air. The two flimsy pieces of fabric at her chest barely covered anything.

Slightly angered, she looked up and glared at the man in front of her. "What are you trying to do? What a ridiculous question. Of course I'm Yara Lockwood. Who else could I be... You!"

The man's fingertips traced lightly up her waistline, sending a tingling sensation through her. The curve of her waist, the way she trembled—everything was exactly like the woman in his memory.

Nathaniel's eyes darkened. He lowered the car seat, reached out to grip her slender waist, and with a swift twist, pinned her beneath him.

Estelle's body shuddered violently. He snapped her dress straps, and in the ensuing struggle, her dress slipped lower and lower, revealing far too much. As the pale curves of her chest slowly came into view, Estelle clenched her teeth in fury and kicked out at him.

Nathaniel's gaze grew heavy, yet he wasn't annoyed. With one hand, he effortlessly caught her ankle. Her beautiful high heels accentuated the slender length of her calves. With his other hand, he pinched her jaw. His eyes flickered with indiscernible emotion. "Miss Lockwood, I would like to ask you a question."

Every ounce of Estelle's resistance was under his total control. Although she still had a dress on, she might as well have been naked. A wave of humiliation and grievance washed over her. "Does Noelle know you're acting like such a creep with me?!"

Nathaniel raised his eyes and cast a faint glance at her. Her small face was tinted with a faint flush of anger. Even the way her delicate brows furrowed when she was mad was exactly the same. She looked even more like his "late wife" now.

Ignoring her mockery, the man spoke in a hoarse voice, emphasizing every word. "Why do you, Miss Lockwood, look so much like... my wife?"

Estelle's heart skipped a beat, but she quickly forced herself to calm down. "Didn't you say it yourself, Mr. Sloan? You claimed I got plastic surgery to look like your ex-wife and intentionally threw myself at you. Why are you asking me now? What, have you forgotten your own words? Don't tell me you suspect I'm your ex-wife?"

"Yes, I do," Nathaniel admitted hoarsely. "At the banquet earlier, you deliberately orchestrated Noelle's fall into the water."

"You were avenging my wife, Dr. Lockwood, which is why you used the exact same method to humiliate Noelle. You are her. Otherwise, there's no way to explain how you

know the inside story of what happened back then."

She is Estelle. Nathaniel was absolutely certain of it.

Estelle scoffed. "There are no secrets in this world. All I had to do was ask around to find out what happens in this social circle."

Nathaniel said nothing. His fingertips rubbed gently against her jaw before lifting her slightly disheveled face. His gaze slowly drifted downward...

The man's grip was strong. It hurt Estelle, and she twisted her face to turn away. They were getting closer and closer, their breaths mingling.

The temperature of Nathaniel's fingertips was remarkably high, a stark contrast to his cold and aloof nature. The heat made Estelle's heart race faster and faster. His eyes were practically staring right at her chest!

Both furious and embarrassed, Estelle reached out to pull her dress up, only for Nathaniel to grab her wrists.

"Nathaniel, close your eyes!"

Hearing this, Nathaniel raised his eyes coolly and swept a glance over her angry little face. "I can't look?"

Estelle was so angry she almost laughed. How could he even ask if he could look? The tiny scrap of fabric could no longer conceal anything, precariously sliding down—

Estelle lurched forward, crashing her soft body directly into his chest, effectively blocking his line of sight. However, Nathaniel was only wearing a black silk shirt. Though he couldn't see, the warm, soft sensation seeped through the shirt and spread through his entire body. He subconsciously reached out, wanting to caress Estelle's skin just as he had done on so many nights five years ago.

"HISS!"

The very next moment, a sharp pain pierced his neck!

Estelle bit down without mercy, using all her strength to sink her teeth into his skin. "If you're so thirsty, go find Noelle! I'm sure she'd be more than happy to service you!"

Nathaniel's eyes darkened. He reached out and effortlessly lifted her into his arms, his gaze completely possessing her.

Estelle's mind went blank. "Nathaniel!"

The man ignored her fury. His gaze darted downward, landing on her chest without a trace of lust. He was searching for something, but found nothing.

He wondered how it could be missing! All of Nathaniel's composure seemed to vanish in that instant. He actually froze for two full seconds as a wave of sorrow slowly welled up in his heart.

He remembered it clearly. Estelle had a small birthmark on her chest. But Yara's chest was pale and flawless. There was absolutely no birthmark! He wondered if she truly wasn't Estelle.

"Have you seen enough?! Stop running your mouth about 'your wife' every day. She's

been dead for a long time. What's the point of pretending to be so deeply in love? Get off me!"

Taking advantage of his sheer daze, Estelle immediately broke free. She snatched his trench coat, threw it over her shoulders, kicked him in the chest, and scrambled out of the car, fleeing blindly into the night.

Nathaniel's throat tightened. Only as he watched Estelle's retreating figure disappear did he suddenly remember something—she wasn't wearing anything under that trench coat. How was she going to get home like that? However, by the time Nathaniel got out of the car to chase after her, he found that Estelle was already gone.

Estelle only realized this problem after she had run quite a distance.

Her hair was a mess, her face was flushed, and she had just run out of a car wearing a man's trench coat... How could this not cause misunderstandings! No wonder the people who passed by her just now had cast such subtle looks her way.

Estelle found her own car and cursed Nathaniel a hundred times in her head before finally calming down to think. He hadn't cared about her at all back then, so she wondered why he was putting on such an affectionate front now.

She wasn't the one who had done wrong five years ago, so she shouldn't have had to hide her identity. But if she were to "resurrect," how could she expose the fact that Noelle and Nathaniel had conspired to murder her five years ago? How could she make that ridiculous "suicide note" public? When the time came, Noelle would shed a few tears, the Lockwood family would emotionally blackmail her, and she would once again be painted as the unreasonable instigator.

But fortunately... Estelle touched her chest. She had removed her birthmark a long time ago. Until her revenge was complete, she wouldn't let anyone easily identify her.

Wearing Nathaniel's coat and recalling the scene in the car just now, Estelle felt thoroughly irritated. The more she thought about it, the angrier she got. Suddenly, she caught sight of a small flyer by the side of the road from the corner of her eye. An idea struck Estelle, and she drafted a text message to the number on the flyer.

Unable to find Estelle, Nathaniel furrowed his brows and returned to his car.

He thought he must be crazy to actually believe Yara was Estelle. If she really was Estelle, why wouldn't she just reclaim her own identity? Instead, she was using the name Yara to oppose him at every turn.

BEEP, BEEP, BEEP...

Right at that moment, his phone rang. Nathaniel answered it casually. Before he could even speak, a coquettish female voice came through the line.

"Hey handsome, want to hook up tonight? I'm waiting for you at the Golden Summit Hotel~"

Nathaniel's face darkened, and he abruptly hung up.

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