

## Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It #Chapter 21: She Is Not Allergic to Mangoes - Read Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It Chapter 21: She Is Not Allergic to Mangoes

The entire dining room suddenly plunged into a dead silence.

Estelle paused her movements. With a faint, mocking smile, she feigned ignorance. "What are you doing, Mr. Sloan? It's just a piece of mango. Since when is it fatal?"

After speaking, she reached out to grab another piece.

Nathaniel grabbed her wrist abruptly. Staring straight into her eyes, he enunciated each word carefully. "You can eat mangoes?"

Estelle acted as if she had just heard a joke. "Why wouldn't I be able to? Mr. Sloan... you didn't think I was allergic, did you?" She suddenly lowered her head and took a bite of the fruit perched on top of the cake. "Then you were wrong. I'm not allergic at all."

Half a minute, a minute, five minutes...

As time ticked by, Estelle still showed no signs of an allergic reaction. Nathaniel stared at her intently, trying to find even the slightest hint of abnormality in her smile.

How could this be? He had guessed wrong again.

Estelle let out a derisive scoff. She knew, of course, that Nathaniel was starting to suspect her true identity. But so what? He didn't have any proof. After all, to his knowledge, she had a severe mango allergy. In reality, she had no such thing.

It was only because when she first returned to the Lockwood Family, Noelle had intentionally brought out an array of high-end fruits and asked if she had ever tried them, all to make her look like a country bumpkin.

Before she could even answer, Noelle had prattled on, "Oh, Estelle, I'm so sorry. I should have considered your feelings. You've never even seen these fruits before, so how could you have eaten them? Mom said you're allergic to mangoes, so I figured I shouldn't bring those and brought these instead... It's all my fault for hurting your pride."

At the time, desperate for familial affection, Estelle hadn't dared to say another word and silently accepted the false claim that she was allergic to mangoes.

To think Nathaniel actually remembered... But what was the use of remembering? His supposed understanding of his wife had come entirely from another woman's mouth, and the information was completely fabricated.

Estelle's smile grew increasingly contemptuous as she said coldly, "Can you let go of me now, Mr. Sloan?"

Nathaniel snapped back to his senses and abruptly released her hand, his eyes filled with suppressed emotions. "Since Dr. Lockwood isn't her, please mind your behavior."

Estelle couldn't even be bothered to look at him. "Mr. Sloan, you really don't have to act

like this. It's just the two of us here. There's no need to pretend you loved your ex-wife so much."

Nathaniel gave her a flat look. Since she wasn't Estelle, there was no need to explain himself.

"Just mind your own business, Dr. Lockwood. Christian needs his routine checkup tonight. Remember your responsibilities." With that, he walked straight upstairs.

Estelle rolled her eyes. After finishing her breakfast, she headed to the company.

As soon as she arrived, she recalled the photo she had seen in Nathaniel's hand the night before. Frowning, she called her assistant. "Buy a paper shredder and have it delivered to Imperial Crest."

Henry Kendrick and Penelope Sullivan happened to overhear this as they pushed the door open. "A paper shredder? What did your ex-husband do to you this time?"

Estelle downplayed it. "Nothing. He was just holding our picture in the middle of the night, reminiscing about the past all by himself."

Henry raised an eyebrow. "You guys only have one photo together. If you destroy it, it's gone forever."

Estelle's eyes curved into a smile, but the warmth didn't reach them. "So what if it's gone? What does that have to do with me?"

She would have loved to take more photos with Nathaniel back then, but did he ever give her the chance? While taking their wedding photos, Nathaniel had been called away halfway through because Noelle claimed her heart hurt. After that, Rose Lowell and Noelle would always make excuses, claiming that a country bumpkin like her was too camera-shy to take pictures.

And Nathaniel actually believed them.

Penelope pondered for a moment. "Why do I get the feeling your ex-husband still cares about you?"

"Does he?" Estelle completely dismissed the idea, not caring in the slightest. "It's time. Call everyone up for the meeting."

Imperial Crest. In the study.

Nathaniel gently rubbed the surface of the photograph. Taken seven years ago, it was the only picture he and Estelle had together. Estelle hadn't liked having her picture taken, so this was the only one they had.

"Nathaniel, why did you send Christian to kindergarten? Noelle has told you so many times that his health isn't suited for it! You shouldn't have listened to that doctor. What does an outsider know?"

A woman's voice grew louder as she approached, abruptly pushing the study door open. She wore a deep frown, her face full of disapproval. The newcomer was Mrs. Sloan, Nathaniel's mother, Laura Jennings.

Nathaniel set the photo down and lifted his gaze impassively. "Why are you here?"

"Why shouldn't I be here? My precious grandson is about to be tormented to death by that quack doctor, so of course I had to come see for myself! Wasn't Noelle doing a perfectly fine job taking care of him? Why did you insist on hiring someone else?"

Nathaniel's eyes turned icy as his gaze swept toward Noelle. "You said Yara is a quack doctor?"

When Noelle saw the photograph, she ground her teeth in silent fury. Estelle again! It had been five years, yet Nathaniel was still thinking about her! However, in the next second, a gentle and proper smile graced her face once more. "Nathaniel, I'm just worried..."

Laura said indignantly, "Of course Noelle didn't say that. She's so kind-hearted; how could she possibly come to me just to tattle? She just let it slip by accident, and that's how I found out you'd rather trust an outsider over her! Nathaniel, what did we agree on at the beginning? We said we'd let Noelle spend more time with Christian so they could bond. And look at what's happening now!

"You actually embarrassed Noelle in front of so many people! Do you know what everyone outside is saying? They're all calling her a mistress! I won't allow Noelle to be wronged like this. Fire that doctor, immediately!"

Nathaniel's eyes darkened gradually. "She is Christian's doctor."

Laura couldn't care less. "There are plenty of good doctors in the world. Does it have to be her? She wronged the hostess of the house, so she deserves to be fired!"

"She didn't wrong Christian. It was my idea for him to go to kindergarten."

Laura slammed her hand on the desk. "Are you really this dense, or are you just playing dumb? I'm talking about Noelle! She wronged Noelle! Noelle is the future lady of Imperial Crest. Having a female doctor live in your house is a direct insult to her!"

Nathaniel's gaze shot over to Noelle, and he questioned her flatly. "The lady of the house? Is that what you think too?"

Noelle's throat tightened. Nathaniel had never promised that she would be Mrs. Sloan in the future. All the rumors circulating outside were entirely her doing.

Feigning grievance, she said, "Nathaniel, that's not what I meant. Your mother misunderstood..."

"Enough! Why are you blaming Noelle? Nathaniel, it's time you settled down! Noelle has waited for you for so many years. What exactly are your intentions? She's wasted her entire youth on you, and now you won't even fire a doctor for her!

"Back then, I told you to marry Noelle, but you insisted on marrying Estelle. After Estelle died, your life should have gotten back on track! I know that Yara bears some resemblance to Estelle, but Noelle is her actual sister. Have you forgotten Estelle's final letter?"

Nathaniel raised his eyes and looked coldly at Laura. "Are you done?"

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

# Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It #Chapter 22: I Won't Marry Anyone But Estelle - Read Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It Chapter 22: I Won't Marry Anyone But Estelle

Laura Jennings was indignant. "I haven't even—"

"Since you know that Estelle is the only one in my heart, Mother, you should understand that I will never marry anyone else in this lifetime. As for the suicide note, I am fulfilling every single wish she wrote, except for the one where she asked me to marry Noelle."

Years ago, after Estelle committed "suicide by arson," Nathaniel had found her note.

In it, she wrote that she had let many people down. Plagued by emotional fragility and constant anxiety, she could no longer go on living. She hoped that after her death, Nathaniel would help her take care of the Lockwood family and Noelle. Furthermore, she asked that Noelle raise her child and marry her husband.

Nathaniel had never forgotten her words, but he would not marry Noelle.

Laura was displeased. "Then what do you expect Noelle to do? You can't just leave things like this. Fine, don't marry her, but at the very least, you have to kick Yara out..."

"Impossible," Nathaniel said flatly.

Noelle stepped in at the perfect moment. "Mrs. Sloan, it's alright. Let's go check on Christian first..."

She then turned to Nathaniel, looking utterly helpless. "Nathaniel, I'm truly sorry. Mrs. Sloan is just too worked up. After all, Dr. Lockwood is indeed an outsider, so it's only natural for her to be worried."

Seeing that her son refused to listen, Laura gnashed her teeth in anger. "Fine! I'll wait right here. I want to see exactly what kind of seductress this Yara Lockwood is!"

Laura dragged Noelle along and stormed off to the living room. Nathaniel massaged his temples.

In the living room.

Laura sat on the sofa, huffing with anger. "Tell me, Noelle, where did that seductress come from?"

Tears shimmered in Noelle's eyes. "Mrs. Sloan, please don't ask anymore. Nathaniel cares about her very much. He even brought back two children, and they are both connected to Yara..."

"What? There are two little bastards too?" Laura shrieked.

She was just about to march back and demand answers from Nathaniel when she suddenly touched her wrist. Her face instantly changed. "Where is my bracelet?!"

The bracelet was a creation of the internationally renowned designer, Celestar. It was

incredibly rare—something money alone couldn't buy! The designer was highly mysterious and had never made a public appearance, yet all of her pieces were fiercely sought after.

Noelle had specifically gone out of her way to buy it for her, and now it was lost?

"Search! Go find it immediately!"

Twenty minutes later, Luke White knocked on the door of Nathaniel's study, complaining inwardly. "Mr. Sloan! Mrs. Sloan claims that Miss Mia stole her jewelry. Please go take a look quickly..."

Nathaniel's eyes darkened.

Meanwhile, at the Star Corporation.

After a meeting, Estelle received a call from Zachery. "What's wrong, my little cool guy? ...What did you just say?"

On the other end of the line, Zachery sounded frantic. "Mommy, that old witch is insisting that Mia stole some jewelry. But isn't that bracelet the one you gave to Mia?"

Estelle had designed many pieces under the pseudonym "Celestar." When her latest design came out, the scarcity of the materials meant it was released as a limited edition.

As the designer, she had kept one for herself. When Mia said she liked it, she gave it to her.

Now, Laura had snatched the bracelet away and was adamantly accusing Mia of theft.

Even after five years apart, her former mother-in-law was still as fond of twisting the truth as ever!

"Mommy understands. I'll head back right away. Can you protect Mia for me, my cool guy?"

"Don't worry, Mommy!"

Zachery hung up the phone and immediately turned around. "Young master, we need to hurry back to the living room! What if that old wi—uh, your grandmother... what if she hits Mia?"

Just moments ago, it was Christian who had quietly pulled Zachery aside, urging him to call Estelle.

Christian nodded. "Don't be afraid. I'll protect Mia too."

Back in the living room.

All the servants kept their heads bowed in dead silence.

Trembling with fury, Laura clutched the bracelet and pointed right at Mia's nose in exasperation. "A bastard is a bastard! How dare you steal from me?!"

Mia thought this woman was completely deranged.

The bracelet was clearly a gift from her mommy. She had kept it in a box by her bedside. But just now, a group of people had barged into her room, rummaged through

everything, and taken it away.

And then this old witch had the nerve to accuse her of stealing!

Was there no justice in this world? Were robbers not even bothering to hide their true nature anymore?

Mia was speechless. "This is clearly mine."

Laura grew even more enraged. "You're still trying to argue?! Do you have any idea that this bracelet is a global limited edition? You claim it's yours? Have you no shame!"

Noelle stood to the side, anxiously trying to persuade her. "Mrs. Sloan, please don't get too worked up. It's possible the child saw something shiny, liked it in the moment, and just took it.

"This is probably just how Dr. Lockwood normally raises children, so..."

"You're still speaking up for her?!" Laura's face twisted fiercely. "I heard Yara brought you here? Whether you and Yara are mother and daughter or not, anyone associated with her is nothing but trash!"

Mia almost rolled her eyes to the back of her head.

Who was Noelle trying to disgust! What did she mean by, "this is probably just how Dr. Lockwood normally raises children"? Wasn't she just indirectly telling the old witch that Mommy condoned theft?

But she hadn't stolen anything!

Mia wasn't panicked in the slightest. She had learned a bit of divination from her grandpa. Doing a quick calculation on her fingers, she figured out that the jewelry Laura had bought was actually a complete fake.

Mia curled her lips. Using a knockoff to frame someone? She wasn't afraid of it backfiring. "Old madam, you claim I stole it. Do you have any proof? Or rather, do you have any proof to show that you actually bought this bracelet?"

"I found it in your room! How is that not proof?"

Laura sneered. "Noelle, she wants to see the purchase record. Show it to her!"

Noelle's heart skipped a beat, and she secretly bit her lip.

She had bought a fake to begin with. If she took out the purchase record, a simple check would reveal the truth... But there was no way Mia could possibly understand these things.

"Alright, Mrs. Sloan. Just wait a moment, I'll go get it..."

"Mia." Nathaniel walked down the stairs. His dark gaze swept past Noelle before he quickly stepped in front of Mia. Only then did he turn his head, his brows deeply furrowed.

"Mother, what are you doing?"

Laura was still fuming. "What am I doing? This little mongrel stole from me, what do you think I'm doing! You just had to bring such a poorly raised wretch into our home..."

Mia frowned solemnly. "Madam, with you constantly throwing around the word 'mongrel,' I'd say when it comes to being poorly raised, you definitely have the upper hand."

"You—!!" Laura's eyes widened in shock. "Look at this, Nathaniel! Not only does she steal, but she also mocks me! Kick her out! It's either her or me in this house!"

"Mother!" Nathaniel abruptly turned around. "That's enough!"

Laura refused to back down. "I am your mother! You're condoning this little mongrel stealing from me! Do you even respect me as your mother anymore..."

"Accusing Mia of theft without a shred of evidence. My, what an impressive display of authority, Mrs. Sloan!"

A cold female voice interrupted Laura's rant.

Laura subconsciously looked over, her eyes instantly flying wide open.

...Estelle? No, she didn't look exactly like Estelle.

"You're Yara? These two little mongrels are the children you brought? She stole my jewelry. For Nathaniel's sake, I won't call the police, but I must receive an apology! Since you are their guardian, you can kowtow to me twice!"

Estelle's smile gradually turned icy. "Mia said she didn't steal it.

"If Mrs. Sloan wants proof, I can provide it. But if it ultimately proves that Mia didn't steal anything, and that you, Mrs. Sloan, framed her..." Estelle's tone grew meaningful.

"...Shouldn't you be the one kneeling down and kowtowing to me?"

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