

Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It #Chapter 26: Make the Scum Dad Face the Wife-Chasing Crematorium - Read Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It Chapter 26: Make the Scum Dad Face the Wife-Chasing Crematorium

Nathaniel's voice was hoarse. "Dr. Lockwood, you destroyed her only photo. Tell me, how should I punish you?"

Estelle's smile grew even more radiant as she raised an eyebrow. "The only photo? Oh... no wonder Mr. Sloan is going crazy in the middle of the night. But you can't pin this on me. Who would have thought that after two years of marriage, you and your ex-wife would only have one photo together?"

Under the dim light, the faces of Yara and Estelle seemed to overlap.

"How did you crack the safe's password?" Nathaniel asked hoarsely.

Estelle furrowed her brows slightly. Was he sick in the head? He was actually still trying to test her?

"You set the safe's password to Noelle's birthday. I guessed it on the first try."

Nathaniel's Adam's apple bobbed, his breathing heavy with deep suppression. Looking at her face, he instinctively explained, "That's not Noelle's birthday..."

That was Estelle's birthday. Estelle was the true daughter of the Lockwood family. That birthday was originally hers.

"Why are you explaining this to me?" Estelle suddenly felt a surge of irritation. Things seemed to be gradually spiraling out of control. She stood up abruptly, leaning in close to Nathaniel. Every word she spoke was like a knife stabbing into his heart.

"Are you trying to say it's your ex-wife's birthday? But every year on July 16th, the only person who celebrates a birthday is Noelle."

The day she was born wasn't her birthday. Did the Lockwood family even remember that it was her birthday too? Had they ever thrown a birthday party for her? When it came to July 16th, everyone would just assume it was Noelle's birthday. To tell her now that it was her birthday... how ironic was that?

"Mr. Sloan, the password to your safe, your computer, and your phone are all 0716. How misleading. Your ex-wife probably went to her grave thinking your password was her sister's birthday."

Nathaniel's heart immediately ached, as if a large pair of hands were gripping it tightly, making it hard to breathe.

Estelle knew exactly how to poke at someone's wounds. "Too bad she's dead. You'll never get the chance to explain it to her. Stop testing me, Mr. Sloan. Estelle Lockwood

died five years ago. Understand?"

She was not her. Estelle had died five years ago, and the person standing here now was only Yara.

The dark fog in Nathaniel's eyes dissipated. He jolted awake and roughly tossed her onto the bed. Then, as if fleeing in panic, he strode out the door.

Estelle slowly sat up on the bed and wiped the cold sweat from her forehead. She wasn't as calm as she appeared. Thankfully, the man hadn't completely lost his mind. However, why would Nathaniel feel sad when she said those things? He clearly didn't love her. Why couldn't he accept the fact that she had been "dead" for five years?

The next morning.

Estelle slept soundly until dawn. She had originally worried that Nathaniel would cause her trouble the next day, but unexpectedly, the man vanished for an entire week.

Where did Nathaniel go?

"Yara, Young Mr. Kingston has returned. He's now the head of the Kingston family. If we want a partnership, we need to go through his connections." Henry Kendrick took a sip of tea. "However, Young Mr. Kingston is quite difficult to deal with. Besides, the Kingston family was originally planning to collaborate with your ex-husband. I'm afraid it won't be easy for us to snatch the deal away."

Estelle pulled her thoughts back. It was better if Nathaniel didn't return. Why was she overthinking this?

"We still have to try. Arrange a time for me to meet Young Mr. Kingston."

"Alright, I've scheduled it for tomorrow. Young Mr. Kingston just returned to the country today. Meeting him tomorrow is probably the fastest we can manage. As long as we show enough sincerity, securing the deal shouldn't be a problem."

Since she had to negotiate with Young Mr. Kingston the next day, Estelle went to bed early. However, at eleven o'clock that night, she was woken up by a call from Penelope Sullivan.

"Guess where I saw your ex-husband?"

Estelle yawned, unable to even open her eyes. "Where?"

Penelope sounded mysterious. "Elysium Entertainment City."

Estelle racked her brain for a moment to figure out what the entertainment city was. "Oh."

Penelope choked for a second. "Aren't you surprised?! An entertainment city! Your ex-husband went to an entertainment city!"

Nathaniel's public image had always been elegant and noble. He never set foot in places like entertainment cities.

Estelle rolled over in bed, wanting to end the conversation. She replied dismissively, "Yeah, surprised. Very surprised. What happened? Did he get arrested by the police for fighting?"

Penelope was speechless. Taking a deep breath, she continued, "Forget it. What I wanted to say is that someone hijacked the partnership with the Kingston family tonight."

Estelle's sleepiness instantly vanished. She sat up straight. "What happened?"

Hijacked? Tonight? She was planning to negotiate tomorrow morning. For someone to choose tonight to intervene, they were clearly targeting her.

Penelope gulped. "You don't care about your ex-husband anymore?"

Estelle frowned. "It has nothing to do with me even if he dies on top of another woman, but the money we fail to earn won't come back."

"Uh..." Penelope didn't know what to say for a moment. "But you really do need to take a trip to the entertainment city to find your ex-husband, because this matter is related to him..."

Five minutes later, Estelle hung up the phone with a dark expression.

Nathaniel didn't absolutely need this partnership. Beating her to meeting Jasper Kingston was a blatant act of revenge against her. Revenge for what? For destroying that photo?

Heh.

Estelle put on her makeup as quickly as possible. She picked out an elegant yet sexy bodycon dress from her closet and rushed out the door like a whirlwind.

In another room.

Mia puffed her cheeks in anger. "I heard everything. Scumbag Daddy wants to steal Mommy's partnership. That's so mean! How can there be such a scummy man? Zachery, you little dummy, do you have a plan?"

That partnership was very important to Mommy, and Mia could only fret anxiously. Maybe she could go act cute in front of Scumbag Daddy?

Zachery racked his brains, his mind spinning rapidly. Suddenly, a novel he had read before popped into his head: "After the Divorce, She Became a Boss Lady and Made Her Scumbag Ex Grovel." Wait, he had an idea!

"Mia, do you know what the 'crematorium of regretful exes' is?" Zachery's eyes lit up.

Mia stared at him blankly.

Zachery excitedly explained, "There's a change of plans! Our goal is to make Scumbag Daddy fall in love with Mommy, and then she dumps him, sending him straight to the crematorium!"

Mia was dumbfounded. "...Huh? A crematorium? Are you going to cremate Scumbag Daddy? You can't do that, murder is illegal."

Zachery waved his arms frantically. "It's not a literal crematorium! It's... well, it's something you just have to feel to understand! Don't worry, leave everything to me. I've read tons of novels. I know the tropes!"

Mia gasped, speechless. Zachery, what on earth were you reading in your free time?!

Elysium Entertainment City.

This was the largest money-squandering den in Crestfall. Wealthy young heirs could easily drop millions in a single night. As long as you had the money, you could get any kind of man or woman you desired.

At this moment, the largest private room was packed with a group of young men and women of similar age. "Jasper, welcome back."

"Are you satisfied with today's welcome party? Elysium's business is booming. We even had to pay extra just to book this room."

The star of the party held a glass of red wine and took a light sip, his gaze landing on a certain corner. "Nathaniel, you're here, but you're not going to have a drink?"

Nathaniel's eyes were cold and distant, and he was the only one without a female companion by his side. Hearing this, he faintly raised his glass. "Welcome back."

KNOCK KNOCK.

Right then, the manager knocked on the door of the private room. "Young Mr. Kingston, your friend has arrived."

The room quieted down. One of the men frowned. "Our group is all here. What friend? Could it be someone who found out Jasper and Nathaniel are here and came knocking on purpose? What's her name?"

The manager scratched his head, looking puzzled for a moment. "Her name is Yara Lockwood."

Nathaniel abruptly raised his eyes.

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

Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It #Chapter 27: Who Said She Was Here for Nathaniel? - Read Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It Chapter 27: Who Said She Was Here for Nathaniel?

Jasper caught Nathaniel's expression and smiled. "Nathaniel, a friend of yours?"

In a flash, everyone turned to look at Nathaniel.

Nathaniel frowned, neither confirming nor denying. "I'm not seeing anyone."

"Now, Nathaniel, that's not very nice of you," Jasper said with a smile, setting down his glass. He turned to the manager. "Since she's already at our door, let her in."

Since Jasper was the guest of honor today, no one objected to his decision.

One of the wealthy heirs, a friend of Nathaniel's, stepped forward to tease him.

"Nathaniel, who is Yara? Another romantic fling you've picked up? You already have Noelle at home. If you're messing around on the side, I'm going to tattle."

Nathaniel's eyes remained cold and clear. He didn't say a word.

Soon, the manager led the visitor inside. "Right this way, Miss Lockwood."

Estelle gave a faint smirk, pushed the private room door open, and walked in.

Perhaps curious to see what kind of woman would chase after Nathaniel, almost everyone looked toward the door.

The moment the door opened, the whole world seemed to fall silent.

THUD.

The microphone in the teasing heir's hand dropped to the carpet. His eyes went wide. "Estelle?!"

This face looked way too much like Estelle's!

The crowd whipped their heads toward Nathaniel. But wasn't Estelle dead?

Unsurprised by their reaction, Estelle curled her lips into a half-smile, her gaze sweeping over Nathaniel with a hint of amusement.

What a coincidence. They were all familiar faces.

The heir who had just spoken was Kian Winslow, one of Noelle's devoted white knights and a leading force among those who had ostracized, belittled, and mocked Estelle all those years ago.

Estelle had also met the other people in the private room a few times, to varying degrees. While they hadn't openly mocked Nathaniel's wife to her face, behind her back, they had always encouraged Noelle to take her place.

Didn't Nathaniel constantly claim that he missed his ex-wife? If he truly missed her, would he still be hanging out with the very friends who had ruined his marriage?

"Nathaniel, that's Estelle, right? She... you..." Kian stammered.

Nathaniel frowned slightly. He hadn't seen this woman in a week. Seeing her show up here in a sexy, figure-hugging dress sent an inexplicable surge of anger rushing through him.

He strode forward. "Who gave you permission to come looking for me?"

Estelle turned her head, acting as if she had only just noticed him. "Mr. Sloan is here too?" she asked in feigned surprise.

Nathaniel's brow furrowed deeper. He didn't know what kind of trick this woman was playing, but for some reason, he didn't want the others ogling her sexy outfit. He instinctively stepped in to block their view of her. "Go home."

Estelle took a step back, her tone laced with undisguised disgust, looking eager to distance herself from him. "Mr. Sloan, try not to be so full of yourself."

Before Nathaniel could say another word, she put on a bright smile, turned around, and brushed right past him to greet the man sitting behind him.

"Hello, Mr. Kingston. I'm Yara. Hearing of your return to the country, I came specifically to pay my respects on behalf of Star Group."

Nathaniel's face instantly darkened.

Jasper maintained his gentle, refined demeanor. "Ah, so it's Miss Lockwood from Star. A pleasure to meet you. Weren't you here to see Nathaniel?"

Estelle looked surprised. "Of course not. What charm does Nathaniel Sloan have that would make me seek him out in the middle of the night? I'm here to see you, Mr. Kingston."

The silence in the private room was deafening.

The singing stopped. The drinking ceased. Everyone just stared blankly at Estelle.

This woman was way too bold! Everyone knew that Nathaniel was the dream lover of every young woman in Crestfall. Yet this Yara not only completely disrespected Nathaniel, but she also boldly claimed he couldn't compare to Jasper.

While Jasper was certainly no slouch, wasn't saying something like that a blatant slap in the face to Nathaniel?

Acting as if she hadn't noticed the tension, Estelle clicked her heels over to the sofa and sat down, crossing her slender, pale legs. Quite a few men in the room audibly gulped.

The fiery glint in Nathaniel's eyes grew even more intense.

In the corner, someone whispered, "Damn, is that really not Estelle?"

"Young Mr. Winslow, you've seen Estelle the most. Do you think that woman is her?"

"She's been dead for five years. Can the dead come back to life?"

"But you never know. What if she didn't actually die back then? If she's back, what's Noelle going to do?"

"Shut up, all of you," Kian interrupted, a calculating gleam flashing in his eyes. "We'll know if we test her, won't we? Estelle was a terrible lightweight. Go get her drunk."

On the other side of the room, Estelle picked up a wine glass, her eyes sparkling. "Mr. Kingston, we'll be signing our partnership agreement tomorrow. From now on, we're all friends. Come, let me toast you."

She flushed easily when she drank, but it wasn't an exaggerated redness; instead, a faint, rosy pink dusted her cheeks, and her eyes grew slightly misty.

She looked even more radiant and captivating than before.

Many of the onlookers were completely mesmerized.

Nathaniel's expression grew even darker.

"Miss Lockwood is going to work with Jasper? Then shouldn't you also toast us, Jasper's friends?" Kian suddenly chimed in with ill intent.

Estelle narrowed her eyes. Why was Noelle's white knight still so stupid? Did he really think that just because she couldn't handle her liquor five years ago, the Yara of today would be the same?

Taking a glass of red wine from a nearby waiter, Estelle let her gaze drift over the group. "Mr. Kingston, are these all your friends? Do you think I should toast them?"

Jasper kept a gentle smile on his face and turned his head helplessly. "What do you think, Nathaniel?"

For some reason, a surge of fury welled up inside Nathaniel. At a nightclub, all by herself, drinking, and even pretending not to know him. Every single thing about this situation made his blood boil.

Fine, he wanted to see just how long this woman could keep up her act!

"Miss Lockwood is nothing to me. There's no need to ask for my opinion."

Kian immediately spoke up. "Since both Jasper and Nathaniel don't mind, what do you say, Miss Lockwood? Are you going to drink? You know, we all have our own hostesses when we come here to play. Someone like you, Miss Lockwood, would actually be quite suited for this profession."

Estelle curled her lips into a smile, tilted her head back, and downed the glass in one gulp.

As the liquid slid down her throat, leaving a spicy burn in its wake, her eyes grew even hazier. Nathaniel's Adam's apple bobbed.

After finishing her drink, Estelle pulled a thick wad of cash from her purse and shoved it into the hands of the male host who had just poured her wine. "Young Mr. Winslow, whoever else wants a toast, bring it on."

Having received such a generous tip, the male host became even more attentive, whispering softly, "Please drink slowly, miss."

Estelle downed another glass and handed out another wad of cash.

The other hosts and hostesses couldn't sit still any longer. Even the hostess next to Kian ran over to Estelle and began massaging her legs. "Miss Lockwood, I can pour wine too! Please, look at me."

Yara was very satisfied and gave her a stack of cash as well.

Instantly, everyone clustered around Estelle. Even Kian and his lackeys looked as though they were just there to entertain her.

Estelle gave a half-smile. "Mr. Winslow, take a look. Who looks more like the hosts now?"

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

Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It #Chapter 28: Nathaniel's Face Was Dark, "Yara, Come Home With Me. - Read Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It Chapter 28: Nathaniel's Face Was Dark, "Yara, Come Home With Me.

Estelle sat on the sofa. Behind her, a male host kneaded her shoulders, while a female

escort knelt in front, gently massaging her legs.

And right in front of her, Kian was pouring her wine.

It certainly made Kian look like one of the escorts.

Kian almost choked on his own breath, his face flushing bright red with anger. "Drink more!"

Estelle raised an eyebrow. "Sure."

Jasper was a little worried. "Nathaniel, Miss Lockwood is a woman, after all. Drinking like this is bad for her stomach. Let's make them stop."

Nathaniel flared up the moment he heard this. "It has nothing to do with me."

"Although I've never met your wife, Kian said she looks exactly like Estelle. Is she the Estelle from back then?" Jasper asked suddenly.

Nathaniel inwardly resisted the question.

"It seems she's not. Otherwise, you wouldn't have the heart to let her drink like this," Jasper smiled. A flicker of tenderness crossed his eyes—half-probing, half-genuine. "I find Miss Yara quite fascinating. Nathaniel, since she has nothing to do with you, I'm going to court her."

Nathaniel's head snapped toward him. "You're interested in her?"

Jasper looked completely at ease. "Yes."

"No!" Nathaniel blurted out without a second thought.

Jasper's tone carried a pointed meaning. "She has nothing to do with you, so why not?"

"She looks too much like Estelle."

Jasper shook his head. "So what? There are plenty of lookalikes in the world. Just because she shares your wife's face doesn't mean you can ruin my happiness, right?"

Nathaniel furrowed his brows deeply. Happiness?

Yara? That woman?

"She also has two children. She's not suited for you." Although Zachery and Mia hadn't explicitly stated it, Nathaniel had already guessed they were Yara's children.

To his surprise, Jasper replied, "That's fine. I don't mind. It's rare to meet such an interesting woman."

An indescribable surge of irritation bubbled up in Nathaniel's chest. He had no relationship whatsoever with Yara, nor did he have any standing to stop this. "You can't..."

"Are you interested in her, too?" Jasper mused thoughtfully. "Well, that makes sense. Estelle has been dead for five years; it's understandable if you've taken a liking to someone else."

"I'm not!" Nathaniel frowned fiercely. "Aside from Estelle, I will never fall in love with another woman."

"That's good, then," Jasper nodded.

Without waiting for Nathaniel to say another word, Jasper stepped forward. He walked up to Estelle and asked gently, "Miss Lockwood, are you alright? Don't drink anymore. Let me take you home."

Kian wasn't satisfied. "Jasper, we haven't had enough yet! Besides, if you're taking her home, where exactly are you taking her? Don't think I don't know—this woman is currently living at Nathaniel's place!"

Kian had just called Noelle Lockwood to ask about the situation. That was when he learned that Yara had imitated Estelle and driven Noelle out of Imperial Crest.

How could Kian tolerate that? He sneered, "Keep drinking, Miss Lockwood. If you're going to be the mistress, at least act the part. Quitting halfway just won't do."

Jasper frowned. "Kian!"

Kian pursed his lips. "It's the truth! Who doesn't know that Nathaniel is going to marry Noelle? She moved into someone else's house and even chased away his fiancée. What's wrong with me scolding her a bit..."

"Young Mr. Winslow."

Estelle leaned back against the sofa, resting her chin on her hand with a light chuckle. "Have you misunderstood something?"

"What did I misunderstand..." Kian trailed off.

"My business partner is Mr. Kingston. Today, I only need to give face to him. You and Nathaniel are just along for the ride."

"If you want to vent your frustrations on behalf of Noelle, don't come to me. Star Group needs the Kingston Group's cooperation, but crushing the Winslow family would be a piece of cake. Got it?" Estelle stated casually. "The prerequisite for standing up for a woman is that you actually have the capital to back it up. Nathaniel hasn't even stood up for your dear Noelle, so just be a good boy and shut your mouth, hmm?"

Kian was so angry he nearly ascended to heaven. "You... I... You..."

"Mr. Kingston, I think I'm drunk." Estelle couldn't be bothered with this foolish rich heir who couldn't even keep his tongue straight. Leaning against the armrest of the sofa, she asked, "Could I trouble you to take me to a hotel?"

She had drunk too much wine, and her words carried the scent of alcohol. However, it wasn't unpleasant; instead, there was a sweet fragrance to it.

Jasper helped her up, his movements gentlemanly. "Alright. There are guest rooms upstairs here at the club. Rest first, Miss Lockwood. We can discuss the collaboration another day; I won't go back on my word."

Estelle's cheeks were slightly flushed, and her eyes were captivatingly sultry. Her body felt almost boneless. "That's good. Mr. Kingston's words are far more trustworthy than a certain someone's."

The veins on Nathaniel's forehead throbbed violently.

He didn't really want to know who that "certain someone" was.

Supporting Estelle, Jasper nodded at the others in the private room. "I'll take Miss Lockwood upstairs. Excuse me."

As they brushed past Nathaniel, he caught the scent of the wine lingering on her—charming and intoxicating.

A man who wanted to court her was taking her to a hotel room while she was drunk. What that implied went without saying.

Nathaniel gritted his teeth. Did this woman have absolutely no sense of safety?!

But what did it have to do with him? When she walked out, she hadn't even spared him a glance. Perhaps she had already set her sights on Jasper, too, and going after them would only ruin her fun.

But... but...

Nathaniel closed his eyes forcefully.

Why was he worried about Yara? His heart clearly belonged only to Estelle.

Yet, when Yara was drinking, he worried her stomach wouldn't be able to handle it. When Yara was being mocked by Kian, he had already given the order to cut off Kian's collaborative projects.

Nathaniel's brow knit tightly.

No, he wasn't worried about Yara. He was worried about Christian losing his doctor.

If Yara lost her virtue after getting drunk and had no mind left for work, who would treat Christian?

He only cared about Yara's safety purely for Christian's sake.

Having convinced himself, Nathaniel quickly walked out the door and followed them.

"Nathaniel..." Kian called out instinctively. "No, what's going on? It's one thing for Jasper to be bewitched by that woman, but Nathaniel already has Noelle! Why is he defending her, too?"

"Hello? Noelle, are you still listening? Are you alright?" Kian hadn't hung up his phone.

Noelle gnashed her teeth in anger, yet she still maintained her gentle facade, voicing her concern over the phone. "Kian, I'm fine. I'm just a little worried about Nathaniel and Jasper. After all, they're both my good friends..."

"Actually, Miss Lockwood is quite a scheming person. Every man who meets her ends up falling for her. I really want to expose her true colors, but I..."

"I get it. Isn't she just a loose woman?" Kian waved it off dismissively, then suddenly came up with a brilliant idea. "Exposing her will be easy. I'll seduce her, let her take the bait, and then ruthlessly expose her!"

Hanging up the phone, Kian was brimming with confidence as he instructed his lackey, "Find out Yara's itinerary for me. I need to run into her 'by chance.'"

The lackey was speechless. He wondered how Kian could still not give up after being so thoroughly humiliated just moments ago.

Furthermore, it was hard to say what Jasper's stance was, but the lackey couldn't help feeling that Nathaniel genuinely cared about Yara.

If Young Mr. Winslow went to seduce her, could he actually succeed? Wouldn't he be beaten to death by Mr. Sloan?

Upstairs, in the guest room, Jasper took the key card and opened the door. "Miss Lockwood, you can rest here for the night. Tomorrow... Nathaniel?!"

With a THUD, Estelle crashed into a man's embrace, her head spinning instantly.

As the alcohol hit her, she snapped impatiently, "What are you doing!"

Nathaniel's face was livid. "Come home with me."

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

Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It #Chapter 29: Nathaniel Is Jealous - Read Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It Chapter 29: Nathaniel Is Jealous

"That's not my home," Estelle Lockwood said, struggling in his grip.

Nathaniel Sloan lightly clasped her wrist. "Stop making a fuss. You're Christian's doctor. Where else would you go if you don't come home with me?"

She paused her struggling, suddenly finding the situation amusing. Was Nathaniel actually, genuinely inviting her to come home? Not going to lie, it was quite a novelty. After all, he had never cared whether she came home or not in the past.

Estelle rubbed her wrist and said lightly, "I'm an adult. I don't need Mr. Sloan's permission to decide where I sleep at night."

After saying that, she revealed a bright smile again. "Mr. Kingston, thank you for your hospitality. It's still early. Would you like to come in and sit for a while? I heard you have a fondness for timepieces. It just so happens that I bought an antique gear watch abroad recently."

Jasper Kingston smiled gently. "Then I shall respectfully accept your offer."

Nathaniel was rendered utterly speechless. He forced his eyes shut, taking two seconds to calm down before opening them again. An inexplicable wave of sourness and irritation spread through his chest. She ignored his words entirely, yet invited Jasper into her room to sit for a while in the middle of the night?

"Does Miss Lockwood have any concept of time? Is midnight considered early?" Nathaniel asked coldly.

Estelle furrowed her brows slightly. She only wore her emotions on her sleeve when she was drunk, so both men easily spotted her displeasure.

"None of your business. What's wrong with midnight? Mr. Kingston doesn't even mind."

Who cares about the time when discussing business?"

Estelle didn't know where this burst of anger came from either. Just seeing Nathaniel annoyed her, and on top of that, she couldn't rest easy until the contract with the Kingston Group was signed. Driven by her tipsiness, she pursed her lips in displeasure and pulled Jasper toward her room.

"Ah... Nathaniel Sloan!"

Before she could take two steps, Estelle was suddenly pulled back by a strong force on her wrist. Nathaniel wrapped an arm around her waist, spun into the guest room, and shut Jasper outside in one swift motion.

Jasper frowned. "Nathaniel, open the door. Miss Lockwood is drunk."

Nathaniel replied coolly, "She's my family's doctor. Don't trouble yourself over her."

Estelle tried to open the door but was pulled back by Nathaniel again. Terrified of leaving a bad impression on Jasper, she took a deep breath. "Mr. Kingston, I'm fine. You should head back first and get some rest."

Two minutes later, retreating footsteps sounded, and it fell completely silent outside the door. Estelle finally let her guard down, collapsing onto the sofa without a care for her image.

Seeing that the woman didn't even bother to put up a front before him, Nathaniel's gaze turned indifferent, though his words were biting. "Do you care that much about your image in front of Jasper? You even went out of your way to look into his hobbies."

Estelle shot him a dirty look. "Yeah. He's my potential business partner. Of course I have to cater to his interests."

Nathaniel's figure was hidden in the shadows. His eyes flickered unpredictably, and his tone carried an ambiguous mockery. "It's just a partnership. It's not like you're selling yourself. Is there a need to debase yourself by drinking so much and accepting anyone who comes your way?"

Estelle didn't catch the deeper meaning in his eyes; hearing those words instantly ignited her temper.

"What do you mean, 'debase myself'? Who doesn't drink when discussing business? For Star to establish a foothold in the domestic market, we must partner with the Kingston Group. They have so many options to choose from. How can I succeed if I don't work hard for it?"

Star indeed enjoyed smooth sailing abroad, but she was unfamiliar with the domestic fragrance market. She needed the Kingston Group's leverage to open it up. Otherwise, why would she bother sucking up to their head? Was she crazy? How did a legitimate business negotiation turn into something so twisted coming from Nathaniel's mouth? What did he mean by accompanying men to drink and debasing herself?

Perhaps she had drunk too much; the alcohol made her dizzy, and her usually suppressed temper flared up all at once. Why did Nathaniel look down on her? Wasn't it just because he kept comparing her to Noelle Lockwood? It had been like this in the

past, and it was still the same now! Noelle was the lofty, ethereal fairy untainted by the mortal world, while she was just a country bumpkin working odd jobs everywhere just to afford a bite to eat. Yet, the fairy had the audacity to ask in a patronizingly naive tone, "Sister, why do you work so hard?"

Estelle's face was flushed red. Aggrieved, she raised her voice. "Besides, even if I am debasing myself, it's none of your business! Do you think everyone is like Noelle, who can just wave her hand and have whatever she wants delivered to her doorstep? I don't have her privilege!"

Nathaniel was momentarily stunned. He couldn't keep up with Estelle's train of thought at all. What did this have to do with Noelle?

After venting her frustrations, Estelle felt a bit better. Drowsiness washed over her. She rubbed her cheek against the sofa, actually intending to just fall asleep right there.

A trace of darkness flashed across Nathaniel's eyes. It was too similar. If Yara Lockwood was intentionally imitating Estelle, would even these subconscious, drunken expressions be exactly the same?

Nathaniel stood in silence for a moment before suddenly leaning down, as if possessed by some strange impulse. "Miss Lockwood, you don't necessarily have to cater to Jasper."

Estelle couldn't even be bothered to open her eyes.

Nathaniel chuckled softly. "Besides the Kingston Group, you have a better option. For instance... me."

A better option... Nathaniel Sloan? If Estelle were sober, she would have naturally weighed her options and concluded that, when it came to raw material suppliers, Nathaniel was indeed the superior choice. But right now, she was drunk. And drunkards were unreasonable.

"You?" She cracked her eyes open slightly and looked Nathaniel up and down. Then, adopting the tone of a domineering CEO—three parts disdainful, three parts contemptuous, and four parts nonchalant—she deliberately sneered. "Heh, you're not good enough."

Did Nathaniel think he was some sort of hot commodity? She hadn't wanted him five years ago, and she definitely didn't want him now! Having fiercely vented her spleen, Estelle plopped her head down and went straight to sleep.

Nathaniel had waited for what felt like an eternity, only to receive a flat rejection. He was almost angered into laughter. Fine. Impressive. She would rather drink and put on a smiling face for Jasper than collaborate with him. He might as well let this woman fend for herself here.

He was just about to leave when, struck by a sudden thought, he turned back around. Why was he stooping to argue with a drunk? If he actually left her here, she would definitely come after him for revenge the moment she woke up the next day.

Having convinced himself, Nathaniel prepared to carry her to the bed. However, the moment he touched her, he felt an unnaturally scalding temperature radiating from her

skin. His expression instantly darkened.

At six o'clock in the morning.

"Her temperature is too high. She needs a fever-reducing injection..."

"Go inform Mr. Sloan."

"I wonder what this Miss Lockwood's relationship is to him..."

"Stop gossiping. Do you still want your job? How dare you discuss Mr. Sloan's private matters."

It was so noisy.

The severe pain in her stomach made Estelle open her eyes in irritation. However, instead of the hotel ceiling, her eyes met a group of nurses surrounding her.

"Miss Lockwood, you're awake? Does your stomach hurt? You should drink less in the future."

"Miss Lockwood, your high fever isn't going down. The medication isn't working, so we need to give you an injection."

Estelle's drunkenness hadn't fully faded yet, and coupled with the fever, her head was spinning heavily. Hearing the word injection, she immediately shrank back under the covers.

Nathaniel happened to walk in with her medication at that moment, casting his eyes down at the person on the hospital bed. Her eyelashes fluttered like a small animal trying to hide from a natural predator.

Nathaniel raised an eyebrow slightly, his gaze lowering. "What are you doing?"

Estelle's head throbbed from the fever, leaving her unable to process things properly. She blurted out whatever came to mind. "I'm pretending to be asleep."

She sounded incredibly righteous about it.

Nathaniel let out a light chuckle. He waved his hand, dismissing the nurses, before walking over to her side.

"Why are you pretending to be asleep?"

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

Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It #Chapter 30: She's Drunk, Just Like Five Years Ago - Read Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It Chapter 30: She's Drunk, Just Like Five Years Ago

Estelle Lockwood was getting a little annoyed.

Looking at Nathaniel Sloan, for a moment, she couldn't quite tell what time it was. It felt as if she had been transported back to seven years ago, right after she and Nathaniel

had gotten married. Back then, she would always wait for him to have dinner, but he would never come home. She starved herself until she developed a stomach condition. When she was sent to the hospital, she was even scolded for not eating properly.

Was it that she didn't want to eat? The real culprit was obviously someone else!

As the memories flooded back, Estelle grew angrier the more she thought about it. "None of your business! Leave me alone!"

By this time, the nurse had whispered what happened to Nathaniel. He nodded; it turned out she just refused to get an injection. She was exactly like the Estelle in his memories.

Nathaniel asked the nurse to prepare the needle. Estelle panicked the moment she saw it. "Nathaniel, what are you doing? I don't want a shot! I told you to leave me alone!"

Unfortunately, she was too delirious from the fever to muster any strength, so her words came out soft and weak. Instead of a threat, she sounded like she was acting coy.

Nathaniel paused, a hint of amusement in his eyes. "I am looking after my future business partner. If Miss Lockwood insists that I leave her alone, then forget it."

Future business partner...? Estelle was bewildered for three seconds before finally digging up last night's conversation from the depths of her memory.

"Besides the Kingston Group, you can also choose me."

"Not interested."

Estelle nearly choked on her own breath. If she could collaborate with Evernight International, she could put aside her personal grudges against Nathaniel. After all, it was a massive amount of money!

Why on earth did she reject him!

She was just about to speak when Nathaniel actually told the nurse to pack up the supplies and turned to leave. "Then I'll leave Miss Lockwood alone. We can forget about the partnership, too."

"W-Wait!" Estelle's cheeks were flushed red, and her brain wasn't working properly. However, since Nathaniel was delivering himself to her doorstep, she had to fleece him for all he was worth! She tried her best to pull herself together, but her eyes couldn't focus due to the fever and hangover. "I think Mr. Sloan is absolutely right. A partnership... A partnership is better..."

A muffled chuckle rumbled in Nathaniel's chest as if he was deliberately teasing her. "Weren't you not interested?"

Estelle had given up on using her brain, blurting out whatever came to mind. "Are you stupid? I was just afraid you'd run away. What if I told you that you were important, and you got a big head and pushed your luck? I already have experience with this. Men need the cold shoulder. For example, in the past, I doted on my ex-husband, cooked for him, and cared for him, yet he still..."

At this point, Estelle grew even angrier and said petulantly, "If you don't want to partner up, then forget it!"

She told him to forget it, but her eyes were full of expectation, practically broadcasting the words, "I'm saying the exact opposite of what I mean."

Nathaniel didn't quite catch her earlier mumbling; he only heard the part about pushing her luck. Who exactly was pushing their luck right now? Perhaps because Yara Lockwood and Estelle were truly too similar, Nathaniel couldn't resist teasing her. "Fair enough. Let's forget it, then."

Estelle's expression almost cracked. Fair enough?! He actually agreed! Couldn't he tell she was just throwing a tantrum?

Incredulous and exasperated, Estelle snapped, "Nathaniel, you're supposed to urge me to stay! Do you even know how to interact with people?!"

Nathaniel hadn't expected Yara to have this side to her. Estelle used to act like this, too. Was it really just a coincidence? Still, he never thought that a woman who usually acted like a prickly hedgehog could be this cute when drunk. He pretended to ponder. "What should I say, then?"

Estelle's eyes lit up. She coughed, a little embarrassed, and suppressed her shyness. "You should say, 'Evernight International has waited all these years just for a business partner like Miss Lockwood. To be able to collaborate with Miss Lockwood is the greatest privilege for me, Nathaniel Sloan.'"

Nathaniel thought to himself that it was a good thing he had dismissed the nurses. Otherwise, if Yara woke up and found out so many people had seen her like this, she would probably be angry enough to murder someone.

Meeting those dark, bright, expectant eyes, Nathaniel spoke in a husky voice, enunciating every word. "Evernight International has waited all these years just for a business partner like Miss Lockwood. To be able to collaborate with Miss Lockwood..."

Estelle nodded. "Continue."

Nathaniel paused before adding the final sentence, "...is the greatest privilege for me, Nathaniel Sloan." He suddenly took a step closer. "Miss Lockwood, there is one more question that I, as your business partner, must ask."

The man's voice seemed to carry a bewitching tone. Estelle was slightly confused. Why were there more questions? Hadn't she made everything clear?

The next moment, she heard Nathaniel whisper into her ear. "Miss Lockwood, may I ask what your name is?"

Her name... Estelle's fever-addled brain didn't realize it was a trick question. She opened her mouth instinctively. "My name is Es..."

Just as she subconsciously tried to say those syllables, an intense wave of dizziness suddenly flooded her brain. Estelle closed her eyes and collapsed into Nathaniel's arms.

Nathaniel frowned. What a coincidence. Was it a coincidence, or... Had Yara's internal defense mechanism made her pass out right before she could utter that name?

Nathaniel's eyes flickered slightly. Right at that moment, Luke White knocked on the door. "Mr. Sloan, it's a call from Mrs. Sloan."

A flash of impatience crossed the man's eyes. On the other end of the line, Laura Jennings's nagging voice could already be heard.

"Nathaniel, come to Dewdrop Garden for lunch... Of course, there's a reason. You'll know when you get here..."

At noon.

Estelle slowly woke up. There was a sticky note from Nathaniel on the nightstand, telling her to rest well. Estelle stared at the hospital ceiling for a long time as her memories slowly returned.

Was she out of her mind? To actually act coy with Nathaniel? And... Nathaniel must have been crazy, too, to bring her to the hospital and coax her into getting a shot. In the past, Nathaniel had never accompanied her to the hospital. Even in the days leading up to her childbirth, she had been entirely alone...

"Have you checked social media? Huge news!"

"What huge news?"

"The Sloan Group issued an announcement saying Mr. Sloan is getting engaged to Noelle Lockwood! Mr. Sloan is probably having lunch with her right now."

"Huh? But didn't Mr. Sloan just bring a woman to the hospital in the middle of the night? What's going on..."

"If Mr. Sloan really cared about that woman, he would be accompanying her right now instead of having lunch with Noelle."

"That's true..."

The voices gradually faded away, and Estelle's gaze slowly darkened.

Memories from five years ago surged forward. It had also been in a hospital, and it had been the exact same words—Nathaniel was finally going to get engaged to Noelle and make it official?

Heh, and to think her heart had actually softened for a brief moment earlier. As expected, men were nothing but trouble. Estelle expressionlessly crumpled the sticky note into a ball and tossed it into the trash can. She had been blind five years ago, but did he think she was still blind now?

Meanwhile, at Dewdrop Garden Restaurant.

Christian quietly trailed behind Nathaniel, avoiding the crowd, and hid in the lounge next to the private dining room.

Nathaniel pushed open the door to the private room. The moment he saw Rose Lowell and Noelle, his expression darkened, and he immediately turned to leave.

"Nathaniel! Wait!" Laura hurriedly called out to stop her son, shooting a look at Rose.

Taking the hint, Rose quickly said, "Nathaniel, Noelle found Estelle's belongings."

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