

Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It #Chapter 20: Thinking About Ex At Night - Read Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It Chapter 20: Thinking About Ex At Night

Under Christian's hopeful gaze, Nathaniel nodded uncontrollably.

Half an hour later.

"Mr. Sloan, closer please! Don't stand so far apart," the photographer directed. "Look at Mrs. Sloan with more emotion! Put your arm around Mrs. Sloan. There's no need to be shy between husband and wife..."

Estelle leaned into his arms. Nathaniel stiffened all over. Finally, the photographer was satisfied. "Just like that. Perfect!"

Once the photographer left, Nathaniel gritted his teeth. "Did you deliberately drag this out for half an hour just so you could bury yourself in my arms, Miss Lockwood?"

When other people took photos, it was over with a simple CLICK. Yet for them, no matter what they did, the photographer was never satisfied, insisting that he wrap his arm around this woman.

Estelle looked at him as if he were an idiot. "Who's the one dragging things out? I even suspect you're deliberately taking advantage of me. The photographer told you to smile, and what did you do? Show off your paralyzed face?"

"You..." Nathaniel ground his teeth. What a sharp-tongued woman!

As the crowd dispersed, Nathaniel suddenly felt someone push him. His hand, which had been resting on the woman's slender waist, instinctively let go. He looked down to see Mia. She had already dropped her sweet and obedient smile, looking as though she were shooing away trash.

"Mr. Sloan, move aside," she said expressionlessly. "Since neither of you are married, you should keep your hands to yourself."

Nathaniel was almost angered to the point of laughing. Just a moment ago, to provoke Noelle, this little girl had been calling him "Daddy" left and right. Now, it was back to "Mr. Sloan." She flipped her attitude faster than turning the pages of a book. Who did she inherit that from?

"You little drama queen," Nathaniel said. "You claimed your mommy was sick, so why are you at the kindergarten with Yara? You latch onto me and call me Daddy, yet you also act disgusted by me. Who gave you the nerve, huh?"

Zachery screamed silently in his heart. Oh no, oh no! Were they going to be found out?!

Mia, however, curled her lips in extreme calmness. "Yara and Mommy are friends. Mommy asked her to look after us. Is there anything strange about that? Also, don't use such ugly words like 'latch onto.' You should be secretly rejoicing to have the world's

most invincible and adorable little ray of sunshine like me as your daughter."

Nathaniel subconsciously looked up at Estelle, sneering silently. Just as sharp-tongued, just as infuriatingly unapologetic. And she still claimed they weren't mother and daughter?

He was growing more and more curious about Yara. It was one thing for her to exhaust every means to get close to him, but her two children were also trying everything they could to stick by his side. Just who exactly was she...

Nathaniel looked at the photo on the wall, his fingertips suddenly curling. Yara and Estelle were far too similar. Looking at this photo, it was as if the person standing next to him had been Estelle all along.

Leaving the three kids at the kindergarten, Estelle ignored Nathaniel and headed straight to the Star Group.

Henry Kendrick asked curiously, "What's wrong? Are you in a bad mood?"

Estelle nodded. "I dropped the kids off at kindergarten, and they insisted that I take a picture with Nathaniel. What terrible luck."

Henry didn't hesitate to add fuel to the fire. "That is pretty unlucky. Where is the photo? Do you want me to have someone get rid of it?"

Estelle frowned. "Forget it. After all, the kids were clamoring for it."

Henry knew when to stop. "Something funny happened. Want to know?"

Estelle's interest was piqued. "What is it?"

"I don't know what got into the Lockwood family, but your biological father, President Lockwood, approached me for a collaboration. Surprisingly, he recommended Noelle to me, claiming she's produced quite a few perfumes over the years."

Henry said meaningfully, "But when I looked into it, it turned out that those perfumes were painstakingly developed by others. Noelle just slapped her name on them, and they became her bragging rights."

"Now, those people in the Lockwood family actually have the audacity to compare Noelle to you. How dare they?"

Estelle was used to the Lockwood family's blind ignorance. "Why wouldn't they dare?"

After five years apart, the Lockwood family's blind favoritism toward Noelle remained unchanged. They really stayed true to their nature.

At eleven o'clock that night.

Estelle finished her work. Feeling a bit hungry, she planned to go downstairs for a bite to eat. However, she saw a man's back figure standing in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows in the living room.

Nathaniel held a photograph in the palm of his hand. It was the only picture he and Estelle had ever taken together.

Estelle caught a glimpse of the photo immediately and found it somewhat ironic. She wondered why he still kept it. Back then, hadn't he completely disregarded her as his

wife?

"Mr. Sloan, instead of sleeping in the middle of the night, are you here mourning your ex-wife?"

Nathaniel turned around and gave her a deep, heavy look. "What exactly is your relationship with her?"

Estelle chuckled. "Relationship with who? I don't know what you're talking about."

Nathaniel laid it all out, enunciating every word. "What is your relationship with Estelle Lockwood?"

The surroundings instantly grew quiet. Estelle's smile turned icy. "You've asked this question many times. I've already told you: there is no relationship."

"Miss Lockwood, you pushed Noelle into the water at the banquet, and today you called me 'Husband' right in front of her. There are certain things..." Nathaniel paused. "...that only Estelle would know. So why are you so well-informed?"

Estelle smoothed her hair. "There are no secrets in this world. As long as someone has done something, it will inevitably be known. Besides, didn't you say I'd use every trick in the book to get close to you, Mr. Sloan? I'm not an idiot like Noelle. If I want to get close to you, of course I'd come fully prepared."

No, she was lying.

Nathaniel's Adam's apple bobbed. Yara was different from all those other women who tried to throw themselves at him in the past. She hadn't come for him. She... didn't want to be Mrs. Sloan. He wondered why he actually felt a tinge of sadness at the fact that there was no emotion for him in her eyes.

Estelle lost her appetite and turned to go back to her room. "You asked why I'm venting Estelle's anger for her, Mr. Sloan. It's very simple: because I can't stand the sight of Noelle."

Nathaniel suddenly closed his eyes, his grip tightening on the photograph. He had considered the possibility that Estelle wasn't dead, that she might be hiding somewhere, waiting to emerge years later to exact revenge on him. Whether she forgave him or not, her eyes should still hold some love for him, rather than the mocking, icy indifference that Yara showed.

Yet, for a fleeting moment, he desperately hoped that Yara was Estelle. That way, at least she would still be alive. As long as she was still alive...

Suddenly thinking of something, Nathaniel made a call to the butler.

The next day.

Estelle was surprised to find that dessert was being served for breakfast. The sweet aroma of mango wafted over, making her instinctively swallow hard.

Nathaniel sat at the other end of the dining table, his gaze dark and unreadable.

Estelle had a severe mango allergy and never ate them. If Yara was Estelle, then she would naturally ignore this slice of mango cake.

Was she really her or not... At this moment, Nathaniel actually felt as though God were judging him. But as long as she could come back, he was willing to accept anything.

Just as Estelle was about to reach for the cake, a flash of insight suddenly crossed her mind. She seemed to realize what Nathaniel's intention was in arranging for mango cake at breakfast. He was testing her...

Estelle didn't hesitate. She picked up the cake directly, and just as she was about to put it into her mouth—

BAM!

Nathaniel's pupils constricted violently. He suddenly stood up and abruptly slapped the cake away. A flash of panic crossed his eyes. "Do you have a death wish?!"

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