

Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It #Chapter 3: Meeting Nathaniel's Kid - Read Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It Chapter 3: Meeting Nathaniel's Kid

Leaving the airport, Penelope couldn't help but complain.

"Nathaniel doesn't even know you're the doctor he's trying to hire. How could he be so arrogant! Just thinking about them getting on their knees to beg you makes me feel so much better!" Penelope laughed gleefully. "But for now, let's go eat! I've already booked a table at the restaurant you loved the most five years ago. Let's go!"

The car arrived at the Dewdrop Garden Restaurant. Penelope went to help Estelle with her suitcase, but failed to lift it on her first try.

"Yara, what on earth is in this suitcase? Gold? Why is it so heavy!"

Estelle found it strange too. She had only packed a few pieces of clothing. "Let me take a look..."

Before she could finish her sentence, the zipper of the suitcase slid open, and a skinny little boy popped out. He threw his arms straight around Estelle's waist and cried out, as sweet as he was excited, "Mommy!"

Estelle froze.

She wondered who this was.

Meanwhile, in the airport security room.

Nathaniel stared at the monitor with a frosty expression. He watched as Christian Sloan sneaked into a suitcase, which was then wheeled away by a woman.

He fumed that it was that woman again, and she had the nerve to claim she had no ulterior motives!

"Track his location."

"Mr. Sloan, Young Mr. Christian's location is at Dewdrop Garden."

Nathaniel immediately turned and strode out the door.

The assistants in the security room exchanged glances, shuddering with lingering fear. Everyone knew that Young Mr. Christian, despite his frail health, was Mr. Sloan's most precious treasure.

That woman was dead meat for daring to abduct the young boy!

At Dewdrop Garden.

As the word "Mommy" echoed in the air, the entire private room plunged into dead silence.

Estelle thought she had misheard. Meeting a pair of beautiful eyes that sparkled like the

stars, her mind went blank for a second. "What did you just call me?"

Christian clung tightly to Estelle. "Mommy! I missed you so much. Let's go home, okay?"

He had recognized her right away at the airport—this was his mommy! He had dreamed of her so many times!

His daddy was a big fat liar. He had actually said his mommy was Noelle Lockwood! Noelle only pretended to care about him on the surface, but behind his back, she constantly called him a little bastard. She was completely two-faced and was just trying to use him to marry his daddy.

He might be in poor health, but he wasn't stupid.

Fortunately, his mommy was back!

Estelle was utterly bewildered. Whose child would just walk up and call a stranger their mother? She didn't know why the endearment rolled off her tongue so naturally.

"Sweetheart, let go of me first..."

"Mommy, do you not want me?" Christian lowered his dark eyes.

Why didn't his mommy want him? Was he not cute or well-behaved enough like this? He thought about it. How did Noelle wrap so many people around her little finger?

Oh... Christian suddenly realized, instantly grasping the essence of her act. "I'm sorry, ma'am. I just missed my mommy too much. Please don't be mad, okay?"

Estelle's heart inexplicably softened. Her Zachery was a mischievous troublemaker, and her Mia was quirky and eccentric. She had never seen such a well-behaved little boy before, and her voice unconsciously grew gentler.

"I'm not mad, sweetheart. What's your name? Where are your mom and dad?"

"My name is..." Christian was about to state his full name, but his dark eyes flickered.

Why hadn't his mommy been by his side all these years? Had his daddy done something to wrong her?

The dark glint in Christian's eyes vanished in a flash. When he looked up again, he was back to his sweet, innocent demeanor.

"My name is Christian. I snuck out of the house because having a stepmother turned my own dad into a wicked stepdad. They said I was disobedient and wanted to lock me up. Ma'am, will you take me away with you, please?"

Estelle frowned. This father was absolute trash! To let his own flesh and blood suffer just for the sake of a woman—what kind of man was that? If she ever crossed paths with this scumbag, she would definitely give him a piece of her mind and maybe a solid punch!

Seeing that Estelle remained silent, Christian's eyes filled with a trace of melancholy. He said sensibly, "If it puts you in a difficult position, ma'am, it's okay. I'm already used to being alone. Even though my health is bad, I'm very strong."

A faint ache of sympathy welled up in Estelle's chest.

It was strange. He wasn't even her son, so why did her heart ache for him?

Penelope, who hadn't said a word the entire time, sucked in a quiet breath. What was going on? Why did she feel like this little boy's tone sounded exactly like a manipulative, faux-innocent schemer? He sounded a bit too dramatic.

It had to be her imagination, right?

Just then, a knock came at the door of the private room. Estelle assumed it was a waiter. The moment she said, "Come in," the door was forcefully pushed open!

In the next second, Nathaniel strode in, his face as cold as frost. Clad in a black trench coat, his presence was chilling, and a layer of ruthlessness surged in his eyes.

The restaurant owner stood outside, trembling in fear. One glance was all it took for Estelle to know that their meal was officially ruined.

"What is the meaning of this, Mr. Sloan? What business do you have here?"

"Do you really not know why I'm here?" Nathaniel's voice was ice-cold. "Using that face to curry favor with my son—I should be the one asking what you're trying to pull!"

"Who's currying favor with your son?" Estelle blurted out. A second later, a realization hit her. Could that little boy be...

Nathaniel's eyes darkened. "Christian is right here, and you still refuse to admit it?"

Estelle whipped her head around and stared at the little boy sitting obediently on the chair.

Sure enough, this was Nathaniel and Noelle's child, Christian Sloan! He was the rumored sickly child, the young heir who had caused the entire Sloan family endless worry!

Estelle chuckled, parting her red lips. "So this is your son, Mr. Sloan. He wants me to take care of him. What should we do about that?"

The surroundings instantly fell into a dead silence.

Nathaniel narrowed his dark eyes. "I'm warning you, stay away from my son, or I'll make you regret it! As for his care, I've already hired a professional pediatrician, Dr. Yara Lockwood. There's no need for you to trouble yourself!"

Christian was the only child Estelle had left him. He could not tolerate anyone with malicious intentions getting close to his son. Although Christian was in poor health, now that he had hired Dr. Yara, the boy would definitely make a full recovery. Once that happened, he would be able to make friends normally, instead of being manipulated by people with ulterior motives!

Estelle blinked. The doctor he was trying to hire was none other than her. She couldn't even imagine how colorful his expression would be when he found out the truth.

Raising an eyebrow, Estelle asked, "Are you sure about that?"

Nathaniel's aura was imposing. "I'm sure."

"Fine, then I'll be leaving." With that, Estelle winked at Christian, grabbed her bag, and actually walked out the door.

Once her figure disappeared from sight, Nathaniel's assistant hurried forward and

announced in pleasant surprise, "Mr. Sloan, Dr. Yara is also here at the Dewdrop Garden Restaurant, and she has agreed to meet with you!"

A flash of joy crossed Nathaniel's eyes. He then leaned down. "Christian, Daddy is going to go hire a doctor for you. Be a good boy and eat your meal here, okay?"

Christian thought back to the smile his mommy had given him just before she left. He looked up sympathetically.

Did his daddy have any idea that he was about to be played like a fiddle?

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