

Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It #Chapter 23: Aren't You Supposed to Kneel Before Me? - Read Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It Chapter 23: Aren't You Supposed to Kneel Before Me?

Laura's face was livid. "I am Mrs. Sloan! Why would I frame a little brat? And to spout nonsense about having evidence—stop making excuses in front of me!"

Estelle smiled. "Evidence? You'll have to ask Miss Noelle about that."

Noelle bit her lower lip. "Dr. Lockwood, I don't know what you mean."

"Miss Noelle claims she gave this bracelet to Mrs. Sloan, while Mia says the bracelet was originally hers. Proving who is lying is simple. Just show the purchase record. Whoever can't produce it is the liar. Noelle, where is your purchase record?"

Laura immediately turned her head. "Noelle, give her the purchase record!"

Seeing this, Noelle could only nod. "Please wait a moment, Mrs. Sloan. I'll find it right now."

She looked down and scrolled through her phone, a flash of pure venom in her eyes. What she had bought was a fake to begin with—where on earth was she supposed to conjure up a purchase record?!

"Mrs. Sloan, it seems it's been too long. I can't find the payment record, and the original receipt is gone too." Two minutes later, Noelle said helplessly, "But when I gave the bracelet to Mrs. Sloan, many people were present. If Dr. Lockwood doesn't believe me, she can ask them."

Estelle's tone was meaningful. "Can't find the payment record, or is there no payment record? Let me rephrase the question, Miss Lockwood... was the one you gave to Mrs. Sloan authentic?"

Instantly, everyone looked at Noelle. Noelle's heart skipped a beat!

She quickly recovered, her eyes turning red as if she had suffered some massive grievance. "Dr. Lockwood, what do you mean by this? She is Mrs. Sloan, and I am a daughter of the Lockwood family. With our status, how could we possibly buy fakes? I know you don't like me, Dr. Lockwood. If you want to target me, I'll take it all, but you shouldn't slander Mrs. Sloan."

Laura had been a little suspicious at first, but hearing Noelle's words, she immediately stepped forward. "Nathaniel, you heard her! This woman can spin any lie imaginable. There's no need to discuss this any further! You either kick Yara Lockwood out, or I will go public with this matter and ruin this little bastard's reputation!"

Nathaniel knitted his brows slightly, his gaze landing on Estelle.

Mia curled her lips. "Old lady, you have deep forehead wrinkles, a sallow complexion, and sunken facial features. I advise you to stop creating bad karma with your words,

otherwise you will definitely suffer terrible bad luck in the near future."

Laura's chest ached with anger. "You, you..."

Noelle had told her long ago that this little bastard named Mia Lockwood was always spouting mystical nonsense. "Playing the psychic in front of me... Ah!"

Before she could finish, Laura twisted her ankle and suddenly pitched forward, landing with a heavy THUD that left her face bruised and swollen!

Mia spread her hands. "I told you not to create bad karma with your words."

"Dr. Lockwood, haven't you had enough?!" Noelle helped Laura up, her eyes brimming with tears as she spoke self-righteously. "Mrs. Sloan is getting on in years. Do you really have to target an elder like this? Mia stole something, and Mrs. Sloan was only trying to teach her a lesson, yet you people slander and curse her! Children like shiny bracelets, and if she made a mistake in the heat of the moment, it's not like we can't forgive her. But Dr. Lockwood, for you to aggressively hound the victim—you're going too far!"

"Victim?" Estelle chuckled. Noelle really did love playing the "victim." "The prerequisite for proving that you and Mrs. Sloan are the victims is that this bracelet actually belongs to you."

Noelle looked helpless and wronged. "I already said, when I gave the bracelet to Mrs. Sloan, many people saw it. This is her bracelet..."

"Does Miss Lockwood not know that Celestar Studio keeps complete records of all its buyers?" Estelle interrupted her indifferently, causing the second half of Noelle's sentence to get stuck in her throat.

Panic slowly crept onto her face as she wondered what Estelle meant. What did she mean Celestar Studio kept purchase records?!

Estelle tapped her phone screen twice and nonchalantly held it out in front of Noelle. "Only ten of these bracelets were released worldwide, and the buyers' names are registered on Celestar Studio's official website. Miss Noelle, may I ask which of these ten people you are?"

Luke White had quickly looked it up as well and whispered to Nathaniel, "Sir, the only Innerlander among these ten buyers is Young Mrs. Qin. I didn't find Miss Noelle's name."

The entire living room instantly plunged into dead silence. Could the information on the official website be wrong? With a renowned designer like Celestar, how many eyes were watching? If there were an error, complaints would have been filed long ago. So, since Noelle didn't have a purchase record for an authentic piece, where did she get a bracelet to give to Laura? It could only be a fake...

Laura sharply whipped her head around. "Noelle?"

"N-no, it's not..." Noelle's teeth chattered as she forced a smile. "Actually, I got this bracelet from a foreign business partner..."

"Bought it from a foreign business partner?" Estelle cut in, snatching the words right out of her mouth. "Unfortunately, I collaborated with Celestar Studio last year, so I happen to know these buyers. Tell me, Miss Lockwood, who did you buy it from? I'll give them a

call to ask."

Noelle's small face was covered in tears. "Maybe I remembered wrong..."

"Then think a bit harder. After all, this concerns Mia's reputation," Estelle said with a smile.

"I..."

"Even if it's fake, that doesn't prove she didn't steal it!" Laura suddenly snapped out of her daze. Though she couldn't believe Noelle had given her a counterfeit, Estelle angered her even more. She was Mrs. Sloan! With a son like Nathaniel, no one had ever dared to give her attitude! Yet Yara Lockwood and this Mia Lockwood had gone and exposed the fact that she was wearing a fake. They couldn't blame her for not holding back anymore!

"Noelle was scammed too, which is why she bought a fake. I believe she didn't do it on purpose! On the contrary, it's this Mia Lockwood." Laura's expression darkened with displeasure. "A child doesn't know the difference between a fake and an authentic piece. She saw that my bracelet was pretty and stole it. What's so strange about that?"

"Mia, show everyone the bracelet," Estelle suddenly said.

Mia had been holding it in all day, finally waiting for this very moment. She immediately revealed a sweet smile and placed the bracelet in front of everyone.

Estelle tucked a strand of hair behind her ear. "Mrs. Sloan, you insist that Mia stole your bracelet. Then may I ask, why does your bracelet have the word 'Mia' engraved on it?"

The surroundings grew even quieter. It was as if all sound had vanished at this exact moment.

On the inside of the bracelet, there was a tiny, minuscule "Mia." Out of everyone present, Mia was the only one with that name.

Laura was momentarily at a loss for words. "You..."

"Or perhaps Mrs. Sloan needs me to call Celestar so she can personally reveal the truth?" Estelle chuckled softly.

No one answered. At this point, the truth was already painfully obvious.

Estelle let out a light laugh. "Now that I've proven Mia didn't steal anything, according to our agreement, shouldn't Mrs. Sloan be supposed to kneel before me?"

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

Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It #Chapter 24: Is Yara Imitating Estelle? - Read Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It Chapter 24: Is Yara Imitating Estelle?

Laura choked on her anger. "Don't push your luck! Noelle and I are victims here too. If

you want to blame someone, blame that scamming seller! How was I supposed to know this little bastard's bracelet was the real one..."

"Zachery, I used to hear people say that ladies from wealthy families were all very polite," Mia suddenly interrupted, her face a mask of utter seriousness. "But why does this old lady keep saying 'little bastard'? She doesn't seem very well-mannered."

Laura's eyes widened. Just as she was about to explode into a tirade, Zachery spoke up, fighting back a smile.

"Mia, don't ask me. It's my first time seeing someone like this, too. She buys a fake, steals your genuine one, and then turns around and frames you for theft."

"And now that she's been exposed, she won't even apologize. She acts like it's an honor for you to be framed by her."

"I remember Mr. Henry Kendrick also comes from a wealthy family. I'll have to ask Grandma Kendrick later if all wealthy families are like this, or if it's just Mrs. Sloan."

Mia pouted, chiming in perfectly. "Then I'll go ask Grandma Hughes."

"And I'll ask Uncle Carson," Zachery added.

"And Uncle Smith!" Mia piped up.

As the two little dumplings rattled off name after name, Laura's face grew uglier by the second.

If they actually went around broadcasting this to everyone, she wouldn't have a shred of dignity left!

"Shut up... all of you..." Laura swayed on her feet, her face deathly pale as she nearly collapsed.

"Mrs. Sloan!" Noelle Lockwood quickly caught her, shaking her head frantically with tears in her eyes. "Dr. Lockwood, this is all my fault. Mrs. Sloan is in poor health, so please don't agitate her anymore. It's all my fault... Nathaniel, I'm willing to apologize to Dr. Lockwood. Just let Mrs. Sloan go rest first."

Nathaniel Sloan narrowed his eyes. "Luke White, escort my mother upstairs."

A cold sneer curled Estelle Lockwood's lips. She had known all along that Nathaniel wouldn't be able to bear making his own mother apologize.

Laura's current actions—a few false accusations and a failed framing attempt—were nothing compared to what she had done five years ago.

Estelle hadn't expected anything, so naturally, she wasn't disappointed.

However, the injustice Mia had suffered wouldn't be brushed aside so easily.

If Nathaniel wouldn't force Laura to apologize, Estelle would do it herself.

"Zachery, Mia, let's go back to our room." As Estelle walked past Nathaniel, she let out a soft scoff. "Mr. Sloan is truly a filial son."

Nathaniel's expression remained impassive.

Once Estelle's figure disappeared from view, only Nathaniel, Luke, and Christian were

left in the living room.

Christian pursed his lips. "Daddy, why didn't you make Grandma apologize?"

Nathaniel paused before lowering his gaze. "Daddy promises I won't let Mia be wronged again."

Luke hastily tried to explain as well. "Young Master, there's a reason Mr. Sloan did that..."

"It's just because Grandma is an elder and Mia is a child, so she doesn't have to apologize. After all, in the eyes of you adults, even when an elder does something wrong, it's 'for your own good'."

Nathaniel hadn't expected Christian to say something like that.

Luke panicked slightly. "Young Master, you've really misunderstood. Mr. Sloan has no intention of shielding Mrs. Sloan. There will definitely be an apology, just not right now..."

Christian pressed on, "Why not right now?"

Luke couldn't come up with an answer. "Well..."

Christian stiffened his neck, refusing to yield. "Because Grandma is in poor health? Daddy, are you afraid she'll get so worked up that she collapses, and then you'll all blame Mia for it? Is that why you let her go upstairs? Since when is 'poor health' a universal excuse for everything?"

Christian had grown up pampered and doted on, yet he never had a single companion his own age. He had finally met Zachery and Mia, and even if they couldn't officially acknowledge each other as siblings, he couldn't even demand justice for Mia when she was wronged!

"I hate you adults! Is apologizing really that hard? Why can't you just do it?"

Without him realizing it, Christian's eyes turned red. "I like Mia, but this is how you treat her! I hate you!"

With that, he turned and ran straight upstairs. Luke wanted to chase after him. "Sir..."

Nathaniel slowly raised his eyes. "Christian has made friends."

Luke couldn't bear to see this. There were things the Young Master didn't know—burdens that Mr. Sloan was carrying all by himself. He couldn't help but ask, "Should I go explain things to the Young Master? Or perhaps to Miss Mia..."

"There's no need." Nathaniel exhaled a heavy breath. "Go tell Mrs. Sloan that as soon as she is feeling better, she needs to apologize. If the apology isn't made before my father's birthday banquet, she won't be attending the banquet."

Hearing Nathaniel refer to Laura as "Mrs. Sloan" instead of "Mother," Luke silently sighed. "Yes, sir."

Upstairs.

Christian's eyes grew redder and redder until large tears finally began to stream down his face.

He had always thought he was tough. Even though he was sickly, ever since he was old

enough to understand things, Noelle had never been able to get the upper hand against him.

But today, he had been forced to stand by and watch Mia be framed. He had no proof, and he was just a child. Even if he tried to defend her, the adults would only think he was blindly protecting his new friend.

Why? Was it really so hard to just get an apology?

"Holy crap, Young Master, why are you crying?"

CRACK. Mia's potato chip dropped to the floor. She stared dumbfounded at the tear-streaked Young Master standing in front of her, her voice stammering.

"T-they were framing me, not you! Why are you crying? Did they bully you too? What is wrong with them?! You're that old woman's biological grandson!"

Christian looked up with bloodshot eyes. "Mia, I'm sorry. I didn't protect you well enough."

"Huh?" It was only then that Mia realized the Young Master was feeling guilty about what had just happened. "No way! What does that have to do with you? Why are you apologizing to me?"

Christian pursed his lips tightly. "They framed you, and I couldn't do anything about it."

Mia waved her hand dismissively. "It's not a big deal, I didn't even take it to heart. Besides, I'd never let myself get bullied anyway."

Christian lowered his eyes, his dark irises filled with a mix of disappointment and newfound resolve.

He needed to grow up quickly. Only when he was older could he protect his siblings and his mommy.

"Mia, there won't be a next time."

Mia looked at him in confusion, trying to detect any hint of acting in the little drama king's eyes, but she couldn't find any.

Was the Young Master genuinely upset and feeling wronged on her behalf?

But why? Even if she was the cutest, prettiest, most well-behaved, most beautiful little ray of sunshine in the entire world, that still shouldn't be enough to make a boy who had only known her for two days cry this hard over her, right?

"Nathaniel..."

Just as Nathaniel came upstairs, Noelle walked over from the side, tears brimming in her eyes.

"I'm sorry, I'm truly sorry. When Mrs. Sloan said her bracelet was missing earlier, Ms. Carter mentioned she had seen it in Mia's room, which is why I..."

Nathaniel didn't even bat an eyelid. "I'm not the one you should be apologizing to."

"I'll definitely make amends to Mia tomorrow. Nathaniel, I admit Mrs. Sloan acted a bit impulsively... but she had a reason for doing so."

Nathaniel looked at her coldly.

Noelle lowered her gaze. "It's because Mrs. Sloan feels like Yara is imitating Estelle. And as you know, Estelle's death anniversary is coming up..."

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

Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It #Chapter 25: Their Only Photo Together, Torn - Read Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It Chapter 25: Their Only Photo Together, Torn

Nathaniel Sloan's gaze was cold. "What are you trying to say?"

Noelle Lockwood bit her lip and called out softly, "Nathaniel."

Nathaniel's gaze snapped toward her.

Back when Estelle Lockwood was still alive, Noelle had always addressed him with that same familiar intimacy. He was only willing to look out for Noelle because she was Estelle's younger sister.

Noelle's breathing hitched nervously as she cautiously brought up Estelle. "Nathaniel, ever since Yara arrived, you've paid so much attention to her. What about my sister? Have you forgotten Estelle?"

"Yara is obviously a fake, yet she stays by your side using my sister's face... Mrs. Sloan noticed this too, which is why she doesn't feel safe leaving Christian with her.

"After all, Christian is my sister's biological son. Who knows if Dr. Lockwood might use him for her own gain?"

Nathaniel's eyes were dark and aloof, sending a chill of fear through Noelle's heart.

After a long while, the man's hoarse voice finally sounded. "You're absolutely right."

Joy bloomed in Noelle's chest. It seemed Nathaniel had listened to her. As long as she could drive Yara away—

"But my mother clearly came targeting Yara today," Nathaniel continued, his tone calm and unruffled. "She had never met Yara before this. How did she know Yara was deliberately imitating Estelle?"

"Besides, when Estelle was alive, my mother never liked her. Why would she suddenly start demanding justice for Estelle five years after her death? You know better than I do who she was truly standing up for, Noelle."

The man's words drained the color from Noelle's face. "Nathaniel, do you suspect I purposely spoke ill of Dr. Lockwood in front of Mrs. Sloan? I didn't..."

"Your feud with Yara is your own business. But using my hands to drive away someone you hate... Noelle, you've crossed the line."

Nathaniel brushed past her and instructed indifferently, "Mr. Chapman, see our guest

out."

Looking as though she had suffered a massive grievance, Noelle burst into tears and ran out.

That night.

Estelle waited until the three little ones were asleep before having Henry Kendrick deliver the paper shredder to her door.

Henry lingered outside Imperial Crest, sneaking around like a thief. "I came all the way here to deliver this to you in the middle of the night. Do I get a reward?"

Estelle rolled her eyes at him. "I told you to have a driver drop it off, but you insisted on coming yourself."

Henry rubbed his nose. "No way. I have to personally take care of your things, otherwise my parents will scold me to death. Hey, don't you think sneaking around outside Imperial Crest to meet in the dead of night feels a bit like we're having an affair—Ow!"

Estelle smacked him directly on the back of the head. "If you don't know how to speak properly, shut up. Give me the shredder."

Henry rubbed his forehead, suddenly looking worried. "Are you really... going to shred that photo?"

When Old Mr. Kendrick first saved Estelle, she had been in terrible shape. If it weren't for her two children, she likely wouldn't have survived.

Once, Henry had found a photo on her phone.

That was the first time Henry saw the face of that heartless scumbag, Nathaniel. Estelle had told him it was their only photo together.

Estelle frowned, not understanding what Henry was getting at. "What else? Why would I ask you to buy a paper shredder if I wasn't going to shred the photo? Do I look like I have too much free time?"

Henry immediately relaxed. That made sense; she definitely had no lingering feelings for her ex-husband!

After saying goodbye to Henry, Estelle carried the shredder upstairs.

Everyone else in the villa was asleep. She made her way to Nathaniel's study unimpeded and began to search.

She wondered, "That's strange... where is the photo? It's just an ordinary photo. Could it be in a locked drawer? That seems unnecessary."

Compelled by some inexplicable instinct, an idea popped into her head. Could the photo be in there? After all, the future matriarch of the Sloan family would be Noelle. Keeping a photo of his ex-wife lying around wouldn't look good, so locking it in a safe made perfect sense.

But the password... Estelle tried Nathaniel's birthday, but it was incorrect. In a flash of inspiration, she entered Noelle's birthday.

CLICK. The safe opened, and sure enough, the photo lay inside.

She thought, "How deeply devoted. He even uses Noelle's birthday for his safe."

Estelle turned on the paper shredder and expressionlessly fed the photo into it. Two seconds later, it was reduced to a pile of paper dust.

From then on, the very last photo left in the world belonging to the Estelle from five years ago completely ceased to exist.

In an excellent mood, Estelle left the shredder at the scene of the crime. Not caring at all what expression Nathaniel would make when he saw it, she turned and went upstairs.

At midnight.

Nathaniel jolted awake from a nightmare, the heavy weight of the terror leaving him breathless.

He subconsciously reached out to touch the space beside him on the bed. It was empty.

In truth, during the two years he had been married to Estelle, he hadn't come home very often. But even when she was the only one in the house, she would only sleep on the left side of the bed, leaving the right side for him.

Over the past five years, Nathaniel had also exclusively slept on the right side, hoping that the moment he woke up, he would see Estelle sleeping peacefully beside him.

But his hopes were always dashed.

An immense sense of loss overwhelmed his heart. Nathaniel abruptly got up to look for that photo.

However, their one and only photo together was currently lying in the paper shredder, shredded into dust.

BANG! Estelle was startled awake by a loud crash. She sat up in bed, barely having time to react. "Who—Urgh! Nathaniel! Go see a doctor if you're sick! What kind of crazy stunt are you pulling in the middle of the night?"

The man's tall frame rigidly pinned her down. His strong, powerful fingers clamped around her throat, cutting off her oxygen.

"Yara, where is the photo?"

Estelle met the man's bloodshot eyes, her sleepiness instantly dissipating.

She immediately understood. Oh... Nathaniel had found out.

Estelle tilted her head back slightly, entirely unafraid. "In the shredder... Ugh! Let go!"

Nathaniel tightened his grip, suppressing his fury. "You destroyed the photo?"

Estelle couldn't understand what Nathaniel was so angry about. Wasn't he hiding that photo just so Noelle wouldn't find it? Wasn't it better now that she had destroyed it?

Estelle raised her hand and shoved Nathaniel away. Turning the tables, she tapped her fingertips against the man's Adam's apple.

"That's right, I did it. What's wrong? Are you going to settle the score with me, Mr. Sloan?" Estelle let out a soft sigh. "You can't blame me for this. You were the one who

avored Mrs. Sloan and allowed Mia to suffer such a massive grievance. Since you couldn't bear to make your mother apologize, you have to sacrifice something else, don't you?

"It's just a destroyed photo. Why do you look like you want to eat me alive, Mr. Sloan?"

To her, it was just a destroyed photo... Nathaniel abruptly closed his eyes.

For the past five years, Estelle had never visited his dreams. Aside from Christian, she had left absolutely nothing behind.

Imperial Crest was the only place that held traces of her life, so he had carefully preserved it.

She hadn't liked taking pictures in the past. Whether it was group shots or solo portraits, that was the only photo left of her...

But now it was gone.

Nathaniel suddenly realized that he had truly lost Estelle.

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