

Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It #Chapter 2: He's Not Good Enough for Me - Read Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It Chapter 2: He's Not Good Enough for Me

Five years later.

A flight from the countryM landed at Crestfall Airport.

In the VIP lounge, a five-year-old boy quietly slipped away from the crowd and climbed into an oversized suitcase.

Estelle returned from the restroom and noticed her suitcase felt significantly heavier. Frowning, she gave it a hard tug. It was strange. It definitely hadn't been this heavy a moment ago.

"Yara!" At that moment, her best friend, Penelope Sullivan, waved at her, interrupting her thoughts. "Over here!"

Five years ago, Estelle had nearly died in a devastating fire. After miraculously surviving, she had changed her name. Today, the identity of Yara Lockwood belonged to a globally renowned pediatrician. Her return had caused quite a stir both domestically and abroad.

"Welcome back, Yara," Penelope said as they walked. "I have to tell you, it's such a crazy coincidence. The child you're going to treat is actually Nathaniel's son. Young Mr. Sloan has been in poor health since birth, and Nathaniel has been desperately seeking doctors everywhere. To think he ended up begging you! Oh, right, I heard Nathaniel is also at the airport today to pick up a client, and he brought the young boy along. You might just run into both of them later."

In a corner no one noticed, the suitcase mysteriously shifted.

Little did Penelope know, there were no coincidences. Estelle had orchestrated this entire situation.

Five years ago, Noelle had set a fire in the delivery room, and shortly after, Estelle's death was publicly announced. If Henry Kendrick's grandfather, hadn't coincidentally saved her back then, she really would have been reduced to ashes.

What was truly detestable was that Nathaniel, in order to protect Noelle, had forged a suicide note and closed the case as a "suicide." Anyone with eyes could see how suspicious that fire was, yet Nathaniel went to such lengths just for Noelle. Even more absurdly, the reason for her supposed suicide on that "suicide note" was that she felt guilty toward Noelle and wanted to apologize with her life. Afterward, Noelle, the murderer, had only shed a couple of tears to earn everyone's forgiveness. Meanwhile, Estelle, the actual victim, was forced to hide her identity.

And then there was her child, who had perished in that fire...

Penelope looked around, breaking Estelle out of her memories. "By the way, where are your two little darlings? Didn't they come back to the country with you?"

"I just got back, and nothing is settled yet, so I had my assistant stay abroad to take care of them for now."

Just as she finished speaking, Estelle's phone rang. She collected her emotions and looked at the caller ID, instantly feeling a rush of guilt go straight to her head. Estelle quickly shushed Penelope and immediately switched to a sweet, cutesy voice.

"My darling Zachery, my darling Mia! I'm so sorry, Mommy was busy just now. What's wrong?"

The boy's haughty voice came through the speaker. "Hmph, Dr. Lockwood sure is a busy person. I heard people need to make an appointment just to see you. How impressive."

Estelle playfully begged for mercy. "I'm sorry, my boy. Mommy was wrong. I miss you so much."

The boy named Zachery pouted. "At least you still know how to miss me. I thought that once you returned to the country, you wouldn't want to come back to us!"

Estelle tried her best to coax him. "How could that be? Wow, our darling boy is so cute even when he's angry."

Zachery tried hard to keep a straight face, but a slight blush still crept onto his cheeks. His mommy called him cute! "Mommy, Mia wants to talk to you. I'm giving the phone to her."

Estelle chuckled softly. She had actually been pregnant with triplets back then. The fire had claimed the life of her first child, but thankfully, God had left her with two children to accompany her through her most difficult times. Her son, Zachery Lockwood, loved computers, programming, and coding. He was a cool little guy who dreamed of becoming a hacker. Her daughter, Mia Lockwood, had never shown any interest in common hobbies like musical instruments, dancing, or drawing. Instead, she was obsessed with fortune-telling tools like Tarot cards and the Eight Trigrams.

She really felt bad for leaving her two darlings behind, choosing to return alone for the sake of revenge. But if she had brought them back, she was afraid Nathaniel would discover them and snatch them away from her.

At that moment, the person on the other end of the phone switched. A little girl's voice sounded, soft yet extremely serious. "Mommy, Mia did a reading for you."

Even though Mia was only five, she was already a famous little fortune-teller. Estelle asked with amusement, "And what were the results?"

Mia spoke earnestly. "It says you're about to have a romantic encounter. If you turn around right now, your destined true love is right behind you."

Estelle was speechless. She fell into a long silence. She had come back for revenge. What did she need a romantic encounter for?

Estelle changed the subject. "Mommy is going to head to the hotel with Aunt Penelope

first. Once I'm all settled in a few days, I'll come pick you up, okay?"

"Okay, then Mommy go do your work. Bye-bye! Mwah!"

Hanging up the phone, Estelle let out a sigh of relief. Penelope asked curiously, "What did darling Mia predict?"

Estelle replied helplessly, "She said the first man I see when I turn around is my future husband. How could that be possible in this world—"

As she spoke, her ankle suddenly twisted. Losing her balance, she pitched straight to the side. The next moment, a warm embrace caught her, and a clean, crisp, masculine scent instantly enveloped her.

"I'm sorr—"

Estelle turned around to apologize, but before she could finish her sentence, the last syllable caught in her throat. The blood in her veins instantly ran cold. Hatred surged through her brain as she clenched her fists tightly.

Nathaniel stood tall and upright. Gold-rimmed glasses rested on the bridge of his nose, accentuating his deep, sharp features and an aura of innate nobility.

Over the past five years, she had never forgotten Nathaniel, nor had she ever forgotten her child who had died in that fire! She had already been willing to step aside and give up the position of Mrs. Sloan to Noelle. Why did they still have to kill her? Her hatred for him now was exactly as deep as her love for him had been in the past.

A deep male voice sounded. "Not watching where you're going?"

Estelle instantly snapped back to her senses. "I am truly sorry. I didn't see anyone there just now. I didn't expect to bump into you, Mr. Sloan."

Nathaniel narrowed his eyes. "You know me."

Estelle had already adjusted her emotions. She looked up with a light smile. "Of course I do. Who doesn't know that Mr. Sloan enjoys having his cake and eating it too, claiming both sisters for himself? It's quite the famous tale among high society."

Hearing this, Nathaniel frowned and opened his mouth as if to explain something. The next second, he got a clear look at the woman's face. His body trembled slightly before his voice suddenly dropped. "What is your name?"

Estelle raised an eyebrow. "Asking for my name right after meeting me? Aren't you being a bit presumptuous, Mr. Sloan?"

Nathaniel stared at Estelle. Over the years, quite a few women had undergone plastic surgery to look like Estelle and thrown themselves at him. He didn't expect another one to show up! This woman was indeed a very convincing imitation. But Estelle had been dead for five years. Leaving behind only a "goodbye" and a suicide note, she had vanished from this world. He couldn't find her anymore, and none of these women were her.

For all these years, he had been working hard to fulfill her dying wishes. He had achieved almost all of her desires—except for marrying her sister, Noelle. Noelle could never replace Estelle, let alone these women who deliberately altered their faces to look

like her.

Nathaniel's expression cooled. "Getting plastic surgery to look like my wife and deliberately throwing yourself into my arms... Next, are you going to tell me your name is Estelle Lockwood?"

Estelle's eyes turned icy. Back then, her face had been injured in the fire, forcing her to undergo some minor cosmetic procedures. Her appearance was slightly different from how she looked five years ago. So, Nathaniel thought she was some woman who had gotten plastic surgery to look like his ex-wife just to orchestrate a scheme against him?

What a joke. Even if someone wanted to scam him, they should have modeled their face after Noelle. After all, everyone in their circle knew that Noelle was the one Nathaniel truly loved, whereas Estelle was merely his unacknowledged contract wife.

"A deliberate scheme? You're overthinking it, Mr. Sloan. I am very picky when it comes to men, and someone like you doesn't even catch my eye."

"Instead of wasting time suspecting me of throwing myself at you, you'd be better off going to a hospital to get your brain checked. The Light Hospital is a pretty good choice." With that, she turned around and brushed past Nathaniel. "Penelope, let's go."

Penelope hurriedly followed.

Nathaniel's lips pressed into a tight line. This woman dared to be so arrogant toward him! In his memory, Estelle had always spoken softly and gently. She really wasn't Estelle.

"Sir!" Just then, his assistant suddenly hurried over, looking panicked as he lowered his voice. "Young Mr. Sloan is missing. He was last seen in the VIP lounge..."

Nathaniel's eyes darkened, a layer of frost settling in his gaze. "Find him!"

Meanwhile, in a place no one could see, a small head quietly peeked out from Estelle's suitcase.

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